

FARM AND HOME.

Farm Havings.

A NEW use for sorghum seed has been discovered. Glucose can be made from it as well as from corn, and it is estimated that 1,250 pounds can be made from the seed grown on one acre. It is thought that the discovery will, by the added profits arising from the sale of glucose, make the culture of sorghum for sugar a profitable business.

A WRITER in the *Rural World* gives what he believes to be the proper manner of sowing sorgho for forage. He says: "First, the sorgho seed, about one and one-half bushels to the acre. Cut with a side-delivery reaper. Let the gavel lay about twelve hours, then turn to cure on the other side, after they can be bound and shocked, and, after standing in shock about ten days to two weeks, stack for winter use." The above method, so far as curing is concerned, will recommend itself to farmers who have in view the building of silos for preserving fodder. Of course, when cut and cured, it will be necessary to remove the product at once to the pits.

PROFIT IN ONIONS.—More money can be realized from a given amount of land in onions, taken one season with another, than from any other crop that can be raised. A large amount of hand labor is required, however, to produce the crop, which must be put in very early. The labor of old persons and children can be utilized to good advantage in raising onions, as most of the work required is light. The best land for onions is black muck containing a good deal of loam. The manure should be the most thoroughly rotted part from the farm-yard. Too much manure cannot be used. It should be well mixed with the soil, say by spreading, turning under and cross-harrowing. This should be done in the fall to secure the best results. In the spring the ground should be cultivated and harrowed till it is as fine as it can be made. Then the onion seed should be drilled in rows fourteen inches apart. It will take four or five pounds of seed to the acre. As good varieties as any are yellow Danvers, red Wethersfield and silverskin. The latter are not good keepers but sell well. As soon as the young onions appear they should be hoed or cultivated. The great secret in growing onions is to keep them free from weeds. Therefore, hoe or cultivate frequently, though no weeds may at that moment be above the surface. When the onions are ripe they should be pulled and left on the ground till the tops are dry; then they are gathered up and bagged for market.—*Chicago Times*.

FARM LAWNS.—Many farmers who keep their fields in the very best and most attractive shape, spending a great deal of time in order to take advantage of practical and scientific suggestions which are constantly being advanced, are apt to neglect the lawn which enhances so much the beauty of the immediate surroundings of the farm-house. It may be claimed that the average farmer is too busy to pay proper attention to the lawn, but as it is a thing of beauty, and adds so much to the comfort and beauty of the place, farmers certainly ought to devote a portion of their time to its care. It is customary in many localities to devote considerable room to the cultivation of shrubbery and the smaller varieties of fruits and trees, and in many instances the entire front yard is devoted to this purpose. A vegetable or fruit garden is of course a necessity, but it should be located in such a way as to allow considerable space for a lawn. Nothing adds more to the appearance of a farm-house than a broad plat of luxuriant green grass, upon which care and taste are displayed. It is at once a pleasing sight, and can be made a profitable investment.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A PARALLEL.—The thrift of a farmer and his degree of success in his chosen profession, says the *Chicago Tribune*, can be easily determined by the care which he bestows upon his farming tools. A man who uses the open field for a storehouse; who leaves his plow sticking in the last furrow of his fall plowing; who allows his reaper to remain out of doors throughout the winter; who can never find anything in the way of tools, unless the entire farm is searched; whose harness is never properly repaired; about whose premises there is a general air of decay, ought not to expect success, and certainly his expectations will be realized. The man who takes a contrary view of things, who appreciates the importance of having a good storage shed where the farm-tools can be stored and sheltered from the weather, and who passes the oft-recurring rainy days in repairing the very appurtenances that make success possible, is the man who will reap the greatest reward. The cost of providing shelter for farming-tools during the season when they are not in use is merely nominal, and the saving in time in money more than compensates for the expense. It is simply a question of dollars and cents to the average farmer, and it would seem evident where there is a lack of care in this respect that it is entirely unreasonable to count upon any marked degree of success. Machinery

costs money, and its proper preservation ought to be considered of paramount importance.

WHERE TO KEEP POULTRY.—A great deal of annoyance, says the *Chicago Times*, is caused by fowls that are kept about the house. Their droppings keep the lawn and walks about the house continually dirty. This is especially true of ducks and geese. Web-footed fowls devour almost everything they see, and, though clean themselves, they render everything about them dirty. Other kinds of fowls scratch up seeds that are planted, and make it difficult to keep grounds in good order. They ruin flower-beds, and make bad work in every portion of the vegetable garden. They pry open the pods of peas, and devour tomatoes as soon as they become ripe. In fact there are few garden vegetables they do not injure. They have an epicure's love for fine strawberries, raspberries and other small fruits. They will eat grapes on the vine, and will sometimes fly into tree-tops and devour fruit on the branches. Unless fowls kept near the house are restrained during the season when they derive the most benefit from running at large, they will render the production of fruit and vegetables extremely difficult. To surround a large lot with a fence that fowls will not fly over is attended with considerable expense. To keep fowls in close quarters is to injure their condition and prevent their laying many eggs. There are many advantages in keeping fowls at a considerable distance from the house. Cleanliness is insured, and a tight inclosure rendered unnecessary. It is as cheap to erect buildings for the shelter of poultry in one part of the premises as another. The trouble of carrying food for some distance is compensated by the trouble saved in other matters. Those who have tried keeping fowls at a distance from the house speak highly of the arrangement.

Domestic Economy.

CIDER CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup cider, three cups flour, four eggs, two cups raisins and currants mixed, one teaspoonful yeast powder.

SOUP MILK PANCAKES.—One quart of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, a little salt, one egg, add flour and mix to the consistency of thick cream. These are very nice.

LEMON JUMBLES.—One egg, one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon butter, three teaspoonfuls milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two small lemons (juice of two and grated rind of one); mix rather stiff; roll and cut out with a cake cutter.

LETTUCE SALAD.—Cut up a head of lettuce very fine, then make a dressing of one cup of vinegar, half teaspoonful mustard, one of sugar, add a little salt and pepper if liked. Place slices of hard-boiled eggs over the top.

COMMON CAKE.—(Nice for children.) Bake ginger cake in tins for jelly cake. Spread golden sirup between the layers. Frosting made from the yolk of one egg gives it a nice finish. The yolk of an egg is just as nice for frosting as the white.

RICE DROPS.—Boil rice to a mush; when cold beat three eggs well and stir in; add teaspoonful of yeast powders, sprinkle of salt; drop a teaspoonful at a time in boiling lard; when brown take out and sprinkle sugar over them; serve hot. Very nice for breakfast.

BAKED SPONGE PUDDING.—Three eggs, their weight each in butter, sugar and flour, beat the eggs very light; add the butter beaten to a cream, then sugar and flour. This will make four large cupfuls; fill them half full; bake in a moderate oven ten minutes and serve with same.

MAYONNAISE FOWL.—Cut a fowl in pieces, separating each joint; put into a stewpan with a wine-glassful of olive oil and fry till brown. Dredge in a teaspoonful of flour; add a teacup of boiling water, cover closely, simmer half an hour, season with pepper, salt and minced onion, then a table-spoonful of mushroom catchup. Take out the meat arrange on toast; boil gravy up once, pour over fowl and toast; serve hot.

CREAM OF RICE SOUP.—Take two quarts of chicken stock (the water in which fowls have been boiled will answer), one teacup of rice, a quart of cream or milk, an onion, a stalk of celery, and salt and pepper to taste. Wash the rice carefully, and add the onion and celery to the chicken stock. Cook slowly two hours, rub through a sieve, and add seasoning. The milk or cream, which has been allowed to come just to a boil in a separate saucepan, should be added the last thing. If milk is used, add a table-spoonful of butter.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, yolk of three eggs; sugar and eggs beaten together; one-quarter cup boiling water, one cup unsifted flour, one teaspoonful baking powder. The above baked in layers with the following filling makes delicious orange cake: To the whites of three eggs allow one and a quarter pounds of powdered sugar; beat stiff as for icing; take out enough to cover the top and set aside; add to the rest the juice and half the rind of one orange; when the cake is nearly cold spread filling between the layers; beat into the icing reserved for the top a little lemon juice and, if needed, a little more sugar. It should be stiffer than that spread between the layers.

WASHINGTON'S ETIQUETTE.

President Washington never went to Congress on public business except in a state coach, drawn by six cream-colored horses. The coach was an object which would excite the admiration of the throng even now in the streets of London. It was built in the shape of a hemisphere, and its panels were adorned with cupids, surrounded with flowers worthy of Florida, and of fruit not to be equaled out of California. The coachman and postillions were arrayed in gorgeous liveries of white and scarlet. The *Philadelphia Gazette*, a Government organ, regularly gave a supply of court news for the edification of the citizens. From that the people were allowed to learn as much as it was deemed proper for them to know about the President's movements, and a fair amount of space was also devoted to Mrs. Washington—who was not referred to as Mrs. Washington, but as "the amiable consort of our beloved President." When the President made his appearance at a ball or public reception, a dais was erected for him, upon which he might stand apart from the vulgar throng, and the guests or visitors bowed to him in solemn silence. "Republican simplicity" has only come in later times. In our day the hack-driver who takes a visitor to a public reception at the White House is quite free to get off his box, walk in side by side with his fare and shake hands with the President with as much familiarity as anybody else. Very few persons presumed to shake hands with Gen. Washington. One of his friends, Gouverneur Morris, rashly undertook, for a foolish wager, to go up to him and slap him on the shoulder, saying, "My dear General, I am happy to see you look so well." The moment fixed upon arrived, and Mr. Morris, already half repenting of his wager, went up to the President, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and uttered the prescribed words. "Washington," as an eyewitness described the scene, "withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, fixed his eye on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd." No one else ever tried a similar experiment. It is recorded of Washington that he wished the official title of the President to be "High Mightiness," and at one time it was proposed to engrave his portrait upon the national coinage. No royal levees were more punctiliously arranged than those of the first President.—*Quarterly Review*.

MILK DIET IN BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Since we know not at present any drug that possesses therapeutic value to any marked extent in this terrible and fatal disease, and since it is daily making sad havoc among human beings, and principally among that class who, by reason of their valuable public labors, are particularly necessary to the welfare of the world; therefore, it becomes a medical question of paramount interest that we should discover some potent method of combating this very prevalent disease. Some years since Carel first called attention to the treatment of Bright's disease by the use of a milk diet, and since then Duncan, as well as many other prominent physicians, have written on this subject. We have ourselves seen some remarkable results follow this treatment, while Dr. S. W. Mitchell, of our city, is now quite an enthusiast on this subject. This method of treating a formidable disease has received sufficient distinguished indorsement to recommend it seriously to our notice. We would, therefore, ask all physicians who read this article to try this method of treatment, and to furnish us with their experience, which we will publish. The milk is used thoroughly skimmed and entirely freed from butter. To procure the best results, it has been advised that the patient shall restrict himself absolutely to milk, and continue the treatment for a long time. If it disagrees with the stomach (as it will in some cases), Dr. Mitchell advises that the patient be put to bed, and the treatment commenced with table-spoonful doses, to which lime water is added, until the stomach tolerates the milk, when from eight to ten pints daily should be taken, and absolutely nothing else. The sanction of such a distinguished physician as Dr. Mitchell forces us to seriously consider the merits of this treatment, and we trust to receive the experience of all readers of this journal who may have cases of Bright's disease to treat.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

MUSIC AND MILLINERY.

"Good morning, Fogg," said Brown, briskly. "How did you like the opera last night?" "Oh, so-so," answered Fogg, moodily; "nothing striking about it excepting the drum-sticks." "Come, come," returned Brown, "be serious, didn't you think that bravura passage with pizzicato and appoggiatura embellishments was lovely?" "Guess I didn't see it," answered Fogg, as before; "there was only feathers and flowers and things on the one in front of me." "What are you talking about, man?" explained Brown. "That girl's hat, of course, wasn't it?" "Good morning," said Brown, as he turned the corner.

NEW FINDS AT POMPEII.

I visited Pompeii next day, and went straight to the diggings. The only wonder is that anything is ever dug up at all; the process is ridiculously slow, even for Italy. The directors sit all day on the rubbish heaps smoking, and dozens of children file up and down with their baskets of earth, while a few idle peasants shovel up a few lazy spadefuls at a time. Still, the first I saw was the side of a dining-room, uncovered only a few days. On one side was a bright picture of a cock and hens in a great state of excitement over a large basket of grain and cherries, all upset—Landscape could not have done it better. The fondness of the Pompeians for birds, beasts and fishes is very apparent, and they always seemed to be dining. The wealth of cooking apparatus in the museum is astonishing. You have saucepans perforated with countless holes, in most elaborate patterns—every conceivable kind of boiler and caldron; casts for jellies representing the prostrate hare and the suoking pig; ladles, spoons, skewers, dishes for roasting six eggs or a dozen eggs at once, toasting-forks, grid irons and fancy machines for pastry and delicate confectionery, what in Elizabeth's day were called "concoits." In Pompeii itself the oil-pots and wine amphorae let into slabs, and of mosaic work of colored marble, are among the quaintest features of the ruined shops. I saw in another new part a fine dining-room, found three months ago, with some of the loveliest animal painting imaginable. The first section of the walls all around represented the boldest scenes under the sea—a conger struggling with an octopus, a shark pursuing its prey, a shoal of fish flying through the water, all glittering and fresh. The middle section dealt with birds and wild fowl boating, flying, quarreling, diving; and the upper and largest section gave fierce hunting scenes—a horse pursued by a lion, an ox in desert scenery sprung upon by a tiger; and all these were set in scenery of great force, variety and character—woods, rocks, rivers and green hills.

The corridors and ante-rooms of this house are equally rich, the walls copiously vignettted with figures—dwarfs on stilts, street scenes, animals. In one room there is a perfectly white suit of marble steps in situ, belonging to a fountain.

DAVEY CROCKETT.

David Crockett, the American backwoodsman, was born at Limestone, on the Nolachucky river, in Tennessee, Aug. 17, 1786. His father, of Irish birth, after various other vocations opened a tavern on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville, where David passed his youth, from 7 to 12 years of age. He was sent to a country school, but on the fourth day quarreled with the schoolmaster, and, after playing truant for a time, fled from home to avoid a flogging, threatened both by his father and master. For five years he roamed about with drovers and carriers, till in his 18th year he returned home, attended school for two months, learning his letters for the first time, and soon after married and went to live in the wildest portion of the State, distinguishing himself as a hunter. In 1813 he served in the Creek war, under Gen. Jackson, and after the peace settled at Shoal creek in a desolate region in Tennessee. A community of reckless characters having flocked together, it was found necessary to establish a temporary Government, and he was appointed one of the magistrates. He soon after became a candidate for the Legislature, and made a successful electioneering tour by shooting at matches and telling amusing stories. He was twice re-elected to the Legislature, but devoted himself especially to bear hunting, till in 1827 he was elected by the party of Jackson a Representative in Congress. At Washington he obtained notoriety by the eccentricity of his manners and language. In 1829 he was again chosen to Congress, but soon after changed from a partisan to an opponent of Jackson's administration; and in 1831 it required his most strenuous exertions to secure his re-election. Finding the influence of Jackson irresistible in Tennessee, Crockett subsequently sought a new career in Texas, then in revolt against Mexico, and, after a series of military exploits, met his death while defending Fort Alamo, in San Antonio de Bexar. After a hard siege, the survivors, six in number, including Crockett, surrendered, but by order of Santa Anna they were put to death, March 6, 1836.

FATHER AND SON.

According to the *New York Herald* a young and popular artist of that city went home and found that he was the happy father of a fourteen-pound baby. After looking fondly at the youngster for a few moments, he said, in a dazed sort of way, "You fat rascal, if you go to thinking that you are born into a wealthy family you'll get left." That's all he probably ever will get.

The coroner's jury heard the evidence, examined the body and then returned a verdict of death from exhaustion. The unfortunate man had been trying to start a new paper in Brooklyn.

THE CROW AS A SANITARIAN.

One of the best things Mayor Chase ever did during his several terms of office in this city was to use his personal influence and official power to stop the wanton murder of the crows who swarm into Omaha every spring and fall to feed on animal garbage that accumulates in our streets and alleys, and on the broad bottom lands upon which this kind of disease-breeding matter is carried by water or otherwise. Col. Chase did this on both sanitary and humane grounds, and the act was alike creditable to his head and heart. As a sanitarian the crow is a very efficient servant of the public health, and it is pleasing to notice the growing cordiality of his welcome to the city, where in former years he was treated as, we regret to say, he is generally treated everywhere in our country, with such destructive cruelty by the ignorant knights of the shot-gun.

The people of England and Scotland do not murder the rook. They foster and feed him. And even heathen Japan understands the character and usefulness of this black and beautiful bird. The *Popular Science Monthly* says of the liberty the crow enjoys in that country, as follows:

"In Japan, owing to the gentle behavior of the people, the crow has full liberty to go where he likes. As a consequence, the densely populated cities swarm with the noisy fellows. They repay the kindness shown them by acting as scavengers. Every bit of organic matter, which in decay might pollute the air, is seized up by the crows and devoured; and thus is it that, by this and other means, the death-rate in these large cities, under the hot sun of latitude 35 deg., is lower than of Salem, Mass., for example, in latitude 52 deg., with its reeking bodies of filthy water." As we get our best lessons in the treatment of the horse from the Arab, so we find the best example for the treatment of one of the most beautiful, intelligent and useful of birds from the heathen of Japan.—*Omaha Herald*.

AMATEUR ECONOMY.

"My dear fellow," said Lavender, "it's all very nice to talk about economizing and keeping a rigid account of expenses and that sort of thing, but I've tried it. Two weeks ago I stopped in on my way home Saturday night, and I bought just the gayest little Russia leather, cream-laid account book you ever saw, and a silver pencil to match. I said to my wife after supper: 'My dear, it seems to me it costs a lot of money to keep house.'

"She sighed and said: 'I know it does, Lavvy, but I'm sure I can't help it. I'm just as economical as I can be. I don't spend half as much for candy as you do for cigars.'

"I never take any notice of personalities, so I sailed right ahead. 'I believe, my dear, that if we were to keep a strict account of everything we spend we could tell just where to cut down. I've bought you a little account book, and every Monday morning I'll give you some money and you can set it down on one side, and then during the week you can set down on the other side everything you spend, and then on Saturday night we can go over it and see just where the money goes and how we can boil things down a little.'

"Well, sir, she was just delighted—thought it was a first-rate plan, and the pocket account book was lovely—regular David Copperfield and Dora business. Well, sir, the next Saturday night we got through supper and she brought out that account book as proud as possible, and handed it over for inspection. On one side was 'Received from Lavvy \$50.' That's all right! Then I looked on the other page, and what do you think was there? 'Spent it all!' Then I laughed, and of course she cried, and we gave up the account-book racket on the spot by mutual consent. Yes, sir, I've been there, and I know what domestic economy means, I tell you. Let's have a cigar."

A FABLE FOR A CENT.

A Lamb one day entered a Saloon to quench his thirst with a glass of Lager, and while quaffing the Beverage he noticed a Wolf playing Seven-up at a table in one corner of the room.

"Why do you throw Snow-Balls at me?" demanded the Lamb, as he sat down his glass.

"I beg to remind you that this is Midsummer," humbly replied the Wolf, "and I could not throw Snow-Balls even if I desired."

"That may all be," continued the Lamb, "but you lied about me to the Hares."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lamb, but no man can remember when the Wolves and the Hares were on speaking terms." "And that may be true, also," shouted the enraged Lamb, "but you have been cheating at Cards!"

"I will leave that to the Jackal, who has just won my last Nickel."

"Then if you have no Cash you have no business in here!" howled the Aggressor, and he fell upon the poor Wolf and Lambed him until he could hardly crawl.

Moral: Domestic economy is buying twelve-shilling shoes for your wife and twenty-cent cigars for yourself.

PLEASANTRIES.

A COOL swindle: Collecting the ice bill twice.

INQUIRER: Where is the best place to learn to sing? The desert.

"I OCCASIONALLY drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste-basket.

The difference between a hungry man and a glutton is: "One longs to eat and the other eats too long."

It was a good thing for the whalers when Jonah blubbered in the marine monster that took him in. That blubber has made the fortune of thousands.

Somebody has figured out that Vanderbilt's income would allow him to, in one day, visit 8,000 circuses, eat 10,900 pints of peanuts, and drink 5,000 glasses of lemonade.

The late Thomas Hood, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence, "Beware the Dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "War be the Dog?"

Brows says he hates inquisitive people, and the worst kind of inquisitiveness, he thinks, is that exhibited by the man who stops him in the street and wants to know when he is going to pay that little bill.

"WHAT is a junction, nurse?" asked a 7-year-old fairy at a railway platform. "A junction, my dear," answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person, indeed, "why, it's a place where two roads separate."

A SYRACUSE man made a bet of \$50 that he could find six women in that city who would marry him, and he won it. Now he's ready to give the \$50 to anybody who will show him the way to get out of six engagements.

"WHAT a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, rapturously, as she looked out over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied Jones, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."

A FINELY-DRESSED lady slipped and fell, and the gentleman who assisted her to her feet inquired: "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No, I guess not," she replied; "but I'm just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of 'em!"

SAID one fellow to another, "If I was as flat-footed as you are, I would not be afraid of slipping on the sidewalk." "Yes," was the response, "some people are flat on one end and some on another." The first chap looked thoughtful and went down the street.

OLD Mr. and Mrs. Smiler were looking at the comet from their chamber window. "No, Mollie, no; that cannot be the comet of 1843, the appendage is so much larger." "But, my dear Horace, the comet was younger then." They retired in silence.

"THERE'S too much horse-racing at your agricultural fairs," remarked Parson Jones to the Secretary of the county society. "I should like to know, sir, what horse-racing has to do with agriculture?" "Well, parson," replied the Secretary, with a pleasant smile, "nothing, perhaps; or, at least, no more than church lotteries have to do with the spreading of the gospel." Parson Jones saw the point, and changed the conversation immediately.

HERE lies a man whose crown was won by blowing in an empty gun. No sooner in the gun he blew than up the golden stairs he flew. And met the girl, on heaven's green, who lit the fire with kerosene. He also saw astride a stool, The man who tampered with a mule, He also saw—'twas mighty sore—The man who whistled "Finchore." And further on the minor cove Who thaved his powder in the stove.

HOW LARGE HATS WERE INTRODUCED.

A long-eared hat
Went to buy a hat.
Said the hatter, "I've none that will do,
Unless with the shears
I shorten your ears,
Which might be unpleasant to you."
The long-eared hat
Was so mad at that
He flew over lands and seas,
Till in Paris (renowned
For its fashions) he found
A hat that he wore with great ease.

BEN VORLICH'S ECHO.

An Austin man, of a literary turn of mind, is very fond of his dog that barks day and night. A neighbor asked what the dog's name was.

"Echo," was the reply.

"What kind of a name is that?"

"It was the name of Ben Vorlich's dog."

"Who the mischief is Ben Vorlich?"

The owner of the dog smiled in derision and replied:

"You never could have read Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' In the chase Ben Vorlich was one of the principal hunters. Echo is the name of his dog. Don't you remember where it says:

"No rest Ben Vorlich's Echo knew.
"This dog never takes a rest either, so I call him Echo."

The neighbor did not say anything, but that night he softly called Echo to the fence, gave him a piece of sausage, and now Echo is as silent as Ben Vorlich, and even more so.—*Texas Siftings*.

BEN TOMBS says he never smoked a cigar, though he has chewed their ends for twenty-five years.