

Calendar for 1885.

Calendar for 1885 showing months from January to December with days of the week and numbers.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Plums thrive best on a soil which is rich and naturally moist, but which has also been well drained. —Chicago Tribune.

Veal should be white, fine and fat. The kidneys should be full of fat. When veal is red or yellowish it is no good.

Apple-cake is made of grated apples. The correct proportions for water-cakes are one pound of sugar to one quart of water.

If you forget—as many a woman has and will—to put the flavoring extract in your cake, it is not too late to remedy the matter, if you think of it while the cake is hot.

One of the medical names of this ailment is herpes circinata, which is nearly the same as our familiar term. They each refer to the way in which it moves—like a creeping circle, a ring constantly enlarging itself outward from its center.

Where there is surplus moisture to dispose of, for example, a cesspool to keep dry, a large eucalyptus will accomplish not a little, and a group of them will dispose of a vast amount of house-sewage.

The Damage Done by Sheep Dogs.

The damage done by dogs, always of the most worthless character, in all districts where wool growing is carried on to any extent, is only known to those who directly suffer from them.

We know it to be a fact that many farmers have sold off their sheep simply for the reason of the damage suffered from the most valueless sort of mongrel dogs.

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Among other animals, sheep are subject to this ailment. The plant, or its spores (seeds), may adhere to the wool in spite of the washing, and the disease may be thus communicated to persons employed in woolen mills.

The ringworm may be upon the body or upon the head. In the latter case its appearance is different, and it bears a somewhat different medical name—herpes tonsurans.

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A few days ago Homer Moore, of Greensboro, Ga., was driving a yoke of oxen along the road, when they became frightened and dashed off through the woods near by.

How a Hair-Pin Made Trouble for Mr. Jones.

"Jeppha, what is this?" asked Mrs. Jones, suddenly confronting that gentleman as he sat reading.

"That is a hair-pin," answered Jones, quietly, apparently absorbed in his book.

"Is it, indeed?" retorted Mrs. Jones, "and not one of mine, either! A twisted hair-pin! May I ask what has become of the rest of the woman?"

"Maria," exclaimed Jones, looking up with the fearlessness of conscious guilt, "why these unnecessary and disagreeable questions? What is that hair-pin to me?"

"That is just what I would like to know—what I am trying to find out," said his wife, turning white around the mouth, and leaning faintly against the mantel.

"Where did you find it?" asked Jones, looking at it as if it were a Gatling gun directed toward him.

"I found it in your overcoat pocket," sobbed Mrs. Jones, "that's where!"

"Then you put it there!" suggested Jones, carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

"What do you suppose I want of the thing?" and he assumed an obstinately virtuous look that might have deceived even a woman.

"Jeppha," she said, in a soft, persuasive, seal-skin-cloak tone, "if you ever loved me in the s-s-sweet days that are past—if you have the least regard for me now, tell me—tell me where you got that hair-pin!"

"It was only yesterday," he said, feeling as if it might have been a century before.

"Oh! oh! oh! you told me you never ate a mouthful all day," interrupted Mrs. Jones.

"To collect a bill owing me," continued Jones in hollow speech, and "as I came out I saw something glittering on the walk. I thought of what my good m-m-mother had told me years before:

"To see a pin and let it lie. You'll come to want before you die. To see a pin and pick it up. You'll be sure to have good luck."

"Maria, I had no thought of evil when I stooped down to pick up the pin, as I supposed, but it was that miserable hair-pin. I—I wasn't it, Anthony?—and I picked it up—what a man might do with perfect impunity?"

"That is all," asserted Mrs. Jones, calmly.

"Then where did this blonde hair come from?" inquired his wife, holding it up for his inspection.

Then Jones realized that the way of the transgressor is hard, and he owned up, and really did tell the truth; how that he stepped into a dry-goods store on the avenue to get a pair of new kid gloves.

Those of the readers of the Sun who have ever met Mr. Thomas Dunbar, lessee of the Milwaukee Driving Park, have seen a rather small man, but they have seen a man who is as full of business as any man in the world.

At the time the Buffalo Bill party was here at the driving park, Mr. Dunbar watched the proceedings with much interest.

Those of the readers of the Sun who have ever met Mr. Thomas Dunbar, lessee of the Milwaukee Driving Park, have seen a rather small man, but they have seen a man who is as full of business as any man in the world.

A young man was ushered into the parlor where sat his adored one. She was gazing soulfully into the fire, thinking of him, no doubt, but not dreaming of his presence.

Mrs. Matthews' Story of Her Husband's Murder.

The statement of the widow of the unfortunate man who was murdered at Hazlehurst, Miss., simply because he hazled to be a Republican, is herewith given.

The shooting of Matthews takes its place in the long and terrible record of blood-guiltiness heaped up against the South, that must some day culminate in some terrible punishment.

Mrs. Matthews, in reply to my request that she would favor the Boston Republican with a recital of the circumstances attending and associated with the Hazlehurst tragedy, said that she had no disposition to parade her miseries before the public, nor to excite them, if their publication would have a tendency to save others from a similar desolation.

Mrs. Matthews went on to say that she and her husband had known each other from childhood, and were married about the beginning of the war.

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The Rebel Yell.

"Do you hear the rebel yell?" said one Randall Democrat to another, when the Democratic caucus had nominated Carlisle for Speaker.

The triumph of a Southern man for Speaker, and the selection of a Missourian for Chief Clerk and of a Texan for Doorkeeper, three of the best places in the gift of the House, were so many straws showing the drift of the political wind from the South.

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Arabi's Opinion of the Mahdi.

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Additional text on the right margin, including a small section titled 'A Builder's Plea' and a section titled 'A Hair-Raising Episode'.