THOMAS COUNTY CA.

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COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS

THE DREAM.

I vas schleepin' in der nide-dimes,
Mit mine vace durned to the toor,
Und I treamt dot Gretchen enderdt—
She vat vas mine vife pefore—
Gretchen mit her piue eyes holdtin'
Alt der oldt luf-lide of yore.

Und she gam oup close peside me,
Buts her handt town on mine hedt—
Leedle glingin', soft, varm vingers,
Dot pelong now to der dedt.
Ach, I lisdendt mit some hart akes
To der dender vordts she sedt.

"Fritz," she visperdt, "I vas lonely!
Dake me pack von leedle v le,
Led me veel your arm uaressin',
Hear your voice, und see you smile;
Vor I lufs you shust as druly,
As in tays ad Badenvei le."

Den ubon mine geek so vithered,
Quick she ia dt vom lufing kiss,
unet mor', I vas yung und dwendy,
Alt mine lie tilt oup mit bliss.
I vorgodt ve vas barded,
Und dose handts und libs I miss.

Ach, I quickly trew her to me,
Gryin': "Gretchen, vate vor me.
Darry dill I too vas retty,
Und ve poth vill gross Gott's sea,
Ve vili haf no pitter bardings,
In dot City of der Free."

Put mine swede vife-angel vanisht,
Und dose habby tream vas done,
Vide avake I lays mit dinkings,
Dill comes oudt der morn n' sun.
Gretchen vates vor me oup yonder,
Und mine journeys vas pecun.

* * * * * *

Fordy yeers aeo she lefd me,
Mit vide roses on her prest.
Now oldt Fritz dey sey vas tvin',
Sune he vill go home to rest.
Gretchen ad der gude vill mede me—
Ve vill pe forever piest.

—*Mrs. Findley Braden, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE BARBER'S NEW BOY.

A Few Words of Advice to Him and to Older People.

"Got a new boy in the shop th's week. He's going to learn the trade. Teaching boys the trade is a specialty of mine. I like it, and, though the boys are not so well pleased, I have noticed that they become good workmen and good citizens. When a new boy comes into the shop he is usually dull-witted, slow of thought and action. In most shops he grows duller or is spoiled. The treatment that he receives either makes him a tough or draws all the temper out of him, and makes a good edge impossible. If you have a dull razor you take the best care of it. You nourish its edge and are tender with its temper at the same time that you are spoiling the boy, who ought to be worth a dozen razors. The man who is responsible for the workmanship or character of a growing boy has a mighty big responsibility on his hands, let me tell you. And not one man in a dozen is fit for any such charge, either. I always begin with my boys by giving them good advice in small doses and good example all the while. This reverses the medicine as usually given, and I have seen men who ladled out advice by the quart bottle, with never a spoonful of the other.

"'Jimmy,' says I to my new boy the first day he came into the shop, 'Jimmy,' says I, 'you are going to be a barber. It is a noble trade, since it makes men fairer and cleaner, increases their self-esteem, and assists them in being gentle and refined. Don't be ashamed of you trade, Jimmy, because you have to serve other men. Every man is somebody else's servant. Please your master and yourself by pleasing others. Don't think that men will not discover your fault if you slight your work. Nine men out of ten carry a pocket mirror, and they use it frequently, especially after visiting the barber. And while you are increasing the self esteem of others, don't forget yourself. Great men are always pleased with themselves. Be proud enough to take your own judgment on yourself, and not the world's. To yourself you are the world, while to the world you are a little speck. Be modest, especially as to trivialities and with trivial people. But don't be modest all the time—chronic modesty is worse than the liver complaint for shriveling a man up so that nobody can see him. Be sure you know your rights in this world, and, knowing them, don't be afraid sometimes to give them up. If a tough wants the whole of the sidewalk pass him on the inside, with your shoulder thrown well forward and your legs well under you; but gentlemen do not sit in horse cars where ladies, lame or elderly people are standing, even if they have paid five cents for the right. If a man accidentally jostles you on the street do not frown. If you smile he may apologize or follow you into the shop for a shave. Always give a lady room to pass, especially if she carries an umbrella. Do not hit the nose of the horse which trots upon the crossing and nearly knocks you down. The driver's nose is the thing to hit. Don't waste your pity on a homely woman, as the chances are she needs no sympathy. If well dressed she is happy, and if not well dressed she is strong-minded. If you make remarks about passing people be sure you do not call a woman a hustler. A man will feel flattered by the term. You may call him a sly dog, and he will buy you a cigar, but if you tell him he is a little puppy he will want to kill you.

"'And Jimmy,' I went on, 'you must be observing at your work. A perfect barber is a diplomat, a companion, a workman, an actor and a gentleman. Keep your razors sharp rather than your tongue. Remember that speech is a silver dollar, while silence is old greenbacks. Make friends with all men, but watch your razors as they pass out. Give advice only to customers whom you do not want to see again. In talking as well as in shaving be careful not to rip up old sores. Don't stroke a cat the wrong way unless you do it with your foot. Don't let the man who has many friends get in your debt for more than three shaves. Never convince a good customer that he is mistaken about anything. Learn the value of kindliness and self-denial. One day a good young gentleman who was next kindly kept his seat and permitted an old man to take his turn. The barber's foot slipped and cut the old gentleman's lip into a Cape Cod. Be cautious, too. Ask a man ten times how he wants his hair trimmed—you can cut it but once. If you would be a brilliant conversationalist and acquire reputation as a wit learn to listen constantly and laugh in the right place. Never undeceive a customer when he thinks he had said a good thing. You can afford to laugh heartily at an old joke. Laughter is cheap medicine, and in some kinds of business it draws like a mustard plaster or an advertisement. To him who is aching to tell all he knows everybody seems to talk too much. If you can't beat a man at an argument call him a crank. But don't argue. When a man argues his brain all rushes to one side of his head, and the contrary side at that. A man was never convinced of anything by argument excepting of his own cleverness and t'other fellow's stupidity. Men change their politics and their beliefs only as they do their shirts—when they are alone. The man who talks much and easily may seem to be the smartest, but about the time he gets tired the man who has been lying back in the chair thinking puts in a few words that knock the other man out. Education is a good thing, but too often it is a mere sugar coating to hide ignorance. The best education is that which teaches a man how little he knows of the much there is to learn and shows him the way to think. The educated man is an amateur, while the thinker is a professional.

"'Jimmy,' says I, 'when you want to flatter an intelligent man you must be very careful. It is a delicate operation, and your flattery must be administered as cautiously as your father is. Every man likes a little soft soap if you keep it out of his eyes. You can always flatter a man by intimating that he is handsome. Every man will believe you, for no man knows whether he is good-looking or not. A large majority of men, however, have a suspicion that they are. It is different with a woman. She knows all about it, and if not careful in trying to compliment her you will make yourself ridiculous in her eyes. It is always safe to admire her clothes. Be a politician only for an hour every election day. The man who spends most of his time trying to get an office is usually good for nothing else, and not often for that. The cheapest man on earth is the office-seeker. He feeds himself with hope on a fork and thinks he is getting fat. Be ambitious, but remember that man has no wings. He is a crawling animal, and the baby that walks before it creeps grows up so bow-legged that even if bounding luck ever comes his way it slips through and one is charged against him in the error column.

"'And remember, Jimmy,' says I, 'that you will do well to have good habits yourself. Many good men have bad habits, and the man outwardly perfect is likely to have dry rot within. The prettiest apple usually contains the worm, and the most brilliant electric light may shine in front of the toughest saloon, but as a rule the man with good habits is a safe one to tie to. You always have more confidence in a horse standing without hitching if he has never run away or kicked out a dashboard, and the horse that has played those pranks must always be watched. It is the same with a man. If you have bad habits remember that the greatest reformer the world ever saw reformed only one person—himself. This is a practical age, and the man who wields a razor artistically is more assured of a livelihood than the artist with his brush. Misery and happiness are home-made articles. You have made your future if you are content, though too often blessings, like liberal customers, are never appreciated until just as they are ready to go away. Always take a sure thing, if it is a good thing and therefore make the most of this life, because it is the only one any man was ever sure of. Make the most of it by living as long and happily and healthfully as possible. To do this drink to nobody's long life and prosperity, and let nobody drink to yours; be temperate, cheerful, generous and just. Don't gossip about your fellow workmen, or be jealous of them. Don't imagine them to be trying to do you injury and whine about it to others. If you do you may lose some of your best friends. Female gossips may be tolerated—male gossips never.

"'Judge men generously, Jimmy. Look for their best, not their worst, and learn to average 'em. Every man has his average. Jails are full of men whom society wouldn't average, but took in at their minimum. The world is full of spoiled children who were not averaged by their parents. Do not judge by appearances. The customer who wears the best clothes may stand in most need of a bath. The bald-headed man with the baby-like head may not be childishly innocent. Do not deposit your savings with a bank whose cashier dyes his mustache. Young roues talk of vice—old ones of virtue, though love, tight boots, a stubby beard and a vulgar mind can not long be hid.

"'And Jimmy,' I says in conclusion, says I, 'be charitable. If a poor broke comes in do not give him money to buy liquor with—give him a shave and throw in a bath. They may save his soul.'

"I think Jimmy will make a good boy. I know he will if he follows my advice. Your hair is just in style now, sir; red is all the go. A little of the tonic?"—*Chicago Herald.*

Overworked Menials.

A rather good-looking cook was hired out in the family of a wealthy man living in Dallas, Tex. One day her employer put his arm around her and kissed her, whereupon she dropped a courtesy and said, modestly:

"Don't put yourself to so much trouble. In all the other places where I've been the coachman had to attend to that, but perhaps he is kept busy here kissing the lady of the house."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A troupe of performing Arabs with a trained bear recently visited Troy, N. Y., and the *Times* of that city says that when one of the troupe died the body was cut up and fed to the bear

A STATELY CEREMONY.

How the Doors of the Famous London "Tower" Are Locked.

Excess of ceremony was the old expedient for making power venerable. In these more practical days it oftener makes power ridiculous. A good deal of form and etiquette, however, are doubtless necessary in official places; at all events there is likely to be a good deal, especially under Imperial governments—and the poor fellows who hold the places, and whose duties are chiefly traditional, must do *something* to earn their salary. It is no very great affair for a smart man or boy to lock the doors of a building, but the Government of England makes a very solemn and deliberate job of it. Large bodies move slowly.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled, and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being reopened till the appointed hour the next morning. The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve—the head warden (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother-warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house and calls out, in a loud voice:

"Escort keys!"

At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out, and follows him to the "Spur," an outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass the post:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

The gates being carefully locked and barred—the warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before.

Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then exclaims:

"God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutly respond:

"Amen."

The officer on duty gives the word:

"Present arms!"

The firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman porter marches majestically across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses. All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was carried about when the White Tower was on fire.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHANGE OF BARBERING.

Customers Practice Studied Neglect, and Anybody Can Be a Barber Now.

"Do you want your hair dressed?" asked a barber on Broadway a day or two ago after he had finished showing his customer.

"Yes, of course," said the customer.

"You will excuse me for asking," said the barber, "but I suppose you know the style has changed now, so that the barbering business ain't what it was by about eight hundred per cent. Our swell customers don't have their hair dressed at all. They simply run a comb through it, make a half-way part, and let it lie as it will. It looks kinder careless and distinguished, you know, and not as though gotten up for the occasion. A few of our customers have their hair brushed dry and parted accurately, but they are in a very small minority. As for oil, we no longer keep it in the shop, though we have a little grease constantly on hand for the old-fashioned customers who like it. As near as I can understand from what our swell customers say, they hate to smell as if they'd come from a barber shop. A good many club men who come here just have the razor passed over the face once, and do not have bay rum put on the chin or on the hair. It looks pretty well, too, to my mind, because people wear their hair cut short now, and if the hair is cut short and allowed to grow as it will, it is apt to give the appearance of the head a better outline than if the hair is oiled and plastered down solidly.

"It is the same way with men who wear beards. Only a few years ago customers always had a little something put on their beards to make them stay right, and they took kindly to a spray of perfume after the work was done. Nothing of that sort goes now, however. Beards are usually trimmed close and brushed dry. It's a big difference from what it was when I went into the business. At that time customers kept bottles of lavender water at the shop, used grease, cosmetics and coloring matter, insisted on being shaved close to the chin, and when they went out of the shop and walked abroad anybody knew where they'd been if he didn't come within ten feet of them. Any man could be a barber nowadays; but it took an artist to arrive at any eminence in his profession when I started in."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"An emeute is looked for in Madrid," says a recent cablegram. We had one, too, the other day, but the cook worked out before we were ready to use it. It ought to have had a little sugar in it anyhow.—*Newman Independent.*

RICH FOOD.

Why It Is Not as Nourishing as Plain and Simple Articles.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more absurd idea, in the matter of food, than to suppose that rich dishes, as they are generally regarded, are particularly nourishing. Indeed, they are less so than the more usual, plain and simple articles, while they are generally objectionable on account of their lack of an average nourishment, their complication and their acknowledged indigestibility. It is as great an absurdity to suppose that the amount of strength received from our food depends as much on the amount eaten as on the portion of it actually digested, made a part of the body by assimilation. Indeed it is possible to nearly starve from excess in eating, taking that which can not be appropriated, so taxing the stomach that it will become unable to digest but a small part of the food eaten, while the unavailing effort to do this wastes more force, more actual strength than partially digested food is able to furnish.

What is rich food? The supposed richness is due to the spices, dried and indigestible fruits, the butter, lard, sugar, etc., added to the more common and substantial articles of diet, none of which contain any special nourishment. The spices contain no real nutritive value, all things considered, while the lard, butter, grease in general, are simply "heaters," furnishing animal heat, directly, making no muscle, giving no strength. While the spices irritate the mucous surface, in a certain sense arousing activity, they give no strength, but in reality waste vital force. The lard is a "vile compound" of filth and disease, affording heat, but, far too often at a time when it is not needed, in the hot weather, while there are other heaters far less objectionable, as the sweets and starches with the vegetable oils, not thus contaminated and diseased, not as difficult of digestion.

It follows that a plain piece of bread, containing the true elements of nutrition not only has more nourishment, pound for pound, than the rich cake, with the grease and spice additions, but the complex nature of the cake, the wasting irritation of the spices, its indigestibility, etc., render it far less available for nourishment. But a slight examination of the processes of nature, the few actual elements to be found, the simplicity in the fertilizing articles which sustain the vegetable world, and the food, the animal creation, mainly four, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, three of them gases, with slight additions of what may be regarded as accidental elements, relatively unessential, we may learn, will naturally teach us important lessons the idea of simplicity and wholesomeness. To take four constituents from the mince-pie, omitting nearly twenty, will afford more real nourishment with far greater digestibility. These principles apply with special force in hot weather, when the digestion is usually impaired, diminished in power, and when the irritants and heaters of rich food are not appropriate.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

TONS OF MONEY.

How Huge Sums Are Carted Through the Streets of the Capital.

There is always a good deal of hard cash being carted about the streets at Washington. Money is hauled about the streets of the National capital by the millions every day in the year. Boxes and bags of gold and silver, huge bales of bonds and treasury notes, and wagon loads of silver dollars. If you only had what is hauled about for one day, and you wouldn't have to pick your day (exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays) you would be several times over a millionaire. On some days the money-changing is greater than on others, but the same ceaseless carting up and down, to and from the Treasury doors, of hard cash goes on. Big express wagons are always backed up at the eastern front, and the crashing and mashing of the heavy iron-bound boxes and road-safes upon the massive platform resound from morning till night. The rolling of the iron trucks transferring these boxes to and from the great vaults can be heard all over the building. People get used to most anything except starvation; so they grow accustomed to this daily shuffling and smashing noise. We who have dodged the boxes and wagons for years only notice them as a nuisance, while strangers do not understand what it all means. Even Treasury officials forget all about it. For instance, the other day when steamers arrived at the navy-yard with silver dollars from New Orleans, the Treasurer of the United States suggested a guard of four armed marines with each wagon-load from the boats to the Treasury.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Superintendent of Adams Express Company, "we handle ten times as much money as is contained in a wagon-load of silver a dozen times a day, and often in packages which could be carried away by one man!"

To see one of the heaviest Adams trucks loaded with $60,000, in silver dollars, drawn slowly up Pennsylvania avenue is to appreciate the humor of the marines. The boxes are piled up half way to the level with the wagon side. Each one contains but $4,000, and yet weighs about 275 pounds. Did you ever lift 1,000 silver dollars? Well, I have lifted a sack containing that much, and I should not carry it very far for it. On top of this load sits a Treasury clerk, armed to the teeth, with a sun umbrella. Nobody envies him up there on his borrowed wealth. No mob of road agents would care to lug off a box of 275 pounds worth but $4,000. It takes four men to carry a single box, and they could never get away with four days' start.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

—A philanthropic inventor has devised a steam whistle which produces, instead of the ordinary shriek, a musical chord composed of the first, third and fifth tones of the musical scale, the effect being entirely agreeable. It remains, however, to be determined whether or not it will be as useful as the old whistle in scaring cattle from the track.—*Current.*

A CASE OF TOOTHACHE.

The Tale of a Sufferer Who Wishes to Know Whether He Is the Tooth or the Other Fellow.

Reader, did you ever have the toothache until your bundle grew too heavy for your weary soul, and you would gladly tumble over by the wayside and kick off this mortal coil?

Ah, ha! methinks I did, and as far as my experience goes I did not like it.

One night not long since I was suddenly roused from a pleasant nightmare (where I was a captive held by two parties of Indians that were drawing cuts to determine whether they would have me boiled or stuck on a stick and roasted whole over the fire) to surprised activity. By my dreaming I suddenly changed to a fish, and some one in their reckless hurry to string me, jammed a wire up through my gill, into my eye. That brought me to. While I lay wondering whether I had been blown up on a steamboat, carried away by a cyclone, or had on roller skates, it took me again. Gentle reader, I have been a traveling man; I have been run over by the cars, and never dented; I have tampered with the deadly mule; I have monkeyed with the buzz saw while in motion—but when that was sprung on me, I came very near fainting. With one wild, blood-curdling whoop I cleaved the air like a skyrocket. When I came down I lit on the water-pitcher and smashed it. And when I felt a pool on the floor I thought it was my life's blood. Then I arranged myself that I might look well as a corpse.

Just then my wife began to show symptoms of life. Presently I heard her gentle voice calling:

"Arthur, Ar—thur, where are you?"

"Here I am, dead, weltering in my gore."

With a very creditable scream she flopped out of bed, and started for matches to light the gas. Unfortunately I obstructed her passage, and just as she fell over me seventy-six of those infernal death-dealers lit in my jaw all in a flock.

I would be pleased to present to your notice the fact that I jumped, hopped, screamed and said some very ancient names over, numerous times.

My wife, thinking some deadly foe was grappling with me, made fruitless efforts to shoot me with a press-board. But, finding this effort unsuccessful, she changed her mode of warfare, and hit me over the head with it.

"For Heaven's sake, strike a light," I gasped, and while she tremblingly lit the gas, I danced around on one foot, endeavoring with both hands to keep the top of my head from getting away.

When the light dawned on this interesting scene she managed to understand that I was afflicted with the toothache.

"Why, Arthur dear, why didn't you say it was your tooth?"

"Haven't I been yelling the news for the last hour, more or less? Now, I suppose, you intend to let me die right here in my tracks." Just then it smote me a stab that made me snort. I longed to shed this world, but it stuck to me, and so did the toothache.

My wife hurried down stairs and after a very diligent search, found some toothache extinguisher. It seemed as though she applied the remedy with a whitewash brush or window cleaner, at least she had surprising luck in getting it anywhere but in the tooth. It felt decidedly as though she built a bonfire under my chin, boiled my tongue, blistered my nose and allowed all my teeth to escape.

"There, that will do if you please. You may end this celebration. Send John after Dr. Pickette, and we will let him pull it. Tell him to have the doctor bring all his dissecting outfit, meat-saws and bone-hooks. We'll remove the cause or unravel my whole system. In fifteen or twenty minutes the doctor came. Just as quick as the tooth heard him coming in, it stopped aching. But he took a riveting hammer and drummed 'round in my mouth until he located a ripe tooth over in the northeast quarter of section ten, range one, west. Then he armed himself with a grappling hook and quietly invited me to open my mouth. It flew open.

"Not quite so wide, please, I shall work from the outside."

He then lowered down his tackle; I shall always think he fastened to my spine, but he says he didn't. Anyway he picked me up and shook me until with a final flip it pulled out, or rather flew off. Since then I have been spending my time trying to solve the problem of whether I am the tooth or the other fellow.—*Peck's Sun.*

French Jerseys.

There is one house in Paris devoted entirely to the making of "jerseys." If any one wants to know if jerseys are still fashionably worn, it is only necessary to say that three thousand of them were shipped to New York a few days ago, and five hundred to one house in Philadelphia. The building, like many others, is in a court, and bears no exterior sign of being a business house, except the strip of red-velvet carpet which covers the steps. You enter one of several reception rooms, handsomely furnished, and the wide windows of which look out upon a garden like many other Paris houses whose entrance is in a court. The lay figures standing about the room all wear jerseys—jerseys in soft shades, exquisitely braided or embroidered, jerseys with embroidered vests, or vests and high close collars of velvet, jerseys daintily trimmed with innumerable rows of fine gold cord or braid, or jerseys whose merit was in cut, material and finish, the only ornament being the small gold or rosary buttons. The material generally used is a fine, close, yet elastic stockingette, of which also most admirably-fitting riding habits are made; these are the only exceptions to the jersey, and this was first made at the instance of customers, and is rather exceptional and to order. Otherwise the business, the only one of the kind in Paris, is entirely confined to high-class jerseys, not necessarily the most costly or elaborate, but of fine material and perfect fit and workmanship.—*Jenny June, in Chicago Journal.*

—Water is most liable to escape when it is half tide.—*N. Y. News.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Melons do not require frequent change of land, but do require rich soil.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Water in which borax is dissolved is good for the hair, and also to whiten the face and hands.—*Exchange.*

—A Western New York farmer says the red kidney is one of the best beans for profitable field culture, provided it is well cultivated on good land. It wants richness of soil, and won't do on poor.

—One recipe for making a walk that will prove firm and smooth in both wet and dry weather consists in mixing Portland cement one part, ashes two parts; make into a mortar quickly and spread on the path and smooth over with a trowel.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Rendering wood incombustable, according to Prof. Kedzie (good, sound authority), may be accomplished with a wash made of thoroughly skimmed milk, mixed with brine. He says it is durable, cheap, water-proof and good for roofs and outbuildings.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—For apple custard make a custard of four beaten eggs, three pints of milk, one cup of sugar and a little salt. Into this stir one pint of stewed, sweetened and seasoned apples, and bake half an hour in a quick oven. Or, use five eggs (keeping out the white of two, with which frost the top) and brown in the oven. No sauce required.—*Toledo Blade.*

—When coops or runs have plank floors the floor should be covered with soft earth, as it is a good absorbent and will prevent the little chicks from becoming crippled in the feet. Little chicks can not thrive long on a plank floor without earth to absorb the excrement and disease germs. Many old poultrymen have learned this by dear experience.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Cream Puffs: One cup of boiling water poured over a half-cup of butter; let boil a few minutes, then stir in smoothly one cup of flour; when cold add three well beaten eggs; stir until smooth. Bake about twenty minutes in pretty hot oven. They are then to be cut open and filled with cream, same as cream pie. If properly done they will be hollow on being cut open.—*The Household.*

—The lady who asks for a preventive for mold on jellies will find that it will be kept away by following this rule: Pour pure, melted mutton tallow on the top of the jelly, or paraffine will answer the same purpose. Paper dipped in any kind of spirits, or moistened on one side with the white of an egg, will also keep mould away. Jellies should not be kept in a damp place.—*Boston Budget.*

CANE CULTIVATION.

The Advisability of Introducing It Into the Northern States.

It is more than likely that in the years to come the Northern farmers will find it to their interest to cultivate enough cane at least to supply their own household necessities with sirup and do with it as they now and always have done with wheat, take their grist to the mill. The same arguments which are employed to show the impropriety, if not the impossibility, of every woman being her dairymaid and successfully competing with the factory system may be employed here, and with even more force; for there are fewer skilled sirup makers than butter makers, and the machinery is much more costly. It is an easy matter for one to figure on the quantity of cane necessary for his purpose and thus lay in his year's supply at little cost; then will the central factory or mill be able to grind up for fifty with one set of machinery instead of the fifty doing it for themselves, and with a very much better chance of securing a well made article.

Nor is this the only outlook for the successful prosecution of the Northern cane industry, for if the farmer can grow a few acres for his own use he can grow more for sale to the factory. Stripped and topped cane usually sells for about $2.50 per ton at the mill. An acre of cane will produce ten to fifteen tons, and as well a half a ton or more of good dry fodder and from fifteen to thirty bushels of seed of an equal value for feeding purposes with corn. The crop is cultivated precisely as is corn and it is very generally conceded that the seed and fodder are equal in value to the cost of putting in and harvesting the crop, thus leaving the cane at the mill net profit. If then ten tons are produced at $2.50 per ton, we have a net profit of twenty-five dollars to the acre. Those who have experimented with cane cultivation will report, that with proper attention, or that usually given to corn, ten tons may be made as easily as twenty bushels of corn to the acre.

The New Orleans *Sugar Bowl and Farmer* refers to this matter as regards the farmers of the South with the Ribbon cane, and writes as follows:

We are pleased to learn that the low price of sugar has not altogether dispirited small planters, who sell their cane by the ton, nor the buyers thereof. A large quantity of cane is this season being cultivated in that manner, and we learn that as much as four dollars per ton is now being offered for it. There is a fair margin of profit in cane at that price, with present low prices of supplies of all kinds, and we believe another year will see more cane cultivated for central factories than ever hitherto.

One of our valued correspondents thus writes us on this subject:

I see no hope for small planters, except they become willing to sell their cane to the larger and better factories. So many radical changes are necessary to make such a programme general, and remunerative to both parties, that I fear that it will end in the former class either being driven from their lands or turning to other and less fascinating lines of agriculture.

We are glad to know that our friend's fears are groundless. Those who are unable to make the necessary improvements still realize that there is more money in cane than in any other crop, in the long run, where they can find purchasers for their cane, and they will only too gladly sell where offered a fair price rather than lose by defective mills.—*Colman's Rural World.*