



FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

To Wash Flannel.—Wash in hot suds and rinse in clean hot water.

Colors faded by acids will return by the application of hartshorn and water.

Fanny's Fritters.—One pint milk, three eggs, salt and flour to make a thick batter. Beat well, and fry on a griddle.

Doughnuts.—Ten tablespoonfuls sour cream, two cups sugar, one pint milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls soda, cinnamon. Mix with flour as soft as you can and roll.

Moths.—To prevent, use camphor, Persian powder or benzine freely. Careful wrapping in paper or cotton cloths will secure clean woolens, but the moths will attack soiled spots.

Bed bugs are destroyed by mercurial ointment or benzine. Coal oil is destructive to many insects.

Cockroaches disappear before a liberal sprinkling of powdered borax. Carbolic acid or coal oil is certainly efficacious.

Blood Stains.—Rub soap upon the spot and allow it to dry thoroughly; ordinary washing will afterward remove the stain.

To Cleanse Hairbrushes.—Wash them in water in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of spirits of hartshorn; a little soda in warm water serves the same purpose.

To take out mildew, mix soft soap with starch powdered, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part, on both sides, with a brush. Let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

Cheap Dressing Table.—You can make a very convenient dressing table for a chamber, by standing up a dry-goods box of right size and height, covering the top and curtaining it. Let the open part be in front, and put shelves inside and you have a substitute for a bureau. The handy boys can arrange the box and the girls can cover it.

Founder in Horses.—I send you a recipe for founder in horses. It is a sure and speedy remedy. Take a tablespoonful of pulverized alum, pull the horse's tongue out of his mouth as far as possible, and throw the alum down his throat; let go of his tongue and hold up his head until he swallows. In six hours' time (no matter how bad the founder) he will be fit for moderate service. I have seen this remedy tested to so often with perfect success, that I would not make five dollars difference in a horse founded (if done recently) and one that was not.

Sweet Tea Cake.—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, half teaspoonful of soda. Beat the sugar and butter together; and then add the milk. Dissolve the soda in a little water, and add it, and as much flour as will make stiff dough. Grate in a little nutmeg, or sprinkle in some caraway seed. Roll out and cut in small cakes, and bake a light brown.

Sally Linn.—One quart flour, piece of butter size of an egg, three tablespoonfuls sugar, two eggs, two teacups of milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, a little salt. Stir cream tartar, salt and sugar into the flour. Add the eggs without beating, the butter melted, and one cup of the milk. Dissolve the soda in the other cup of milk, and stir altogether. Bake in three pans, the size of a small plate, fifteen or twenty minutes.

Save the Best Turkeys.—Men who raise turkeys too frequently kill the best for the Thanksgiving or Christmas market, and save the small late ones for mothers. This is worse management than it would be to raise the poorest calves for the future dairy, or keep the poorest pig for a breeder. The larger and finer the bird, the stronger will be the young ones when strength means life, and the earlier they will be in readiness for sale in the fall. The most successful raisers have as much care in the selection of their turkeys, as the breeders of animals do in the selection of the sire and dam, which are expected to perpetuate points that will make for the owner of them both fortune and fame.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—Don't buy a piano for your daughters while your sons need a plow.

Don't let your horse be seen standing at the tavern door; it don't look right.

Don't give the merchant a chance to dan you. Prompt payments make independent men.

Keep good fences; especially line fences; they promote good feelings among neighbors.

A decent, substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keeps the doctors away.

Don't starve your land; if you do you will grow lean.

Don't buy patent rights to sell again.

Don't become surety for him who waits for the sheriff.

Buy a farm wagon before a fine carriage.

Death of Forrest.

[Mobile Register.]

Nathan Bedford Forrest, the greatest cavalry leader of America, is dead, at the age of fifty-six. Of humble origin, he surmounted the poverty of youth and the want of early education; and at the outset of the late war, at the age of forty, had attained such a position among his fellow-citizens of Tennessee that, having enlisted as a private, he was authorized by Governor Harris to organize a regiment of cavalry. At that time, by native intellect and energy, he had become the cultivator of plantations which produced one thousand bales of cotton. His brilliant career is a part of the history of the United States.

At Fort Donelson he first exhibited his genius and intrepidity. At the council of war which determined upon surrender, Colonel Forrest urged the possibility of escape, and, receiving permission to attempt it, led his command safely beyond the lines of the enemy. From this day to the close of the war he was conspicuous as a cavalry leader. At Shiloh he harassed the enemy's flank and held him in check after the Confederate retreat. His dash upon the pickets around Nashville; his burning of bridges, destruction of property and capture of outposts; his reduction of blockhouses and garrisons; the capture of Union City; the disastrous assault of Wheeler and Forrest upon Dover; the pursuit and capture of General Streight; the pursuit of the enemy after Chickamauga; the rout of General Smith at Okolona; the descent upon Paducah; the storming of Fort Pillow; the splendid battles of Tupelo, Brier's Cross Roads and Harrisonburg; the movement upon Memphis; the dash into West Tennessee and burning of gunboats, warehouses and supplies at Johnsonville; the operations with Hood in front of Nashville; the heroic and successful efforts to protect the retreat of the routed army; the overthrow at Selma, and the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., are events which shed a halo of military glory around the head of the greatest of modern cavalry leaders. From a private in the ranks, unrefined, uneducated, without political influence, and bearing the stigma of a disreputable business which he had pursued in early life, this remarkable man rose rapidly to the position of Lieutenant General. His genius could not be suppressed or ignored. It blazed out in the darkest hours of Southern history and cheered the hearts of our people when hope had almost fled.

When the war was over, Gen. Forrest honestly accepted the situation, and labored to rebuild the shattered fortunes of his people. He concurred acquiescence in the results of the war—friendship for the colored people, and a restoration of national good-feeling. There came no word from him of impatience or vituperation.

Like Lee, Hardee and Johnston, he accepted defeat with dignity and silence—leaving to time and to history the vindication of the people and the cause for which he had shed his blood and lost the fruits of a life of arduous toil. There was a stern side to the character of Forrest—but it was the result of an iron will which marks the born commander. He was cruel to the deserter, the coward and the sluggard. When the criminal was to be punished, and when the punishment served to save an army from defeat or treason, Forrest was implacable and unmerciful. But to those who did their duty as good soldiers, no man was more just and tolerant. The gentler side of his nature showed itself to the captive and the distressed. At the battle of Okolona, when his brother, the gallant Col. Jefferson Forrest, fell mortally wounded, in the charge, Gen. Forrest rushed to the spot, took him in his arms, and wept like a child, while the bullets of the enemy swept around him. This brother had been reared by the General, and had been given a liberal education at his expense. He died in the arms of the great leader, while the soldiers around uncovered their heads as the gallant soul took its departure, accompanied by the tears and prayers of the iron-handed chieftain; no man who saw that scene, and who saw a moment after the tearful-eyed Forrest leap into his saddle and dash upon the enemy until the lines were broken to fragments, and driven in tumultuous rout, can refuse to recognize the great nobility of our dead hero; had he received the benefit of early culture, and of even an ordinary common school education, the harsher features of his character would barely have attracted attention; but such as he was, no truer knight ever led a squadron, and no purer patriot ever fought or bled for his native land.

Have the courage to give occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare. Giving what you do not want nor value, neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's flowing well, however delicious the draught? Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for the new ones.

The working man from this time means to understand the science of government, the true social economy. He means that labor shall possess a dignity which capital will respect.

Hunting Baby.

Those who have read Marryat's laughable novel of "Japhet in Search of a Father" will find its exact counterpart in the story of Rown and his baby now filling the New York papers. While Rown was in California attending to some business there, Mrs. Rown, who was in New York, gave birth to a boy. Mrs. Little, the mother-in-law, who, after the style of all mothers-in-law, did not love Rown too much, took the child from its mother on the night of its birth and conveyed it to a foundling asylum, where she left it. This was two years ago. Rown having got through with his business in California returned to New York last week and is now searching for the missing child. There is but one clue to it; it was entered at the Foundling Asylum in New York on December 21. It unfortunately so happens that a number of boys were entered in the asylum on that identical night. Rown is, therefore, called on to step up, prove property, and pick out his child from among these. This, however, he finds no easy task. A boy named "Eddie" was selected by the nurse as the probable Rown baby; but Eddie is a blonde and Mr. and Mrs. Rown dark brunettes. His unfortunate blonde hair staggered the father, and he declined emphatically to accept Eddie as his. The whole crowd of babies were then brought up before him, and it was resolved to test that parental instinct which, in the minds of all mothers, at last, is omnipotent. Any one who has seen a regular foundling melodrama, "Kit," for instance, or the "Sea of Ice," knows how strong and powerful this parental instinct is, and how mother and daughter naturally and instinctively feel love for each other, and rush into each other's arms on the very first opportunity. Everybody who has been to the theatre knows all this, and Rown resolved to settle the question as to which of the babies was his by this test of "instinct." But, alas, despite melodramas and novels, it did not work. Not a single one of the many children on exhibition displayed the least leaning toward Rown. In vain he sought to single out one among them that seemed pleased at his presence, that embraced, that even smiled on him. The children looked thoroughly disgusted at the whole scene, broke into tears, and muttered something about "geolly." Rown in disgust gave up his job, pronounced the paternal instinct a humbug and declared that parents loved their children simply because they know them to be theirs. Rown has, therefore, given up any idea of finding his lost baby by instinct, and, like Marryat's Japhet, will establish its identity by the color of its hair and the shape of its nose. And he is waiting for that hair yet. We are sorry that this unfortunate affair has shown the delusion of paternal instinct, the resource of the dramatist and the fond belief of every mother. It was something worth believing in, even if not true. "A mother always knows her child," they say. But neither mother, father, nor mother-in-law for that matter, can tell which is the Rown baby.—[N. O. Democrat.]

Humor and Sarcasm.

It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is, to raise a laugh. Old Aesop, who was doubtless the subject of many a jibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was fun to the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in the same light coin, and will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur anyone's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a venal weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at sociable foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

He lives in Rhinebeck now—108 years of age, threads a needle at arm's length, slept with Noah when a boy, played marbles with Pharaoh, and turned the grindstone for G. W. to sharpen his little cherry cutter.

The little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your hearts as the summer dews fall upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a school-boy crying in the street; it dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what cloud of darkness one kind word dispels!

The Little Folks' Column.

Oh, That Baby!

Oh, that baby!
Oh, that love of a baby!
Eyes so bright, lips so sweet,
Dimpled hands, and dimpled feet,
Oh, that baby!

Oh, that baby!
Such a wonderful baby!
Never cries, sleeps 'o nights,
Never frets and never fights,
Oh, that baby!

Yes, that baby!
Love of a dove of a baby!
Cooling soft all the day,
Always good, come what may,
Oh, that baby!

The father of all corns—pop-corn.

What is the difference between sperm and a schoolboy's howl? One is the wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wail produced by the whacks.

There was a small boy in Pawtucket, He bought him an orange to suck it; He had a long nose, And as you may suppose, Into the orange he stuck it.

A school boy had just got his face fixed to sing "Let us love one another," when a snow-ball hit him in the mouth and so confused him that he yelled; "Bill Sykes, just do that agin and I'll chew your ear off."

Two SOMEBODIES.—I know somebody who always appears miserable; and this is the way she contrives to be so—thinking always about herself; constantly wishing for that which she has not; idling her time; fretting and grumbling.

I know somebody who is much happier; and this is the way she contrives to be so—thinking of others; satisfied with what her Heavenly Father has judged best for her; working, and thinking how she can make others happy.

My little "somebody," what kind of a "somebody" are you?—Ex.

A school-boy writes: "The mew is a larger bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with; and 2 more to kick with; and it wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward."

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."

"Learn to talk like a gentleman, my boy! Papa is sorry to hear you talk 'street talk.' Do quit it."
"What is 'street talk,' papa?"
"What did you just now say to sister?"

"I told her to be quiet."
"But you said, 'Flush up,' and said it very loud and rudely. And what did you, ten minutes ago, say to Martha?"

"I told her to get out of my way."
"But you did not say it half so nicely as that. You said, 'Get out of this.' And, I think you called her some name. What was it?"

Hurry looked ashamed, and the tears came; but he answered "I called her a dirty snick."

"Just so. That is what I mean by street talk. All these naughty words, and especially the rough tone and manner, you hear on the street. They belong to those boys who have never been taught any better, and to those men who, though knowing better, yet do not care anything about the better way. But my little boy must never use street talk."

A spread-eagle orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you had fled a mile."

KEEP YOUR PROMISE.—A boy borrowed a tool from a carpenter, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand; and did not return until late. Before he went, he was told that his brother should see the article returned.

After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired, and found that the tool had not been sent to the owner. He was much distressed to think his promise had not been kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early the next morning.

By daylight he was up, but nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search he set off for his neighbor's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's doorstep! And then it appeared, from the print of his little bare feet in the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and gone to bed again without knowing it.

Of course a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and profit.

If all the grown folk felt as this boy did, there would be a good many tracks of bare feet found some of these bright mornings, and what piles of tools and books would be lying at the owners' doors!

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