One Thing at a Time.

A prominent element in Commodore Vanderbilt's success is said to have been his doing one thing at a time. So long as he was engaged in the steamboat line it was steamboats and nothing else; and when he went into railroads all the steamers were sold, except one, and that being unsalable, was presented to the Government.

It is the concentration of energy and attention upon a given object which gives us the mastery of it. Many people fail because they are always ready to take hold of some other thing before the work which they have in hand is half done. It is better to do one thing thoroughly than a dozen things imperfectly. We may have too many irons in the fire at one time—more than we can handle with impunity. "A bit here and a bit there" is the rule with some persons, and the result is that they do nothing but slipshod work.

They may appear to be exceedingly busy as they jump about with goat-like alacrity from one thing to another, but they accomplish little, because they do not really finish anything. The secret of success lies very much in *continuous* action. Trying to do too many things at once is fatal to this. If I were a mechanic, I would be careful never to engage to do half a dozen jobs in one day, when I ought to know that there will be only just time enough to do one job properly. If I were a plumber, I would not promise to be in half a dozen different houses at the same hour. If I were an operator in stocks, I would not spread myself over too wide a surface. If I were a writer of books, I would always finish one volume before beginning another. What a terrible muddle an editor of a great paper would make of the concern if he should undertake to furnish matter for all departments out of his own head! Division of labor is the order of the day, and in the department of mechanics if a man does one thing well, this is all that is expected of him.

It does not follow, however, that in the higher occupations of life a man should always confine himself to one thing. While he is doing any one thing, let him give his undivided attention to it; but a little variety of employment is not inconsistent with thoroughness. A German scholar is said to have expressed his regret, on his dying bed, that he had devoted his life to the study of two Greek particles, when it would have been the wisest course for him to have confined his studies to only one. He must have been rather a dry sort of man. One may be at the same time a poet, philosopher and historian; he may excel both as a painter and a sculptor; but he cannot work with the brush in one hand and the chisel in the other; he must be content to do one thing at a time. The peripatetic performer who travels round the country with a row of reeds fastened to his lips, and a drum on his back, to be struck with his elbows, and a pair of cymbals in his two hands, may astonish the multitude by his musical versatility, but he does not as an artist of the highest order.

There is nothing which more seriously impairs the tone of the mind than desultory reading—the careless dipping into one book after another, and never dwelling long enough anywhere to find out what the author means. A gifted person, like Macaulay, may be able to *skim* a book and get all the cream, and then retain it for use—taking in a whole page at a glance; but most people, if they would hope to profit by reading, must be willing to walk slowly when such a man runs.

In any pursuit, if we only keep on doing, and do not allow one thing to lap over another, so as to make confusion, we shall come out right enough in the end. The tortoise won the race because, although he was deliberate, he kept straight on. The hare lost it because of his friskiness. Every brick in a great edifice has to be laid singly. Every thread in a garment must be spun on its own spindle. Every letter, and space, and stop must be placed in the stick by itself.

Great results come of doing one thing at a time. Chaos sometimes comes when we try to do more.

There is an essential distinction between work and play, and it is not easy to do both at the same time. One thing at a time. When we work, we should work; and when we play we should play. Work becomes wearisome when it is continued too long, and play ceases to be play when one does nothing else. We read of people who divide the day into sections, appropriating so many hours to work, and so many into recreation, and so many to their meals, and so many to sleep. They live by rule. This is not always practicable, and it is not always desirable. If one gets fairly to work, and feels like it, it may be well to keep on until the task is accomplished, without regard to the striking of the clock. When the steam is fairly up it is wise to take advantage of the fact, for in certain moods we can accomplish more in an hour than we could in half a day when the action of the mind is slow. As long as the iron is hot we had better keep on striking. A man may live by rule without allowing himself to become a victim to rule.

Some people *must* live by rule, and are obliged to do only one thing at a time, whatever their preferences may be. The operative in a mill has no choice of hours or occupation; when the bell strikes he must be in his place, and remain there until "the clock tolls the hour for retiring;" and he must do just what the machine requires him to do. But most persons have some liberty of choice, and if they do things helter-skelter they must take the consequences. It is a very poor way of doing things, and generally results in zero, which in the Italian means naught, and in the Arabic is marked by a dot, which is equivalent to nothing. "One thing at a time!" young man, if you would hope to succeed, and if possible, let that be something worth while. —*Bishop Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.*

The Predicted Great March Storm.

"I wish I could feel as certain of heaven as I do that a great storm will pass over the country on the 9th–11th March next," remarked Prof. Wiggins when speaking to your correspondent about his recent predictions.

"I observe that the Chief Signal Officer of the Washington Meteorological Bureau discredits your prediction, and says it is impossible for you to foreshadow the storm you say will sweep from ocean to ocean next March. What have you to say on the subject?"

"Nothing but that the storm will come unless the planets stop in their orbits, and that the Chief Officer of the Signal Bureau talks of what he knows nothing about; opinions never change Nature's laws."

"Admitting that, will you tell me why you believe, or to be more positive, how you know a great storm will occur in March?"

"Yes; in the same way I know when there will be a lunar or solar eclipse—by the heavenly bodies. The data on which the storm's period and force are calculated, having been heretofore unobserved by astronomers, and founded partly on observation, would not, even if given, convince the public. People in general are less credulous in believing what they know than what they do not know."

"Why not enlighten them, then!"

"Because I wish them to believe to save life and property. The chief reason, however, why they will believe is, that they have known me frequently to foretell storms which have taken place exactly as predicted."

"It is stated that your forecasts have not been made from your knowledge of astrology, but by 'second sight' and communication with the spirits; what have you to say to that?"

"I will not refer to the many storms I foretold years ago, but to those which you yourself will remember of recent date. Last year I published a letter in the Canadian papers, which was subsequently republished in the press of the United States, announcing that a great storm, accompanied by hail, would pass over the American Continent from the southeast on the 25th of June of that year. It was on hand at the hour named, many proofs of which may still be found in a large number of United States cities. It unroofed houses in Washington, blew trains from the railway track, threw down churches and public buildings in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and was very destructive in Western Canada. In Georgia and Memramcook, New Brunswick, the hail lay for twenty-four hours six inches deep upon the ground. The press, both in the United States and Canada were loud in their praises, and the Toronto *Mail* said that my prediction was fulfilled to the letter."

"I remember the storm to which you refer, as well as the prediction you made of its coming. What other have you anticipated within the last year or so?"

"Early in July last I warned the public through the press that a great storm, with high tides, would fall upon the Atlantic, crossing westward on the 13th of September. The storm of that date is still, and always will be, painfully remembered by many readers of the *Herald*. Her Majesty's man-of-war Phenix was stranded on the coast of Prince Edward Island, and the propeller Asia foundered in Lake Huron with over one hundred souls on board."

"Why did the Asia leave Collingwood if, as has been stated, the storm signal of the meteorological service was raised at that port before she left her moorings?"

"The storm signal was not raised. A hurricane was blowing at the time, and the passengers implored the Captain not to leave port until the storm abated. Many of them had read my prognostications, and were anxious to give me the benefit of the doubt and accept them as likely to be realized. To their appeal the Captain pointed to the signal-tower and said: 'The signal is not up; there will be no storm.'"

"Have you predicted any other heavy storms, Professor?" asked your correspondent.

"Several others. In July last I published a warning of a heavy storm which would cross this meridian from the east on the 13th of December, and it came, as you know, to the minute. I see by the *Herald* that the tides on the Newfoundland coast were higher in that storm than ever before known, the damage all over the Atlantic being very great. I only foretell great storms, for it is only in these that the public, especially seamen, are interested, and I have never predicted one that did not come within a few hours of the time stated. On the sea-coast, where there are no mountain chains to obstruct, I can give the true time to the minute."

"You say we are in the midst of a very stormy period. When will the next heavy storm occur?"

"From the 18th of September last to the middle of April next is the most remarkable period for great storms I have ever known. A storm a good deal above the average will happen in January, but a very severe one will strike the Atlantic on the 9th of February. In view of the proposed visit of the Princess Louise to Bermuda, I have written to Lord Lorne advising him that her Royal Highness should not be at sea on the 9th of February."

"Do you anticipate this storm being as severe as the one you predict for March?"

"By no means, for the latter will be one of the greatest if not the greatest of the present century."

"Where will it be at its greatest force?"

"On this meridian circle. It may break immediately south of India, but there are three chances to one that it will be strongest on this side of the earth—that is, in the vicinity of Bermuda and the Gulf of Mexico. Of course it will be felt all over the world, from sea to sea and from pole to pole."

"If your storm does not come," remarked your correspondent, as he started to withdraw, "you will——"

"I am like the Scotch piper," said the Professor, before the interrogation was finished, "when asked by the Russian Emperor to play a retreat. 'Nae, nae, I do nae ken that'—he had never learned it. To me the storm is as much a fact as if I saw its wings expanded upon the sea. The fact is, the press is thrusting me through a storm much more trying than those which can arise out of any displacement of the elements."—*Ottawa (Ont.) Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

A Little Boy's Adventure.

A light-haired, bright-faced boy of six years alighted from a train from Chicago at the Erie depot on December 22 and took his seat in a waiting-room, where he patiently remained until W. E. Gibbs, one of the employes, questioned him. The boy said he had come from Chicago alone to meet his mother, who resided at 93 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, and that he was expecting her. He said his name was Thorbie Kjolberg, and that he was never away from home before. He was not in the least afraid, and he soon began to be considered by the depot attachés as a good fellow. They gave him something to eat and took care of him until nightfall. As his mother did not come by that time he was taken by Mr. Gibbs to Brooklyn and turned over to the York street police. Sergt. John Eason, who was at the desk, was attracted by the boy's appearance as soon as he entered, and at once took him in charge, promising to find his mother. At No. 93 Atlantic avenue it was ascertained that Mrs. Kjolberg had been living there, but that she had started on the previous Monday for Chicago to join her husband and child. She passed her boy on the road, as he had been put on a train in Chicago by his father to go to her. The boy said that his father lived at 226 West Ohi street, Chicago, but in response to a telegram from Police-Superintendent Campbell, Chief Doyle, of the Chicago police, telegraphed that no boy was missing from that number. Sergt. Eason took the boy home, and the little stranger seemed to fill a vacancy in the household caused by the death of his own little son.

When Chief Doyle's telegram arrived, Sergeant Eason went before Justice Walsh and got an order assigning the lad to his custody until he was claimed. He was accepted as a Christmas gift in a home where Christmas promised to be dreary. The little Chicagoan made the festival unexpectedly pleasant, and his own stockings were filled to bursting on Christmas night. Superintendent Campbell wrote a letter to the boy's father in Chicago. To-day a letter, written in a cramped hand, came from the father, who gave his address at 338 West Ohio street, saying that he had intended to send a ticket for his child, but that he had no money and was out of work. He asked to have his child sent to him and promised to take care of him. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had no money to send the child back, and, as the Police Department has no such fund, the child could not be sent. Mrs. Eason is delighted, and Police-Superintendent Campbell, by the Sergeant's request, has written to the father describing the child's surroundings and the attachments he has inspired, and asking if the father is willing to yield the care and training of the child to Sergt. Eason. If he is not, the Sergeant and his wife will care for him until his father is able to send for him.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

How to Save the Driving and Working Horse.

Not a few have learned that by putting the weight suddenly upon a small, round stone, or upon the edge of a plank on a sidewalk out of repair, lameness may follow that will cling to the person through life. Many horses are lamed in like manner from being recklessly driven where cobble stones are in the path, a step upon one of these, when the horse is moving a load or going at a rapid gait, being quite likely to strain the joint within the foot, or produce a like affect in some part of the limb. It is a wonder that so many horses go through life retaining a fair degree of soundness in body and limb to the last, when we consider the violent strains put upon them, the overheating, and exposure to inclement weather at the same time.

Neglect of the feet, permitting horses to be driven on ice at this season of the year without having the shoes sharpened, is the source of many a violent strain to joints, tendons, and muscles. Whether sharp or smooth shod, the driver can, if he will, always choose his ground. An ingenious, considerate driver, by looking a little ahead, may give his horse the most favorable footing, and at the same time keep his wheels out of ruts. It shows a great want of tact and judgment in men upon the road, when all follow the one beaten track, each one doing all he can to plow the rut deeper. If a halt is made, that the team may have a brief rest and regain wind, a prudent man will see that the team is brought to a stop on a descending grade, if he can avail himself of this advantage, as, if heavily loaded, the start causes unnecessary strain upon any other ground.

In an uneven country, whether a team is heavily loaded or not, great care is required, both in ascending and in descending hills. A man may be, in a measure, pardoned for driving his team checked up on level ground, provided he occasionally loose the checks to give relief; but no one is excusable for driving up hill, whether loaded or not, without loosening the check rein. It will always be observed that a horse, while pulling at a load, unless he has a high, slanting shoulder, and has always done his work with head checked up, will extend his nose, placing the air passages in as nearly a direct line as possible, as in that position his breathing—an important factor in his strength and endurance—is facilitated, while with head checked up, the air passages are thrown into sharp curves, and free breathing rendered impossible. This is especially the case in ascending a hill.

Horse owners seldom reflect that the horse formed for going up hill easily to himself may have a very faulty formation for going down hill, and that in performing the latter act, is quite open to injury unless great care be observed. Thus, a horse with a heavy hind quarter and loin, with wide hock and hind leg, may have this associated with a thick, upright shoulder and wide breast. This formation will enable the animal to ascend the hill quite easily; but that formation best calculated to stand the down-hill travel, namely, a high, slanting shoulder, being absent, such a horse is liable to injury in the shoulder and fore legs, unless driven down hill with great moderation. Such horses, if driven down hill upon a trot, are liable to injury at every step. A long hill, even though the load be light, should never be ascended without one or two stops being made, the strain upon the tugs taken off, if the load is heavy, by a block to the wheel, or, what is better, whether the load is heavy or not, turning the team and wagon diagonally across the road, which will render a start comparatively easy.

Any one who has not tried this mode of refreshing a hard-working team while upon the road, would be surprised at the invigorating effect of allowing a horse to eat a quart of oats during a stop of eight or ten minutes without unhitching, the head being released from the strain of the check rein in the meantime. A few minutes' access to grass, with the head at liberty, has a like effect. No sensible driver, let the wagon be ever so light, will keep his team upon a steady trot for a long distance, no moderation of gait being allowed. An occasional short distance upon a walk gives opportunity for regaining breath, and enables the horse to resume the trot without undue tax upon muscle and wind.

Discerning drivers say of some horses, that they have no judgment, they will go till they drop, and to be saved from being early stiffened and blemished, must be restrained and favored whenever put upon the road. Such horses should be held in the light of a luxury, that their spirited bearing and going qualities may stay to a good old age. Horses of this class generally have good material in them—material that will wear well if not unduly abused. But in reckless hands, these high-mettled travelers, selling, when fresh from the country, up in the hundreds, soon find their way to the auction market for used up horses, and are next seen crippling along at some menial service.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Fashions in Jewelry.

Straight slender lace pins remain in favor, but there is a tendency toward reviving larger brooches, representing flowers, and this is true not only of gold pins, but of those with enamel and precious stones. The novelty this season is a brooch of flowers made of thin gold mounted on quivering spiral stems, that may be worn at the throat, on the corsage instead of a bouquet, or in the hair. A cluster of wild roses made entirely of thin gold is a beautiful brooch for the corsage. All the designs for brooches are repeated for pendants. Lockets and crosses are passe, and the preference is given to clusters of precious stones, or else to the flower, animal, reptile and bird devices, with also the butterfly and dragon-fly pendants so long in favor. The ruby and the pearl are the fashionable stones, and are dearer than they have ever been. Emeralds, that have been so long out of fashion, are now much sought after, and fine ones are very scarce. Sapphires with rubies and diamonds are a great deal used. The rich Oriental coloring made by associating rubies, topazes, sapphires and diamonds in one pendant or brooch is now preferred to the colder pure white of diamonds alone. Canary diamonds of the deepest hue are in great favor. Colored pearls—pink, gray or black—are combined with white pearls and with diamonds. Solitaire diamonds remain popular for ear-rings, and are plainly set, but there are also many fashionable combinations for ear-rings showing a large colored stone in the centre, with a row of diamonds around it, and scarcely any gold visible. Tourmalines, Alexandrites, cat's-eyes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies or pearls are used in this way. A ball incrusted with diamonds is a new design for ear-rings. Ruby and sapphire solitaire earrings are also very fashionable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—John Gilbert, the actor, writes to the Boston *Gazette* that he must decline to contribute to its columns any reminiscences of the old Boston stage. "To repeat the words of other people's brains," has been a constant duty, for so many years that he would "surely make a mess of it," and might as well undertake the feat of writing an original play. "Should I attempt," he adds, "to give an idea of the stage in former times, it would not be very complimentary to the present state of the drama. No doubt I am by many called an old fogy. I am not annoyed by the term. Seeing what I have seen, and seeing what I see, when theatres are crowded to witness the feeble attempts of notorieties, when sterling plays by talented and experienced artists are neglected, the stage is indeed in a deplorable condition."

Ventilating Corn Cribs.

We have cribbed great quantities of corn before many of our neighbors would begin husking, and yet we have no moldy corn. We make ventilators to reach from the floor to the roof. Our floors are eighteen inches from the ground, so as to secure perfect ventilation underneath. We set ventilators where the corn falls from the scoop as it is thrown in at the windows, since at that point in the crib the corn packs closely and the shattered corn and silks and husks and pieces of leaves and tassels that more or less will be found in every load will accumulate, be one ever so careful, and prevent free circulation of air through the mass. Where the farmer helps to husk his own corn, and is untiring and persistent, he can keep out husks, and silk, and trash; but when several teams are at work, and each gang of men is expected to crib a given amount for a day's work, we may say it is impossible to keep out the trash, which keeps corn from drying out freely, as well as brings in with it much moisture.

In such cases, then, we must have more ventilators, that is, they must be placed nearer together. In our crib that is six feet wide, and long enough to hold 3,000 bushels, we have windows every twelve feet for throwing corn. Three feet back from, and directly in front of them, we place the ventilators. They are not in the way in scooping in the corn, and there the pile of corn is always the highest and most packed, and from that point each way the corn rolls down and is clean and loosely packed farthest from the ventilators. The heating that always starts up in a crib causes an upward draft through the ventilators which carries off moisture and reduces temperature to the saving point.

How do you make the ventilators? The distance from floor to roof is fourteen feet. We rip out four strips three inches wide and fourteen feet long. We then make four frames of inch boards four inches square. To these four frames we nail the four long strips, one on each side. This leaves a space of about two inches between the strips, through which the corn will not pass. We bore holes in the floor where the ventilator is to sit, and put up the ventilator, fastening to the floor and roof so it will keep its place.

The cost is trifling, but the device is satisfactory in its results. We have seen men throw rails in cribs of wet corn to let the air in. If the rails are set in perpendicular they do some good, as the heated air passes upward beside them, but if placed in horizontally they are of little value, as they do not work with the ascending gases struggling to pass upward.

There is no excuse for a great crib of moldy corn. By such a device one can begin to crib corn a week earlier than without it. That week's gain, too, on some of the bottom lands when overflows come may save the crop.

These ventilators cost little, occupy little space in the crib, and yet let off vast quantities of heat and moisture from the pile of new corn.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

Matrimonial Stories.

At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back!" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by; "ma does."

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" said an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied deliberately; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours." In matters of controversy, however, the woman usually has the best of it. A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with women, because in spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up. The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy, in which the woman has come off triumphant. "Really, my dear," said a friend of ours to his better-half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive and in this case will stick to you as long as you live."

"See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual. It is not often, however, that one comes across such a crushing retort as that which a Sheffield husband received from his wife the other day, through the medium of the public press. He advertised in one of the local journals that he, Thomas, A——, would no longer be answerable for the debts incurred by his wife, who seems to have been a truly amiable creature, if one may judge from the advertisement which she published next day in reply: "This is to notify that I, Elizabeth A——, am able to pay all my own debts now that I have got shut of Tommy."

Some husbands would be obliged to confess, if they told the plain, unvarnished truth, that when they led their wives to the altar their leadership came to an end. "Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes." This is a complete reversal of the rule laid down by the old couplet:

Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey.
Wives are our heart; we should be head alway.

In many instances, the state of the case is rather something like the following: "If I'm not home from the party to-night by ten o'clock," says the husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replies the lady, significantly: "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He is home at ten o'clock precisely.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Not in the Right Direction.

Last week the Austin Waterworks Co. had several hundred men employed laying pipes. They were engaged in digging a trench a quarter of a mile long about a foot deep, when one of the most intelligent farmers living on Onion Creek stopped his team and asked one of the men what he was digging for.

"Water, be dad."

"That just shows how much intelligence these city folks have. Here they are digging for half a mile along the top of the ground hunting for water, when if they were to dig straight down they might strike water within forty feet," and smiling at the simplicity of the city folks, he started his team and drove on. —*Texas Siftings.*

—During the exhibition of a circus at Barnesville, Ga., a negro gave the elephant a piece of tobacco. This so enraged the animal that he struck the negro a fatal blow with his trunk.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Kentucky claims and probably receives more for her fine stock than any other State.

—Pickeled Chicken: Boil four chickens till tender enough for meat to fall from bones; put meat in a stone jar, and pour over it three pints of cold good cider vinegar and a pint and a half of the water in which the chickens were boiled; add spices, if preferred, and it will be ready for use in two days. This is a popular Sunday evening dish; it is good for luncheon at any time.—*Detroit Post.*

—Gravy which is excellent with boiled fish or with pork steak, is made by browning a sliced onion in a little butter, and adding a little at a time some beef stock; thicken with flour rubbed smooth in a little of the cold stock. Add, if you have it, some chopped parsley or Worcestershire sauce. If served with pork, a tablespoonful of tomato catsup is good. Salt and pepper to taste.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The *Farmer and Dairyman* says: "Stock-breeding is an art, upon the study of which it is difficult to enter without becoming fascinated with it. It offers a field for the unlimited exercise of the highest genius and skill. The most scientific physiologist would find in it scope for the occupation of all the powers of his mind, while to the practical man on the farm it offers a never-failing source of interesting experiments."

—Fried calf's brains make a very good dish. First wash them in three or four waters, remove the skin, and boil them for ten or fifteen minutes in salt and water, to which a little vinegar has been added; after taking them out let them lie in cold water until ready to use them. Make a batter of the yelks of eggs and cracker crumbs; cut the brains in slices and dip them in the batter, and fry in hot lard or butter. Serve garnished with parsley or beets.—*Chicago News.*

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* says that Mrs. Mary Gravely, Bailey's Cross-roads, Buck county Pa., has a cow which a few months ago had its front leg cut off below the knee by a railroad train. A veterinary surgeon dressed the wounds, and tied up the arteries so skillfully that the cow recovered, when a neighbor, a cabinet-maker, made for her a wooden leg which he strapped on the stump. The cow hopped along holding the injured leg up for a day or two, but now she has concluded to use the wooden attachment, and limps around quite comfortable upon it, and seems to be in good health.

—Oyster sauce, which is delicious with salmon, and with chicken also, is made thus: Let a dozen or more large oysters come to a boil in their own liquor or in a very little water, mix equal quantities, say half a cupful, of butter and flour till they are smooth, then put in a stew pan with the oyster liquor, adding salt, cayenne pepper, and a small cup of sweet cream; set the pan on the stove, and let the sauce simmer gently till it is entirely free from lumps, and of the requisite thickness; just before removing it from the fire, add the pieces of oysters. Pour over the fish on the platter, but if served with chicken, put it into a gravy boat.—*N. Y. Post.*

Mushroom.

Several gardeners have fitted up cellars especially for the purpose of growing mushrooms in winter, and after some more or less troublesome experience at the beginning, have come to depend upon them as a regular item of farm production. The conditions for growing them are simple enough to discover, but not always easy to provide with unfailing regularity. They require a damp air of a temperature from 50° to 70°; if never below 60° it is better. They do best in the dark, but light admitted occasionly for the purpose of working the beds, does not harm. The beds are made of fresh horse dung, free from long straw, mixed with its bulk of fresh loam. The dung and loam are mixed in a shed and allowed to heat for a day or two, when the compost is packed upon shelves in the cellar about a foot deep; the moisture will heat up and after the heat has subsided a few days so that a thermometer plunged in the bed will make about 90°, the spawn is put in. The spawn is imported from France and England, and very much depends upon having a good article to begin with; it is broken up from the square blocks resembling bricks made of mud, and pieces about as big as hen's eggs are planted every foot or so in the bed just under the surface; after a few days the surface of the bed is covered with fresh loam an inch deep; in five or six weeks the mushrooms should begin to come up in clusters all over the bed, it takes them three or four days to expand to their full size, when they should be carefully plucked and packed in cotton wool in paper boxes for market. The demand for them seems to be on the increase; they are used by the first class hotels and club houses in considerable quantities and sell for prices ranging from 50c. to $1.00 per pound through the winter; a successful grower informed me that he had sometimes sold $300 worth in a season from a cellar 20x30 feet, provided with three tiers of beds over each other upon shelves, and provided also with heating apparatus. The crop however is not always a sure one even in the hands of skilful gardeners, and much seems to depend upon what is called "luck," which simply means ignorance of some required conditions of success, or inattention to such as are well known. In Paris and London immense quantities of mushrooms are grown and consumed, and it is likely the demand for them here will increase.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Shade for Stock.

Live stock can thrive and prosper only in the enjoyment of good health, and this can only be under such conditions as meet all the requirements of their nature. If anything is lacking to make them comfortable and contented it will tell seriously on the thrift of the animal and consequently on the profits of the owner. Abundance of pure water, good food, clean quarters, and proper rest if at labor, are essential to the best results. But in addition to this there is a very important matter which is not so generally attended to, and that is, proper shade for animals that run in pasture through the long hot days in summer. Such stock usually spend only a portion of the day in actual grazing, and this generally in the cooler parts of the day. Usually during the warmer parts of the day animals will stand in the shade, if any is provided, where they are protected from the hot rays of the sun, and are more or less saved from the annoyance of flies. Every one knows with what eagerness sheep, cattle, horses, hens, and, in fact, all animals seek the shade of trees in the pasture, or, in their absence, that of the fence. It is certainly very trying to the endurance of an animal to spend several hours of the day exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. Animals are not only uncomfortable under such circumstances, but suffer positive injury. In furnishing good, cool shade for his stock, therefore, the stock-owner is consulting his own pecuniary interest, and should from this, if no other consideration, supply the wants of his stock. But the higher motives of humanity should lead every owner of live animals to secure their comfort in every way possible. Poplars and cottonwood grow so rapidly that they will in a short time be large enough to serve the purpose. In the meantime board sheds may be erected that will answer until the trees are sufficiently large for shade. See to it, and do not let your animals suffer another season as they did last. The trees will also add to the appearance of your pasture, and in time may be trimmed and furnish more or less wood. Waste no time in making this wise provision for your animals.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The French only mix nine different articles together to make mince-meat. It is the sixteenth and seventeenth ingredients which make American mince pie queen of the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Mazarin Bible was recently sold for $17,000. Why the dickens doesn't some enterprising publisher get out an edition of the Mazarin Bible? He could make money by selling them as low as $16,500 a-piece.—*The Judge.*

—"Ah," mosned a widow recently bereaved, "what a misfortune! I knew what kind of a husband I have lost, but how can I know what kind of a husband his successor will be?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Detroit *Free Press* man says: "It costs money to be good." It is suspected that the last time he was in church he put a silver dime in the contribution basket in mistake for a cent. Such errors will occur, if a man is wealthy.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A man at Omaha found three dollars on the street, and he advertised the find to the extent of seven dollars, and made the loser foot the bill. It is sometimes disagreeable to meet with an honest man.—*Exchange.*

—A Michigan paper says: "Bears are going to be thicker than grasshoppers in the woods of Michigan this winter." Dare say. Bears are generally considerable thicker than grasshoppers; in fact, bigger in every way.—*Boston Post.*

—A logical conclusion.—Little Bob: "Tom, why do you call mamma mater? What's mater mean?" Tom: "Latin for mother, you know." Little Bob: "Oh! I thought it was because she had to see about getting husbands for Flo and Edie that she was a mater."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—At a recent marriage in Brooklyn "the bride wore a dress of brocaded plush, of crushed strawberry hue." A man never wears a pair of trowsers of crushed strawberry hue save when he goes to a festival and sits down on a plate of the fruit. And that is what he generally does—if the paragraphers don't lie.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A parvenu having purchased an ancient castle, with all the accessories, is found by his daughter on the first cold day warming his hands by a fire which he has had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "O, pa, what have you been doing?" The lord of the manor, with satisfaction—"The feller that patented that air stove must have been crazy, but I've made the old thing heat up!"

—There was a hand-painted sign in front of an uptown grocery in Chicago, which originally read, in dark, rheumatic letters, "Calt for Sail." A very nervous and sensitive man living around the corner noticed at once that it was wrongly spelled, and spoke to the proprietor about it. "Hasn't that sign been changed yet, Bill?" he inquired of his confidential clerk. "No; I guess not." "Well, hang it all! I told the boy to fix it last night; gimme that marking pot," and rushing out of the store the board soon bore the cabalistic words, "Sault for Caie."—*Check.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It is said that the invention and subsequent improvements of the American plow made a saving on last year's crop in this country of $90,000,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An attachment for reed organs has been invented by means of which the player, reading from a dial like that used to indicate the power of steam, knows just what degree of dynamic force he is producing. It seems to be especially adapted for deaf musicians. —*Boston Post.*

—A company of capitalists have notified the council of Kingston, as they have of Hamilton, that they purpose erecting in Canada a large rolling-mill, blast-furnaces, foundry, machine-shops, and nail-factory, with a capital of at least $1,000,000, and give employment to twelve hundred men, utilizing Canadian ores.

—This is the receipt which M. C. Larrabee employs in making a dye for sole-leather: Seven hundred and fifty grammes Paris yellow, 150 grammes chrome yellow, 1,250 grammes pipe-clay, 1,000 grammes quercitron, 1,000 grammes alum, 750 grammes sulphuric acid, and 4 litres tragacanth solution.

—So little is heard about the industries of Tennessee nowadays that most people will be surprised to learn that, while two years ago hardly a pound of dried fruit was shipped from Chattanooga, the dealers in this city alone have handled so far this year over 750,000 pounds. Knoxville and Nashville are going into the business extensively, and lesser places more modestly.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Munich professor has invented a bracelet that will remedy the affliction known as "writer's cramp." The pen-holder is fastened to the bracelet in such a manner that it can be used to write with ease and without bringing the fingers into use at all. The hand can rest on the table, moving easily along as the letters are traced, and it is said that little practice is required to give expertness in the use of the invention.

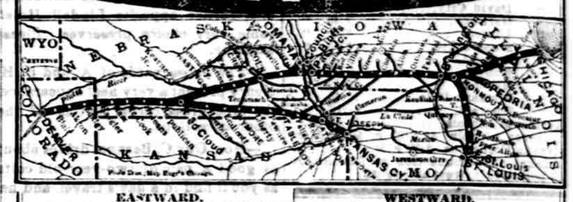
—By means of what he calls a gyrograph, Dr. Candeze has been able to take photographs of landscapes from the windows of a train running at the rate of forty miles an hour. The apparatus consists of a copper tube, similar to that which carries the lenses in an ordinary camera, but in it the lenses are placed on opposite sides parallel to the axis. Within is a shutter similar to the box of a stop-cock. It presents two square openings, which do no let the rays pass in making a quarter of a turn. A rotary motion is produced by the action of a spring. Only an exposure of the one-hundredth of a second is necessary to obtain wonderfully distinct views.

—A writer in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set for seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

Practical Jokes.

The other night a Steubenville man coming home with his wife, discovered his property scattered over the floor and the burglar looking out of the window. He procured his gun without arousing the burglar's suspicions, took aim and fired. The burglar fell to the floor. The householder approached the prostrate figure, and, to his astonishment, found that it was only a bolster rigged up in his own Sunday clothes. Having left his brother in the house he at once recognized the author of the practical joke. He took the figure and stood it up by the front door so that when his brother entered it fell forward upon him. He began calling "police," "fire," "murder," and brought out the neighbors, who aided him in securing the burglar. On discovering the character of the intruder, he decided to retire awhile from the business of making practical jokes.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

BURLINGTON ROUTE


WYO.
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COLORADO
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Denver
Pueblo
Pike's Peak
Colorado Springs
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Burlington
Ottumwa
Keokuk
Quincy
Hannibal
St. Joseph
Atchison
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