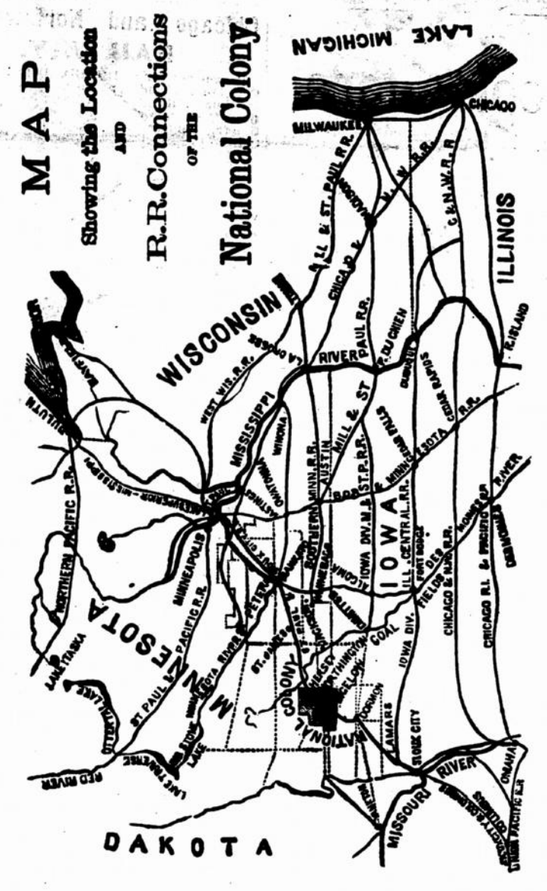
Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

VOL V — WORTHINGTON NOBLES CO., MINN., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1876. — NO. 16.

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to La Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meet markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better.

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc., and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A. P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no carpetbaggers, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded upon any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar features other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the Northwest Colony and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston, & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates.

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn,

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas: "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's commands had been given,
That they should retire precisely at 7,
Instead of at 8; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such thing as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no "Santa Claus."
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then I've been thinking that she usd to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here;
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pray dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too." And without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast,
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we are sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee:
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, Dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
At dear brother Willie and Annie; Amen."

Please Desus, let Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And b'ing us some p'esents before it is 'ight.
I want he should dive me a nice 'ittle sed,
With bight shinin' yunner, and all painted yed;
A dox full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then Desus I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
'I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings fo und vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door heard both of their prayers,
His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgoten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown—
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and went out in the street.
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed;
Miss Golly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by the sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red,"
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop,
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid.
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls down ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied,
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said

That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
"Then we dot up and p'ayed dest as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our p'ayers, now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say He was, if He sent you all these,
And know just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself).."

Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up-stairs
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

—Mrs Sophia P. Snow.

BANGS'S CLARA.

BY M. S. H.

Bangs lived with his grandmother. His grandmother occupied part of the garret of a tenement-house. This tenement-house was situated in Rag Alley, a place of residence that had its advantages and its disadvantages. But Bangs never thought much about that. He was always out during the day, trying to scrape together a few cents, or wandering around with the boys, so it didn't matter how dark and gloomy it was in-doors. And at night, when he slunk in and threw himself down on his bed of rags, softly as he could, for fear of waking his grandmother and starting her to swearing, he could see the starlight shining through the cracks in the sloping roof. This he rather liked. He used to lie for hours watching it, and wandering if it was not fresh from Heaven, "strained out somehow through the sky."

You may think it strange that a boy like Bangs, who was fighting and swearing every day, should think of such a thing, but he did, and in a way unknown to himself took comfort in it. The way he happened to know anything at all about Heaven was that he went to mission-school.

He and many other Rag Alley boys attended. It was the best fun they had; they wouldn't have missed it for anything. The people there were kind to them, gave them books, papers, and good things. But how the boys did act! Their nice young-lady teachers would shake their heads and say: "Boys, don't you know that's very naughty!" Then the boys would see them laugh behind their handkerchiefs, and look at one another. So they concluded it was rather expected that they would be naughty, and took care never to disappoint. Nevertheless, the boys got good out of it. And as I tell you, when Bangs found himself in bed watching the starlight, all he had learned would come to him, and he would lie and think until he went to sleep.

On Christmas they had a tree—a huge one, covered with tapers and laden with presents. When the teachers were making their arrangements, Bangs's teacher, a pretty young lady named Clara, was tying wreaths with a young doctor, and was so busy with her work, and scolding the doctor, whose clumsy fingers were always in the way, that when she gave the names of her class, she didn't pay much attention, and they got Bangs down as Jenny Bangs, when really his name was Jemmy. So, when the night came, and the boys with clean faces, at last were ranged in their seats and behaving really just as well as they knew how, listening for their names to be called, Bangs was among the rest, wondering which of all those pretty things were to belong to him. Finally he heard "Jenny Bangs." Everybody looked. Bangs sat still, though it was his class which was being called.

"Jenny Bangs!"

The boys began to giggle.

Miss Clara ran to the superintendent nd whispered something.

"James Bangs."

"Ye a'n't a gal after all. Be you, old fellow?"

"Jenny, how are you?"

"Bangs, wasn't you feared you'd have to put on petticuts?"

Every boy had something to say. But Bangs stood up gravely, and oh! when the present was found, what should it be but a doll—a beauty of a thing in silk and lace!

Bangs colored, the superintendent stopped, and the boys screamed.

"No use, Bangs; pants won't save you!"

"Take your gal, Bangs."

"Ye're purwided with soon—hey, Bangs?"

Bangs turned round and gave them such a look, and then said to the puzzled young lady who had approached him with the doll:

"I'll take her ma'am; she's a beauty, and tankey."

Bangs sat a moment amid jeers of the boys; and then, holding the doll in one hand, he kicked two or three, got a handful of hair out of one head, and was preparing further to distribute his attentions when some of the young gentleman teachers rushed in and Miss Clara bent over him.

"Don't Jemmy! You'll make these people think you have a very bad teacher."

Bangs sat down then, and didn't speak another word, though the boys whispered all the provoking things they knew so well how to say.

That night Bangs carried his doll carefully home. "Clara," he called her to himself, and when he went to bed, laid her carefully down by him, until morning, when he could find a place to hide her.

Then he watched the starlight and thought and thought.

"It'll be purty nice to have Clara here. Somethin' clean, like other people. I don't believe there wuz ever a clean thing up these stairs afore," Jings, but won't she be somethin' to come home to, if granny don't find her! I'll never dare to leave her lyin' round promiscus. But it'll be lonesome for her, days. I'll have to fix her in bed. She'll think she's sleepin.' I'll git a clean piece of white stuff. A lady like her ought to have a decent bed."

Then Bangs reached out for her, and by the starlight inspected her again, smoothed out her dress, and took her curls tenderly in his finger, saying under his breath, "Real ones. Hi! That's a good one. Just like Miss Clara's." Bangs chuckled a good while over this discovery, then examined her fingers, her boots, each article of dress, looked into her round rosy face, then raised it to his lips.

"No, golly! Bangs a'n't no such a spoony," and he took her down and reverently placed her on his pillow, his face blushing at his soft-heartedness.

The next morning before his granny was astir, he had placed Clara in a fe place, and as clean a one as he could find, and was off to see what the day had in store.

How Bangs did work! He swept crossings, ran of errands, held horses. Wherever a penny could be turned, Bangs turned it, never once taking time to fight during the day, and passing his cronies with a careless word or two. When evening came, he had some very small change and a dirty ten-cent note. Bangs regarded this as a mine of wealth. Going up to one of the city hydrants, he washed his face and hands with great care, finally dashing the water over his hair and combing it with his fingers.

"Purty clean thing! It'll never do to go home to her dirty."

The toilet made, Bangs went into a little corner store and bought a half-yard of cotton cloth, and tore it in two.

"Got any spare box, missus? I'd like to buy one."

After some deliberation he selected a good-sized box, put in the muslin, and went home earlier than he had been known to do in many a month. Fortunately granny was out, gossiping. So Bangs drew Clara from her hiding-place, first looking to see if his hands were still clean, and spreading the cotton over his arm, sat down on a stool in perfect content.

"Clara, I've brought you a box to live in, you purty thing, and I've brought you some clean sheets too. How could a lady like you stand granny's mussy ways? Now, you set there, and I'll make your bed."

He hunted around among granny's rags, got the cleanest, and wrapped one piece of the cotton around them, placed the bed in the box.

"Now I guess you'll sleep better."

Granny's step being heard, he covered up the box and hid it under the clothes."

Bangs's whole existence seemed devoted to the doll. Clara became to him a real being. He used to keep himself neat for Clara. He came home early to be with Clara. He behaved himself during the day because he thought of Clara, for Clara was a lady. Every shell, beautiful leaf, bit of colored glass or ribbon he found, was treasured for Clara, until her box became a perfect museum. The boys thought Bangs was growing "orful stupid," and called him "Young Men's Christian Association." But Bangs didn't mind them a bit. He worked harder than ever, and was happier than ever.

One day his granny was carried into the house by two policemen. She had fallen in the street, and had strength only to tell them where to take her. Bangs never heard her voice again in kindness or in wrath. He watched her all that night, as she lay in a heavy stupor on the wretched bed in the corner. In the morning he ran to the Mission for Miss Clara. When they reached the garret together, the poor old creature was gone. Bangs felt as he had never felt before, while he stood there thinking of her wretched like and darkened death.

The next day the overseer of the poor attended to her burial. When it was over, Bangs stole to his old corner of the garret and lifted Clara from her hiding-place.

"Clara," he whispered, "granny is dead. Where shall we go? This is no place for a lady like you. I think if we went away, Clara, I could grow to be good and decent."

"Come, then, and try."

Hearing the voice, he looked up.

"O teacher! is that you? Clara and me were just talkin' about goin' off somewhere, and workin', and tryin' if I couldn't get to be a decenter chap. She seems to take to it, miss; and as for me, do you know teacher, I've been thinkin' of late, as how 'taint no way to do to be fightin' and knockin' about? If Clara'd bin here a year ago, I might have helped poor granny to get along better. She's gentle and ladysome in her ways, Clara is."

Some persons would have thought Bangs was crazy, but Miss Clara knew better.

Perhaps it was the kind teacher, or her brother who took him into his workshop, perhaps it was the "ladysome" doll, perhaps it was the mission school, and its lessons, or, more than all, the Help that came when Bangs learned to ask for it. Whatever it was, not a happier, steadier fellow h an Bangs can be found in the great city to-day.

He is almost a man now, but Clara, grown no larger, lies in her box still, pretty and fresh as ever.

"There's no knowing," Bangs says, "but what some day I may have a little girl of my own, and then, if she's good enough and smart enough and genteel enough and Christian enough, there's no telling but she'll find Clara sitting under a sparkling tree on some fine morning, wishing her a merry Christmas."

Who Wants to Marry Chadbrand?

The following advertisement, taken from the files of a London (Canada) paper, is copied gratuitously: Wife—A Bride Wanted—A preacher, 30 years of age, who has traveled six years in the Lord's vineyard with an eye single to His glory—well recommended for his faithfulness and truth—desires to marry a good lady who has talent and ability to assist the cause, a gift to sing, able to weigh an argument, and some skill in presenting it by talking and writing, and worth $2,000. None need apply without reciprocating frankness and sincerity, and give sufficient guarantee of the above qualities; photograph, age, etc., stating whether settled or unsettled in religious belief. But doctrinal ideas nor perfection will be the test, though candor, amiability, and opportunities, influences, and circumstances of past life will be considered. Also, it will be necessary to give some reason of the hope that is within, and show willingness hereafter to unite whole soul in the work of righteousness, with resignation to the will of God, show a seeking to walk according to His word, and a true desire to know what God requires. Any who would fill the bill please address, etc.

THAT languid, helpless, sallow-complexioned woman must use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It is exactly what you want to vitalize, purify, and enrich your blood and give your back the bloom of health again. Dr. J. H. McLean's office, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

A revolution has broken out in San Domingo, but for the sake of history it should be stated that it is not the same one that broke out last week. That one was captured and put in the lock-up before the new one was fairly started.

The Banks in the Courts.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has just decided that any national bank that charges a rate of interest that is usurious in the State where it is situated must forfeit the entire interest, and may be compelled to pay the person overcharged a penalty of double the interest that has been paid, provided it be sued for within two years. A suit brought against the Ocean bank of New York, by a depositor who had lost some valuables by the burglary several years ago, has been decided in the bank's favor, but a new trial has been granted. The judge instructed the jury that the bank was not responsible if the officers employed trustworthy servants and instructed them properly, and on these instructions the jury found for the bank. The judge who granted the motion for a new trial took the opposite ground that "the negligence of an employe within the scope of his duty is the negligence of the employer," and this seems to be the better law.

Would Lie for Two Bottles.

From the Bendigo Advertiser.

During an examination of an aboriginal witness in a case tried at Inglewood lately, some amusement was caused by Mr. Lamont, who appeared for the defence. The witness was not thought to be a reliable one, and the following characteristic dialogue took place between the counsel and the black fellow, Mickey. Mr. Lamont: "You wouldn't tell a lie!" Mickey: "No; mine no tell him lie." Mr. Lamont: "Not for a nobler!" Mickey: "No, not for a nobler." Mr. Lamont: "Two noblers?" Mickey: "No!" (emphatically.) Mr. Lamont: "Three noblers?" Mickey: "No! no!" (with great emphasis.) Mr. Lamont: "One bottle?" Mickey; "No," (the emphasis all gone.) Mr. Lamont: "For two bottles? Now mind! for two bottles?" Mickey: "Yes, mine tink I tell him lie for two bottles." Amid considerable merriment the witness was ordered to stand down.

Lost His Bet.

From the Milwaukee Seebote.

Yesterday afternoon a lady dragged two traveling-bags up West Water street. She appeared to be suffering from the effects of the cold temperature of the weather and her features indicated that she was in a very disagreeable frame of mind. On reaching Spring street, she met a man coming around the corner with his overcoat carefully buttoned up and with a fifteen-cent cigar in his mouth.

"You miserably wretch," was her greeting, as she dropped the traveling-bags.

"Have you really come home?" said he, smilingly.

"Yes, I've come home—and why didn't you call for me at the depot?—I telegraphed to you, didn't I?"

"Yes, but who can believe the telegraph? To-day it says Tilden is elected and to-morrow that Hayes is elected, and day after to-morrow it leaves the people in doubt as to which of the candidates is elected. For this reason I could not believe the dispatch that you were coming, and I bet four silk hats that you would not be here. Now, I've lost them."

A Camden paper tells this pretty story: They were in town the other evening, enjoying each other's society and exchanging cuds of gum with each other. "Jerusha, where'd you git your gum? your'n's sweeter than mine," said he; and as she told him where she made her purchase, he exclaimed, "By jinks! that's where I got mine, too; but"—he added, in a lover's passionate tone—"It's cause you've chewed it's what makes it so good."

Whether for use on man or beast, Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land. We know of no proprietary medicine or article now used in the United States which shares the good will of the people to a greater degree than this. Yellow wrapper for animal, and white for human flesh.—N. Y. Independent.

A lawyer and a parson were discussing about which way the wind was. The former said, "We go by the court-house vane." "And we," replied the parson, "go by the church vane." "Well," said the lawyer, "in the matter of wind, that is the best authority!" And the parson went home to cogitate.

Persons who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment mixed in a little cold water, well-sweetened.

Every farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. One dollar's worth will save at least a half ton of hay.

HELP FOR "HARD TIMES."—Read the advertisement elsewhere on this subject. You cannot expend a small sum just now better, than to get the help there offered.

HOUSE FARM & GARDEN.

Selected Recipes.

Roast Goose, German Mode.—Rub the goose over night with salt, pepper, sage, thyme, and sweet marjoram, inside and out; in the morning prepare the dressing as follows:—A large handful of stoned raisins and Zante currants to bread-crumbs, a couple of sour apples chopped fine, and one mealy potato, with butter mixed in, and all well rolled together; but put no spice in the dressing. For the gravy, boil the giblets in a little water, and mash the liver in a spoonful of flour, chop the gizzard, stir these in the liquid they were boiled in, add it to the gravy in the dripping pan, sprinkle in a little thymo, sage, and sweet marjoram, and it is done. Serve the gravy separately. When the goose is cooked and served, garnish it with sliced lemons, and a few sprigs of green parsley.

Roast Goose.—Make a dressing of two ounces of onions, an ounce of green sage chopped fine, a coffee cup of bread crumbs, a little pepper, salt, and the yelks of two eggs; do not quite fill the goose, but leave room to swell. Roast two hours and serve with gravy, and apple sauce.

Boiled Goose.—Dress and singe it, put it in a deep dish, and cover it with boiling milk and leave it over night. In the morning wash off the milk, and put the goose into cold water on the fire; when boiling hot take it off, wash it in warm water, and dry with a cloth. This process takes out the oil. Fill the body with a dressing of bread crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt, butter, and two chopped onions if relished, and a little sage. Put the goose into cold water and boil gently until tender. Serve with giblet sauce, and with pickles, or acid jellies.

Roast Pig.—With a small sharp knife, take out the eyes and tongue, cut off the feet, trim the ears, and clean it both inside and outside thoroughly. Then wash well through several waters, and dry it with a clean towel. Rub it inside and out with salt and pepper. Make a stuffing, with six powdered soda-crackers, one tablespoonful of sage, two of summer savory, one chopped onion, half a pint of rich milk, (cream is better) two eggs, with pepper and salt. Mix these together and stew about fifteen minutes. Fill the pig with the stuffing and skewer closely. Put the pig to roast, with a pint of water, and a little salt. Let it roast gradually; and in order to make it brown nicely, rub butter over the pig. Baste frequently with the drippings while roasting. Boil the liver and heart, chop fine, and add them to the water in the dripping-pan to form the gravy.

Roast Pork.—For roast pork make a stuffing as for roast pig. Take the leg of pork, of seven or eight pounds in weight, and raise the skin off the knuckle, and put in the stuffing; then make deep cuts in the thick part of the leg, and fill them. It must be floured over, and a pint of water put in the pan. While roasting, baste it often with the drippings. Cook about three hours and a half. Skim some of the last fat from the gravy, add a little flour, and let it boil up. Serve in a sauce tureen.

Spare Rib of Pork.—Wash and dry your spare rib, and season it with salt, pepper and powdered sage. Put it in a pan and set it in a moderate oven. Baste it well while roasting. Serve it with egg sauce or white sauce.

Selecting Dairy Cows.

A good constitution is important. This may be judged of by the lustre of the hair and the brilliancy of the eyes and horns. Constitution depends mostly on the heart and lungs, the size of which may be determined by the depth and breadth of the thorax. They should have a good development, enough to secure health and vigor, but the lungs, in particular, should not be excessively large. When very large, they burn up, by increased respiration, the fat-forming material. By the extraordinary energy they create, they induce unusual exercise and motion, which make a rapid waste of tissue and a rapid assimilation to repair it, and thus divert nutriment from producing milk. If too small, the animal may be an excellent milker while she lives, but will be feeble and short-lived.

The capacity of the lungs correspond with the size of the aperatures, through which they are filled. Large, open nostrils indicate large lungs, and vice versa. In the same way, the indication of the mouth correspond with the size of the stomach.

The chine is regarded as an index to milking capacity. When it is double, it denotes breath of vertebræ, which corresponds with the broad, open structure which is favorable to a large flow.

It is an accompaniment of broad hips, and these in turn denote a large cavity, which is essential to good milkers.

The milk mirror, or escutcheon of Guenon, is one of the leading indications of milking capacity. It consists of the peculiar appearance of the hair on the udder.

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