THE AVANT COURIER.

THURSDAY, : : ; FEB. 8, 1877.

The Buckwheat-Cake.

[Air—"America."]

My flap-jack, 'tis of thee,
Thou that agreest with me,
Of thee I sing;
Thou that with pork art fried,
Then buttered on one side
With maple-syrup thick-applied—
Thou luscious thing!

O savory morsel mine!
What taste is like to thine,
Well-buttered one?
I love to see thee fry,
To see Cook toss thee high,
And stick thee with a fork to try
If thou art done.

Before the break of dawn,
The Cook, with many a yawn,
The batter makes;
Then, at the breakfast-bell,
Down rush the boys pell-mell.
And all delighted yell,
"O Buckwheat cakes!"

O red-faced Cook, to thee
Shall loud encomiums be
Forever more;
Soon, when our stomachs feel
Oppressed by such a meal.
We promise you that we'll
Eat somewhat slower,

And when our spirits rise
To dwell in Paradise,
Our hope is this:
A gorgeous throne our seat,
Fair Houris at our feet,
Eternal Buckwheat Cakes to eat—
What greater bliss?

This and That.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.

The Hon. Wm. M. Evarts is a success as a raiser of corn. This year he added to the wealth of the country 2,200 bushels.

In man the temperature of the blood is 98°; in sheep, 102°; in ducks, 107°: in ague it falls from 98° to 94°, in fever it rises to 102° or 105°.

Everything useful or necessary is cheapest; walking is the most useful exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet; even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

The Nevada and Northern telegraph line, which extends from Winnemucca through Silver and Boise Cities in Idaho to Walla Walla, Oregon, has been sold to Mark L. McDonald, of San Francisco, for $11,300, probably less than one-fourth its original cost.

In Russia, when coffins are covered with cloth, the color of the covering is to a certain extent distinctive, pink being used when the deceased is a child or young person, crimson for women, and brown for widows; but black is in no case employed.

Virtue, as the world goes, is sometimes ambitious,—honorably ambitious; it is sometimes a little avaricious; it is sometimes a little selfish; it is sometimes a little proud; and it is sometimes a little stern; but love vaunteth not herself, is kind, is unselfish, is meek, and is as mild as mercy.

Foreign fruits in England can not compete with the native grown. Grapes, pines, bananas—none are so good as the English raise in their forcing houses. The American Newtown pippin apple is, however, the most popular in the English markets of all apples. English pears are said to be superior to any.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness, the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghost of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue. though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Cowardice.—You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward, if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward, if you know certain things of yourself, and care not to own them yourself.

There is a curious artesian well at Cherrytree, Indiana. It is two hundred and sixty feet deep. The water is a mild cathartic, cleanses thoroughly, softens the skin, is cold and very clear and when stirred in any vessel it becomes white as milk. A gas also escapes with the water which, when collected, burns with a bright flame of two distinct colors—one of them a twirling blue blaze, the other small tongues of yellow

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

On Thursday last, the House passed a bill giving $18 per month to soldiers of the Mexican war or their widows, and on Saturday evening, notwithstanding the drenching rain and the slippery pavements, scores of old veterans held a meeting to congratulate each other on the passage of the bill, and drew up resolutions of thanks to the House and hopes that the Senate would also pass the bill this session.

Owing to the action of the waves, the great pyramidal rock overhanging the shore of Lake Superior, a few miles east of Silver Islet, and known as McDonald's Peak, has fallen. The peak was a column of granite, measuring at its base one hundred feet in circumference, and rising to the height of two hundred and eighty feet. This towering rock, or shaft, was called McDonald's Peak in honor of the Hudson Bay Company factor, who is credited with climbing to the top of it in 1822, and jumping into the lake to win a wager of £20.

The First Steam Whistle on the Missouri.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri River is amusing. At that time the settlers on the Missouri River were in the habit of making regular yearly visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many who lived back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that during the fall of 1844 the new steamboat Lexington started up the Missouri River loaded down to the guards with freight. Among the passengers were Judge Joseph C. Ransom, Theodore Warner, of Lexington, Mo.; Ben Holiday, afterward the famous overland stage proprietor; Colonel Pomeroy, of Lexington, and a planter of Platte county named George Yocum.

The steamer Lexington was provided with a steam whistle—the first used on the Missouri River—and as it happened no one knew about it except Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis the passengers were collected together playing cards (for fun) in the cabin, when the talk turned upon steamboat explosions, then very common.

"I feel perfectly safe on this boat," said Warner, as he dealt the cards.

"Why?" inquired Yocum, the planter.

"Why?" echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you why," said the wag, carefully studying his cards. "This boat is provided with a new patent safety-valve, which notifies the passengers on board when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes a most unearthly noise, and when you hear it it is time to get back aft or jump overboard."

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were skeptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the Lexington was steaming up the long, straight stretch of river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called, and all were busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meals they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other a moment, and horror and dismay spread itself over their faces. The first man to realize the situation, and act, was Yocum, the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up crying as he pulled over one after another of the passengers:

"Run, run for your lives; the d— thing's going to bust. Follow me and let's save ourselves."

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat, and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew that the more excited were restrained from jumping into the river.

What the Sea Tells Us.

We must, then, regard the salts of the sea as in the main dissolved from the solid crust during that remote period when the seas were young. The seas thus indicate to us the nature of those vast chemical processes through which the earth had to pass in the earlier stages of its history. If the present crust of the earth did not afford, as it does, the clearest evidence of a time when the earth's whole frame glowed with intense heat; if we could not, as we can, derive from the movements of the celestial bodies, as well as from the telescopic appearance of some among them, the most certain assurance that all the planets, nay, the whole of the solar system itself, were once in the state of glowing vapor—the ocean brine—the mighty residuum, left after the earth had passed through its baptism of liquid fire—would leave us in little doubt respecting the main features at least of the earth's past history. The seas could never have attained their present condition had not the earth, which they encompassed when they were young, been then an orb of fire. Every wave that pours in upon the shore speaks to us of so remote a past that all ordinary time-measures fail us in the attempt to indicate the length of the vast intervals separating us from it. The saltness of the ocean is no minor feature or mere detail of our globe's economy, but has a significance truly cosmical in its importance. Tremendous indeed must have been the activity of these primeval fires, under whose action sixty thousand millions of millions of tons of salt were extracted from the earth's substance and added to its envelope.

Old Maid's Paradise.

It appears (writes a tourist) that in Shetland the greater number of marriages are between youths of nineteen and maids of thirty-two! Whenever a young man can act his part in the manning of a boat, he has arrived at the height of his ambition, and therefor there is no wonder at his marrying early; but why he pitches upon an old maid instead of a young girl, is not so easily accounted for, unless it be that young men have peculiar affection for old maids, as old men have a peculiar affection for young girls. However, in no country is a lover so faithful to his mistress as in Shetland. I never heard of a Shetland sailor who was guilty of a breach of promise, although he should be absent for ten years. Not only does he not break his engagement, but he never fails to write to his beloved one in effusions of the most endearing nature, always beginning or ending his epistle with "My Pet," "My Jewel," "My Watch," "My Diamond." Years before the celebration of the marriage, the woman is by no means slack in telling all her neighbors of the particulars of the engagement, and of the year, and of the month, and of the day, and of the hour when it is to be celebrated. It is no uncommon thing for neighbors, who have not been invited to the marriage, to dress in disguise, and participate in the festivities of the evening. The usual way they disguise themselves is by rolling the body up in a straw rope and blackening the face. These maskers have usually all the privileges of bidden guests and are treated with great civility. At the end of every dance, every man must kiss his female partner. Sometimes the men dance by themselves, as the women cannot hold out to such long and furious exercise; and when they finish their dance they do not kiss, but they hug each other to such a degree as to create disgust in those who have been accustomed to such a habit.

Mr. Greeley's Advice.

There are in cities splendor, distinguished men and women, wealth, luxuries from every part of the world, all in strange contrast with wretchedness and such horrid misery as cannot be found in the country. While about 6,000,000 people in the United States live in cities of over 10,000 inhabitants, all the rest of the 42,000,000 live in the country, making only one in seven that prefer the city, or seven that live in the country to one in the city. But I speak of this to call to mind Horace Greeley's advice to all persons to settle in the country, not in the city, and if his advice had been regarded, there would not now be 50,000 beggars for employment in New York, and as many more in proportion in all the other cities. It is easy to see that farming, or tilling the soil, is the natural condition of man, and also that "cities are great sores on the body politic," in every sense of the word, morally, politically, religiously, and how can these foul ulcers be cleansed but by heeding the still warning voice of the founder of THE TRIBUNE? "Leave the city, go into the country, get yourselves a piece of land and work on it; go West, go anywhere, but don't all center in the cities; form communities, get up townships, and you will soon be able to have things for your own comfort; you will soon be beyond want; you will be away from the extravagance and the corruption of city life." It may seem like nonsence now to talk thus in the dead of winter; but now is the best time, when want of employment shuts you off from comfort, and starvation stares you in the face.

A Story of Dungeon Life.

There was living in Paris, 1871, a Polish lady, the Countess of K. She wore a very singular brooch. Its ground of blue enamel was circled by twenty precious stones, and was covered in the centre by glass, and what do you suppose this brooch contained? Not a portrait, nor a lock of hair, but four common pins, bent together in the form of a star. She wore these because they were the companions of her husband during a long imprisonment. Years ago he was supposed to be a secret enemy of the Russian Government, and was put in a dark dungeon far under the ground. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him except the keeper of the prison, and he was not permitted to talk with his prisoner, He had nothing to do. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he still in his dungeon. He was never brought to trial, and, poor man, he was most miserable. He thought he should lose his senses, and in truth his reason did begin to give way. Feeling all over his coat one day, he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy; yet what could they be to him? He took them from his coat and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees, and felt all over the floor till he found them. When he had succeeded in finding them, he scattered them on the floor again; and, could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him groping for his four pins. When, after six years of imprisonment, his cell was opened to set him free, they found him on his hands and knees in the dark, feeling about the floor for his four pins. It was all his work, nor would he leave his prison without taking his pins with him. —They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do in his solitude and confinement, and his wife had them made into a brooch, which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

Taking His Pick.

Brattleboro people tell this for a fact: A young widower in Windham County, not far from Battleboro, who was greatly in need of a housekeeper, rode day after day in vain search for a hired girl. At last, almost discouraged, he drew up at a small dwelling among the hills: "Can you tell me where I can get a woman to do the work in a farm house?" "Where are ye from?" asked the old man, viewing the handsome horse and buggy with a critical air. "My name is——, and I am from——." "Oh, ya's, I've hearn of ye; ye lost yer wife a spell ago. Well, I've got six gals—good gals, too—and yer may take yer pick among 'em for a wife; they wouldn't none of 'em think of going out ter work. Should as leave you would take Hannah, because she's the oldest, and her chance ain't quite so good, seeing as she's near-sighted, and can't hear so very well. But, if ye don't want her, ye can take your pick o' t'others." The widower went in, selected the best looking one, drove to the Justice's, was married, and carried home that night a permanent housekeeper, who proves so far to be in every way satisfactory.

Longevity.

It is the opinion of all observers of the condition of civilized people that the average longevity of the human race has increased within a hundred years. Such reports of the death rate as we have go to support that conclusion, and it is thoroughly proved that the devastations of epidemic diseases are not so great now as formerly; while the medical art steadily advances in its mastery of the disorders of the human system, and in its ability to ward off and check maladies which threaten human life. In England, for instance, the death rate has declined considerably during a quarter of a century. There, and elsewhere in Europe, as also in this country, the subject of public hygiene has received great attention of recent years, and its difficulties are being steadily overcome. The probability is that men now on the average live longer than their ancestors, and in better average health, and that our descendants will gain on us in those respects.

A Satisfactory Filter.

I have a domestic filter which has been in use nearly two years, and answers our family purposes remarkably well. It is simple in construction, and attended with little expense. It consists of a stone jar with an orifice in the bottom, in which is a cork surrounded with sponge to prevent the water from passing out too rapidly. On the bottom of this jar are three quarts of clean sand, on this the same quantity of fine charcoal, and on this a layer of pebble stones. In the top is an ordinary flower-pot, in the hole of which is a sponge to prevent the water from passing out faster than it drips from the jar below. The filter is inclosed in a case, stands near the hydrant in the Summer, and in the cellar in the Winter. The sponge in the flower-pot should be cleaned once or twice a week, but the sand and charcoal do not require renewing oftener than twice a year.

The Farm.

Horse Pulling at the Halter.

Any kind of rope or halter will answer as a remedy, having a sufficient length to pass around a post, and back, passing between the fore legs, under the girth, to the hind legs. Fasten just below the knee joint. Have something on the opposite side of the post to prevent the halter from dropping to the ground, allowing the halter to slide around the post, when the horse commences to pull. The first effort in pulling will bring forward his hind leg, and leave the horse in a sitting posture, unless he should spring forward, which he is almost certain to do. After the first pull, not being fully convinced but what he ought to break loose, he may be induced to try the second time, but the pull will be light. After the second trial, there is no rattle-trap yet invented that could frighten a horse badly enough to make another effort. A few trials will effectually break any horse. It is simple, cheap and perfectly safe.

The Hessian Fly.

Perhaps our agricultural friends are interested in knowing that the year 1876 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the Hessian fly into America; also, that like the stamp act, the Declaration of Independence and other events of that time, it was brought by King George III. In the summer of 1776, a large number of Hessians intended for the reinforcement of the Army in America were shipped from their country in slave ships, and a large quantity of straw was placed in the holds for the accommodation of the soldiers. On their arrival here the straw was unloaded, and with it the Hessian fly, which has caused so much grief to farmers ever since. The Hessians being plainly visible were easily conquered and annihilated, but their insidious companions were not so easily got at, but have lived through all the vicissitudes of a hundred years, and are as bold and valiant to day as when the country was as yet an infant in swaddling clothes. Let our farmer friends get up a grand centennial celebration, and let poems be recited, speeches made and bonfires lighted, in honor of the one hundredth birthday of the Hessian fly.

The Hog Trough.

It is an egregious error to assert, as many farmers have done, that a hog is predisposed to plant his fore-feet in the trough while eating. Nothing is more absurd. A hog is no more inclined to put his forward feet in the trough than a horse is wont to put his feet into his manger. The great fault is in the construction of the hog's trough. Almost always the trough is so deep and the front side so high that the feed cannot be reached by either large hog or pig until the fore-feet are planted in the middle of the trough. Small pigs are required to mount into the trough with every foot before they can reach the feed. These are the reasons why a hog puts his fore-feet in the trough. Let the front part of the trough be made so low that the animal can walk up to it and reach the feed without resting his throat on the trough, and he will stand up to it as a horse does to his manger.

There is no necessity for making a hog's trough so broad and deep that it will contain four times as much feed as will ever be put into the trough at any one time. If the front is three inches deep and the bottom ten inches broad in the clear, the trough will hold all the swill and other feed that can be eaten at one feeding by as many swine as can stand in front of the trough. The correct disposition of the trough is to place it between the feeding apartment and the space appropriated to the animals. Then let the partition be made in the form of a flap or a gate, and be hung by hinges above the trough, with the lower end hanging in the trough, so that it can play from one side of the trough to the other. Then, as soon as the feed is properly distributed, unbolt the lower edge of the flap, draw it to the other side and fasten it. By this plan the swine will stand up to the trough like a row of horses at their mangers.

A Good Farm Gate.

A good farm gate, which will last in use for twenty years, must be built in a frame on sills, and well painted, in the following manner: The gate must be built nearly like any other gate, of light wood, such as pine, and swing by the bottom, in a frame. The frame must be set on two plank sills, twelve feet long and eight inches wide, and at each end must be let into cross sub-sills, three inches deep and six inches apart, that the width of the gate at the bottom may swing easily through; then bore an inch and a quarter hole through both of the long sills, six inches from the front end and three inches from the bottom side, and two more the same way, five feet and six inches back, or near the middle, for pins on which the walking legs must stand to swing the gate. Then take four upright walking-posts, seven feet long, four inches wide, and one inch thick, and four more for swinging legs, only they must be seven inches shorter at the lower end. Bore them all for half inch bolts, two inches from each end, then bore them nine inches again from the top holes, for the braces, which must be six feet and one half inch in length, and five feet eight inches and a half in between the bolt holes. Bore the bottom of the gate same as the sills, five feet six inches apart, with half inch holes, and then bolt your frame together with four half-inch carriage bolts, eight inches long, at top; and swing your gate between, on the bottom pins, with four more bolts, five inches long, in the bottom and braces; then you will have a gate which will not wear out until it rots down, and will be the handiest gate in the world. It will run back and open from the center and also when swung past center forward will shut itself and remain securely shut without any more fastening.

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The Household.

A trifle of spermaceti in starch will prevent clothes from sticking when ironed.

To keep muslin from taking fire—Add an ounce of alum to the last water used in rinsing childrens' dresses and they will be rendered almost uninflamable, taking fire very slowly, if at all, and not burning with a flame. Mothers who live in houses where open fires are kept will do well to remember this.

The Science of Boiling.

In boiling meat for soup, cold water should be used at first, so as to extract as much of the nutrient juices as possible, and the heat be raised gradually. But if the meat be wanted in a boiled state for itself, and not for its soup, then it should be plunged at once into boiling water and kept boiling for a few minutes, so that all the outer albumen may be coagulated, in order to imprison the sapid and nutritive juices; then cold water should be added till the temperature is reduced 160 degrees, at which it should be kept till the cooking is completed, because that heat is necessary for the coagulation of the coloring matter of the blood. In all cases no more heat than is sufficient should be employed in cooking. Thus, in making soup, all the fire in the world will not make the water hotter than its boiling temperature, at which point it can be retained at a very moderate expenditure of fuel. Violent ebullition, such as we see cooks often practice, while it does no good, does much harm, not only by wasting coal, but also by carrying off in the steam much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food.

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"I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."
"Send me five boxes of your Pills."
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Invaribly cure the following diseases.
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In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bed time. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

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No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all acidity occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

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