The State Journal.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1873.

Farm and Household.

THE SPRING IS LATE.

She stood alone amidst the April fields—
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare—
"The spring is late," she said—"the faithless spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;
For them no green boughs wait—their memories
Of last year's April had deceived them so.

"From 'neath a sheltering pine some tender buds
Looked out, and saw the hollows filled with snow;
On such a frozen world they closed their eyes;
When spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow?"

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,
The barren fields, and naked bows of trees;
"Thus God has dwelt with me, His child," she said—
"I wait my spring time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fullness of their time;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair;
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed?
I am His own—doth not my Father care?"

NETTING FOR WINDOWS AND DOORS.—If we would have cool parlors, dining-rooms, kitchens and bed rooms, during the hot weather we must have mosquito netting or wire gauze in all our windows, and, if possible at the doors also. Window blinds can not take the place of netting or gauze, because they exclude so much of the cool evening and night air, and although they are very essential and needful to shut out the hot sunshine, and the beating storm, yet they will not answer all our needs. Mosquito netting can be purchased at a very cheap rate, and the "gude mon" can easily make or procure some frames to fit all the windows, which can be painted either white or stained a dark red to match the sashes of the windows. Then dark blue, pink, green or white mosquito-netting can be easily stretched and tacked over them by the skillful fingers of the house-mother; and after she has used them for one summer, nothing could persuade her to go without them another season. They will exclude mosquitoes, flies, moths and all other insects, and will not exclude the fresh, cool air. They are very easily taken out and put in; or they can be so arranged that the windows can be closed on damp, cool days. Any woman can tack a piece of the netting across the lower half of the window on the outside of the sash, if that is the only means she can employ. The wire gauze requires a workman's handling and it can be made into permanent shades which will withstand all weathers. When we have tried the good effects of these shades we must also have the doors attended to. A slight framework of pine can be made, and fastened to the outer door posts by means of strong hinges and a hasp to fasten it with, and a handle to open it by, we can bid defiance to flies and mosquitoes both by day and night. Common tools and a little ingenuity are needed to prepare a door, blind or shade for the outer kitchen piazza, which will add far beyond its cost to the comfort of the cook and housewife. Mosquito netting can do duty for the shade when the door frame is ready; but coarse wire netting, such as is used for sieves and the like, would be far preferable, because it would last for a long time, while the cotton netting is usually destroyed in two years. In using the cotton netting, however, for the windows, it is well to select the pure white for the parlor; pink for the chambers, and green or blue for the kitchen, pantry and milk.—*Daisy Eyebright, in the Country Gentleman.*

SADDLE EXERCISE.—That consumptive or dyspeptic who does not improve when spending two or three hours a day in the saddle must be a bad case. This remark is applicable to men only. A woman twisted round, that both legs may come on one side, with a stove pipe hat and veil and chignon and corset and a long shirt, is quite another affair. She may pretend that she enjoys this excruciating performance; but, if so, it is for the same reason that young ladies enjoy the first sea-voyage, because it is fashionable.

The gallant, worshipful jenkins have contributed not a little to the passion for the saddle among ambitious young ladies. One of them delivers himself thus:

"She sits with an air of dignity, which the occasional inclination forward, and the easy curve of her bridle arm contrasting with the pendant portion of the whip one, prevents from appearing stiff or constrained. And then her hat and feathers, her worked collar, and braided coat studded with small buttons, giving an air of out door adventure made wonderfully interesting by her sparkling eye and the rich carnation of her cheeks, while her falling ringlets shade the deep suffusion of her temples. Let us suppose a fair companion thus mounted and equipped, adding to the charm of her appearance the additional fascination of a ready smile and a playful remark, and who shall resist her power?"

Many a young lady who had indulged in this carnation and suffusion slush, has come to ask me about the wisdom of riding on horseback. For ten years and more I have had one uniform answer for all such applicants:

"If you wish to ride where people are likely to see you, and must wear the close fitting waist and corset high stiff hat and other fashionable paraphernalia, I earnest advise you against the saddle."

I have never known fashionable exercises to improve a young lady's health, but I have traced more than one case of lateral curvature of the spine to it.

While the saddle is the best exercise in the world for a man, especially one in consumption or severe dyspepsia, I have no hesitation in saying that until women can ride astride, with free, healthful dress, they had best shun this exercise altogether.

A LAST FOND LOOK.—A short time since, in this city, a brilliant and much admired lady, who had been suffering for some time with a trouble of the eyes, was led to fear a speedy change for the worse and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal failing in the optic nerve, and the information was imparted as gently as possible, that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it any moment. The afflicted mother returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and then had her two little children, attired in their brightest and sweetest costumes, brought before her; and so with their little faces lifted to hers, and tears gathering for some great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes, leaving an ineffaceble picture of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of bright faces that will console her in many a dark hour.—*Covington Journal.*

Boy Lost.

Here is a beautiful, tender thought amplified with all the feeling of genuine originality, indeed so pure and effortless that we feel it a duty to send it broadcast for the "culture of the mind."

"He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say: 'Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt.' But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbling down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and table turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy making and corn-poping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say:—'How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace. But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a bosomed shirt and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and name on the stern, Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighbor, who, because of her long curls and pretty, round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name on the boat! Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book! My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh, I wish he were a little, tired boy in a long, white nightgown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing. If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again! But there are still mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know how they are living their very best days: that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one."—*Home Magazine.*

DROP CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.—Half a pint of milk, four eggs, one pound of flour, and add a little salt.

HAM TOAST.—Chop lean ham, and put it in a pan with pepper, a lump of butter and two eggs beaten. When well warmed, spread it on hot buttered toast, and serve.

POTATO PUFF.—Two cups cold mashed potatoes; stir in it two tablespoons of melted butter, beating to a cream; add two well beaten eggs, one cup cream or milk; pour into a deep dish; bake in a quick oven.

BUTTER.—Lemon butter for tarts is made by using one pound of pulverized white sugar, the whites of six eggs and yolks of two, together with three lemons, including grated rind and juice; cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring it constantly.

BATTER PUDDING.—To one quart of milk, add four well beaten eggs and one cup of flour; stir well together and set it on the stove, and continue stirring until it begins to thicken, then set in the oven and bake twenty minutes. To be eaten with hard or liquid sauce.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT.—To one quart of flour, add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of saleratus, mix with new milk; mix the cream of tartar and flour well together, and dissolve the saleratus in the milk. A little piece of butter improves them. Salt to taste.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One pound of flour; one pound of sugar; half a pound of butter; six eggs, one cup of sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of soda; make icing and flavor with vanilla, spread and bake like a jelly cake.

REMEDY FOR CORNS.—Mr. Rose, a merchant of San Diego, announces that these creators of so much torment in the world can easily and surely be cured by applying a good coat of gum arabic mucilage every evening on going to bed. He had them for forty years, and tried nearly all the corn remedies in existence without relief until he tried the above, which readily cured him in a few weeks.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two eggs; sugar one cup; sour milk one cup; saleratus one teaspoon; a little salt; dried whortleberries, currants, raisins, or other fruit one cup; and flour. Beat the eggs and stir in the sugar; dissolve the saleratus in the milk, and mix in also the fruit and salt; then thicken with flour, rather thicker than for cake; put into a two-quart pan and set in the steamer, and steam an hour and a half, and I think it will crack open on the back—if not, try again. It is worth the trouble, especially if you have plenty of sweetened cream.

THE SKULL OF SHAKSPEARE.—A certain French Baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the Baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakspeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, Monsieur la Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the Baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, Monsieur?"

"Your father," said the Baron, in a mild tone, "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, then explained with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakspeare certainly, but Shakspeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old, whereas this is that of Shakspeare when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The Baron bought the second head.

The Story of Lady Ellenborough.

Mrs. Isabel Burton writes under date Trieste, March 19, to the *Pall Mall Gazette:* Will you allow me to contradict, as the editor of the *Triester Zeitung* has done here, the correspondent at Beyrout, who writes to the *German Gazette*, of Vienna, concerning the late Lady Ellenborough? I scarcely knew where to begin, but I must do it to keep my last promise to her. I lived for two years at Damascus while my husband, Captain Burton, was Consul there, and in daily intercourse with the subject of this paragraph. Knowing that after her death all sorts of untruths would appear in the papers, very painful to her family—as, indeed, she was not spared while living—she wished me to write her biography, and gave me an hour a day until it was accomplished. She did not spare herself, dictating the bad with the same frankness as the good. I was pledged not to publish this until after her death and that of certain near relatives; but I am in a position to state that there is a grain of truth to a ton of falsehood in the paragraph from Beyrout, and, inasmuch a Beyrout is only seventy-two miles from Damascus, the writer must know that as well as I do. It must have come from a very common source when such English as this is used: "Between Beyrout and Damascus she got pleased with the camel driver!" It suggests a discharged lady's maid. I left Damascus just a year and a half ago, in the middle of the night, and she was the last friend to see me out of the city.

As she wrung my hand these were her last words: "Do not forget your promise, if I die, and we never meet again." I replied: "Inshallah, I shall soon return." She rode a black thoroughbred Arab mare, and, as far as I could see anything in the moonlight, her large, sorrowful blue eyes, glistening with tears, haunted me. I cannot meddle with the past without infringing on the biography confided to me, but I can say a few words concerning her life, dating from her arrival in the East, about sixteen years ago, as told me by herself and by those now living there, and I can add my testimony as to what I saw, which I believe will interest everyone in England, from the highest downward, and be a gratification to those more nearly concerned. About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French lady, Madame de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout, and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and, as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground, the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a young brother of Shaykh Mohammed, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus, (which to him was like what London and Paris would be to us,) for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married, in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to the Mohammedan law, changed her name to that of the Hon. Mrs. Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months was passed according to his nature in the desert, in the Bedouin tents of the tribe: In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady nor the softness of a woman. She was "grande dame au bout des dolgts" in sentiment, voice, manner, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the house of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented, *pour se faire voloir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden flowers or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a *connoisseur* in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young; beautiful, brave, refined, and delicate. "*Bong sang ne puet mentir.*" Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor. She regularly attended the Protestant Church, and often twice on Sundays; She fulfilled the duties of a good Christian lady and an English woman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers) washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it, and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory.

KINDNESS is tronger than the sword.

CONDEMN no man for thinking as you think.

MEN willingly believe what they wish to be true.

IN prosperity we need moderation; in adversity, patience.

PREFER loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this forever.

WHY are all washerwomen great travelers? Because they are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

THE selectmen of a New England town have agreed not to make any repairs to the grave-yard "unless the occupants complain."

LAST week a writing match came off in Oshkosh, between Robert Sawyer, the court reporter, and R. E. Daniels, of Oshkosh. The match lasted ten hours, and at the conclusion of the contest Sawyer had written 18,600 words, and Daniels 15,400.

State News.

AUDRAIN'S wheat prospects are fine.

JOE JEFFERSON is taking in St. Joseph and Kansas City.

COL. COLMAN'S $10,000 stallion, Manbrine Temple, is dead.

BOONE COUNTY citizens are moving for a township organization.

THE New Bloomfield iron ore sells at $15 per ton at Jolliet.

WHEAT promises well in Monitean county. Corn is backward.

THE Pacific Railroad Repair Shops are said by the *Opinion* to be nearly completed.

IT costs $16 for a thirty years old giant to knock his mother down in Greene county.

ISAAC S. WARMOUTH has been elected Mayor of Rolla. He received 107 votes and C. C. Bland 91.

AT the late term of the Greene Circuit Court over two hundred indictments were returned.

DRY GOODS, groceries, etc, for merchants, at Hermitage are wagoned across the hills from Lebanon.

WHEAT is looking well in Pettis, corn is backward. In one township large fields of it have been plowed under.

WOOL carding at Oregon, Holt county, is 10 cents per pound. Carding and spinning 20 cents.

THE superstructure of the railroad bridge at Louisiana is to be built by a Rock Island firm, for $250,000.

THE loss of the Hannibal *Courier* printing and book bindery establishment, recently destroyed by fire, was $25,000.

SPRINGFIELD people are advocating the introduction of the holly system of water works for use in that city.

CALHOUN, a new town in Henry county, has a wagon spoke and hub factory, giving employment to fifteen or twenty hands.

WILLIAMS, the murderer of Saunders, in Polk county, was captured in Barry county and has been returned to Bolivar.

A MONSTER mass meeting of farmers of Clinton, DeKalb, Davis, Livingston and Caldwell, at Hamilton on the 4th, is proposed.

FOR a first class illustrated country paper commend us to *Our Fireside Guard*, Centralia. The original Captain Jack of Palmyra New Era is good.

THE Farmers' Convention of Henry county emphatically condemn the County Court for not yielding to the township organization of the county.

MITCHELL RHINE was bound over to answer the charge of horse stealing in the sum of $300, before Justice Fike, of Henry county last week.

A LARGE assemblage of farmers met at California last week to take into consideration the propriety of organizing Granges. One was organized in the village.

DAVID SMITH, of Jerome, took a notion to have a drunken sleep on the railroad track at Rolla. He was mangled past recognition when found.

Two young girls of Crawford county robbed a she-wolf of seven young ones. The revenue of the State will be seven dollars less than it otherwise might have been.

GREENE COUNTY wants a new county farm, and is offered the pick of a score or more, the prices of which range from $2,000 to $11,500, or at $30 to $100 per acre.

THE Neosho *Times* says there is a move on foot in one part of the county to move the county seat of Newton county to a hollow two miles east of its present location.

THE county of Barry has a taxable wealth of $1,506,000 according to the County Board of Equalization. The Cassville *Democrat* says it should be a half million more.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *World*, who witnessed the semi-annual whipping that took place at New Castle, last month, writes the following account:

New York, New Jersey, and other pagan commonwealths are visited by Buffalo Bill, the "Black Crook," and other shows, but Delaware can't raise money enough to entice them within her borders. And Barnum—he's too big a gun for them, and Delaware would be lost under his mammoth tent. So they have the lash and pilory, and every Saturday in May and November the citizens don their "best beshines," and taking their opera-glasses, children and servants with them, proceed to the jails. (There are three jails—one in Newcastle, one in Georgetown and one in Dover.) Then the gates are thrown open and the crowd rushes in, and fills the court yard, and the sheriff and warden, with Sunday suits on, and cigars in their mouths, stand beside the great post, spitting tobacco juice on the children, and serenely eyeing the crowd, and by and by a delicate, fair-haired youngster of fourteen or fifteen, with great tears streaming from his blue eyes, and his white shoulders and back bared to the delighted gaze of the audience, steps out from the inner court of the prison, and the warden pinions his slender wrists to the post with iron bands, while the sheriff swings his "cat-o'-nine-tails" over his head, and a murmur of pleasure comes from the appreciative crowd. The sheriff bites his cigar a little harder, tips a meaning wink to a bystander, and then he raises the "cat," steps a little back, and whizz! down it comes on the boy's back, and the thongs wind under his arm and bite great holes in his side and chest, while his back is striped red and white. "Two," says the warden. "Oh-h-h-h," from the boy, and crash, down comes the lash again, and again, and again, and the boy's back is all raw and bleeding, with great ridges across it. The little fellow in his agony asks once or twice "for God's sake" to be more mildly whipped, but his sobs choke him, and when the ten lashes have been dealt, he staggers, faint and exhausted into his cell. "Ah! there's justice for you. Our sheriff's a man—no chicken about him," says a representative citizen, and the crowd murmurs, "No indeed." There is no first class drama to-day—nothing but this laughable boy whipping farce. They indeed expect a woman to be whipped. Indeed, that's what drew such a crowd; but the Governor postponed that part of the show, and so the audience quietly disperses, after another boy has been "cared for."

AWAY up at the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, is the City of Bismarck, which seems to be growing rapidly, and has already began to call itself the metropolis of Dacota. It is 452 miles west from the head of Lake Superior, at Duluth, and is on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. A thousand miles beyond Bismarck, on the Missouri river, is Fort Benton, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Thus the upper Missouri river practically serves, for the present, as a western extension of the railroad. Goods may now be shipped by rail to Bismarck, and thence by steamers on the river one thousand miles to Fort Benton, which is in the same longitude as Salt Lake, on the Union Pacific line. A line of ten steamers is already established to run on the upper and lower Missouri and tributaries, in connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad.—*K. C. News.*

THE St. Louis *Democrat* charges Chicago with being mortgaged for a hundred million dollars. We think likely it is true. If St. Louis should put her last brick and shingle up the spout, she couldn't mortgage for a twentieth of that sum. The world believes in Chicago, because its wonderful people have pluck and faith in themselves. And the world is shy of St. Louis, because they talk timidly, and step about gingerly, and act—like villagers.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A FAIRFIELD, VT., mother prevented her daughter's elopement last week by putting a sleeping dose of laudanum in the romantic damsel's tea. Romeo waited outside until nearly daylight, by which time love had faded out from his once fond heart, and at last accounts he was courting another girl.

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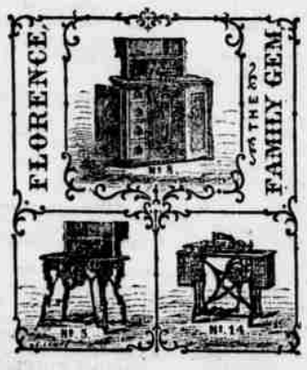

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