Chariton Courier.

KEYTESVILLE, : : MISSOURI.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

Translated from the Swedish of Runeberg.

The sun went down and evening came, the quiet Summer even,
A mass of glowing purple lay between the farms and heaven;
A weary troop of men went by, their day's hard labor done,
Tired and contented,toward their homes they wended one by one.

Their work was done, their harvest reaped, a goodly harvest truly,
A well appointed band of foes all slain or captured newly;
At dawn against this armed band they had gone forth to fight,
And all had closed in victory before the fall of night.

Close by the field, where all day long the hard hot strife was raging,
A cottage by the wayside stood, half desolate and ageing,
And on its worn, low steps there sat a silent girl and mused
And watched the troop come slowly by, in weary line confused.

She looked like one who sought a friend, she scanned each man's face nearly,
High burned the color in her cheek, too high for sunset merely;
She sat so quiet, looked so warm, so flushed with secret heat,
It seemed she listened as see gazed, and felt her own heart beat.

But as she saw the troop march by, and darkness round them stealing,
To every file, to every man, her anxious eye appealing,
Seemed muttering in a shy distress a question without speech,
More silent than a sigh itself,too anguished to beseech.

But when the men had all gone past, and not a word was spoken,
The poor girl's courage failed at last, and all her strength was broken.
She wept not loud,but on her hand her weary forehead fell,
And large tears followed one by one as from a burning well.

"Why dost thou weep? For hope may break, just where the gloom is deepest!
O daughter, hear thy mother's voice, a needless tear thou weepest;
He whom thy eyes were seeking for, whose face thou couldst not see,
He is not dead, he thought of love,and still he lives for thee.

He thought of love. I counseled him to shield himself from danger,
I taught him how to slip the fight, and leave them like a stranger;
By force they made him march with them, but weep not, rave not thus,
I know he will not choose to die from happy life and us."

Shivering the maiden rose like one whom awful dreams awaken.
As if some grim foreboding all her soul in her had shaken;
She lingered not, she sought the place where late had raged the fight,
And stole away and swiftly fled and vanished out of sight.

An hour went by, another hour,the night had closed around her;
The moonshot clouds were silvery white, but darkness hung belowt hem.
"She lingers long; O daughter,come, thy toil is all in vain,
To-morrow, ere the dawn is red, your bridegroom's here again!"

The daughter came; with silent step she came to meet her mother,
The pallid eyelids strained no more with tears she fain would smother;
But colder than the wind at night the hand that mother pressed,
And whiter than a Winter cloud the maiden's cheek and breast.

"Make me a grave, O mother dear; my days on earth are over!
The only man that fled to-day, that coward was my lover;
He thought of me and of himself, the battlefield he scanned,
And then betrayed his brothers' hope and shamed his fathers' land.

When past our door the troop marched by, and I their ranks had numbered,
I wept to think that like a man among the dead he slumbered,
I sorrowed, but my grief was mild, it had no bitter weight,
I would have lived a thousand years to mourn his noble fate.

O mother, I have looked for him wher'er the dead are lying,
But none of all the stricken bear his features, calm in dying;
Now will I live no more on earth in shame to sit and sigh,
He lies not there among the dead, and, therefore, I will die."

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A ROYAL TRAGEDY.

The Assassination of Albert of Hapsburg.

When the Emperor Rudolph the First, the noble founder of the House of Hapsburg and one of its very best rulers, died, he was succeeded by his son Albert, who was a widely different man from his illustrious father. Avaricious, perfidious and grasping, Albert was mean enough to deprive his nephew,the young Duke of Suabia, of his Swiss estates, the principal castle of which, Kyburg, had been one of the Emperor Rudolph's favorite summer resorts.

It would be difficult to imagine a more picturesque place than Castle Kyburg. It was erected at the beginning of the middle ages on a wooded hill, rising abruptly to a height of 600 feet, on the banks of the Toess River, one of the wildest mountain torrents in Switzerland. The hill is surrounded by densely wooded mountains, which impart to the landscape a most romantic aspect. To-day a part of Castle Kyburg is in ruins, but another part has been restored by its present wealthy proprietor, who has converted the slope into a paradise of flowers and shrubbery, and who takes pride in showing to tourists the cozy bay window from which the Emperor Rudolph frequently gazed upon the lovely panorama that extended before his eyes. Every thing there now breathes peace and tranquility, but such was not the case in former ages, when Castle Kyburg was frequently the scene of bloodshed and other violent deeds. Especially horrible was the tragedy that was enacted here on May day, in the year of 1308.

At an early hour in the afternoon of that day five young knights, of the most distinguished appearance, were engaged in an animated conversation in a room adjoining the dinging-hall of the castle. These young men were the Duke of Suabia, Joannes, the grandson of Rudolpk the First, and the Knights Von Palm, Von Eshenbach, Von Wart and Von Tegernfeld, the Duke's devoted friends. Every now and then th noise of a merry carousal, tnat was held by Albert of Hapsburg and a large number of distinguished guests, fell upon their ears, and every moment the intense indignation which evidently filled them seemed to increase.

"My uncle is a villain—a robber!" exclaimed the young Duke Suabia. "All this splendid country belongs to me, and he withholds it from me by his lies and tergiversations! Oh, if his father, my noble ancestor, Rudolph of Hapsburg, were alive, he would kill his rascally eldest son for all his infernal meanness."

"He ought to be killed!" said Von Tegernfeld, in a somber tone of voice.

"I will slay him!" exclaimed Von Palm.

"Don't deprive me of the pleasure of putting a bloody end to the crowned robber's existence," said the Duke,with a terrible glance toward the dining-hall.

Von Wart interposed. He was somewhat older than his companion. His face was that of a most intellectual, amiable man.

"For heaven's sake, Sir Duke," he said, impressively, "do nothing rash. The consequences might be dreadful. Speak once more about your Swiss inheritance to your uncle. He is just now in the best of humor."

For a moment the Duke hesitated; then he said:

"Yes, I will speak once more to him about it. Wait for me here, my good and trusty friends. I shall not be long."

He opened the door and entered the dining-hall. It was a vast and curiously fitted up apartment. Albert sat at the head of the long table, which was covered with huge flasks and stone jars, from which he and his guests sipped the most generous wines of that period. When Albert caught sight of his young nephew, he shouted to him:

"Oh, you sober young man! Quick, step this way. Here is a chair and here a goblet filled with splendid old Burgundy. Drink my health in a bumper!"

Joannes of Suabia eyed his uncle for a few moments with a curious expression of countenance; then he said, with a forced smile:

"I will gladly drink your health, your Majesty, if you will bestow a favor —a great favor—upon me."

"Certainly, my noble nephew," laughed Albert.

The young Duke quaffed the goblet in his uncle's honor, Then he seated himself by Albert's side.

"I told you, nephew," said Albert, before Joannes was able to speak, "that I would bostow a great favor upon you. Here I will take this May wreath from my anointed head, and place it upon yours; and this afternoon I will take you over to Rheinfelden, where my noble consort Elizabeth is, and introduce you to her. Is not that a great favor, my noble nephew."

"No, your Majesty, I care not for your May wreath, nor for an introduction to her Majesty, but the only favor I ask of you is to restore to me my Swiss territories which you unjustly withhold from me," said Joannes, gloomily.

"Heavens!" laughed Albert; "don't talk politics to me here. Come, come, nephew, have some more wine, and then get ready for the trip to Rheinfelden."

For a moment Joannes of Suabia fixed his eyes with the expression of a viper upon his uncle. Then he arose from the table, bowed to Albert deeply, and hurried out of the dining-hall. He rejoined his friends in the other room.

"I hope you bring us favorable news," said Von Wart.

"No," cried Joannes of Suabia, livid with rage, "the worst possible news do I bring. What do you think? My infamous uncle made fun of me when I told him what I wanted. Then he asked me to get ready to accompany him to Rheinfelden to see his wife. Yes," he added, in a terrible tone of voice "I will accompany him, but only to kill him."

"Oh, no," cried Von Wart deprecatingly.

"Yes, yes," cried the other knights, rattling their heavy swords.

"Right, right, my friends!" cried Joannes of Swabia. "You shall accompany me. But mind you, when we get near the river bank I shall ride ahead with my uncle alone. Then you come up from behind and hack his shoulders. But I must run my sword through his wicked heart."

"Where will all this end?" sighed the thoughtful Von Wart.

An hour later Albert of Austria was brutally murdered, as the plotters had agreed. Von Palm, Von Eschenbach and Von Tegernfeld attacked him from behind, and inflicted grievous wounds upon him.

"Joannes, nephew, help me! help me!" cried Albert, despairingly.

"Yes, I will help you!" roared Joannes, and he buried his sword in his uncle's heart.

Albert of Austria sank from his horse. He was dying. His assassins fled in dismay. Only now did they realize the heinous character of the crime they had committed.

An old beggar woman had witnessed the terrible scene from behind a neighboring tree. She hurried up to the dying man and put his head into her lap.

Thus died the eldest son of the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg.

A few minutes later the escort of Albert arrived, and active steps were taken for the pursuit of the murderers. But the latter made good their escape. Albert's consort, Elizabeth, a naturally cruel woman, revenged her husband's death in the most shocking manner. She had all the servants and peasants of the four knights arrested and brutally put to death. At length Von Wart was caught Elizabeth had him broken on the wheel and then exposed on the Schindanger at Winterthur. Von Wart's young wife gave her wretched husband the most touching proofs of marital love and fidelity.

Horrible to say, the unfortunate knight survived three days and three nights.

She was with him during all those agonizing hours. She drove away the birds of prey that came to feast upon his quivering flesh; she constantly moistened his parched lips.

Noble German poets have immortalized the name of this good, heroic devoted wife, Gertrude Von Wart.

The American Oyster.

Our American oyster surpasses in size and fatness all other oysters of the world. He is found all along our seashore, from Maine to Mexico, but in greatest abundance and most generons growth from Long Island Sound to Chesapeake Bay. On the Pacific Coast the oyster is not nearly so large as on the Atlantic, although the little oysters of California are much esteemed for their flavor. In England oysters are both small and scarce. It is not mere size that makes the oysters desirable. Some very large oysters are flabby and watery and make poor eating. Until comparatively recent improvements in rapid transportation the luxury of fresh oysters was a rarity to dwellers in the inland parts of the United States. Even as far East as Pittsburg "shell oysters" were so far from common as to be the subject of special signs in restaurant windows. The general public who ate oysters partook of the canned article. Twenty years ago people advertised as special attraction at church fairs and other festivals such canned oysters as we of the seaboard would consider hardly fit to offer dogs. Since that time great improvements have been made in canning oysters, and they now may be quoted as really fit to eat when freshly opened ones can not be procured. An immense canned business is done in Philadelphia, as well as in Baltimore and New York.

States in Debt and out of Debt.

It is interesting to observe how the era of economy is reducing the State debts and lengthening the list of States which bear no debt at all. Colorado, Delaware, Kentucky, West Virginia and Wisconsin do not appear as debtor States at all. Then there are California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, Oregon and Vermont whose debts are either very small and on the point of extinction by sinking funds, or are held for perpetual trust for school purposes or State institutions. This makes 15 out of 38 virtually out of debt. To this list may be added Minnesota and Mississippi, of both States had not repudiated just obligations. Of the indebted States, Massachusetts heads with a debt at the beginning of this year of $33,200,000, and a sinking fund of about $11,000,000, making a net debt of over $22,000,000. Pennsylvania has a total debt of about $23,000,000, which sinking funds reduce to $14,000,000. New York has paid off all but her canal debt of $9,000,000.

—The Count of Bismarck Bohlen, cousin of Prince Bismarck, committed suicide lately in Venice. He seemed determined that his work should be thorough, as 10 razor-cuts were found upon his limbs, two upon his arms, and two upon his throat. Covered with blood, and leaving a trail of it upon the floor, he dragged himself to his bed, and, after lying down, shot himself in the head. His age was 46. A disease with which he was afflicted caused him great suffering, and it is thought that he killed himself in a frenzy of pain.

A DIVER AT WORK.

Donning His Submarine Armor—Down Among the Fishes—Some Perilous Predicaments.

[From the New York Sun.]

At 1 o'clock every thing was ready for work. The sea was a little higher than agreeable, and the schooner rose and fell on the waves in a manner which rendered the descent more difficult than it would otherwise have been. Charles Coolan, a good looking, athletic young fellow, with shoulders broader than O'Leary's and limbs as hard and muscular as a prize fighter's, was the first to go down.

His first step was to put on several suits of extra underclothing to keep off the cold. The average temperature in 100 feet of water is 40 degrees. Then he drew on an air-tight suit of white India rubber, terminating about the shoulders in a heavy iron breastplate. When safely encased in this, a ponderous iron helmet, weighing 30 to 40 pounds, was brought out and screwed on to the breastplate until the whole formed a perfectly water-tight covering from head to foot. There were three openings, or little windows, in the helmet, each of the area of several square inches, and each carefully guarded by narrow iron bars. Particular attention is paid to the thickness of the glass and the stoutness of the bars, for on these depends the diver's fate. The face glass is circular, and is screwed on last of all, just as the man steps over the side. Henceforth he is shut up in a living tomb, which at any moment may become his coffin.

From the top of the helmet issues a rubber pipe about the size of garden hose, only several times thicker and stouter. Through this the air is forced by means of an air-pump worked by hand. The valves of the pump are surrounded by ice in order to keep the air pure and cool so that wrecking expeditions are often forced to put back into port for lack of ice. Inside the helmet the noise of the incoming air sounded remarkably like an immense buzz-saw.

Besides the water-proof suit and iron helmet Coolan put on a pair of shoes—the most remarkable part of his equipment. It would make a Broadway shoemaker smile to see the soles of this extraordinary foot gear. Each is composed entirely of lead about two inches thick and weighs from ten to fifteen pounds. This heavy weight is rendered necessary to counterbalance the ponderous helmet and breastplate, which would otherwise prove too much for the bearer. The weight of the entire suit is over 100 pounds, and yet with the increased pressure of the water on all sides, it is comparatively light.

All being ready, Coolan nods to his assistants (his face-glass has been screwed, and he can only communicate with those outside by signs) and begins to descend. The air is whizzing into the back of his iron head-piece at a tremendous rate, as he lumbers heavily over the side and lets himself down into the water. Both hands clutch tightly the life-line, down which he descends, while two men stand over him, one holding the line and another paying out the air pipe. These are called "tenders," their business being to respond to the signals and look out generally after the welfare of the man on the bottom. On their promptness and efficiency the diver's safety and often his life depends. A green or careless tender is worse feared than a small school of sharks.

For 35 feet or more Coolan's course is unobstructed. Then he strikes the maintop-mast of the sunken vessel. Down this he crawls carefully in the dim twilight, avoiding the yards and tackle which still hang from the masts. The scene is ghostly enough for one of Victor Hugo's novels. The brigantine lies on her side, imbedded in the firm, hard sand, with her masts and yards raking at an angle of say 30 degrees from the perpendicular. From the slanted yards hang the tattered remains of sails and rigging, streaming idly downward in the quiet water, like moss trailing from limbs of dead wood. Down upon the silent deck, among the pilot fish and sea bass, the diver holds his way. The fish lurk about the deserted decks in schools, and require blows and strokes with the diver's knife to drive them away. The latter weapon, a rough looking blade, yet, withal, sharp as a razor, is carried slung in a leather sheath at the side. A big, striped fish known as the hiage collect about the hatchway in a thick school. Coolan draws his knife, slices one of them in two, while the rest scatter.

All is black darkness in the hold of the sunken vessel, and many minutes pass before every thing is ready for hoisting. The hides, which constituted a large portion of the cargo, are packed over and above the wool, and these have to be dragged off before the more valuable commodity can be reached. At length a big, dirty, white bale, strapped with iron, and weighing out of water some 800 pounds, is disengaged from the debris and dragged to the open hatch. Into the mouth of the latter, and just visible in the dark, gray light, dangles the end of a rope tackle, which is seized and made fast to the bale. A certain number of jerks on the rope signify "Hoist away," and slowly and quietly the big bale rises toward the surface.

From two to three hours is the usual period of a diver's work. The fatiguing employment, the labor of carrying about the immense weight of the suit, and the constant pressure from all sides are terribly exhausting. None but men of the strongest constitutions succeed at the business, and even then it is thought to lessen their lives. In the present case two or three bales in the morning and as many in the afternoon are considered a fair day's work.

The next "spell" under water is taken by Rufus Peterson, Coolan's mate. He is thinner and many pounds lighter than the other, and at first sight would appear hardly capable of bearing up the immense weight which is laid upon him. Long years of practice in the Mississippi and Mexico and in South America have made him perfect, however, and he buckles on the marine suit with as much ease as though it were buckskin. He disappears below the bubbling waves, and in 15 minutes the tightening of the falls and a jerk on the life line tell that another bale is "hooked."

On deck, the wool is subjected to a thorough examination. Notwithstanding its eight months sojourn under water, the glistening fleece is found to be as fine, as soft, and as flexible as ever. This is due to the thick, oily residuum which permeates the unwashed wool, and forms an effectual protector against the salt water. Had the cargo been washed before shipping, it would now have but little value.

"What is the chief drawback of a driver's life?" was asked of Coolan, as the latter rested on the deck after his labors.

"Well, I should call it the uncertainty. For instance, you go down into ninety or one hundred feet of water, with nothing between you and the surface except that little air pipe. If it should break or leak, or get cut, it is all up with you. As long as that whizzing noise at the back of the helmet keeps up, you are all right; but let it dwindle or stop, and there is only one thing to do,—make tracks out of there."

"Have you ever had it break with you?"

"I have had the noise stop as quick as you'd shut off steam. I didn't stop there long, you can bet. I was down in fifty feet of water, and it took the liveliest kind of scrambling to get up in time. The pipe had broken at the top, but one of the tenders put his hand over the break, and they managed to send me down a little more air as I was coming up. The air inside of the helmet grew hot and thick, and by the time I got to the top I was gasping like a fish out of water."

Next to the air-pipe, the diver looks most carefully after the little pane of glass which covers his face. The iron rods, two vertical and two horizontal, which protect it, are made and fitted with special care, so as to afford the greatest amount of protection consistent with a clear view. The breaking of this glass is generally equivalent to immediate death, the rush of water within being apt to choke the victim instantly. Peterson tells of a case on the Atlantic coast in which a driver was drowned by the breaking of this glass. The man was exceedingly nervous, and apt to lose his head when he got into difficulty. Especially he dreaded the breaking of his face-glass, and for this reason had it made unusually stout. One day, while working in the hold of a ship loaded with railroad-iron, he jammed his helmet against the thin bottom edge of a rail. The glass was shattered. The green water rushed in with tremendous force, and strangled him before he could make an effort to get out. Peterson, groping his way through the dark hold, stumbled upon the body of his unfortunate mate, doubled up around a stancheon.

In diving for the Submarine Company of St. Louis in 1871, Peterson himself met with an accident that well-nigh proved fatal. He was employed at Fort Leavenworth in the Missouri River in over fifty feet of water. While at the bottom of the river the bell in which he was at work was overturned, the bell boots which he wore being torn completely off him by the violence of the shock. The current was running at the rate of seven miles an hour. He retained presence of mind enough to grasp a life-line which happened to be within reach, whereupon the current bore him to the surface.

Coolan was one of the divers who fished the six hundred bodies out of the wreck of the White Star steamer Atlantic in 1873. The corpses of the dead were found jammed against the furniture, crammed through glass sky-lights, hidden away behind stateroom doors, and always in the most frightfully contorted attitudes. To grope into a cabin in the dark and come suddenly upon the bodies of an entire family—father, mother, and children—intertwined in one last embrace, was not uncommon. The most hideous cases and most trying to the nerves were the single corpses, hid behind doors, which tumbled into the diver's embrace on his opening them.

"Which is the easiest sort of cargo to move?"

"Railroad iron. It is the cleanest and the easiest to handle. Assorted cargoes, grain in bulk, and miscellaneous goods are the worst."

Pioneer Days.

An ancient dame who settled in Indiana 60 years ago—she is now 94 years old—recently gave a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* a few reminiscences of her early life on the frontier. She said:

"We had no window to our house, and the door was made of a blanket which was hung over the doorway. We had a large fireplace made of sticks, in which a fire was always kept burning. My babe was then three months old. All we had to keep house with was a small provision chest, a bellmetal tea-kettle, a sugar-bowl, pewter plates, and some cups and saucers. When we moved into our cabin we had no beds, and as my son, then four years old, had the whooping-cough, I felt that it would be dangerous to place him on the puncheon floor, so I had my husband make a hammock by suspending a quilt from the rafters by a bed-cord. We made a table out of a walnut slab, and three stools, and our housekeeping outfit was completed. Well, as I told you, my husband started to mill and expected to be absent a week. I had a brother living at Vincennes who had sent us word that he would pay us a visit, and I was expecting him. The second night after my husband left I heard some one hallooing down in the bottoms, and I felt certain that it was my brother who had lost his way in the darkness. I immediately answered the cry, and it was promptly responded to, and continued to approach. I set a candle on a stump in the yard, and leaving my little boy sitting in the door, advanced toward the wood, calling to the approaching person to come to the light. You can not imagine my fright at hearing the yell between me and the house, and on looking around discovered a large panther pass between the light and my boy. I gave a scream and picked up the candle, and dashed into the house and lowered the quilt. I can't tell you how long the night was, or the nights which followed until the return of my husband. I had to bake my bread at a neighbor's and usually went over at night, but never dared to go unless I carried a firebrand in my hand. Many a time I've seen the flashing eyes of a panther but they never dared attack me on account of the fire. When the neighbors went visiting in those days, they took their teams and guns and stayed a week, the men hunting, and women quilting and helping each other at their domestic duties. How did I make butter? Oh, easy enough. I put the milk in a gallon jug and shook it until it was churned. The trouble sometimes was in getting the butter out of the jug. I have frequently gone to mill alone when I had to swim the horses across the river, the boat not being large enough to carry them. I have often seen the women walk five miles on a visit and carry a babe. They would set the child straddle of one of their hips, and putting the arm around it, could carry a large child with great ease. The men in those days wore buckskin trousers and went barefooted in summer, while the children seldom had shoes at all."

Human Eye and Rabbit Eye.

A short time ago a man named Reynolds, employed in the Geddes Rolling-mill, says the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Journal*, while pouring molten iron, received a dash of the fiery liquid in the left eye, causing intense pain and serious injury. Mr. Reynolds applied to Dr. Van Duyn, under whose care the wounded member soon healed, but with the upper and lower lids fastened to the sight of the eye. To remedy this difficulty, Dr. Van Duyn separated the unduly joined membranes with a knife, thereby necessarily removing a part of the conjunctiva of the eye. In the anticipation of this loss, the Doctor had a rabbit in readiness, under the influence of ether, and at this stage of the operation took a piece of the conjunctiva from one of the insensible animal's eyes, and immediately placed it upon that of the injured man, where it speedily adhered and now has become a part of the human eye. It may be said that the life of the rabbit which thus contributed to human happiness was humanely taken before it recovered consciousness.

—One of the newest London fashions is a revival of the old long Chesterfield man's coat for women's wear. It may be worn with a skirt of the same material or another, according to fancy. It has pockets at the waist and simulated ones at the back.

MOTHERS, do not let your darlings suffer with the Whooping Cough, if you have a remedy so near at hand. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and the little sufferers will soon find relief. Price, 25 cents.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Lamp Wicks.—Lamp wicks soaked for a quarter of an hour in vinegar, and then dried before being put into a lamp, will not smoke.

Lemon Butter.—6 lemons, 12 eggs, 2 pounds of sugar, ¼ pound of butter; grate the rinds, add the juice, beat the eggs; simmer over a slow fire 15 minutes, stirring all the while.

Poor Man's Pudding.—3 cups of flour, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of suet, one cup raisins, 1 teaspoonful of soda, spice to taste; boil two hours; eat with sauce.

Lemon Cake.—3 cups of rolled white sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of sweet milk, 5 eggs; beat butter and sugar to a cream; dissolve ½ teaspoonful of soda in milk; sift 3 cups of flour and add by degrees; add juice and rind of one lemon.

To Fry Egg-plant.—Slice very thin, sprinkle salt on both sides, lay one slice on another till enough is prepared; then place a heavy weight on top; this will draw out any bitter taste. Let it remain a few hours; make a rich batter or prepare crumbs with egg, dip in the egg-plant, and fry in boiling lard. If too rich, broil in a fish-broiler.

Saratoga Potatoes.—Peel and wash the potatoes, and cut them in thin slices. This may be done with the slaw-cutter; lay them in cold water until wanted, then take them out and wipe them by putting them in a towel and slightly rubbing them; have in a frying-pan on the fire sufficient lard to swim the potatoes; when boiling hot drop in a few at a time, and let them brown; then lift them out with a fork so as to drain off the fat; set them in the oven to keep hot; if properly done they will be crisp and brown.

Chicken Soup.—Take a chicken weighing about three pounds. Cut it in quarters and place in a porcelain pot. Add 2 quarts of water and let it boil 1 hour. Then have a frying-pan ready with a lump of butter, and remove the chicken to it, and have some boiled rice ready, cooked in another sauce-pan—about 1 cup of boiled rice—as boiling the rice with the chicken improves the flavor of the soup. Add about 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, 1 onion, and a small carrot in very thin slices; boil the giblets separately, and when the chicken is a rich brown remove it to make a gravy by adding ¼ cup of water, 1 tablespoonful of flour, and the giblets chopped fine. Serve the gravy separately.

Mice Pies.—Boil a fresh tongue; chop it very fine, after removing the skin and roots; when cold, add 1 pound chopped suet, 2 pounds stoned raisins, 2 pounds currants, 2 pounds citron cut in fine pieces, 6 cloves powdered, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, ¼ teaspoonful mace, 1 pint brandy, 1 pint wine or cider, 2 pounds sugar; put this all in a stone jar and cover well. In making pies chop some apples very fine, and to 1 bowl of the prepared meat take 2 of apples; add more sugar, according to taste, and sweet cider enough to make the pies juicy, but not thin; mix and warm the ingredients before putting into your pieplates; always bake with an upper and under crust, made with 1 cup of lard, 1 of butter, 1 of water, and 4 of flour.

Boiling Hams.—Soak over night in warm water a ham of about 10 or 12 pounds weight. In the morning scrape and clean perfectly. Then put it into a large ham-kettle filled with cold water and let it simmer, not boil at all, for ½ hour. Then pour off the water and put it to more cold water. When it gets hot add a pint of cider vinegar. For a 10-pound ham, reckoning after it begins to boil, allow 3 hours for cooking, and ¼ hour for every additional pound; don't let it ever boil very hard—at any time. When done take it out, remove the skin, and stick whole cloves into it, cover with fine bread crumbs and bake ½ hour. Put a cut paper-frill around the bone, and cover with currant jelly and parsley.

To Bottle Cider.—Put your cider in a cool cellar; add 1 pound of double-refined sugar to each gallon of cider. Keep the bung out until the cider is done working—say one month; then close the bung until the cider has obtained the flavor to suit; the sooner you bottle it after it is done working the sweeter it will be. It must not be bottled before it is done working, or it will break the bottles. Use champagne bottles only (it will burst any other kind), and straight velvet corks; soak the corks in warm water, compress them, drive them in with a wooden mallet; set the barrel up 16 inches, so as to not disturb it when you draw it in the bottles, as you will ruin it if disturbed after working; draw direct in the bottles; add to each bottle 1 teaspoonful of sugar; cork it up immediately after filling; double wire each bottle; lay on the side in a cool cellar. It will keep for years.

FARM TOPICS.

HOW TO MAKE A HORSE TROT.—The question has been asked me, and I will answer it, "What makes a horse trot?" Well, it is not the whip—that is one thing settled; and it is not your driving, friend, either, which makes your horse trot—that is settled. What is just the right pull to make on a horse's mouth to save him when he breaks? When is the proper instant to move that bit in his mouth? What is the right way to handle a horse to get him through the air a second faster to the mile? It may as well be owned that the secret is not open to every body. Only men with the instinct to see into the horse's nature ever learn it. This gift, with long and patient observation, has enabled the great drivers to "get the most" out of the famous trotters. My own practice is, without pretending to the knowledge of professional trainers, to let the horse a good deal alone. I presume I do not take the reins in both hands once in three months, so far as need of strength goes, when I am driving on the road. Of course there are some horses that we must make trot if they ever trot at all; I for one do not desire to have any thing to do with that sort of horses. But give me a horse that is a natural trotter, and I am sure he will never go except in a trot, unless by reason of some pain in his foot or somewhere else, that may cause him to break. In that case the best way is to let him alone. I am driving a 5-year-old colt that is fast. If he breaks, I let him run. After he has been running six or eight rods, I hint to him that it is just as fashionable for him to strike his trot, and, if he does not take that hint, in a little while, I give him another. But I don't yank him, or jerk him, "pull him back," "settle him down," "square him," as they say, and all those other excellent phrases that do not mean any thing. The colt means to trot, and I know it, and if for some unaccountable cause he breaks, I know the habit naturally implanted in him will get him back to his trot just as quick as he can. A horse can not run awhile and catch himself suddenly, without hurting himself; so he will take another jump or two. When he has jumped two or three times, I give a little touch to the reins, suggesting to him that he was very well trot. He generally knows what I mean, but if he don't I tell him again, and pretty soon I find him going along with his tail as straight as a spirit-level. I never, on such a horse, use a check-rein, never put on martingales, but let him go, head up and tail streaming. These are the rudders intended to keep the horse true in his gait, and you have no right to deprive him of his steering apparatus. And so the rule is, that the horse, if he is a sensible, level-headed horse, knows a great deal more than you do about trotting, and you should let him have his own way. That is my best advice, briefly put, in regard to driving.—*Parson Murray, in the Golden Rule.*

CROSSING POULTRY.—It is not every farmer who can keep a flock of purebred fowls, for the reason they do not have the time or the interest in poultry as we breeders do. To keep a well bred stock of poultry you have to change your stock often, and, to keep them up to the standard, it is something of a duty to do. I have had a little experience within the last five years in breeding and crossing poultry of different breeds, and I find it will very much improve the stock for laying and brooding. The Brahmas and Cochins are well scattered through the country at present. Almost every farmer has got more or less of the Brahma or Cochin blood in their stock of poultry, and a great many say that they "like the Brahma or Cochin but they sit everlastingly; can not break them up," etc. I will tell you how I improve them. I have taken the partridge Cochin hen and brown Leghorn cock and crossed them. It cuts them down in size some, but they are a good, fair sized fowl,and lay more eggs and do not sit so much for setting. They are nearly the same color as in the pure state. Another cross is the Cochin and Houdan cock. That makes a good cross; a large fowl which lays a large egg and does not set much and are not bad to break off from setting. The light Brahma and the white Leghorn would make a good cross and keep your fowls near their own color.

If you have the old-fashioned barnyard fowl, it will pay you well to get some of the best stock of improved breeds to cross with them. It will increase them in quality of stock and improve your flock in looks. The great trouble with farmers is, they think poultry is a small affair and do not pay much attention to them; let them run from year to another until they are entirely run out, never exchanging the stock. I think there is nothing on a farm that pays better than the poultry for the expense they are to the farmer. They almost pick their own living in the summer season. You say eggs are not worth any thing. They are low, of course, but the wife gets a good many groceries with them.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

FIREWOOD AND ITS PREPARATION.—The great majority of the farmer's or gardener's labor is done with reference to future results; he plants and sows that he may harvest in good time. It is well, therefore, for us to take a look ahead and in time plan for all anticipated needs. Among the first things to be considered during the winter, is to provide for a supply of fuel sufficient for the year's need. Few things add more to the pleasure of the good housewife than to look into a capacious, conveniently constructed and located woodshed, and see it amply stored with good dry fuel. Every considerate farmer, therefore, who has on his own land a supply of fuel, will keep a stock of it prepared for the fire, and he who has it to buy, finds it economy in keeping a stock of dry fuel ahead, for experiment has demonstrated that one pound of dry wood will heat 35 pounds of water from 32 degrees to 212 degrees, while one pound of green wood will heat only 25 pounds. Not only is the green wood more costly in dollars and cents, but also in the matter of happiness and domestic felicity. As soon as the fall work is over, it is a good time to commence in the woods for preparing for fuel. In most woodlands there are trees which have come to maturity, and others which from other causes are not growing any better from year to year. It is better, when practicable, to cut out such trees and make them into fuel, than to allow them to cumber the ground. Where the trees stand thick, great judgment as well as some practice is needed in felling a large tree not to break and injure other trees standing near. I have cut trees and got them out without injuring any other trees, while I have directed help to cut another, not as difficult of getting out, and the breaking and destruction of young growth exceeded in value the tree cut, for the want of a little care and skill in using the eye.

Generally it is better to cut the trees into eight feet lengths, and haul these to the house to be worked up with the saw into stove lengths, split, and allowed to "sear" the outside before being piled in a tight wood-house. However if only single piles are put up, the wood may be put in as soon as cut and split. Either of these methods I prefer to allowing the cut and split wood to stand in the pile out-doors, exposed to the weather from four to six months; it seems to give out a freer, pleasanter heat, as well as doing better service when burned. The wood at the door may be worked into stove lengths at times when otherwise no employment would be had, and a saving effected in more than one way.

Wood for summer use may be lighter than that for winter, as usually a quick fire is needed for a short time only, when it is wanted for use. Here small and trashy wood may be used to advantage. Often there are many limbs of trees allowed to remain to disfigure the wood-lot, much of which if worked into stove lengths would make the best and quickest fires for boiling the teakettle. Although it seems like small work, it will often pay to work up limbs smaller than the little finger, and to pick up all fallen and decaying wood and prepare it for summer use. Let such farmers as have not heretofore laid up a year's stock of fuel ahead, try it for one year, and if the good housewife tells him at the end of the year that it is not the better way,let him believe her.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

THE long series of fearful catastrophes in English mines has aroused the Miners' National Union, which is demanding a radical change in the law, which seems to afford no guarantee of safety to working miners.

THE average revenue of Bosnia in times of peace has been about $3,000,000, of which about $900,000 went to Constantinople and the rest was absorbed in the Administration of the Province.—*N. Y. Post.*

The National Scourge.

It is estimated that the annual damages caused by the ravages of insects and worms exceed $150,000,000 in the United States alone. Truly an enormous loss! Yet it sinks into insignificance when compared with the ravages of that more terrible scourge, Consumption, which annually sweeps hundreds of thousands of human souls into eternity. The causes of consumption are various, depending in every instance for the development of the disease upon the scrofulous diathesis, or temperament, of the victim. This is the same cause which will operate upon the person an attack of acute disease or a slight nervous prostration, will engender consumption in a person of scrofulous habit. This consumption can be cured by proper treatment will be readily understood when the exact nature of the disease is understood, viz., the accumulation and deposition of scrofulous matter (tubercles) in the lungs. Obviously, the principal remedies required are (1) a powerful alterative, or blood-cleanser, to arrest the accumulations and also cleanse the blood of the scrofulous matter, and (2) a mild cathartic to expel the diseased matter from the system. This course of treatment, in conjunction with a strict hygienic regime, has proved the most successful method of curing this disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the best alterative and cathartic remedies before the public, and have been used for this purpose with the most marked efficacy. Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., affords special and unequaled advantage to consumptives, not only securing to them the best medical and hygienic means of treatment, but also the benefit of being located in a climate where the inhabitants are notably free from this disease.

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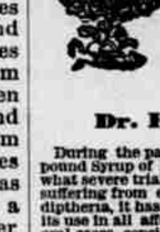

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