A FOOT-HOLD.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Hardly a steamer that crosses the sea
But carries one traveler more,
For a little time, out on the shoreless sea,
Than she counted when leaving the shore.

Blown far away from his mate where she sings,
By the pitiless sea-bound gale,
Lost, and plying his patient wings
Till heart and courage fail:

Lost on the shoreless, unknown main,
Blinded with salt white spray,
Dazed with the endless, waving plain,
Scared by the lengthening way;

Lost on the sea, and no land in sight;
Through the heavy and misty air
Struggling on through the dark and light
To terror and mute despair;

Till on the horizon a cloudy speck
Clears to the mast, like a tree,
Clears to the solid and ground-like deck,
And he follows it wearily,

And clings and crouches, a welcome guest,
An eager and tremulous bird,
With the green and blue on his neck and breast
By his heart's hard panting stirred.

Then came pity, and food and drink to the brim,
And shelter from wave and cold;
But the quick head droops, and the bright eyes dim,
And the story all is told!

Pitiful comfort, yet comfort still
Not to drop in the hungry sea,
Reeling down out of the empty height
To that terrible agony.

Bitter and hard to be driven to roam
Between the sea and the sky,
To find a foothold and warmth and home,
And then—only to die!

Yet it was harder, God He knows,
Who counts the sparrows that fall,
For the birds that were lost when the wild winds rose,
When the sea and the sky were all;

When the sky bent down to enfold the sea,
And the sea reached up to the sky,
And between them only the wind blew free,
And never a ship went by!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

From Harper's Weekly.

A SLEIGH-BELLE.

Harold Brown's sleigh dashed merrily up to Harold Brown's door, and at that moment (she was the soul of punctuality) out came Harold Brown's only sister—a little woman wrapped in shawls and veils and worsted things from head to foot.

"Come along, sis," he shouts; and then, without waiting for her to "come along," he jumps from the sleigh, reaches the top of the stoop in three strides—he's a tall, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, blue-eyed fellow—catches her up in his arms as though she were only a bundle, and in the twinkling of an eye she is snugly stowed away among the buffalo-robes.

Crack goes his whip. "G'lang, Ned!" cries Harold. "Ned" tosses his head and paws the ground an instant to set the sleigh-bells ringing properly, and off they go.

"Are you warm?" asks Harold of the bundle at his side.

"Almost smothered," answers the bundle, in an indistinct voice with a slight lisp.

"That's right, my darling," says the brother, who adores his pretty young sister—the only one left him of four. "I should tear my hair in wild despair if you caught cold. Mind you don't, for if you but sneeze once, be it the tiniest sneeze that ever was, home you go."

"Never fear Har," rejoins the obedient small woman. "I promise, upon my word and honor, not to sneeze. I'd choke first. Ah! here we are," she continues, as they turn into Fifth Avenue and take their place at the end of a line of sleighs, big and little, the largest of which stands unoccupied before the handsome and brilliantly lighted house of Albert Lee, merchant and millionaire.

"Yes, and here are all the rest," says Harold, adding, with a slight inflection of scorn, "excepting the Lee people. Of course it's the Princess Alberta who is keeping us all waiting"—forgetting, in the most man-like manner, that he had only that moment arrived himself." "She never was ready when she was a little girl, and I suppose she hasn't reformed in that particular, now she's a big one."

"Big!" repeats the voice from the mufflers; "why, she isn't a bit larger than I am."

"Well, she's a year older, anyhow, and ought to know better," replies Harold; "but I haven't the slightest doubt she's stopping to flirt with some one, or two, or half a dozen of her numerous admirers, utterly regardless of the fact that I—that is, you—to say nothing of forty or fifty others, more or less intimate friends, are freezing outside. Dan Van Rensselaer is buttoning on her gloves, or Will West is fastening the straps of her overshoes, or some confounded nonsense or other. Cora, it's my opinion that girl flirted in her cradle, made faces at her old loves and smiled on the new. 'Alberta!'—and she won't let any any one soften it to 'Berta,'" he went on, apparently warming with his subject—"what a ridiculous name for such a mite! for mite she is, and mite she will continue to be, for all her scornful looks and haughty ways."

"Oh, Harold!" exclaims the veiled voice, with as much indignation as is possible under the circumstances. "How unjust you are! She's not naughty—she's not scornful—she's lovely! She came to me *herself* yesterday afternoon—and I happened to know all the other's had written invitations—and begged me to join her sleighing party. 'It's to be a real old-fashioned affair,' she said, 'and I want my real old-fashioned friends to come.'"

"Extremely condescending," interpolates Harold.

"And as for her name, *she* had nothing to say about that, as you, if you have one grain of common sense must be aware—no more than you did about yours. And she'd rather be called 'Bertie,' a great deal; only her papa insists on 'Alberta,' and consequently, like a good daughter, she insists on 'Alberta,' too. He wanted a boy when she was born to be called 'Albert,'—that's his own name, you know; and when a girl came instead; he said no girl should interfere with his plans, and he named her 'Alberta,' which is almost the same thing. And it's just as well he did, for he never had another child, girl or boy."

"Pity the boy hadn't come," grumbles Harold.

"For shame, brother!" exclaims the little woman, party unfolding the veil that hides her dimpled chin and rosy mouth, that she may speak with greater effect. How can you wish that there was a great stupid young man instead of that dear, sweet girl? for she is a dear, sweet girl, though you, I can't for the life of me see why—neither can Fred—choose to be angry with her."

"I didn't wish for 'a great stupid young man' in her place," explains Harold, with a short laugh. "That he would necessarilly have been 'great and stupid' only femmine logic can prove; it's beyond me. But if 'Albert' *had* came first and Alberta, by some other name, second, she wouldn't have been an only child, as she is now, petted and indulged in every whim and fancy, until she imagines herself a queen and all the world her slaves."

"You said 'a princess' a few moments ago," says Cora, demurely.

"And perhaps she wouldn't be smiling on that grinning idiot, Dan Van Rensselaer—they say she's going to marry him, his fortune equalling her own, and his great-great-great-grandfather having been one of the very first Dutchmen that landed on these shores—and turning away from the fellow she has known from her infancy, and who has—Whoa, Ned, keep still! Why in the deuce don't she and her train make their appearance?"

They don't make their appearance, and Cora begins to talk again.

"Harold you wrong Alberta; indeed you do. It is *you* that are foolishly proud, not she. When she went abroad she left us rich; when she came back, she found us poor; and yet she had only been home two days when she thought us out. And how did *you* receive her? In the coldest manner; and then raved and swore when she was gone—you needn't contradict me; I distinctly remember two very wicked words you said—because she didn't rush into your arms and kiss you at meeting, as she did at parting three years before. Can't you understand, you horrid, splendid old boy, that what is just allowable in a girl of fifteen would be highly improper in a young lady of eighteen? And you've only called upon her once since her return—once in six long months; and pray what did your lordship do on that occasion? Scowled and growled and snapped at Louis Vance in such a ferocious manner that he told my Fred—poor Fred! what a pity they're taking 'count of stock to-night!—he actually thought," with a little chuckle, "you were losing your senses. And what's more, Mr. Harold Brown"—and the dimpled chin is thrust forward defiantly—"*I* think, and so does Fred, that it's your duty to apologize for the way you behaved that evening. And I don't believe she's engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer at all. That was only a rumor that floated over here from Paris, and I see no reason why you should accept it for the blessed truth any more than you do the thousand and one idle reports that are always floating about. And, Harold, if you really love her, why don't you tell her so? Fred told me the moment he found out. But there! I sha'n't talk any more; it's no use."

"It is not," declares Harold, with emphasis; "for unless, by some unforseen turn in the wheel of fortune, she become as poor as myself, and I don't believe the wheel contemplates any such turn, I shall never speak of love to Miss Alberta Lee."

"Rude, obstinate, wretched boy!" scolds the little sister; "I wash my hands of you. If you insist upon being unhappy, be so. Not another word do you hear from me to-night, for my breath is all frozen on my veil, making it stiff and uncomfortable, and I've reason to think, notwithstanding my promise to the contrary, my big brother, I'm going to sneeze."

"My darling," cried the big brother, fumbling in his great coat pockets, "I've another sky, or moon, or cloud, or whatever you call it, here—bought it as I came along for fear—"

"Har," interrupts Cora solemnly, "if you wrap another thing about me, even if it be the finest gossamer, I shall cease to breathe;" and she twines the veil she had unfolded about the lower part of her face again, and relapses into silence.

"Here she is—and time, I think," says Harold, his blue eyes flashing with no less pleasant light, as a laughing party ran down the steps of the Lee mansion and crowded into the empty sleigh. "And, thunder and Mars! that infernal Dan Van Rensselaer is at her side. G'lang, Ned!" savagely. And away they all start, laughing, singing, and shouting as only young people sleigh-riding on a fine moonlight night, can laugh and sing and shout.

An hour's ride, and then a stop of an hour or two at an old-fashioned country hotel—would there were more of them!—for a dance (the sole music for which was furnished by a very old violin, played by a still older darkey, who, the dance ended, proceeded to display his musical skill with much rolling of the eyes and stamping of the right foot, by performing a composition of his own, the theme being the "Queen Bee's Visit to the Garden of Roses," and the most noticeable point in which was a "hum-um-um," commenced pianissimo, crescendo to fortissimo, and then diminuendo until the Queen Bee flew away again) and a supper.

At the supper an enormous turkey presided, flanked by crisp salads, broiled quails, and the various pies of the country; but he, the turkey, didn't preside long, for he was soon reduced to much less than a skeleton; and then the sleighs were brought from the stable, and the heads of the horses, nothing loth, turned homeward; and the good-natured landlady and the red-haired chamber-maid, and Dan Van Renselaer and his chums, had all they could do in the way of searching for articles of wearing apparel, and helping on jackets, and holding shawls and cloaks, and tying veils, for at least fifteen minutes.

"Hurry up," at length shouts some one from the outside, "if you want to get to the city before the moon turns her back on us;" and down stairs they go pell-mell, helter-skelter, and jump and tumble, and are lifted into the sleighs again.

Harold Brown grasps his own particular charge from the group as they reach the roadside and carefully seating her in his sleigh, heaps the heavy robes around her and springs in himself.

Hundreds of silvery bells jingle together in pleasant discord; the old darkey whose Queen Bee had never extracted so much honey with an "m" from the garden of roses before, flings his battered hat in the air, and shouts hurrah, and then seizes his old violin and plays "Hail, Columbia," as though every note was a soldier of 1776; and away they speed for their homes once more.

"How lovely she looked to-night," begins Harold, after a five minutes' silence. "You needn't speak, toad. After that warm room and the dance and the supper, it is more necessary than ever that you should be careful. All I ask of you is to listen. As a listener you can't be surpassed, although as a talker, like most women, you are apt to get things a little confused. But don't go to sleep, for that is an insult I can't and won't stand. Did you ever see such hair?—spun gold! And how charming she wears it! part in a wreath about her pretty head, and part floating free over her pretty shoulders. Blondes! There's only one blonde in the world, and that's Alberta Lee. Her skin is like the snow with the moonlight on it; and being beautiful because she is so fair, I suppose it wouldn't be fair in me to even dream of her turning Brown. Hi, Ned. Good heavens! the intelligent brute heard that dreadful attempt at a joke, and tried to run away. So-o-o, old fellow! I won't do it again. And she never spoke to me, Cora. And yet when we were boy and girl together I've stolen many a kiss from that sweet red mouth unreproved, and she used to call me 'My Harold.' Let me see—that must have been eight years ago. And then, as she grew older, she grew more shy; but I was 'Harold' still, often 'dear Harold,' until her father, who shows what an idiot he is, in spite of his years, by encouraging that greater idiot, Van Rensselaer, made that lucky hit in Wall street, and the whole family went abroad to learn how to play the aristocrat to humbler friends at home. It's true I didn't go near her to-night.

There are too many around her. 'The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me.' And the dance I should have liked to have danced with her, the dance we danced together in the 'long ago,' she gave to Louis Vance, the very man I came near knocking down one evening at her house, for taking her picture from her album and putting it in his breast pocket, with some silly, spooney remark about his heart. How her mother glared at me as I snatched it from his hand! and *she* said with a cool drawl, 'Pray, Mr. Brown, what is it to you?' Deuce take her lovely, exasperating, bewitching impudence! She will know what it was to me, the golden-haired, lily-white little hypocrite! I suppose she'll marry that Van Rensselaer"—and he muttered something which didn't sound like a blessing between his teeth—"or some of his set, not one of whom is worthy to hold her fan, 'the bonnie wee thing,' as our old Scotch nurse used to say," breaking off with what in a woman we would call a hysterical laugh. "I say, sis, are you asleep? You needn't say a word, my butterfly; just shake your head."

The worsted things and veils that formed the butterfly's cocoon moved slowly from side to side.

"All right, dear. I feel as though I *must* talk of her to-night, and to whom can I talk but you, my darling?—my little sister, who has never withheld her love and sympathy from me, God bless her! But, Cora, if any poor fellow had loved you all his life long, and you had led him to believe for many years that you returned his affection, and then, growing richer, as he, through no fault of his own, grew poorer—if you turned away from him and smiled upon those who were only his superiors in wealth and position, I'd disown you. Mouse of my life, I would indeed!"

"But suppose the 'poor fellow' never told his love when we met after a long separation?" whispers "the mouse of his life."

"In words, you mean? Pshaw! There are a hundred ways in which a man tells his love, and a woman knows every one of them by heart."

"But suppose," in another faint whisper, "that when she returned from abroad, she found him a man so much less manly than the youth she had left that he could stoop to believe that because he had become poor, as the world goes, she could forget the happy, happy days they had spent together, and—and cared for each other? Suppose that he lent a ready ear to silly reports about her—one, for instance, that she was engaged to be married to that idiot Van Rensellaer?"

"Cora!"

No reply.

"Cora, I say!"

Perfect silence.

"You tormenting little thing"—shaking her gently with his strong right hand—"why don't you answer me? I won't give you a kiss for a week if you don't. There's something uncanny about you. Where's your lisp? You had one a short time ago; you know you did. Cora!"

"My name's Alberta, please sir;" and the veil that had hidden her face flew aside, and a long tress of golden hair floated out and brightened the night.

The reins fell from Harold' hands. Alberta caught them skillfully.

"'Tis well," she said, "that in those by-gone days you taught me how to drive."

For one moment her lover gazed at her in open-eyed wonder. Then he gasped, "Great heavens! what a fool!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the fair one with a smile.

"Not you, Alberta—thunder and Mars! no, but me, myself—to be so near and yet so far. What a consummate—"

"Skip the hard words; there isn't the slightest need of them," interrupted Alberta mischievously. "Cora thought she would like to ride in such a sleigh, and I hadn't the heart to refuse the child. Hope I haven't intruded, Mr. Brown? And now, as we're turning into our own street, you'd better take the reins again."

"Alberta — Bertie — sweetheart, say something kind to me before we part," he pleads gasping both the reins and the little hands that hold them.

"What shall I say, Mr. Brown?"

He bends his head and looks earnestly in her face. "Say 'Harold' first."

"Harold," she repeats, with a saucy smile, and then wrestling her hands away, she sinks back and leans back on his shoulder, which droops to meet it, and goes on in a softened voice: "I'm not engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer, whom you, with charming consistency, call an idiot for being in love with me; and my papa, who is the dearest and best papa in the whole world, in spite of your impertinent remarks about him, cares nothing for wealth and position, compared to my happiness, and I myself, 'lily-white little hypocrite' to the contrary, haven't the slightest objection to turning Brown, my Harold."

"God bless you dearest!"

"Yes, yes, but don't kiss me just now, please. We're at our own door, and the light of the street lamp is falling full upon us, and there's dear old anxious papa peeping out, trying to catch a glimpse of his only son and heiress."

"Good-night," "good-night," resounded from every side as each particular sleigh started for that particular place to which its particular party belonged, with the exception of the sleigh in charge of the horse called Ned.

That remained in front of the dwelling of the "princess," while its happy owner, with Cora, his little sister, who had suddenly appeared at his side on one arm, and Alberta, his pretty sweetheart, on the other, ascended the marble steps.

"Papa," called out Alberta, as they entered the hall, "Mr. Harold Brown has been behaving in a dreadful manner. He has called me all sorts of namees, abused me most shamefully to my face, actually shaken me, and worst of all, declared he wouldn't kiss me for a week. Send John to look after Ned—poor horse *he* isn't to blame—and then *I* demand that *you* demand an explanation."

AT HOME OR ABROAD, get Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, recognized all over the World as the best tonic, invigorator and purifier of the blood. For puny and weak children, or delicate females, an absolute necessity. Dr. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

A MOTHER'S JOY.

BY ROSE PITMAN.

Her dress was ope'd, her bosom bare,
And his young head was nestling there.
One little hand o'er throat and chest
Was wond'ring, while the other to rest
Was near the heart that loved him best.

Her face was bright and glad with joy,
For he was hers, her own, her boy;
And kisses fell like falling rain
Upon his face, again, again,
With love so great, 't was almost pain!

She press'd him close, yes, closer now,
And push'd the bright hair off his brow;
She wound the little threads of gold
Around her finger, while she told
Her own heart dreams already old.

Dreams long and sweet, untouch'd by fears,
Not e'en o'ercast by shade of tears;
How he would live to love her so!
How she his every thought would know,
Nor he one instant cause her woe.

How he would long live by her side,
And ever bring her gladness, pride,
And how his mother's heart would beat
With joy and exultation sweet,
Should great success his efforts meet.

She was smiling, so was he,
And with his baby love so free,
His little hand lay gently press'd
Upon his mother's snow white breast;
And that light touch her heart caress'd.

His lips and eyes were half unclosed,
While thus he smilingly reposed;
And O! to her what happiness
Can equal moments such as this—
Opening gates to heavenly bliss!

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Planting Corn in Drills.

Among the experiments of the Kansas Agricultural College last year, was one having for its object to ascertain the relative values of the two methods of planting corn—in hills and in drills. Four plats were laid off across a portion of the field very uniform as to the character of its soil. Each plat contained four rows of corn, the rows being three and a half feet apart. In the first plat the corn was planted in drills, in the second in drills after the common fashion; again, the third was planted in drills and the fourth in hills. When the corn was about six inches high the drilled plats were thinned out, leaving the stalks as nearly as possible ten inches apart in the rows; the plats in hills were likewise thinned out, leaving the same number of stalks in every plat throughout the experiment. In cultivating the plats care was taken to give each the same treatment, and beyond thinning, hoeing once and cultivating twice, no special treatment was given the plats. The corn was husked November 11, and the weighings showed for the drilled plats a yield of seventy-one bushels per acre, for the plats in hills sixty-two and a half bushels per acre, an advantage in favor of the method of planting in drills of eight and a half bushels per acre. By the "bushel" of corn mentioned in these experiments is to be understood in every case seventy-two pounds of ears.

To Make Hens Lay.

A writer in the Ohio *Farmer* gives the following method for making hens lay:

Put two or more quarts of water in a kettle, and one large seed pepper, or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils, stir in coarse ground Indian meal, until you make a thick mush. Let it cool an hour or so. Feed hot. Horse raddish chopped fine, and stirred into mush as prepared in the above directions, and for results we are getting five to ten eggs per day; whereas, previous to feeding we had not had eggs for a long time. We hear a great deal of complaint from other people about not getting eggs. To such we would warmly recommend cooked food, fed hot. Boiled apple skins, seasoned with red pepper; or boiled potatoes, seasoned with horseraddish, is good for feed—much better than uncooked corn. Corn, when fed to the hen by itself, has a tendency to fatten hens instead of producing the more profitable egg-laying. A spoonful of sulphur stirred with their feed occasionally will rid them of vermin and tone up their systems. It is especially good for young chickens or turkeys. Out of a flock of ten hatched last November, we have lost but one. They have been fed cooked feed mostly, and are growing finely.

Mellow Soil Around Trees.

Unless the surface of the ground is mulched around young trees over an area of six to ten feet in diameter, the ground should be kept clean and mellow. Every farmer knows that a hill of corn or potatoes will not amount to much unless cultivated, and yet there are many who will neglect to give the same care to a tree that is worth a hundred hills of either of the former. In rich soil trees may grow rapidly without cultivation, and no amount of grass or weeds will retard them; but there are other things besides these to be looked after. If the weeds and grass are allowed to grow up around the stem of apple, peach, or quince trees, the bark will become soft near their base by being shaded, and thereby in a suitable condition for the reception of eggs which will eventually become peach or apple borer. Take any dozen young apple trees in sections where the apple borer is abundant, and allowed a portion to be cooked with weeds, and the remainder well cultivated, and then watch the result. From our experience, we believe the chances are nine to one in favor of those cultivated being exempt from this pest.—*National Agriculturist*.

Steaming Food for Sheep.

The practice of steaming food for cattle has passed from the region of experiments to that of well ascertained fact. It is settled beyond question, that in cases where a sufficiently large number of cattle are kept, it is a matter of substantial economy to cut and steam all coarse, damaged or inferior forage, corn fodder, hay that is slightly mouldy, and even straw, cut and steamed, with a slight admixture of bran or meal, have proved to be quite as good for stock as the best hay uncooked. But few experiments have been made in this direction with sheep. Mr. Arvine C. Wales, of Ohio, communicates to the *Country Gentleman*, a detailed report of his practice in feeding 1,500 sheep with cut and steamed corn fodder. After describing his method of raising the fodder corn, he says:

The stock now being fed requires about three tons of dry feed per day. The cutting is done by a No. 6 Cummins cutter, and it is so arranged that the cut feed as it falls from the cutting machine is carried to and placed in the tanks, wet up with the necessary quantity of water, and mixed with bran or meal by machinery, so that when the cutting is done the feed is ready for the steam. Three men in an hour and a half can cut three tons. With the present boiler capacity, it takes one man four hours more to steam it. The cost of fuel for cutting mixing, steaming, pumping water, etc., is about five cents per ton of dry feed. The cut feed is much more easily and rapidly distributed to the animals than long feed. It is shoveled from the tanks down into the wagons with side-boards, that stand below the bottoms of the tanks, and carried to the sheep-folds. The racks are made to accommodate twenty sheep, and this number is found to need about two bushels of cut feed. The feeder has two two-bushel baskets. While he is carrying one to the rack, the boy fills the other. In this way a man and a boy can feed and care for 1,500 sheep. The fodder is eaten up clean, a few joints and soiled pieces only being left, but not one per cent. is wasted.

All the advantages claimed for feeding steamed food to cattle and horses—the economy of feed, the increased health, thrift and comfort of the animals—are found in an equal and degree in the feeding of sheep. The effect is shown in the wool, which is of a length, clearness, style, and particularly strength of staple rarely found on sheep wintered on dry feed. There is no jar, or tender place in the wool indicating the point in the growth of the fiber where the sheep changed from green to dry feed. All the wool buyers observe this; and the wool, it is believed, commanded a higher price than any other clip bought from first hands in this or any of the adjoining counties.

It is not claimed that the steaming of feed adds to its nutritive elements. But as the pulverization and stirring of the soil promote the growth of plants by making the plant food more accessible to the plants, so the steaming of feed makes it at once more palatable and more readily digested and assimilated by the animals, and performs the same office for their food that cooking does for ours.

He concludes with the significant remark that "the wetting and steaming puts the summer back into it again."

Household Matters.

OAT-MEAL FOOD.—The steam-cooked oats and wheat save hours of boiling and avoid all trouble, as the directions how to cook them in every style are on the packages.

HOT-WATER GINGERBREAD.—Stir together one cupful of molasses, one large spoonful butter, with ginger or spices to suit; add a little flour; pour on two teaspoonfuls of soda one half cupful of boiling water; stir it in, and add flour to make pretty stiff batter.

CIDER JELLY.—Soak half a box, or one ounce of gelatine in a quart of sweet cider for ten minutes; add a small cupful quince or crab apple jelly; chop fine and place the pan over the fire until all is dissolved; then add a small cupful white sugar, while hot. Strain into metal molds, previously oiled, to prevent its sticking.

SPONGE PUDDING.—One-fourth pound each of flour, butter, and sugar, one quart of milk, 12 eggs; mix butter, flour, and sugar together, add to the milk, and boil until it thickens; when cool add first the yolks of the eggs, then the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Place the pudding dish in a pan partly filled with water in the oven and bake near an hour. For the sauce, three-fourths cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar and one of wine. Mix butter and sugar to cream, add the wine, a spoonful at a time, and put the dish in a pan of hot water to dissolve. This makes a light delicious pudding.

THAT NASAL TWANG, it is Catarrh; cure it at once, before it shows on your face, by Dr. J. H. McLean's Catarrh Snuff. It soothes irritation, cures Sores in the nose, face or skin. Trial boxes, 50 cts., by mail. Dr. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

LEMON SYRUP.—To every quart of lemon-juice add six pounds of loaf sugar; rub off the yellow rind of the lemons with lumps of sugar; put in a porcelain kettle; beat the whites of two eggs very light, and mix gradually with one quart of water, which put in the lemon-juice and sugar. Boil ten minutes, being sure to skim off all the scum. Place in new bottles, cork tightly, and seal the tops with melted resin and wax.

Why Advertise?

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale? It is well known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which cost over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and their services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you by telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says. "If your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all bronchial, throat and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings, and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at so moderate a price ($1.50 post-paid), that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

A MEAN Burlington man has planted some grasshopper eggs in his wife's pet flower-bed. He wants to see how she will act when they begin to sprout.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, the great New England cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, Cutler Bros. & Co.'s Boston, only genuine

CONUNDRUM for St. Valentine's day:
WAS ST. VALENTINE
A VARNISH MAKER?

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEF CATTLE—Fair to prime	$6 00	@10 00
HOGS—Live	6 25	@ 6 75
SHEEP—Fair to prime	4 75	@ 5 50
COTTON—Middling		@ 12⅞
FLOUR—Spring extra	6 00	@ 8 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee Spring		@ 1 47
CORN—Western	59	@ 60¼
OATS—Western	50	@ 55
RYE—Western	88	@ 89
BARLEY—Western	80	@ 85
PORK—Mess		@15 90
LARD		@ 10¼
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Choice to extra prime	$5 00	@ 5 50
Medium to choice	4 50	@ 4 75
Common to fair	2 85	@ 4 00
HOGS—Live	5 25	@ 6 20
SHEEP—Live, good to choice	4 50	@ 6 00
BUTTER—Good to choice	21	@ 25
EGGS—Fresh	13	@ 14
FLOUR—White Winter extra	5 80	@ 7 50
Spring extra	5 00	@ 5 75
WHEAT—Spring No. 2		@ 1 25¾
CORN—No. 2		@ 40¾
OATS—No. 2		@ 33½
RYE—No. 2		@ 67
BARLEY—No. 2		@ 49¼
PORK—Mess, new		@14 30
LARD		@ 9½
MILWAUKEE.		
CATTLE—Choice to extra prime	$5 00	@ 5 25
Medium to choice	4 00	@ 4 75
Common to fair	2 75	@ 3 75
HOGS—Live	5 25	@ 5 75
SHEEP—Live, good to choice	3 75	@ 4 50
BUTTER—Choice	18	@ 23
EGGS—Fresh	13	@ 14
FLOUR—White Winter extra	6 00	@ 7 50
Spring extra	5 50	@ 7 00
WHEAT—Spring No. 1		@ 1 41
Spring No. 2		@ 1 33¾
CORN—No. 2, old		@ 42½
OATS—No. 2		@ 32
RYE—No. 1		@ 70
BARLEY—No. 2		@ 67
PORK—Mess		@14 25
LARD		@ 9¾

IF Congress had employed as much scientific skill in the arrangement of its "Reconstruction Policy" at the close, as the War Department did in the beginning of the war, in arranging for the manufacture of what was called *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* for the use of the cavalry horses, no doubt the union would have bean restored long ago.—*Exchange*.

WE noticed in one of our exchanges this week the statement of Dea. Jno. Hodgkins, of South Jefferson, Me., whose son was cured of incipient consumption by the use of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. We refer to this at this time as tending to corroborate the statement we made last week in relation to this Liniment as applied to consumption.

THE CAUSE.—A vitiated state of the blood is the primary cause of rheumatism and gout; and the terrible raking pains and aches are merely the secondary consequences, which it is in vain to attempt to cure by external applications. The only reliable external remedy is Durang's, which takes hold and cures immediately. Get your druggist to order it.

Coughs and Colds.

Sudden changes of weather are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" let the Cold, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.

DIZZINESS, headache, pain across the eyes, inflammation of the eyes, copious watery discharges from the eyes and nose, are symptoms of catarrh. Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh will at once cure these symptoms.