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BELLEVUE, BOSSIER PARISH, LOUISIANA.

PLANTATION TOPICS.

WINTERING FOALS.—The season is now approaching when the proper treatment of spring foals, during the winter season, is an important question for the consideration of the breeder, and to this end we suggest the following as embodying the result of long and successful experience: It may be set down as a well-settled point that they should be well-kept and protected from the storms of winter, but this does not imply that they should be constantly housed up and pampered with heated grain. Like all other young and growing animals, they require an abundanee of fresh air and exercise, and should have free opportunity of indulging in the gambols, and frolics, and races to which their nature prompts them, and which is so essential in order to properly distend the lungs, swell the veins, invigorate the entire system, and make a hardy, healthy, active horse.

Give muscle and bone forming food in abundance, but feed corn sparingly, and, if at all, only in the coldest weather. Oats and wheat, bran and grass, and hay in abundance will make the colt grow; and exercise, with protection from severe storms, will keep him healthy. If it is indispensable that he should run out and take all the storms as they come, which, by the way, should never be permitted, give more corn with the feed, as that produces fat, which is a protection from the cold.

Were we to be compelled to choose between the two extremes of close confinement, with high feeding on heating grain, and no exercise, and the other of running at large in fields, exposed to the merciless storms of winter, with free access to the corn-crib, we should unhesitatingly take the latter course as likely to develop the hardier, healthier, stouter horse, because we regard the opportunity for abundant exercise as absolutely essential to a healthy, harmonious, development in all young animals. But generous feeding and secure housing from inclement weather are not incompatible with plenty of exercise, and such a course of treatment will bring the youngsters through the winter in perfect health, with constitution unimpaired, and growth unchecked.—*Wilkes' Spirit.*

A WRITER in the New York Herald states some facts about how horses should be shod, which are worthy the consideration of blacksmiths and farmers as well: Most of the horse-shoers of the country prepare the hoof, fit a shoe, and secure it to the hoof in the same manner that a wood-butcher fits a shoe to an old wood ox-sled. The mechanism of a horse's hoof is one of the most wonderful and ingenious structures that can be found in all the works of the Creator. Beneath and in the rear of every hoof there is a frog, which is a tough and elastic pad for preventing injury to the animal whenever he plants his foot on any hard substance. Large rolls of cylinders of India rubber are placed beneath railroad cars to prevent injury to any part of the car or to the cargo with which it is loaded. The frog beneath the foot of a horse is designed to subserve a similar purpose. But the manner in which most horses are shod lift them up, as it were, on short stilts, so that the frog cannot perform its appropriate functions. If we look carefully at the young horse when he is trotting or running, it will be perceived that every foot is brought down to the ground in such a manner that the frog receives the powerful blow. By this means all injury to the animal is prevented. Science teaches us to permit the frog to develop and expand downward. But most blacksmiths seem to think that the Allwise Creator made a great mistake when he formed the hoofs of horses. Hence, they fall at the frog with red-hot burning irons, with edge tools, and with any other appliance that will enable them to remove this extraneous excrescence. Illustrious ninnies. Why not shave and burn away all the tough, callous adipose tissue beneath their own heels, and allow the bare bones to rest on a plate of iron inside their own boots and shoes?

AT certain towns in Switzerland grapes are grown solely as medicine, and vineyards are put to no other use. Instead of drinking water as in other places, the patient is sent out to eat grapes, and must pick them himself from the vines. Where the doctor ordinarily instructs the patient to drink so many glasses of water, he is here instructed to eat just so many bunches of grapes, and no more. It is assumed to be dangerous to go beyond the doctor's prescription a single grape. As strange as it may appear the invalids experience the best of good effects from the "raisin cure," or at least think that they do, and go away very well satisfied.

Another popular treatment is found at the mud-baths, of Schwaback and other places, where the patients are immersed in soft black mud up to their chin, and remain in the bath for some hours. Most of them have floating tables before them upon which they keep books, cigars, and refreshments, according to the tastes of the patients. After remaining over two or three hours in the mud-bath one is washed off with a hose-pipe and put into a tepid bath. The operation is continued the next morning, and is repeated until the patient is cured or tired.

EGG-PRESERVING PICKLE RECIPE.—An agent of the Rural Press reports the following: Three quarts lime, tablespoonful cream tartar, one cupful salt, and water enough to fill a five-gallon can, after seventeen dozen eggs have been carefully placed within the can. To the water add the other ingredients, stir up well and pour it on the eggs, and keep them in a cool place entirely covered by the pickle. The lady subscriber who furnishes the above keeps her eggs perfectly sweet with the above treatment, and by special request, after writing the above recipe, she boiled me an egg that had been in pickle for four months, and I found it perfectly sweet and free from all shadow of taint or any objection of any kind, and would trust them fully as soon as the freshest eggs in any of our markets. She usually gets the highest price of fresh eggs, and does not sell till they are about fifty cents a dozen.

THE question of establishing the headquarters of the State grange on a farm, and having in connection a school for young farmers, is being received with favor in the State of Indiana. The Indiana Farmer on this subject says: "We should consider that the churches are all getting their schools of learning; the lawyers and doctors have theirs, and the importance of agricultural schools in developing the great principles of agriculture, and of teaching the science, which above all else elevates it and creates a love for it, should not be neglected."

THE SEA MOUSE.—The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under water. It sparkles like a diamond and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not be called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes, and glitter like gold shining through a fleecy down, from which fine, silky bristles wave, that constantly change from one brilliant tint to another so that, as Cuvier, the great naturalist, says, the plumage of the humming bird is not more beautiful.

THERE is no better time than now. Buy such trees as you want, and then heel them into the ground (by covering the roots with soil, and leaving the tops out in a standing position.) Leave them in this manner until the ground is warm in the spring; then, having the ground properly prepared, plant your trees, and they will grow right ahead. Don't plant too early in the spring. Wait till the ground is warm. But have your trees bought and heeled in the ground now, and if not now, very early in the spring.—*Cin. Gazette.*

IN olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat polite. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unravelling. "Grace," said he, "we have been untying knots. Let us see if we can not tie one which will not untie in a life-time." With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfected it and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain.

"FIVE husbands, and a dying to marry again," is the biography of a New Jersey woman.

Children's Rights.

The first right of every child is to be well born; and by this I mean that it has a right to the best conditions, physical, mental and moral, that it is in the power of the parents to secure. Without this the child is defrauded of his rights at the outset, and his life can hardly fail of being a painful protest against broken laws. Centuries of preparation fitted the earth for man's occupancy, hinting thus the grandeur of his destiny, and suggested that in an event of such magnitude as the incarnating of a soul's prevision should be exercised, and all the best conditions secured in aid of a harmonious and happy result. Good health, good habits, sound mentality and reverent love should form the basis of every new life that is involved. The mother who gives herself up to morbid fancies, who considers her health an excuse for petulance and non-exercise of self-control, proves herself unworthy of the holy office of mother, and ought not to be surprised if she reap at a later day the bitterest harvest of her unwise sowing, second in importance to none, as the means of securing the happiness and best good of childhood and youth, is the right to be taught obedience. It is easy to submit to what we know is inevitable, and to the little child the requirement of the parent should be the law without appeal. The tender, immature being, shut in by the unknown, where every relation is a mystery and every advance an experiment, has a right to find itself everywhere sustained and directed by the parent. It should not be tempted to resistance by laws that are imperfectly enforced, nor subjected to the injurious friction of discussion by having a long list of reasons for every requirement. The habit of obedience to the parents may be formed before the child is two years old, and this is a necessary precedent of obedience to law, the next stage of true development. The child has a right to ask questions and to be fairly answered; not to be snubbed as if he were guilty of an impertinence, nor ignored as though his desire for information were of no consequence, nor misled as if it did not signify whether true or false impression were made upon his mind. He has a right to be taught everything which he desires to learn, and so be made certain, when any asked-for information is withheld, that it is only deferred until he is older and better prepared to receive it. Answering a child's question is sowing the seeds of its future character.—*Victoria Magazine.*

Fire Under the Smoke.

The Daily Graphic has this to say of the late election, in Ohio: The Ohio election has blown most of the smoke from the political field. But it leaves the public in a better condition than before to ascertain exactly how much fire there was underneath and where it is located. Those who imagine that this soft-money agitation is purely gratuitous, a mischievous invention of a few uneasy and malignant politicians, are profoundly mistaken. They represent a large and powerful constituency. When over two hundred thousand citizens of one of the most intelligent States in the Union vote against contraction and in favor of a greenback currency, it may be safely assumed that there are plausible if not valid reasons for their course. And it is morally certain that an issue which polls thousands of votes more than were cast at previous elections conducted on the old party grounds is not settled by a paltry majority of 5,000. The financial question which was raised in Ohio is a real and vital one, and will agitate the country till it receives an approximate if not a satisfactory solution in the settled policy of the Government.

There is fire under the smoke. The democratic vote in Ohio expresses a profound dissatisfaction on the part of a large body of the people. And it has a solid reason in the continued hard times which depress trade and lower prices and depreciate values and make everybody feel poor. People out of work and with little to eat, farmers who have no market for their produce, mechanics with nothing to do, manufacturers whose business is at a standstill feel that something is wrong and demand a change of some sort. The constant element in all the democratic speeches was the badness of the times and the necessity of change for their improvement. The diagnosis of the disorder may have been all wrong, but the pain was real; the specific may have been quackery, but the paralysis was there. Then, too, the existing national bank monopoly furnished an unfailing argument for the greenback orators. Here was a real incongruity in our financial system; a vast privilege given to incorporated capital at the expense of the industry and welfare of the country. The people could see at a glance that there is a manifest injustice in taxing the nation some twenty millions a year for the sake of enabling twelve hundred banks to make from twelve to twenty per cent. on their money. The proposed substitute for the national bank system may have been idiotic, but the common sense of the country saw clearly enough that the system is wrong.

With two such solid reasons to back them, and coming within five thousand votes of victory after an excited campaign, it is not probable that this financial agitation will subside as a passing flurry. The Ohio agitators have thrown a great question into the political arena, and there will be no peace until it is settled. The next congress might do much to solve the problem were it to set about the business in downright earnest.

A Forgotten People in the Mountains of North Carolina.

Their history is dramatic and pathetic enough; if we could rob ourselves of the consciousness that they are Indians, we would find it as strange as that of the fight of a Tartar tribe told by DeQuincey. They are a tribe of Cherokees who were not included in the treaties of 1819-36, by which the United States bought the land belonging to the Indians in the south, and gave them in lieu tracts west of the Mississippi. The great body of red men removed, leaving this fragment of a people, numbering about 1,500 souls, still occupying their original territory, a mountainous region called Qualla, watered by the Tuckaseege and Oconalutta rivers in North Carolina. This tribe fell for a whole generation under the absolute control of a single white man, who, we are told, "exercised a dictatorship as unlicensed over them as did Dr. Francia over the half-breeds of Paraguay." This man was the ruler, judge, business agent, religious leader, and in a word master of their souls and bodies. They married, worked, and managed their households wholly according to his order. The man apparently had some refined ideas of mortality, for although he permitted polygamy among them he compelled the whole tribe to sign the pledge, and what is more to keep it. His con science, however, did not hinder him from following the usual course of the white man with the red. In the thirty years in which he ruled them, he managed to possess himself of every foot of the large territory owned by them, and also of additional tracts purchased by the money paid them by government in lieu of that which would have been given them had they gone west. This whole region was held in his name; consequently when his outside speculations failed, it was seized by his creditors, and sold under the hammer. It was the ground on which these Indians had lived since the memory of man, and for every foot of which their money had paid. These Cherokees, too, differ from their western brethren in that they have never made public appeals for aid, have received no help from any religious body, have no missionaries or teachers, and yet have lived peaceable, inoffensive lives, working willingly and hard to better their condition; have built with their own means two churches in which men of their nation preach, and have brought by hard labor ten thousand acres land under cultivation.

The case of swindling was so flagrant that when it was brought into the courts of North Carolina judgment was promptly awarded on behalf of the Indians, and they are now in possession of their homes and land. Justice, it appears, does not wear so thick a bandage in Buncombe county as in Washington. But the probability is, now that they are restored to their rights, that the honest men who aided them to gain them will betake themselves to their own concerns, and the poor Indians become the prey of a dozen speculators instead, as heretofore, of one. They number about 11,000; they are shut in by high mountain ranges and almost impracticable hill roads from the rest of mankind; they are untaught but eager for knowledge and for a place in the unknown world outside. Since the decision in their favor in May last, government agents, traders, and dealers in whisky have become cognizant of their whereabouts, and have penetrated the hitherto untraveled gorges of the Soco and Oconalufta. Unless something is done by better men in their behalf, there is every probability that this people will be driven down the short road to ruin, which the Indians always tread so readily.

PARAGRAPHS OF THE PERIOD

SAYINGS OF DR. JOHNSON.—Getting money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Human moments are stolen away by a thousand petty impediments which leave no trace behind them.

As a man advances in life he gets what is better than admiration—judgment to estimate things at their true value.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean the icicle remained clear, and sparkled in the sun, but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there is always wretchedness.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Jewish Messenger says: The small boy sharpened his pencil and wrote the adventures of the day. The diary was passed around, and we admired the graphic description of sea life couched in sentences like these: "June 13th Very Ruff. June 14th Ruffer to-day. June 16th, To-day we went 91 nots. It is still very ruff. June 17th, There were not many at dinner to-day, and I liked the plums. June 19th, I didn't keep a diary yesterday. Ma said it was the plums. 94 nots to-day."

AN aged colored woman in Galveston, when urged to leave her residence to escape the recent flood, replied: "I jess don't done nothing ob de kind; de good book says dat de world don't get stroyed by water again, an' I'se gwine to stay here suah." In less than two hours the house went to pieces, and Aunty came paddling to shore on a part of the roof. The old woman's faith was somewhat shaken, but all she said as she made her way to the higher ground was, "I jess 'clare to goodness if dis ere isn't 'markable."

IT would be a little funny to see the Russians fooled about Alaska. For some time after the purchase of that territory by the United States government, they used slyly to nudge each other and hint tnat they had got much the better of that bargain; but now, the finding of extensive silver mines is reported there, and if Alaska should develop sources of wealth like Nevada, the fun would not be quite all on the Russian side.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

IN the matter of perseverance the world must learn the lesson from boys. A boy does not sink into despair if the first burr he throws at another boy fails to stick; he keeps on with a steady aim and a stoical indifference to ill-fortune, and though he may have missed his mark a dozen times, he finally succeeds in decorating a pair of trowsers in the most satisfactory manner.

A TEXAS judge is credited with the following neat decision: "The fact is, Jones, the jail is an old rickety affair, as cold as an iron wedge. You applied to this court for release on bail, giving it as your opinion that you would freeze to death there. The weather has not moderated, and to keep you from freezing I will direct the sheriff to hang you at four o'clock this afternoon."