LOYAL WOMAN'S WORK

Some Hints, Suggestions and Good Counsel.

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY.

Modern improvements simplify greatly the daily round of domestic life, yet modern improvements do not take the place of certain homely little secrets, which, if known, take so largely from the work and worry of the housewife's duties.

For instance, how many thousands of housekeepers, and good ones, too, are struggling along with the problem of how to keep the juice from fruit pies from boiling out in baking. Some say do not have the bottom of the oven too hot. Very well; but if not just right the under crust will be soggy, and most any one would dispense with an abundance of juice for the sake of a nice crisp under crust.

Another says stew your fruit first, and do not have too much juice. But then you lose the fine fresh flavor. Another says put in your fruit, then your sugar, and lastly a good sprinkle of flour. But even then the juice will often boil out, and there is always danger of your pie being clammy.

Grandmother says wet the edge of the under crust all around with water before you put on the upper crust, and the juice will never run out; but unfortunately this often fails. The last is a plan by an enterprising Western woman, who proposes to bind the edges of the pie all around with cloth, removing the same when the pie is done. But think of the trouble. Now, there is but one infallible rule, easy, simple and sure, viz.: Put your sugar in first, and the fruit on top. Try it and be happy.

OTHER HOMELY HINTS.

When boiling a pudding dip the cloth in boiling water, sprinkle it with flour, and your pudding will never stick to the cloth.

When canning peaches, or other pulpy fruit, make a rich sirup, put in just as many peaches as the juice will cover, let them scald, and as fast as one piece is done dip it out with a fork or spoon and place in the jar. When the can is full, dip over the juice and seal. They will be unbroken and delicious. Never fill up your kettle with soft fruit and stir when cooking, if you want it to be fine.

In frying potato balls have hot drippings, with or without a little butter. Dip the balls in flour before frying. Do not turn until the crust forms, or they will be soft and broken.

In frying lamb chops, roll them in fine brown paper and fry in hot drippings or fresh lard. Take off the paper, season with pepper, salt and melted butter. Set them in the oven a moment and they are finer than broiled chops and much less trouble.

To cook a delicious steak, when the weather is too hot for broiling: Have your frying-pan very hot. Drop the meat on it without seasoning, keeping the pan very hot. When done, lay the meat on a platter, season and spread with butter, placing it in the oven a few moments, when it will draw a delicious gravy.

THE LATEST DECREE IN BONNETS.

The object of all decoration on small bonnets is to add to their hight and narrowness; hence the single cluster which forms the entire trimming is placed directly on top and in front, instead of slightly toward the left side in the way so long in vogue. Some coronet bonnets are seen that are to be trimmed with a smooth fabric if the face is large, or with soft puffs or with lace for those who have small faces. Fanciful galloons and passementerie made of gilt, of braid, cord and chenille, are also used on coronets, and some loops of these braids may be added in the cluster of trimming. A cockade bow or rosette of red velvet ribbon on which are two or three swallows is a pretty trimming for gray or brown felt bonnets. Many green felt bonnets are trimmed with dull Pompeiian red velvet, and loops of gold braid are added in many trimmings on mordore, dahlia or dark green felts. Jet and gold beads are often combined in the trimming of black lace or of black velvet bonnets; the bonnets that have a soft black velvet crown with thread lace on the brim will be put on early in September, and may be worn until Spring. A group of humming-birds, with brilliant plumage that glitters like jewels, is a favorite trimming for black bonnets for the demi-season. Aigrettes and pompons have not entirely lost favor, but must be of the most delicate marabout, and arranged with other feathers, wings, or a bird, in order to make them stylish. Indeed, "motley is the only wear" in these trimmings, and it will be an easy matter for a clever milliner to utilize in one group any bits of plumage left over from previous seasons. The head and neck of a bird that has lost its wings and tail feathers may be surrounded by some tips of ostrich plumes that are worn near the stem, and some straight quills or cock's feathers may be curled over at the top and massed against a pompon or marabout aigrette in ways that are economical as well as pretty, for the new groups of feathers are very extravagant, costing from $5 to $20 for a single trimming for a bonnet.

Woman's Exchange.

Cure for Boils: Take one cup of sliced burdock root simmer in two quarts of hard cider, and drink a wineglassful before each meal. In answer to questioner in last paper.—E. A. French, Otsego, Mich.

Maude H. Harper: Lincoln was called the Emancipator, because when he was President of the United States he issued a proclamation freeing the slaves in the South.

Miss Rich, Mich.: Bulbs should be taken up in September, washed carefully, dried and put away in a safe place where they will not freeze or the rats and mice eat them. Sometimes they are placed in dry sand, but it must be kept dry, as they will rot.

Our Weekly Experience Meeting.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR—AND STILL THEY WAIT—A WORD FOR MRS. BARLOW.

TO THE EDITOR: Here in my peaceful coast home in Oregon, separated from the scenes and friends of my youth, among whom I gave my all for my country and tried to sing and keep up a cheerful heart, THE TRIBUNE comes like an old friend, to stir up memories of a sacred yet troubled day. How those days come back as I read its reminiscences of camp and field; the days when mothers prayed for their loved ones, and wives held their breath as they thought of the dangers threatening their husbands at the front, and sisters worried and toiled; the days when we bore all bravely and wrote happy, home-like letters to our boys in the army, though our hearts were breaking all the time.

As I read THE TRIBUNE I seem to read again the letters written 20 years ago, and sacred to the memory of him who answered them to the roll-call from above. Now they are expecting an attack; now they are advancing. Again it is the battle, and the time seems so long—so long. I hear of the capture; then comes Libby Prison; then the exchange, and then Camp Chase.

I was a soldier's wife in the war days, and my soldier sleeps in the Nashville Cemetery. Now I am the wife of a comrade, and have two good boys growing up to love and respect the flag. I have looked for letters from the 15th Mich. They did good service, and I am glad one little girl has her papa home, even though he is a wreck of what he was. Capt. Joel Smith, please give an account of the 15th. Or you, Col. Shaffer. I intend to take THE TRIBUNE as long as I can raise a dollar.—Maggie Allen, Portland, Oreg.

AND STILL THEY WAIT.

TO THE EDITOR: I must say there is no paper so interesting as THE TRIBUNE to soldiers' wives, widows and orphans. I hope I shall be able to take it as long as I live. I do so enjoy the children's letters and the poems and songs. I wish some of the comrades would write of the 16th N. Y. My husband belonged to Co. C; went out in April, '61. He was wounded at Gaine's Mill, June, '62, and died in '68 from the effects of the wound. The ball entered his right shoulder, passed through his right lung, and one of his comrades, who was taken prisoner with him, took the ball out of his back in Libby Prison. It passed right through and lodged just under the skin, near the backbone. There is another part of THE TRIBUNE I like to read, and that is "Loyal Woman's Work," and the progress of the Relief Corps. Were I younger I would never cease until the work was fully established in connection with our Post. Mrs. Putman (who is also a reader of THE TRIBUNE) and I succeeded last Spring in getting some furnishings and mottoes, and there is plenty yet to do. But I am 61 years old, and have worked very hard, and only get $2 a week pension; so, you see, I cannot do all I would like. But we soldiers' widows toil and live in hopes that another Winter they will give us a little more.—Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, Plattsburg, N. Y.

A WORD FOR MRS. BARLOW.

TO THE EDITOR: The sentiments expressed in a short sketch by Mrs. E. R. Barlow, entitled "Decorated with Thorns," are mine exactly. Had I the honor of her acquaintance I would take her by the hand and call her, not only friend, but the best of friends of the surviving veterans of the war. Decoration of soldiers' graves is a good thing; it costs little and makes a big show; but something more substantial for the living is what justice requires at the hands of this Government of ours. In other wars the Government has given land to her soldiers. Now the bondholder gets all and the soldier can whistle for the recognition promised him so often that promises are a bitter farce. The old soldiers have waited patiently for 20 years for the Government to fulfill its contract. In the meantime we are growing old and gray and hopeless and faithless, for promises neither buy food, clothing, or a peaceful home to die in. An officer like Gen. Grant is never turned away, but let the old soldier ask for justice, and he is a fraud and played out.—F. Foster, Cape Horn, W. T.

Conversation Club.

A SWEET SEPTEMBER SYMPOSIUM—SPRIGHTLY SPARRING AND GRACEFUL GREETINGS—ANSWER TO "GIPSY'S WARNING."

DEAR TRIBUNE CLUB: Seems to me the boys are waking up. It has taken them a long time, to be sure, but now that they are really awake the girls will have to fight hard if they want to keep ahead. How kind it is of the editor to let us have so much room in his valuable paper. It cannot be that he thinks all young people of 16 and 17 are entirely destitute of sense. What can be the matter with "Topeka Girl?" She must be a near relative of "Auntie Doleful." Three cheers for our dear old flag.—Fennie E. Sawyer, Bedford, N. Y.

A YOUNG MILITIAMAN.

DEAR TRIBUNE CLUB: I am a soldier's son, and I heartily enjoy reading the war stories which appear in every issue of THE TRIBUNE. My father, John W. Swartz, belonged to Co. F, 16th Ohio. He was in the service three years and four months, during which time he contracted a lung disease, from which he has never fully recovered. He would like very much to hear from some of his old comrades. I belong to Co. D, 2d Reg., Ohio National Guard, and was at the late Encampment of the Third Brigade at Cleveland, O. I think it would be a very good idea for all the sons of our veterans who are old enough to join the militia, as they can learn almost as much about military drill and discipline there as they would in the Regular service. I think if the boys of the club will only come to the front we can easily get ahead of the girls, if some of our number do catch it pretty heavy sometimes. I am 18 years old, and would like to correspond with some of the members of the club.—Wm. E. Swartz, Van Wert, O.

A HAT-BAND FOR THE LUCKY FELLOW.

DEAR TRIBUNE CLUB: I noticed in THE TRIBUNE of Aug. 28 a letter signed "E. R. Hathaway," asking all the daughters of soldiers to send their photographs, and to the best and most intelligent looking one he will send $1. Now, I think that a pretty cheap way to get a collection of pictures, but perhaps some girls who think themselves handsome may venture to send theirs. But we Rhode Island girls don't do business that way. As all cannot have the dollar, I would ask, what are we to have in exchange for our photos? I am a soldier's daughter, 16 years of age. My father served three years in Co. A, 7th R. I. And, now, to any soldier's son with dark hair and eyes, from 18 to 25 years of age, I will send my photo in exchange for his, and, in addition, to the best looking one I will send a hat-band. So you see, I am a little more generous than Mr. E. R. Hathaway.—Winnie C. Wright, Box 113, Mt. Pleasant, Hope Valley, R. I.

MARION BEATH'S BRAVE STORY.

DEAR TRIBUNE CLUB: I am very nearly 16 years old and the daughter of a soldier who served all through the rebellion. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the 23d Pa. as private; re-enlisted in the 88th Pa. as private, and went through all the non-commissioned grades to Lieutenant. He was then promoted to Captain in the 6th regiment, U. S. C. T., and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel at the closing of the rebellion; was wounded at the second battle of Bull Run, taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and lost his leg at New Market Hights. He has been a member of the G.A.R. from its very first organization, and has held many important offices, even to the highest within the gift of the G.A.R. I need hardly tell you how much we enjoy your valuable paper—the soldier's true friend. Yours, with love, Marion R. Beath, Philadelphia, Pa.

FACING THE MUSIC.

DEAR TRIBUNE CLUB: I am almost afraid to ask admission, for fear the girls will go for me as they did for E. B. Noble and the other boys that stept to the front. I agree with E. B. Noble about some of the girls not working any; but there are some of them that do work, and with some of those I would like to correspond. I am 15 and the son of a true blue.—Ed. Johnson, Burlington, Iowa.

OLD REVOLUTIONARY TOWN.

DEAR TRIBUNE CLUB: There is not a more patriotic town than Machias in all New England. In 1775 the daring men of the place, with other comrades, gained the first naval victory of the Revolution by taking the English war ship Margueretta, thereby associating Machias with Lexington. Then there were those who answered their country's call in 1861. Bradbury Post, of this place, has a membership of nearly 100 persons. Will Al. H. Fisher please correspond? I would like to gain all the information about Southern California that I could, as some of my relatives are there and I expect to go myself at some future time. Love to THE TRIBUNE.—Florence Alma, Machias, Me.

ANSWER TO GYPSY'S WARNING.

Of numerous copies of the "Answer to Gypsy's Warning" sent to the editor in response to a request by a member of the Conversation Club, the copies forwarded by Zora Budges, Vienna, Ill., and Ida H. Palmer, Sharon, Conn., are the plainest and neatest. And this is saying considerable, since all the copies are exceptionally good. All write pleasant and pretty letters, but the editor suggests to the young people a little more care in the use of capitals. Every sentence should begin with a capital. And, now, wouldn't you all, dear boys and girls of the Conversation Club, like to know by sight the kind friends, including a comrade or two, who have responded to your request? Here are the few words they have to say for themselves:

John A. Bump, Derrick City, Pa., says he is too old for the Sixteen Circle, as he has a wife, but wants to exchange a copy of "The Answer to Gypsy's Warning," for the song beginning—

"Into a ward of the whitewashed hall
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonet, shell and ball,
Somebody's darling was borne one day."

Comrade L. R. Hunewell, Co. H, 147th Ill., Wadena, Iowa, sends a copy and asks, "What has become of the boys of the 147th O. V. I.?"

Comrade J. M. Householder, Co. K, 2d O. V. I., Winfield, Kan., sends a copy, with this inquiry: "Can you or some comrade tell me where I can get a good picture of Lookout Mountain, as it was in the Winter of '63 and '64?"

Mary A. Livingston, Lewiston, Fulton Co., Ill., sends a copy and says, "We could not do without THE TRIBUNE; think it the best soldier paper published.

R. W. Branson, Cherokee, Crawford Co., Kan.; Cynthia Hawkins, Humboldt, Kan.; Minnie Burns, Kidder, Caldwell Co., Mo., daughter of a veteran of the 50th N. Y., and Mrs. N. S. Green, Grand Meadow, Mower Co., Minn., favor us.

Ida H. Palmer, Sharon, Conn.: 14, daughter of a veteran, Co. A, 150th Conn.; was wounded at Dallas, and member of Cornal Bridge Post; two uncles in the army—one in the 150th and one in the 10th Conn.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Trust me, thou shalt find the true;
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shall never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish
In this world of storm and blast.
E'en the stars that gleam above thee
Shine the brightest in the night;
So will he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark green willow weeps,
Where its leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours;
Lady, he's no heartless stranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy soft white hand in mine,
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens,
Thou shall slumber on my breast;
Tender work thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

ADMITTED TO THE CLUB.

Lois Edwards, Burch Run, Mich.: Sixteen; daughter Comrade Edwards, Co. I, 12th N. Y. and 50th N. Y.

Charles R. Bump, Winchenden, Mass.: Seventeen; son of Comrade C. C. Bump, Co. C, 11th Vt.; has three brothers; will join the Sons of Veterans.

Aggie L. Dennis, Long Branch, N. J.: Sixteen; daughter Comrade Dennis, Co. D, 1st N. J. Cav. Thinks the Conversation Club "just splendid."

May Austin, Sandusky, O.: Is glad the Sons of Veterans are joining the club, and bids them welcome. Would like letters.

Fernando Taylor, Bellville, Kan.: Son of Comrade Taylor, Co. I, 36th Ill.; disabled in the service. Had two uncles in the army.

Anna C. Heinan, York, Pa.: Daughter of Comrade Heinan, Co. B, 87th Pa., who thinks THE TRIBUNE the best paper published.

One hundred and forty-four applications pending.—ED.

Our Young Recruits.

TELLING THE BRAVE STORY OVER.

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him. —*Whittier.*

DEAR TRIBUNE: My father, Perry Rowintree, served three years in Co. B, 89th Ill., and was in the battles of Stone River, Liberty Gap, Chattanooga, Orchard Knob, Missionary Ridge, Knoxville, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Pickett's Mills, Pine Top Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station, Franklin and Nashville. He was never wounded or in the hospital, but was captured at Stone River and was a prisoner about 20 minutes, when his captors in turn surrendered to the Union soldiers. Uncle Thaddeus Rowintree was wounded at Shiloh. Father belongs to Dillain Post. I am 14, and would like to correspond with THE TRIBUNE boys and girls.—Thomas Rowintree, Frankford, Ill.

VICTIMS OF BELLE ISLE.

DEAR TRIBUNE: My papa served over three years in Co. B, 1st Va. He was a prisoner over seven months; froze his feet on Belle Isle. Jan., 1864, he was sent to Richmond hospital and got the dropsy. When exchanged, April 17, 1864, his nurse carried him on his back down stairs to the wagon. On the boat from Richmond to Baltimore five of his comrades died, and 104 were carried from the boat on stretchers to the West Buildings, Baltimore. In three weeks 40 died. I am 11 years old and love THE TRIBUNE.—Abbie D. Handley, Sedalia, Mo.

ENLISTED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

DEAR TRIBUNE: I am a little girl of 13. We all like THE TRIBUNE. It has such nice letters in it. Father (Joseph McBeth) was a soldier. July 4, 1861, he enlisted in Co. K, 20th Ind., and was assigned to the Army of the Potomac. He took part in the seven days' fight before Richmond, at Glendale, Malvern Hill and at Gettysburg, where he was twice shot in his thigh. After three months' confinement in the hospital at Washington he rejoined his regiment, near Culpeper, Va., remaining with it until the battle of the Wilderness, when he was detailed for hospital duty at Philadelphia, where he was discharged in August, 1864. He had the measles and lost his hearing in the army. I had three uncles in the war. One was taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness and died in Andersonville prison; another was taken prisoner at Sabine Cross-roads.—Blanche E. McBeth, Headlee, Ind.

ALL OF ONE MIND.

DEAR TRIBUNE: Pa was a soldier in Co. H, 1st Ohio, and afterwards in Co. C, 4th Wis. Cav. Grandpa on mamma's side was in the war of 1812, and grandpa on papa's side in the Mexican war. I am 11, and love all love THE TRIBUNE.—Ida May Jackson, Adel, Sheboygan Co., Wis.

DEAR TRIBUNE: My papa served three years in Co. E, 12th Ky. Cav. He lost the forefinger of his left hand in battle. We all thank THE TRIBUNE so much for giving place to the children. Papa's name is James H. Fisher, Commander of Jos. S. Jackson Post.—Mollie Fisher, Owensboro, Ky.

DEAR TRIBUNE: Papa served three years in Co. A, 6th Vt., and lost his health in the army; but, though he suffers much and cannot do any work, he is still glad he was a soldier. Papa thinks THE TRIBUNE editor is a man after his own heart, because he does so much good for the poor veterans. Papa's brother, J. Cushman, who is now a doctor, was in the war. I am eight, and have a little brother, whose name is Elijah B. Cushman.—Katie B. Cushman, New Haven, Vt.

DEAR TRIBUNE: Father served his country faithfully for two years and a half, when he was severely wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, '64, from which he still suffers greatly. We think there is no paper like THE TRIBUNE.—Carrie Barber, Urbana, O.

GRATEFUL LITTLE PEOPLE.

Here are some of the bright boys and girls of our veteran households who love THE TRIBUNE and would like to receive letters from the children whose fathers were in the same commands as their fathers:

Emma B. Headley, Phillipsburg, N. J.: Eleven years old; daughter of a veteran of Co. A, 2d N.Y. H. A.

Frances Davis, Good Hope, O.: Thirteen; daughter of Comrade Davis, 74th Ohio; has two sisters, Nellie and May.

Mary Runels, Runelsburg, Neb.: Daughter of Comrade Runels, Co. C, 47th Ohio; is 14 and has three sisters and three brothers.

Levant Galbraith, Blue Hill, Minn.: Seven years old; son of Comrade Galbraith, Co. B, 64th N. Y.; has five sisters older and two brothers younger. All have learned "The Soldier's Poor Little Boy," for the words of which they thank THE TRIBUNE.

AWKWARD BRIDEGROOMS.

Women Who Refuse to "Obey" and Men Who Make Scenes.

[*From London Truth.*]

Generally speaking, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with a careful study for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest facility. The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion rails, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when the minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey;" one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "nobey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language.

There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that, if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey." The difficulty, however, is not always made on the side of the lady. On one occasion the bridegroom wished to deliver a little oration qualifying his vow, and describing in what sense and to what extent he was using the words of the formula. He was, of course, given to understand that nothing of this kind could be permitted.

There was one man who accompanied the formula with sotto voce remarks, which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the officiating minister. He interpolated remarks after the fashion of Burchell's "Fudge!" "With this ring I thee wed; that's superstition." "With my body I thee worship; that's idolatry." "With all my worldly goods I thee endow; that's a lie." It is a wonder that such a being was not conducted out of church by the beadle. This puts one in mind of an anecdote that is told of a man who in his time was a Cabinet Minister. There was a great discussion on the question whether a man can marry on £300 a year. "All I can say," said the great man, "is that when I said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' so far from having £300, I question whether, when all my debts were paid, I had 300 pence." "Yes, my love," said his wife; "but then you had your splendid intellect." "I didn't endow you with that, ma'am," sharply retorted the right honorable husband.

Millions of Pickles.

It is an old saying with Long Island farmers that land is worthless that will not grow white beans, but a grower of Huntington has discovered that pickles will thrive in a soil where beans refuse to sprout. He had a barren, sandy spot upon which he made the experiment, and with such success that all the neighbors have extensive fields blooming with their crisp favorites. Nowhere in the country can pickles be grown that equal in quality those of Long Island, and Boston, Detroit and Chicago deal exclusively in them from this point. In the four establishments of Greendale alone there will be cured this season over 50,000,000 pickles. The factory just being finished will be the largest in the country and have a capacity of 30,000,000. A pickling factory at Huntington has a capacity of 10,000,000, one at Farmingdale, 15,000,000, and another at Central Park of 10,000,000.

The market was very high at the beginning of the season, the price being $4.50 per thousand. It has since fallen to $1.25. The average price will be 30 cents a thousand greater than that of any other season, or $1.80. Dealers are now offering for the entire crop, without regard to any accident, $1.50 per thousand.

Well Worth the Price.

TO THE EDITOR: Everybody should read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. The story that is now running through its columns entitled "Saving the Nation" is well worth the price of the paper. I would like very much if some of the old soldiers would give a correct account of the massacre of Fort Pillow.—A. F. FRANKLIN, Huron, Ind.

The Left Column.

TO THE EDITOR: Believing that we cannot have too much light upon the storming of Marye's Hights, and having heard from the "right storming column," let us hear from the left. Attention, 33d N. Y., 7th Me., and others, and let us hear from you.—INQUIRER, Sixth Corps.

Our National War Songs Book

Contains all the famous war songs; 165 pages, full sheet-music size, with piano or organ accompaniment. Title page in five colors, representing a stirring battle scene, worth alone the price of book. Price, postpaid, ninety cents. Also, Blaine and Logan Songsters.

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"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

OUR RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

THE USE OF LIME.

It is a sort of axiom among farmers that "where lime is used the land and the farmers are rich." This is an old but true adage and deserves to be made one of the established axioms of agriculture. It is true in two ways—one, that lime is an exceedingly valuable fertilizing agent of itself, and in addition exerts a most beneficial influence upon the soil as a solvent of the silicates, chiefly of potash, and also in decomposing organic matter in the soil and favoring its nitrification and the production of the indispensable nitrates which so greatly enrich the soil; the other, that its use is one of those higher attributes of skillful farming which is consistent only with the best culture of the soil and the most thorough and systematic working of it. It is, in fact, in the farmer's hands one of those instruments which is rarely or never found excepting where every part of the farm work is done in the most excellent manner, so that it is not so much that the farmer uses lime as that he uses it as a part of a system of farming which is thoroughly excellent, and, of course, very profitable. Lime is thus not to be used in a haphazard way, and simply to extract from the soil the last vestiges of fertility it can bring out. When thus used another common adage, that "lime enriches the father and impoverishes the son," will surely be found true, because it is like a last turn of the screw which squeezes the last drop of juice from the cider mill.

The place of lime in good farming is its application to the land at the Fall season when rye or wheat is sown and grass or clover seeding follows. The land has then become more or less supplied with organic matter from the roots and waste of previous crops, and it has accumulated a store of nitrogenous and carbonaceous matter which cannot be made available until it is decomposed nor until a sufficient quantity of mineral matter has been set fee in the soil to balance the supply of plant food required for a new rotation of crops. Besides, at this season and with Fall grain the regular manuring of the land is given and the manure is generally coarse and undecomposed. It is precisely under such conditions that lime is of the greatest use and value and fits the soil for a new round of crops.

The quantity of lime usually applied is 40 to 50 bushels per acre of freshly burned or stone lime. In the air-slacking by which it is prepared for use it swells to three times its original bulk and becomes a fine powder, which is spread from a wagon, with a long-handled shovel, evenly over the soil. This should be done upon the plowed land immediately before sowing, when it is harrowed in with the seed; or if the seed is drilled it is harrowed in previously. As lime is quite soluble in this fine condition, requiring only 700 times its own bulk of water to dissolve it, it should never be plowed in, or it will be very quickly carried down into the soil below the reach of the roots of any plants, excepting those of clover. Clover is one of the plants which are wonderfully benefited by lime, and it is for this reason, among many others, that its use is to be encouraged, because it provides the skillful farmer with one of the most valuable sources of manure, viz., a heavy clover sod to be plowed in.—*N. Y. Times.*

MANURING PASTURES.

A good deal is said in the papers, says a correspondent of the *Tribune Farmer*, about manuring grass lands, a practice that I am greatly in favor of, as being as profitable a method as we can adopt, and disposing of our barnyard manures. I would certainly apply it all, either to the grass or to the corn land, and, perhaps, with land requiring a rotation of crops, better results are obtained by giving the manure to the grass, thus insuring a thick, stiff sod to plow under for the corn, which is more valuable on account of its mechanical effect in loosening a clay soil for a corn crop than the direct application of barnyard manure.

At what time should the manure be applied? A statement has been going the rounds of the papers in favor of making the applications to meadows immediately after mowing. In England this is the common practice. With us there are two objections to it—first, that we usually have not only very hot, but very dry weather in August and the first half of September, which must certainly cause the evaporation of much of the fertilizing matter from the manure thus spread upon the surface; and because our Summers are so hot and dry it is not profitable to keep manure on hand until after harvest to be thus applied.

But in England the case is entirely different; their Summers are cool and moist, and their meadows after harvest are usually coated with a luxuriant "after-math" as fresh and green as our first crop of Spring grass.

I conclude, therefore, that we have no way for it but to apply the manure to our grass lands in the Fall, if we have been so unwise as to keep any over through the Summer. But a better and cheaper way is to apply as we make it through the Winter. Haul out on a sled or wagon, and spread as evenly as possible as you unload it. There is no sense in throwing it off in heaps. By spreading from the load there is not only a great saving of time, but the benefit to the land will be greater and more evenly distributed. Nor is there any loss sustained by leaving it spread upon the surface in the Winter.

I have frequently tried this method, not only upon grass, but upon wheat, and have been surprised at its success in every instance; even long, green manure spread out on wheat in Winter has always increased the crop.

DESTROYING WEEDS.

No time on the farm is better spent, says the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, than that of thoroughly destroying all weeds before they ripen any seeds; to do this two or three years lessens the labor of cultivation at least one-half, and at the same time very much increases the product of the garden or field. Some farmers say that, as the manure is full of weed seeds, it is but little use to try to get rid of weeds in the garden; but they forget that it is very much their own fault that weed seeds get into the manure. If every farmer would make it a part of his business to see to it that no weeds go to seed under the fences and around the cultivated fields and compost heap, it would be but a few years before he would find his manure quite free from weed seeds. The labor of mowing around the plowed land and fences, before the weeds are old enough to seed, is not half the labor that would be required to destroy the weeds that would come from the seeds, if permitted to stand to ripen their seed.

NOTELETS.

—The best and only way to grow cheap corn, says an exchange, is to increase the yield per acre. There is a fixed cost in growing an acre of grain, let the yield be what it may, and every bushel that can be added to the yield per acre reduces the cost per bushel in the same ratio.

—Land plaster sprinkled on a horse-stable floor, or even clay, will absorb the ammonia from urine and add a valuable property to the manure pile.

—The time was when it was thought that the poorest education was "good enough for a farmer;" now, it is believed that a good one is none too good, and soon it will be known that none but the best is good enough.

—A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* says he has never known the following remedy to fail to produce satisfactory results in garget or caked-bag: Hog's lard, one-half pound; powdered iodide of potash, one ounce; powdered camphor, one ounce; soft extract belladonna, two drachms; oil amber, one ounce. Mix to form an ointment; rub well twice a day.

—As a rule, it is far safer to buy garden-seeds from a first-class seedsman than to save one's own seed. These men make a business of collecting and preserving the seed, and, consequently, know much better how it should be done than the average gardener does. The outlay in ordinary garden-seed is not large, and it is economy to get the very best.

—Keep a few sheets of fine sandpaper at the barn, and when the handle of hoe, rake, or plow gets roughened by getting wet, it may be made smooth again in a minute's time.

—Small grain should not be sown on a stiff sod, without it has been thoroughly pulverized. There is danger in a wet season of the grass growing and choking out the crop, and, besides, the soil may, in the decay of the fibrous matter, fall to pieces, and thus loosen the hold of the roots of the grain. Corn is the best crop to grow on sod land, and the cultivation soon breaks up and pulverizes the ground.

—Early Fall plowing has a double advantage: it leaves a longer period for the weather to exercise its disintegrating effects on the rocky fragments of soil, and the vegetable matter being more completely decomposed, the process of nitrification, or conversion of the vegetable matter into plant food, takes effect earlier in the Spring.

—Tarring sheep's noses will be found an excellent remedy to keep off the fly which deposits eggs in the animal's nose, and causes the maggots in the head the next Winter or Spring.

—It will pay to save all the bones that accumulate on the farm. In order to make them fit for use as fertilizers, soak them for several months in strong lye, when they may easily be crushed.

—Ice-houses on farms, instead of being mere luxuries, are most decidedly necessities. Meats, butter, vegetables, and numerous articles of food can be preserved fresh and nice in them.

—As a rule, wheat is slighted in drilling. The plow is run deep enough, but not enough harrowing and rolling follows. The soil is made reasonably fine upon the surface, and left full of clods deep down.

—The objectionable flavor in milk from feeding turnips or other roots may be avoided by giving the mess directly after milking. Feeding cornmeal with the roots also greatly modifies their effects, besides much increasing the setting of cream. Roots alone of any kind do not make rich milk.

—An experimenting farmer says the most critical period with corn is when the seed is maturing or filling, and it is then that the roots should have appropriate matter within reach for the nourishment of the crop. A little fertilizer when the corn is in tassel gives it new life, and the increase in the yield pays well for the extra care.

—After hoed crops, if the land has been kept clean, it is not always necessary to plow to get the surface in proper condition for seeding. Wheat may be sown after potatoes without further plowing. If left until Spring for oats and barley, plowing seems more necessary, as the surface has become packed by rains and snows.

PREMONITIONS.

Some More Instances of Warnings that Came Before a Battle.

TO THE EDITOR: Seeing an account of "Dreams and Warings" in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Sept. 4, I would say I have during the war known of several instances, one of which comes fresh to my mind at this time. On the day before the attack of the enemy at Rocky Face, Ga., my former messmate (Newton Kenedy, of Co. D, 15th Ohio) came to me, saying that he would be killed on the morrow. I hooted at the idea; told him not to harbor such delusions. He gave to me some parting words for his friends, and, notwithstanding he was one of the most cheerful boys one would meet in a whole company, yet he could not smile under my chaffing. On the following morning he was killed at Rocky Face Ridge, as he had predicted; yet, with nearly 400,000 other boys, he went down unwavering to his death. With best wishes for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, the true exponent of the soldier's cause—JOHN M. EWING, Co. D, 15th Ohio, Robbins Post, No. 91, Upper-Sandusky, O.

KILLED BY A SHARPSHOOTER AT CORINTH.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of Sept. 4 Col. Fahnestock mentions some instances when persons seemed to have a premonition of death. The following circumstance came under my personal knowledge: Maj. Aplington, of the 7th Ill. Cav., with four companies of his regiment, was on picket duty in front of Gen. Pope's Army, then the left wing of Gen. Halleck's force laying siege to Corinth, Miss. His position was considerably in advance of any support, and a somewhat turbulent stream, swollen by recent rains, intervened between him and his camp. We were about five miles northeast of the depot in Corinth, and, for some reason unknown to us, but most probably some one's carelessness, we were left in this exposed position for four days. The skirmishing between the lines was heavy and constant. There was a cleared field between the lines, about half a mile wide, in the center of which was a grove of about an acre in extent, which was alternately occupied by our side and the enemy.

The Major was very despondent during the forenoon of the fourth day, and, in conversation with officers and men, expressed his fears of coming evil. It was in vain we tried to rouse him from his melancholy mood and to induce him to resume his wonted joviality. About 2 o'clock p. m. Gen. Payne came out to make a reconnaissance in force. The Major was ordered to charge mounted, in column, down a sunken road, flanked on the left by a timbered field inclosed by a rail fence, and on the right by a thick and tangled growth of timber, impassable for horses. He had hardly got under way, when a ball from a sharpshooter in the timber on the right pierced his brain, and that ended the reconnaissance. Gen. Payne had much difficulty in extricating his Division, and the advance position of the picket-line was abandoned, being retired nearly two miles.—GEO. A. ROOT, 7th Ill. Cav., Lanark, Ill.

KILLED AT COLD HARBOR.

TO THE EDITOR: On the morning of the battle of Cold Harbor my bunk-mate, George Phillips, said to me, while we were drinking our coffee: "Billy, this is my last fight. I shall be killed to-day!" As he seemed so downcast, I endeavored to dissuade him from going into the battle, but he would not shirk his duty. He gave me his pocketbook and asked me to send it to his mother at the first opportunity.

The fight had hardly commenced when poor Phillips fell against me—a bullet having passed through his body. While I was supporting him, another bullet pierced his breast, and as he expired he gasped: "Tell my mother how I fell!"—W. E. HAMILTON, Co. G, 8th Mich.

Logan's Division.

TO THE EDITOR: Please tell me through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE the regiments and brigades in Logan's Division at the capture of Vicksburg, and their commanders.—W. A. FULK, Co. B, 59th Ind., Huntington, Ind.

[The following is the official roster of Logan's Division at the opening of the Vicksburg campaign, April 30, 1863:

THIRD DIVISION—LOGAN.

First Brigade—J. E. Smith—20th Ill., 31st Ill., 45th Ill., 124th Ill. and 23d Ind.

Second Brigade—Dennis—30th Ill., 20th Ohio, 68th Ohio and 78th Ohio.

Third Brigade—J. D. Stevenson—8th Ill., 81st Ill., 7th Mo. and 32d Ohio.

Artillery—1st Ill. Art., Co. D; 2d Ill. Art., Co. G; 2d Ill. Art., Co. L; 8th Mich. Battery and 3d Ohio Battery.

Cavalry—2d Ill. Cav., Co. A.—ED.]

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.