CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

How Gertie Sold Daisies.

BY AUGUST BELL.

What a great, wonderful thing a single day can be, when one is only five years old! Gertie Kline felt as if she was going to be happy forever and ever, the first morning that her father let her go to market with him. The tall white horse stood gravely at the gate, while Mr. Kline packed away ten round boxes of butter under the wagon-seat, and then Gertie, smiling very broadly, was lifted in, and her father settled himself beside her, and cracked his whip, and away went the house, the gate, and Gertie's mamma, out of sight very fast, but the great world lay ahead. The world was only two miles away, in Atkinsboro', but it seemed a great deal further than the sun, because, as Gertie thought, you can see the sun by just going to the window, but to see Atkinsboro' you must keep waking up all the night before, for fear you will be late, and be dressed very carefully, and feel as if you did not have time to eat a mouthful at breakfast, and then you must ride such a long, long, *long* way, and feel a great deal older when you got to Atkinsboro', than when you left home.

Gertie laughed a great deal, and asked a great many questions about the houses they passed, and the people they met. Once they had an adventure—a great dog, with a red tongue, came out and barked at them; but her father snapped his whip at it, and it slunk back again. It is good to have a great strong father to take care of one, and Gertie looked up admiringly at hers.

At last, at the top of a long hill, he pointed out ahead a great many houses altogether, as many as fifty or a thousand, Gertie thought, and tall steeples running up into the sky, and streets with broad brick walks.

"That's 'Kinsboro'," he said.

Gertie drew her rosy little lips up tight, and opened her eyes wide, so as to see everything at once. They drove by such beautiful houses, with great white steps, and sometimes there were children's faces looking out of the windows. At one of these houses, Mr. Kline stopped his wagon, and, taking one of the butter-boxes, handed it to a round-faced girl with a white apron, who came out to speak to him. Then he drove into a busy street, with a great many stores, and crowds of people, and wagons with horses handsomer than the old white mare. Gertie's heart beat high with excitement now, and she felt very nervous and very important, when her father left her alone in the wagon, and went into two or three of the stores, carrying all the butter-boxes with him. At the street-corner, a little way ahead, she saw something that made her look very earnestly, with all her two eyes. There was a woman sitting in a stall, with a large heap of bouquets before her, and every few minutes some one would stop and take a bouquet, and pay her a piece of money for it.

"I didn't know folks ever wanted to buy *flowers*," thought Gertie.

She was a little country-girl, who could get plenty of flowers for nothing—not of the rarest species, however. When her father came back to her, and chirruped to his horse to move along, she told him how "funny" it was for people to buy flowers of the woman on the corner.

"Yes, it's queer," Mr. Kline said, thoughtfully; "but these city folks don't know what to do with all their money, they have so much. And now, Gertie, we'll go to the post-office!"

Gertie was glad of that, for she wanted to see what sort of place it was where her father found such a splendid newspaper, with pictures in it every week. This time there was not only the newspaper, but a letter, too, which Mr. Kline looked at, and put soberly into his pocket, without reading.

"Now I will buy some raisins and nutmegs for your mother, Gertie, and then our errands will be all done."

"And we will have pudding to-morrow," said Gertie, contentedly.

She was already getting quite experienced in the world, and could think of other things besides houses and people. But she had not at all understood that when the errands were done they were to go home again; she did not know they *were* going home, till they came out on the borders of the town again. Then she said;

"Why, papa, we passed that house with the bird-cages before!"

"Yes," said Mr. Kline, who was used to going to market. "We shall get home by two o'clock, I reckon." And he whipped up the old white horse.

"Oh dear!" said Gertie with a doleful face; "I don't want to go home yet, and I'm so tired and hungry!"

"Mother'll want so see us, and she'll have a nice dinner ready," Mr. Kline said, cheerfully. "And if you're tired, Gertie, you may lean your head against me, and go to sleep."

But Gertie winked very hard, and set bolt upright, because she was not sleepy at all, not she; and as they drove along, she watched to see how many houses she could remember, till of a sudden they seemed to crumble away to nothing, and her little head sank down on her father's left arm, and when he looked down to see what the matter was, there was Gertie fast asleep.

The first thing she knew, her mother was lifting her out of the wagon, and there was her own home again, and the gate and the trees, and the white cat purring in the sunshine, just as if nobody had been to 'Kinsboro' at all. Then Gertie was wide awake, and had such fun telling of all the great things she had seen, talking as fast as she could, while she ate her dinner.

All that afternoon, while her mother sewed by the window, Gertie was drawing her little cart up and down the yard, "taking dolly to 'Kinsboro'," and making her notice especially the woman at the corner, getting money for bunches of flowers. Meanwhile, her mother kept busily at work, and her face was troubled, for she knew what was in the letter which her husband had put so quietly in his pocket. He had been reading it over to her. Their little farm was mortgaged—not for much, only for five hundred dollars; but to a man who could not possibly have saved more than two hundred that year, above expenses, it seemed a good deal to pay all at once, as this letter insisted on his doing. Mr. Kline did not know where to go, or what to do, to get help at this time, and he was afraid his little home would have to be sold. That was what made Gertie's mother so sad, sitting by the window, with the elm boughs waving overhead, and looking out at the places so dear to her.

That night, when Gertie was in her little nightgown, and safely tucked in her crib, and supposed to be asleep, with her dolly close by her, she heard her father and mother talking in low tones about this new trouble. She did not know what mortgages and foreclosures meant, but she got a very strong idea that some Mr. Davis would make them feel very dreadfully, if her father could not get three hundred dollars within a fortnight. It almost seemed to her as if her mother was crying, and that made her little heart beat pitifully, and the tears came into her own eyes. Were three hundred dollars so very much? Gertie knew three was not so very much. It only took her thumb and two fingers to make three, but a hundred was more than ten, and so it might be a great deal. O dear! how could her father get so much money? Gertie thought and thought, and was just developing a most beautiful plan in her mind, when she gave a little sigh, and went sound asleep.

The next morning, Mr. Kline went early to his work, and Mrs. Kline had churning to do, besides its being baking-day; so Gertie, with her clean rosy little face sheltered under a great white sunbonnet, was sent out in the pleasant yard, to be a good girl with kitty and dolly. But her beautiful plan of the night before was keeping her heart in a tumult, and she walked straight by the cat, and set her doll down very abruptly between two roots of the apple-tree, and then looked about with grave consideration. There was only a little flower-bed in one part of the yard, with not more than five or six flowers in bloom, and those were her mother's. Gertie had been told not to gather them.

"But the pasture is *my* garden, and the mowing-lot, too," said Gertie to herself, "and I can get daisies and buttercups!"

The long horned cow was in the pasture, so she thought she would take the mowing-lot first, and she crept under the bars, right into the tall grass. There were daisies and buttercups in plenty, growing in great happiness, with no fear of cattle being let in to bite their heads off. Gertie held up her apron, and gathered it full, and then got her hands full besides, all in less than twenty minutes, which was pretty fast for a little girl, who only pulled one stem at a time. Then she crept back under the bars again, with much greater difficulty than before, and sat down by her doll, to arrange bouquets. Some she tied with string, and some with grass, and she sang a little low rockaby to the well-behaved doll, because she felt so happy, and she did not know what else to sing. Once Mrs. Kline came out of the back door, and looked around the corner of the house, to see what her little girl was doing, and when she saw her making bouquets, she smilled a little to herself, thinking Gertie was going to play market-day at 'Kinsboro' again, and she thought how happy it was to be a little child, and amused the whole forenoon with "making believe." And then she went back to mix her bread and pie-crust, and did not look out again for a great while..

But Gertie was not "making believe" this time, she was in downright earnest; and when she had seven small bouquets made, she thought it was time to begin business. Her mother's silk parasol was on the table in the entry, so she took that, and then, with her apron full of flowers, she went softly out at the front gate, and started for Atkinsboro'. She was so full of eagerness, that she did not think much how far it was, and after she had walked a long, long time, as it seemed to her, she was surprised to see neighbor Smith's house just ahead. It made her feel very tired to think she had not gone any further. Just then a boy overtook her, driving in a wagon, with a red horse. He looked at Gertie, and then called out, just as he had heard his father often to people on foot:

"Where are you going, little girl? Don't you want a ride?"

"Yes!" said Gertie, promptly; and he jumped out to help her up into the wagon, with her bouquets and parasol.

"Where do you want-to go?" he asked.

"To 'Kinsboro'," said Gertie, with perfect trust in him, because he had such a round, merry face, and bright eyes.

"Why, I'm going there, too," he said. "I'm going to get my horse shod." The boy was a clever, active little fellow, about ten years old, who lived on a farm, off on a cross-road, and he had never happened to see Gertie before. In fact, it was the first time he had been trusted out to drive to Atkinsboro' all alone, and the fact that he was trusted to drive to Atkinsboro' all alone, and the fact that the peas are fed out before this time, the pigs will eat bugs and peas together, and there will be little loss. Nothing makes firmer or better pork and lard than peas; and the manure from pea-fed pigs is very rich. A heavy crop of peas too, is a valuable crop, and a fitting one to precede winter wheat.

I recently saw an item recommending transplanting plants at night, to prevent wilting. Wilting, and other injuries from the hot sun, are entirely overcome by my method, which is as follows: Dig a small hole in the ground, turn in some water and then some rich soil, stirring until a moderately stiff batter or morter is formed, stiff enough for it to adhere when the plants are placed in it. Now take, say, a half dozen plants at a time, and immerse the roots in the mixture, when, if properly done, the roots will be covered with morter. Set the plants where they are to grow; use no water, no matter how hot the sun is, for wilting will hardly be perceptable, and none will die. Where a great many plants are to be set, the mixture may be placed in a vessel, to have it portable, as the plants should be put in the ground as fast as taken from the mortar.

In Australia sheep washing is very generally practiced, and an apparatus is much used there which is said to perfectly cleanse the wool, and render it suitable to go at once to the manufacturer. A portable engine or other power is employed to throw water into a tank, whence it may receive eight feet fall. Several spouts are then provided, which throw into the living wool thin films of water two and one-half feet wide by one eighth of an inch thick. This searches well into the wool and deterges it perfectly for the shearer. A modification of this system has more recently been introduced, whereby the sheep, after first being subjected to showers or jets of moderately cool water, by which a considerable portion of the earth, sand, etc, is removed, are subsequently placed under jets of water, warmed to a temperature of 100°, F., whereby all the dirt remaining from the first washing as well as the 'yolk,' or grease, is removed.

"The practice of closely feeding the mowing fields in the fall of the year, which is by far too common among a large class of farmers, is injurious, and cannot be too strongly condemned. It is true that during seasons of extreme and long continued drouth, like the present, when the pastures are so dry and barren as to afford scarcely any feed, the mowing fields appear to be the *dernier* resort, and the necessity of turning in the stock to feed off the second crop is seemingly too urgent and imperative to be avoided. Moreover the hay crop has been very light, and the amount of forage stored for the winter will be barely sufficient, and would seem to preclude the idea of drawing from this scanty supply so long as it can possibly be avoided. In an emergency the mowing field affords a convenient refuge, and a present relief; and consequently they are grubbed, without any care or forethought for the future, until the last blade of grass has disappeared. Such a course may be profitable for the time being, and such an expedient, under the present condition and management of the majority of our farms, may be unavoidable; but in the long run, we believe it will prove to be 'penny wise and pound foolish.'

All owners of cows should thoroughly understand the principles of, and be able to perform the operation of milking as it should be done. Very many persons, children and grown persons, set about and are trusted with the business of milking, who never perform their part properly, although they may have practiced for many years. Almost all cows in milk are nervous animals, if not wilful, and in order that you may obtain all the milk they are capable of giving, they must be treated with the utmost gentleness, and that at all times. If a cow stands in fear, perhaps trembling, of your blows, kicks or threats, she will very likely withhold her milk; at all events it will affect either the quality or quantity to a greater or less extent. There are seldom cases requiring chastisement; more frequently kindness, with firmness, will answer a much better purpose. In most cases where chastisement is administered, an expectation of a full quantity of milk will be disappointed. The cow should be first brought to a proper position by approaching her on the right side, stool and pail ready; place the stool, sit down on it, and with the right hand brush the bag and teats clean before commencing to draw the milk. During this operation the milk flows in rapidly, and all the ducts leading to the teats are filled completely. The faster and sooner it is completely drawn out, with gentleness, the more likely you will be to get the whole. The milker who sits and talks, or in any way delays his business will never obtain all the milk the cow is capable of yielding. The stripping to obtain the last drop, should be done with great gentleness, by working the udder somewhat in imitation of a calf sucking. A person who understands and faithfully performs the operation of milking, will cause the cow to yield milk that will make one quart more butter than one-half the grown persons, who do the milking, will. This is a strong assertion, but no stronger than we believe the facts will warrant. All the beginners should be properly taught at first *how to take hold of the teats*, and once learned, they will remember. This is seldom explained to beginners, and hence each chooses their own method of milking. They should be instructed that if they would milk with ease, the hand should be kept very near the extremity of the teats, not so near, however, as that the milk will strike any part of the hand or fingers; they should sit down close to the cow, not arm's length away; the left arm should always press against, or be in close proximity to the leg of the cow, and then if she kicks or steps, you can ward off the force and protect yourself and pail of milk. With proper handling of heifers while young and previous to calving, there is very little liability to have kicking cows. Sometimes a heifer with her first calf, and even older cows, get their teats sore, cracked or otherwise, and this will cause uneasiness, and often pain them so as to cause them to kick or step. In all such cases they should be humored, coaxed and dealt gently by, and even caressed and fed some choice bite after milking. It would be well to have a pot of grease, from the top of the pot where pork and greens have been boiled, to apply to soften cracks, etc., previous to milking, and afterwards. The above mentioned grease is the best application the writer ever used to soften and heal cracked and sore teats on cows.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

The various recipes which will hereafter be given to our readers, in this department, are presented only after they have been tested and proven reliable. The information they contain will, therefore, always be found to be valuable and well worthy of preservation.

Glue to Hold against Fire and Water.—Mix a handful of quicklime in four ounces of linseed oil, boil them to a good thickness, then spread it on tin plates in the shade, and it will become exceedingly hard, bnt may be dissolved over the fire, as glue.

Remedy for Scalds and Burns.—Poultices of tea leaves, moistened in hot water, are preferable to all other remedies, in the first stage of burns and scalds: or take raw onions, pound or mash fine as possible, and apply at once; it will give immediate relief.

How to set Colors.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of sugar of lead in a pail of water, in which you soak your colored cambric for fifteen minutes before washing. If more convenient, a little vinegar or a handful of salt thrown into a pail of water, and the dress soaked, will set the color.

For Inflamed Eyes.—Take a potato, and after quartering it grate the heart as fine as possible, and place the grating between a piece of cambric muslin. Place the poultice over the eyes inflamed, and keep it there fifteen minutes. Continue the operation three successive nights, and a perfect cure ensues.

To Make Red Sealing Wax.—Take one pound of bee's wax, three ounces of fine turpentine, and one ounce of finely powdered rosin; when they are well melted and the dross taken off, put in it the red lead of vermillion, and stir them together till they are well incorporated; and you may, when it grows a little cool, make it up into what form you please.

How to Cool a Room.—Now that the hot weather is full upon us, it may be interesting to be reminded that the simplest and cheapest way to cool a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cool. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from 10 to 12 degrees in less than an hour. This is the plan adopted by many Eastern Nations.

Delicious Peach Dish.—Take good sized freestone peaches, wipe them with a towel, halve them, and place them flat side down in hot butter or lard. Let them fry to a nice brown, then turn and fill the seed cup with sugar, which, by the time the fruit is properly coated, will be melted and form with the juice of the peach a rich syrup. Serve up hot, and if you don't like them you need not repeat the experiment. Most persons think the dish a superb one.

Potato Soup.—Here is a recipe which has the merit of being very economical, very palatable, and very quickly made. Boil in a quart of water a small slice of salt pork, and one or two onions, according to size. Take from six to eight good sized potatoes, boil, mash fine, and put them in with the pork and onions. Boil half an hour; then add milk enough to make it the right consistency—about as thick as pea soup. Pepper and salt to taste; and first, before taking up, add a small piece of butter, strain through a colander, and serve.

To Make a Very Strong Glue.—Take an ounce of the best isinglass, dissolve it by moderate heat in a pint of water, strain it through a piece of cloth, then add of the best glue in cake, which has been previously soaked for twenty-four hours, and also a gill of the strongest vinegar; let the whole dissolve by placing it near the fire; after it is dissolved let it boil once up, and strain off all the impurities; this will make a glue which may be reserved for that part of your work which requires particular strength, or where the joints themselves do not contribute to hold the work together, such as small fillets and mouldings, or carved patterns that are merely held on the surface by the glue.

To Preserve Pears.—Take small, rich, fair fruit as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer till they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then with a skimmer take them into cold water; pare them neatly leaving on a little of the stem and the blossom end; pierce them at the blossom end of the core; then make a syrup of one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day then drain it off, making it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes; boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

To Clean the Face of Soft Mahogany or other Porous Wood.—After scraping and sandpapering in the usual manner, take a sponge and well wet the surface to raise the grain; then with a piece of fine pumice stone, free from stony particles, and cut the way of the fibres, rub the wood in the direction of the grain, keeping it moist with water; let the work dry; then, if you wet it again, you will find the grain much smoother, and it will not raise so much; repeat the process, and you will find the surface perfectly smooth, and the texture of the wood much hardened; by this means common soft Honduras mahogany will have a face equal to fine Hispaniola. If this does not succeed to your satisfaction you may improve the surface by using the pumace stone with cold drawn linseed oil, in the same manner as you proceeded with water; this will be found to put a most beautiful, as well as durable face to your work, which may then be polished or varnished.

Scalds and Burns.—A correspondent writes to the New York *Sun* that the readiest and most useful remedy for scalds and burns is an embrocation of lime water and linseed oil. These simple agents combined form a thick cream-like substance, which effectually excludes the air from the injured parts, and allays the inflamation almost instantly. He mentions a case where a child fell backward into a bath-tub of boiling water, and was nearly flayed from her neck to below her hips. Her agonies were indescribable; but her clothing being gently removed, and the lime and oil preparation thickly spread over the injured surface, she was sound asleep in five minutes. Subsequently the parts were carefully washed with warm milk and water three times a day, the oil dressing renewed, and the little patient rapidly recovered. Though all the scalded skin came off, she did not have a scar. This remedy leaves no hard coat to dry on the sores, but softens the parts, and aids nature to repair the injury in the readiest and most expeditious manner. The mixture may be procured in the drug stores; but if not thus accessible, slack a lump of quicklime in water, and as soon as the water is clear, mix it with the oil and shake well. If the case is urgent, use boiling water over the lime, and it will become clear in five minutes. The preparation may be kept ready bottled in the house, and it will be as good when six months old as when first made.

To Cure Bee-stings.—Most every one is aware that the first thing to be done after being stung is to extract the stinger, and then whatever remedy is used must be applied immediately if swelling is to be prevented. I always use spirits of ammonia, or hartshorn, as it is more commonly called. Though this has the effect on me of preventing swelling and pain, others may not find it so efficacious. Kerosene, which is being used as a medicine for rheumatism, sore throat, burns, lameness, bruises and other afflictions, will be found very effectual in subduing the virus of the bee poison. An application of wet blue clay or moist earth has the desired effect on most all who try it. Unboiled honey was recommended by the ancient bee writers as a medicament for the bite of bees, and I am going to try it some time, though I am in no hurry for an opportunity to present itself. Honey is always near by and that is an advantage, as it is necessary that the remedy be immediately applied. If you have to go to the house and spend some time in hunting or preparing a medicine, the afflicted part will be swollen and much less easily cured. Bruised onions or tobacco leaves can be bound on the wound, or it can be bathed in saleratus and water, or salt and water. Sloan's Ointment is very soothing and healing. Innumerable other cures for bee stings might be given, but among the preceeding ones I think every person can find one or more that will produce on them the desired effect.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Quite an excitement existed last week in the United Brethren Church in Benton, Iowa, because of the expulsion of five of its members because they were Free Masons.

Ground has been broken for a new Baptist chapel in Hartford—the city of churches—on the corner of Asylum avenue and Sigourney street. It will cost about $30,000.

Peter Cartwright, the most venerable of clergymen, is now confined to his room by the infirmities of old age, at his residence in Pleasant Plains, Sangamon County, Illinois.

The Unitarians raised $100,000 in 1865, but for the last twelve months all the gifts of persons and churches to the American Unitarian Association have not exceeded $38,000.

The Lutheran Synods of Minnesota and Wisconsin have recently established closer ecclesiastical relations. They now acknowledge each other's orthodoxy, and are, in fact, symbolically one.

The Baptists of Iowa are keeping pace with the growth of the State. Recent reports show that they have eighteen associations, 146 churches, 180 pastors, 19,750 members, and 158 meeting houses.

L. C. Rutter, Jr., a young Presbyterian minister, has, by earnest and judicious efforts, succeeded in driving out every rum shop from Noble County, Ohio. The battle was hard, but bravely fought and won.

The Pope, in response to a salutation made him by a delegation of ladies and gentlemen from this country, said: "The bearing of the Catholics of the United States fills me with hope for the future of the Church.

The Protestants in Alsace, recently acquired by the Germans from France, number two hundred and fifty thousand, three hundred and forty pastors, thirty-six consistories, and one faculty of theology at Strasburg.

Bishop Simpson has suffered another relapse in his complaint, and will be unable to attend the session of the Delaware Conference. His physician is confident he can effect a permanent cure, but it will take a long time.

Bishop McFarland, of Hartford, has been presented a $20,000 residence by his congregation, and has been assigned by the Pope to the new diocese of Connecticut, erected from a division of the See of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Rev. E. R. Daviss, of Ballston, a clergyman of the Church of England, has been received in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Dorne, of Albany, on letters dismissory from the Bishop of Exeter, England.

The Young Men's Christian Associations are establishing a mission on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Its headquarters at present are at Oak Lake, where a large number of men are employed in the construction of the road.

Mr. Hodder, of London, has visited many of the Young Men's Christian Associations in this country, and thinks they do not devote so much attention to the study of the Scriptures as those in Britain, where a Bible class and devotional meeting were such assentials that no association was recognized as such unless it had both.

The Rev. J. A. Chambliss, pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Richmond, Va., astonished his congregation a few Sundays ago by a public repudiation of the dogma of close communion. He said his mind had long been disturbed on the subject, and he had finally settled down to the conviction that the doctrine of the church, in this particular, is unscriptural.

The proceedings of the Irish Wesleyan Conference, held last month, at Belfast, were marked by a greater degree of hope and enthusiasm than has been characterized the meetings of that body. A movement is on foot to confer more ample educational advantages upon ministers' daughters, as well as the sons, and efforts are being made to instruct the Irish-speaking Romanists through the medium of their language.

For the last twenty years it has been the custom of the Rev. Wm. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, London, to preach a sermon to young men and maidens on the Sunday nearest midsummer each year. The pleasant anniversary is remembered with the keen delight by many hundreds in other lands who once participated in it, and its maintenance has greatly aided in drawing the affection of the young people to his church.

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