Carnations.

Blow, winds of summer, on the grass
Of meadows green my love must pass
What time he comes to me;
Shine, sun of summer, on the way
That he, full-hearted, takes to-day
Toward our trysting tree.

Sing, happy lark, in God's blue sky,
Lift thou thy thrilling voice on high,
In carol strong and clear;
Sing, lark, and I will sing with thee,
Because good things have come to me,
Because love's life is dear.

Because my sometimes lonely heart
Is love-elected to a part
Among earth's favored few;
Because my lately empty hand
Is filled to-day by love's command
With blossoms of love's hue.

Because I wear upon my breast
The flower my lover loveth best,
The flower he gave to me;
A dark carnation, velvet red,
By moonlight gathered from its bed,
When none was near to see.

A sweet carnation, whose perfume
Is richer even than its bloom
Of kingly, crimson hue;
And as the flower is sweet above
Its summer fellows, so his love
More than most love, is true.

I wear my blossom o'er my heart,
Content to take the meeker part
In all love's days to come;
Content to fare in quiet ways,
Afar from rumor's blame and praise,
In sunshine of sweet home.

I wear my flower upon a breast
Fast throbbing now with love's unrest;
But calmly flowing time,
That reaps the harvest of the years,
Will temper all love's smiles and tears,
To harmony sublime.

I wear the flower love's hand hath given,
I stand beneath God's azure heaven,
With sunshine in my soul;
No cloud upon my summer day,
My lover on his happy way—
Ah, heart! this bliss is whole.

Full well I know the summer sun
Is dim when summer days are done;
But for life's winter hours
We two will pluck the crimson bloom,
And thence distil the rich perfume
Of love's carnation flowers!

—All The Year Round.

Both.

She was the laziest little woman
That ever set a mortal crazy;
'Twas marvelous how my wayward spirit
Could be subdued by one so lazy.
To monosyllables addicted,
To use all else exceeding loath,
Asked which of two things she preferred,
She only murmured, "Both!"

It is no paradox to say so;
Her every movement was repose;
As on a summer's day the ocean
Slumbers, the while it ebbs and flows;
Yet was there latent fire; her nature
That of the panther, not the sloth.
I asked her one day which she resembled,
She only murmured, "Both!"

Her person—well, 'twas simply perfect;
Matching the graces of her mind;
To perfect face and form she added
A keen perception, taste refined.
But when I challenged her to tell me,
What I knew not myself in troth,
Whether her wit or beauty charmed me,
She only murmured, "Both!"

Provoked at last at never hitting
This lazy little woman's point,
I scanned her armor, and discovered
Haply therein one open joint.
In careless tone I asked her, knowing
Her word was binding as an oath,
"Shall love or friendship be between us?"
She smiled, and murmured, "Both!"

—Appleton's Journal.

LAW VERSUS LOVE.

Mr. Popkins was a bachelor. I mention this fact with all due reverence for the name—and sympathy for the condition. He was well-to-do in the world, if owning a fine farm and being plaintiff in a lawsuit is any criterion. Aside from Mr. Popkins's misfortune in being a bachelor, he had one fault—a general aversion to female society and a particular aversion to Miss Sallie Hopkins, the defendant in the above-named lawsuit.

Now, be it known, that though Miss Sallie's name was put down on the list of O. M.'s (old maids), she was the roundest, coziest, dimple-cheeked spinster that ever lived in Lincoln. She had the softest brown eyes, with a trick of looking down and peeping under the lashes, perfectly bewildering, and her hair waved and shone in such a manner that a susceptible lady like you and me would have felt an irresistible desire to have sole ownership of the "nut-brown locks."

But, however fascinating Miss Sallie was to the sex in general, as I have said, between her and Mr. Popkins there was a deadly feud, and the cause of all the trouble was a meadow, spreading far and wide and unconscious, between Miss Sallie's and Mr. Popkins's farms.

Now the truth of the matter was this: The meadow justly belonged to Mr. Popkins, but instead of going to Miss Sallie and frankly stating the case, he must serve a process of law. Miss Sallie flew all to pieces, and declared that she would maintain her rights at any cost.

From the manner in which it ended, one could see that had Mr. Popkins gone to her himself, she would have relinquished it gracefully; but a woman has a mortal terror of being forced to do any thing. Tie a string around her neck, feed her sugar-plums, and you can lead her to the jumping-off place, but undertake to drive her, and for obstinacy she will beat Mark Twain's mule all to pieces.

When Miss Sallie met Mr. Popkins on the street her nose was decidedly "retrousse," and Mr. Popkins looked like an automaton Cardiff giant. The neighbors were forced to take part in this case, for when invitations were issued for the regular tea-parties, those who invited Mr. Popkins were obliged to omit Miss Sallie, and *vice versa*.

In the meantime the lawsuit dragged its slow length along from session to session, from term to term, until it was as familiar as A B C. But fate had taken in hand the destiny of these two individuals, and soon brought matters to a most satisfactory conclusion, though the unconscious mediator was rather a burlesque on the higher tragedy daily enacted.

There lived close to these belligerents a good-natured old man, nearly as deaf as a post, who had the greatest faculty for blundering on unfortunate facts of any individual known either in ancient or modern history. He never heard any thing correctly, and it was an utter impossibility to try to explain, and if you attempted it you would find yourself floundering in a perfect slough of despair.

Miss Sallie and Mr. Popkins had received notice that their case would come up for the final hearing in Harrow on Tuesday of next week. Miss Sallie concluded to take the stage; Uncle Ben Dropper, our deaf friend, had business a little distance on the road, and he would take the stage too; and Mr. Popkins's saddle horse fell sick just as he was needed, and there being no time for other arrangements, he must take the same conveyance.

Miss Sallie came floating down to the gate with white ribbons and bows, and dainty dress, sufficient to bewilder a man with as stony a heart as the sphinx, and saw approaching from the opposite side her foe, in immaculate broadcloth and shirt front. For a moment the color rushed to her cheeks, and she helf resolved to go back; but to be outdone by a man, and he a Popkins, was not to be thought of, so she stepped into the coach with an air of sixteen Queen Victorias, elevating her head until it made an acute angle with her nose, and became sublimely unconscious of any one's presence. Mr. Popkins seated himself as though he had swallowed a whole foundry, and had his pockets full of eggs for dessert. Just then came Uncle Ben, puffing and blowing, utterly unconscious of the oaths of the impatient Jehu.

"Good morning, Miss Sallie," said he, carefully seating himself beside her. "Good morning, Mr. Popkins. Where might you be going, and what for?"

"To Harrow," said Mr. Popkins, in his most polite manner, answering the first question, and ignoring the last.

"Du tell!" and the round face fairly beamed with placid surprise. "Going to marry? Well, I told Hester last night that was the suit after all. There ain't no more capable girl any where than Sallie, and I am glad you found it out. And Mr. Popkins is wonderful clever," turning to Sallie, "and instead of there being two farms and a lawsuit, there need be only one. Law, bless me!" rubbing his hands with increased satisfaction, "if it ain't a tiptop arrangement!"

Mr. Popkins clutched at his throat as though he was choking to death, and made spasmodic efforts to utter a word of explanation, but his tongue was utterly palsied and failed him in this emergency. Miss Sallie, with a face of the deepest rose color, placed her hand to her mouth, and shouted so as to startle the horses:

"I am going to see Mr. Stiles on business."

Oh, day of blunders! Mr. Stiles was her lawyer, but the unfortunate girl was unaware that a Presbyterian minister had the same dignfied cognomen.

"Mr. Stiles," said our friend, "well, I've heard him well spoken of, but I never expected you, Sallie, a Baptist, to be married by any one but a minister of your own church; but I suppose you gave way to Mr. Popkins, and it shows a downright good disposition."

Miss Sallie gave up in despair, and looked fixedly out of the window, while Mr. Popkins's lips moved occasionally as though he were asking for water, but the unconscious cause of this turmoil sat serene and happy, indulging in an occasional chuckle and knowing glance at Mr. Popkins, but at this moment he saw he had arrived at his destination, and wishing his two victims much happiness, he left them to their thoughts.

The human heart is a strange affair to say the least of it. Had any one advised Mr. Popkins to marry Sallie, he would have rejected the idea immediately, and she herself would have taken it as an insult; but the totally unexpected manner in which the matter had been brought up made altogether a different affair of it. He stole a glance at Miss Sallie. Her face was turned away, and she was apparently studying nature. She was pretty; Mr. Popkins couldn't deny that. What—if—and his heart gave a tremendous bound. What a fool he had been all this time! We must try, at any rate, and risk repulse. So without any more hesitation, for our hero was brave, he took Uncle Ben's seat and said, quietly:

"Miss Sallie."

The face turned the eighteenth part of an inch toward him. Not much encouragement certainly, but a little.

"Miss Sallie," he repeated, "I've been a fool and a brute."

Oh, wise Mr. Popkins! he had started on the direct road to a woman's heart. Either from contrariness or a sense of justice they always take the opposite side. Miss Sallie made up her mind from this moment that he was a gentleman and a Solomon, and she turned her face completely round for him to admire.

"Do you think," he continued, "that we can settle this lawsuit in the sensible manner suggested by Uncle Ben? I do love you, Miss Sallie, and by George I believe I loved you all the time, and never knew it till to-day."

Miss Sallie was completely vanquished, but the answer, although whispered, was heard above the noise of the wheels and the cracking of the driver's whip.

The suit of Popkins vs. Hopkins was dismissed that day. The Baptist minister got a fee, and the people were firmly convinced that Mr. and Mrs. Popkins are the very best hands in the world to keep a secret.

A Collection of Skulls.

The British Royal College of Surgeons contains probably the most valuable collection of skulls in the world. Over 1,800 specimens make up the series, and, of necessity, since it has been collected and selected by a well known authority, it includes skulls and skeletons of great rarity, illustrating the osteology of almost, or quite, extinct races, and of sections of mankind living in secluded and almost unexplored regions of the earth. Perhaps the gems of the series are the entire skeleton and a set of skulls of the Ainos of Yesso—a race of short men differing from the Japanese by their hairy faces. Britons, Anglo Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Orcadians and Irish are well represented; and we must especially note the richness of the series of skulls of the aborigines of India, as well as of true Hindus. This department includes the skull of a Juang, the most primitive tribe of all India, a small race; two crania of Khonds from the Chetterpore, who were executed for celebrating human sacrifices; one skull of a young Ghaser woman from Orissa, a race notorious for their very low standard of morality; and skulls of the Coles and Gonds, two other objectionable peoples, who live in the country near Nagpore, go about entirely naked, and are very savage. The crania of the curious little aborigines of Ceylon (Vedahs) are very numerous in this collection; and we also find series representing the Khas of Nepal, the Lhopas and Bhuteas of Bhutan, the Lepchas and Bodpas of Sikim, the Bodos of the Terai; and of the Assam races are skulls of Mishmees, Singphos, Nagas, and of a Muniporee woman, a fair specimen of a Mongoloid race, where the ladies are tall and masculine in habits. The Burmese and Siamese races are well represented. Africans, Americans and Polynesians are also found in great force in this collection. There are a large number illustrating the extinct Tasmanians and there are seveaal dozen skulls of the amiable Kanakas of the Sandwich Islands, a pleasant race, according to the authors of "South Sea Bubbles," but although readily amenable to civilization, they are rapidly becoming fewer, owing to consumption, fevers and alcohol. The large group of crania of existing tribes of South American Indians will look well beside the hundred specimens of ancient Peruvian skulls presented to the college in 1873 by the Anthropological Institute. — *London Atheneum.*

Brave Albanian Women.

The extraordinary courage of the Albanian women has been displayed over again in the history of the country; but one of the most celebrated instances was that recorded of the branch of the Albanian people represented by the Suliotes, when they were besieged by Ali Pasha in 1792. The Suliotes formed a semi-independent confederacy, comprising sixty-six villages, in the Districts of Margariti, Paramythia and Janina. Up to the time of Ali Pasha they prided themselves on the regularity of the payments of their dues to the Porte. But the intrigues of the cunning old *Veli*, who wanted to get the whole of the *spahilik* of Suli into his greedy hands, soon roused the people into rebellion, and they commenced their glorious and lengthened war against the far greater resources of the renowned Pasha. The latter, by means of the duplicity of which he was such a consummate master, had entrapped Tzavella, one of the Suliote heads of houses, into his power, and then laid siege to the town of Suli. He endeavored by bribes to induce Tzavella to turn traitor. Cunning here met his match; the crafty Suliote pretended compliance, and even left his own son, Foto, in Ali Pasha's hands as a hostage. He returned to Suli under pretense of betraying the town, but no sooner had he arrived than he sent a letter of defiance to the Pasha. All then assailed the town, and it was here that the heroism of the Albanian women became so conspicuous. Mosko, the wife of Tzavella, and mother of Foto, showed prodigies of valor during the siege. She broke open some cartridge-boxes with a hatchet, and then loaded them on the other women, and rushing into the trenches, distributed them among the Suliotes. Ali threatened to roast her son Foto; but she replied she was young, and could have other children, and that she would eat a bit of the roasted flesh of her son rather than betray her country.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

BETWEEN acts in the Boston Theatre, a man startled the audience with a sneeze so loud and vigorous that the house seemed to shake. There was great applause, and cries of "Encore!" but he simply bowed his thanks.

AGRICULTURAL.

A WORD ABOUT HIGH FARMING.—At the late New York International Dairy Fair, N. W. Morley, of Baraboo, carried off the sweepstakes prize of $100 for the "best butter of any kind, made at any time or place." The number of entries from all sections was 1,000. Mr. Morley supplied me with his butter at twenty-five cents per pound, and furnished a like article to citizens of Chicago at thirty-five, with a fair margin of profit to himself. He also told me extra care was not taken to secure a superior article for the fair. If a plain, practical Wisconsin farmer, with unpretentious appliances, can compete with aristocratic creameries at the figure named, of what pecuniary advantage is the enormous outlay entailed by fancy dairying? In every community there is a class of people who gauge their estimate of the value of a commodity by the price asked, and the style of the establishment that produced it. As long as this class is willing to pay a dollar a pound for high-toned butter, and an extra figure for watered milk, provided it is furnished in a Warren bottle, the aristocratic creamery will flourish financially. The practical man who can tell a first class article when he sees or tastes it obtains his butter and milk of a Morley—for Morleys abound unknown to fame outside the limited circle of their patrons. In a like manner the proprietor of a *fashionable* herd will make a success of his business as long as amateurs are willing to pay a fabulous price for the latest novelty in the crook of a horn or curl of a tail. The practical man patronizes a less pretentious establishment, and often secures a better animal at one-third the price paid for the one selected by the amateur. It also pays to feed a chick on the yelk of hard-boiled eggs and expensive cereals; it pays to medicate it with "gape" and other cures, and it pays the proprietor of a fashionable hennery still better, when a silly amateur forks over twenty dollars for the sixteenth part of an inch of white on the end of an off hackle! The sensible man secures for all practical purposes (eggs and the table) a better fowl for two dollars. I would advise my friends to keep on in the old-fashioned way, as far as economy and personal labor is concerned. A plain dwelling can be made just as comfortable as an expensive one; the same with outbuildings. Cultivate the soil in a thorough manner, and do not let it deteriorate for want of proper fertilizing. Wipe out the "high farmer's" bank account; place him on the same level financially with the low farmer, and in a brief period of time the latter will be able to purchase his blooded stock, steam cow-milking machine, and other paraphernalia at a discount, equal to the difference in price between N. W. Morley's prize butter and that produced by a high-toned New York creamery.—*Wisconsin Farmer, in Germantown Telegraph.*

RAISING CALVES FOR THE DAIRY.—The improvement of dairy stock must begin at the foundation. An idea prevails that it is a very expensive process to improve stock. But, on the contrary, it costs nothing but care and attention, and there is no more profitable exercise of labor than this. With proper care and training, stock will improve itself, and a dairyman may double the money product of his herd in a few years without the cost of one dollar in cash. He must begin with his calves. In every herd there are cows that are better than others; but a poor cow may produce a good calf just as easily as a good cow may have a poor calf. "Like does not always produce like." If it did, the science or art of breeding would be merely one that could be carried on by the use of money and brains; common sense and experience would count for nothing against a man with a well filled purse. All that would then be required would be for a rich man to buy up all the best animals and produce from them the most valuable produce. But facts tend otherwise. Wealthy purchasers, ambitious to excel as breeders, procure the choicest animals from the herds of working and experienced men, and expect to gain all the prizes and make all the money in the future. But invariably disappointment attends these ventures, unless in those rare cases where the technical skill and natural tact goes with the money. A good breeder starts with a few selected animals, and in time has a herd that excels in every valuable characteristic, and that attracts purchasers from all quarters. This is the history, in short, of every noted herd that has made its mark and the reputation of its owner. Unfortunately, through repeated wrong teaching, the whole business of stock improvement has been forced into wrong channels; wrong ideas have been created, and much mischief and disappointment have been inflicted upon misled persons. It has been advised that the way to improve farm stock is to purchase some pure-bred animals from show herds, whose record has been perhaps greatly magnified. Disappointment and loss have almost invariably occurred. Purchasers of costly animals have found them to deteriorate on their hands, and to be of no more value than their common stock. This has been the result in many cases of a want of knowledge of the care required to keep up the condition of animals that have been forced from their birth, and of the use of the concentrated foods upon which they have been fed. The mania for pedigree, which in reality meant nothing, and which was valueless, further helped the excitement and has increased the disappointment. It is now a very common thing for farmers to treat what they call fancy stock very scornfully, as fit playthings for wealthy men, but profitless for the working farmer. Time and truth will eventually remove the false part of this impression, but will confirm what there is of it that is true. This idea, then, having been exploded, something must be done to reach the desired point of improvement, which has not yet been attained. And this must be the work of the farmers themselves, and must begin within their own herds. Some help will be required from without in the way of procuring pure-bred bulls selected from good herds with which to produce better calves. A beginning can be made at once, at this season, when calves are coming, by keeping the most promising heifers instead of sacrificing them. One must learn how to judge a calf. Heretofore nothing of this branch of stock knowledge has been taught by experts, although much has been said about the points of a cow. But a cow can speak for herself, in a way, at least, by her works. The pail and the churn are the best tests, and a daily record of performances is worth a hundred "scales of points" and a perfect escutcheon to boot. A calf, on the other hand, has nothing conspicuous by which an ordinary observer can judge of its promise for the future, yet it is well worth studying the points of a good calf. The character of the dam goes for something, and, unless the appearance of the calf belies it, this may be taken as a valuable indication. The head should be fine, the eye large and bright; the neck fine and long; the fore quarters light; the flank deep; the back straight; the hair fine and smooth; the teats well separated and well formed; the skin loose, and the frame loosely put together, with good bone and well formed figure. A thick, short neck, coarse head, and heavy fore quarters should condemn a heifer calf to the butcher, although its dam may have been a superior cow. A close resemblance in color and general appearance to its dam would indicate in the calf the inheritance of other good qualities, and it is this fact which gives the only value to the popular fancy for certain prescribed colors inherited from ancestors. Calves of this sort, preserved to reinforce the herd, should be well cared for. After being permitted to suck the cow a few times, it is a good practice to wean them and teach them to drink. Skimmed milk warmed to the natural temperature of new milk is sufficient and healthful food, and calves will thrive well upon it. A calf may be thus fed until three or four months old, and at a month old will begin to eat a little bran or meal, of which an ounce a day may be given with benefit. This allowance may be increased one ounce a month until the calf becomes a cow and takes her place in the stable. When thus fed with sufficient hay in winter and pasture in the summer a calf will become a cow, healthful, vigorous and fully developed as to her milking capacity, and, as a matter of course, will produce calves of greater promise than herself. It is in this way that the excellent dairy breeds have been built up and trained from no better material to begin with than the best of our common stock; and the methods which have been successful with them can not fail to be equally effective with these.—*New York Times.*

THE portion of Asia Minor—comprising Batoum, Kars, Olti, and Artwin—which has been acquired by Russia under the treaty of Berlin, is a district very rich in natural productions and capable of great development under an efficient adminisiration. There is not much agricultural produce, but there is an abundance of wool and metals, and the climate and soil are well suited for the cultivation of silk and tobacco. The natives appear reconciled to the new state of things. They have ceased to emigrate into Turkish territory, and hoards of money which had hitherto been concealed have made their appearance in the towns. Batoum, thanks to its great advantages as a harbor, is increasing in size, while Olti, notwithstanding its dockyard and railway, declines.

TAPIOCA PUDDING. One small teacupful of tapioca, one quart of milk, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of a chestnut, one teacupful of sugar, one small teaspoonful of salt; flavor with essence of lemon; soak over night in part of the milk, or in the morning two or three hours, in barely enough water to cover it; bake three-quarters of an hour. Tapioca is very nice soaked as above in water and boiled in milk. About a coffeecupful of tapioca to a pint of milk. Flavor with grated lemon-peel, and eat with cream and sugar.

THIS is getting to be a well-padded world. There are horse-pads, foot-pads, hip-pads, liver-pads, kidney-pads, lung-pads and stomach-pads, and some one will soon have a pad for bald-heads.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE best remedy for cold feet is to put them in the small of your wife's back upon retiring. By hobbling her all danger from kicking will be avoided.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Putting the Churn in Mourning.

"Yes, Mr. Spicer," said the Colonel, "there were quaint characters enough in the Confederate service to have furnished recruits for your Spice column for a long time if I could recall them all. There was old Dr. Lance, one of the most skillful physicians in the South, and well and faithful he served us as a surgeon of the ——th. Wrapped up in his profession the Doctor was careless of his personal appearance, and often oblivious of his surroundings. Returning after a brief furlough which he had taken to attend the funeral of a relative, the Doctor rode into camp mounted on his well known sorry white steed, and wearing on his head, instead of the customary slouched head-covering, a tall white hat with two-thirds of the crown encircled with rusty crape.

"Now, a 'plug' hat of any kind was a rarity in the army, but such a peculiar plug as the Doctor's could not escape observation, and many a gibe was leveled at it unheard by the absent-minded Esculapius until a soldier who had more whisky than discretion in him laid hand on the Doctor's bridle and greeted him with:

"'Hello, Doc!'

"Arousing himself, he bestowed a freezing look and a 'Sir!' upon the audacious one.

"In no way disconcerted, the soldier cheerfully remarked:

"'Well, Doctor, the old cow has died at last, hasn' she?"

"Cow! What do you mean, sir!' said the Doctor sternly.

"'Mean?' drawled the son of Mars, as he stood back and bestowed a long look of mock pity at the Doctor's tall white hat; 'why, I supposed the old cow must be dead, as you have put the churn in mournin'.'"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

The Were-Wolf of Superstition.

Among the countless superstitions of the Don Cossacks there is a very curious reproduction of the mediæval belief in the "Were-wolf," or human beast of prey, gifted with the power of taking at will the form of either wolf or man. The Cossacks give to these horrible half breeds the name of "Vov-Kulak," and have the firmest belief in their preternatural powers. It is no uncommon thing to hear a gray-haired peasant on the Don tell, with bated breath and nervous glances over his shoulder, how some local hunter lately killed a prowling wolf, and how an old man of evil reputation was found dead in his bed next morning. The African exploits of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, when first noised abroad in Russia, were ascribed by popular superstition to their supposed power of transforming themselves into wild beasts. Only three years ago an unfortunate traveler was seized in one of the Cossack villages, on suspicion of being a "Vov-Kulak," and dragged before the local magistrate by a mob of infuriated peasants who clamored for his life. The ready-witted Judge assured them that justice should be done, but suggested that it might be well to prove the charge first, and turning to the prisoner bade him make the sign of the cross. The man at once obeyed, and the Cossacks, taking this as a clear proof that he could be no demon, embraced him with yells of delight, and carried him off to celebrate the occasion with a prolonged drinking bout.

CARBOLIC ACID AS A PREVENTIVE OF SCARLET FEVER.—Mr. C. E. Wright, of this city, has been experimenting with carbolic acid as a prophylactic of scarlet fever, and is favorably impressed with its efficacy. It seems to abort the disease. In numerous cases persons in an infected household who took the acid have every one escaped infection, while all who failed to take it were attacked. In the family of Mr. C. L. Divine, foreman of the *Journal* composing-room, all who took it escaped, while the servant girl, who refused to take it, is now down with the disease. The subject is one worthy the study of every physician, and, if the theory is established, the discovery is one of the most important ever made in medicine. The Doctor puts five drops of acid in a half-pint of water, and gives a teaspoonful four or five times a day.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A PARTY went to a house wherein a wedding was going on, at Rome, O., rang bells, blew horns, and demanded a sight of the bride. The husband told her to stand at a window and smile, which she did. Then he gave the serenaders money to buy liquor, and they went away. Soon afterward they returned with a demand for another view of the bride and more money; but the bride refused to smile again, and the husband sent out bullets instead of coin. Half an hour of firing ensued, during which six men were wounded.

IN nearly all soils ashes are beneficial. Their action is twofold; they supply to plants inorganic constituents which they require, and they act chemically as solvents upon other salts in the soil, or they neutralize acids, etc. They are more beneficial on sandy and gravelly lands than on clay. For plants that contain a large percentage of potash and phosphoric acid, as carrots, turnips, potatoes and cabbages, ashes are an essential manure.

CHEAP COOKIES.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of thick sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, salt and flavor; mix very soft and bake in a quick oven.