"Dere so-and-so Beel gone?" he asked.

"No, Bel; they hab all gwine away. Kind it is getting too hot for dem, and there ain't nobody around."

"And pray, to whom do you belong?" I asked. Then I really noticed his mule—a pearl of mules, an Andalusian mule, dapple gray, with big, lustrous antelope legs and dainty feet.

The boy saw my admiring eyes, when he at once said: "Gor-a-massy, you isn't gwine to take this yer mule?"

"To whom do you belong? I inquired.

"Don't b'long hea' at all. Up-country nigger, just drifted down hea' dis way."

"Don't lie to me, I toy. Don't pretend to fool me, or I will have to find out the way to make you talk sense."

"Done tell you for true. Mas'r, all about it. Ise took up with Mas'r Peebles for a while. This hea' mule isn't his'n. He don't have nothin'. We'se half-starved, we is."

His excess of zeal ruined his care. I sternly bade him show the way to Peeble's house, and he reluctantly kept alongside of me.

"You isn't a judge of mules," said he.

"No," said I, "never owned one."

"This hea' one is glandered, and that hiere cussed that he ain't worth his feed. Don't you never, Mas'r, have nothin' to do with mules. They isn't lucky to them that owns dappel mules." The boy was taking a wind ing-path and evidently was trying to lead me off. I had no time to waste. "Dismount, you rascal," I said suddenly, "and follow on foot. Give me that mule's halter." He did so, sliding off all in a heap.

I held the mule loose by his halter, who, following his instincts, at once turned sharp round, and in five minutes I saw the Peebles mansion. It was an indifferent structure, but the barn gave some hopes. A well-fed mule was proof sure in those days of abundant corn somewhere.

My coming fortunately, had not been anticipated, for the ground was so wet that the clatter of our animals had not been heard. "Take me to the barn," I said, "and now, boy, no nonsense. I have 50 men within call." I tied up the mule, and bidding the boy go with me, I went straight to the house. "You stay with me, and don't if you value your ears, go back to that barn," and with the boy on my right hand side, still mounted, I rode up to the Peebles house. At once the front door opened on a crack, and simultaneously an upper window. From my position looking down I could see a shot-gun leaning on a lot of hoe handles.

"I want to buy some corn and bacon; I am prepared to pay for it, Mr. Peebles," I said.

"Ain't got none, and confed. money ain't no use anyhow," was the reply.

Then a sharp voice from the window said: "Skat man alive! This ain't no time to go dickerin' around for corn and sich. Skat man!"

"Will specie buy your corn?" I said.

"It mought," squeaked the voice from the window, "It would be $2 in silver a bushel; right down, and you to tote it.

"How much can your mule carry?"

"We ain't got no mule."

"What is the use of lying, Mrs. Peebles; you have a fine mule. He will carry easily 10 bushels of corn. I will buy that much corn, and you will have to load it for me, and the boy will lead the mule to a place I designate, where you will be paid." I should have paid her in confederate money at $500 a bushel, for, saving a silver quarter, a pocket piece, I had seen no silver nor gold for three long years.

"I ain't one of them kind. No, sir. It's money down on the nail. Bartholomew, shet that door."

Then I determined to steal that mule. I was mad enough to have proceeded to force, but what was the use? I could not hamper Jo with corn. He had enough to do to carry me some sixteen miles back again.

"I must have a feed for my horse, anyhow," I said, looking askance at the man, "and I will pay for it with a silver quarter."

The window opened, and a shrill voice said: "Let the bothering man have it, Bartholomew, and try the quarter first atwixt your teeth, and pass it up to me arterward."

The colored boy, who had been lounging near, was instructed by the woman to bring me 20 ears of corn and not a mother one. "We ain't got none in the barn, and what little nubbins we has we keeps in the house," said Mrs. Peebles.

The ears of corn were thrown on the ground, the quarter paid, and Joe at once, ate them all up.

"You are not very hospitable or you would give me a bite of something," said I.

"We ain't in the giving line just now, vittles is scarce than the hen's teeth. Go about your business."

"You are a skinflint," I said, enraged, "and I have a great mind to come in and help myself."

"Bartholomew!" said the voice.

"If he dares to budge an inch it will be the last of him," and I went in the door, and taking up a long, old-fashioned, single-barreled ducking gun, I uncapped it, and broke the lock across a fallen iron dog.

"Cyrus!" shrieked the woman, and the boy made a dodge up stairs, but I grabbed him. He might give the alarm, for there was a Federal outpost within a mile or two. Cyrus was subdued at once.

"Now," said I to the boy, "come with me. I can't afford to let you run loose this way. I am going to tie you up. I wont hurt you."

"'Fore God, Mas'r, the mule ain't worth nothin'." I had to hold him tight, and with Jo's bridle in one hand and Cyrus's head under my arm I marched to the stable.

The objective point was the mule. With that mule I saw unlimited corn and provisions for my men. Get that lovely animal in or near my quarters and it is worth bushels of corn, stacks of bacon and lashings of tobacco. I had only to forward that mule 30 miles north of us, and there was abundance in the future, for no Confederate commissary ever gave us a thought. I tied Cyrus by his arms and legs to the beam of an old cotton press, and said: "I have surrounded this place. My men are as thick around as bees. If you open your mouth before nightfall you are a goner. You ain't a bad boy, and keep on being good." Then I unhitched that mule and went off with him, and rode far into the night. He was an able mule, not a bit contrary, and consented to be led like a lamb. He even showed speed, keeping well up with Jo.

I could not take him to our hummock, but at midnight tied him securely to a blazed tree, as well known to us in the swamp as St. Michael's church.

An hour or two afterward I was on the hummock. My adventures were soon told; I had a mule. The use of that lovely mule I explained. At once G. R. a man from Aiken, was ordered by me to take his horse, go to the mule, carry it to——, who would advance corn and meat for us, and the man was to find a team and land our stores for us. We could hold out 48 hours more. He was to be sure to bring tobacco, some pipes, and a book or two, and above all some quinine. I described exactly the place where that mule was tied—the tree with the three blazes. The mule had his tail fastened to his side, so that he would not bray, and had a hair rope hitched above him so that he could not gnaw himself loose.

I was soon sound asleep. Early next day I was awakened, and my Aiken scout stood before me looking most uncomfortably.

"No mule, Sir."

"How no mule?"

"And my horse is gone."

"How the dence?"

"Seed the mule, Cap.—"

"You have not allowed your own horse to be captured.

"Couldn't help it, sir." And my man looked sheepish and his mates mad enough to shoot him.

"Found the mule—such a beauty, Cap.—all right enough, and was making for the Gut, when I came across an old woman and a nigger boy. They were strangers, so they said, that the Yanks had driven from their homes. Old woman had the shakes, and said she wanted to lie down and die right there. Nigger seemed to be half-witted. Hadn't I just a morsel of bread to give 'em? Where they went they didn't care. Her old man had been killed at Murfreesboro', and she had some of her kin somewhere in Carlisey, and she had wandered and wandered. I had unhitched the mule and the boy wanted to lead it. I offered to show them the way, though it was a little bit out of my road, to where some niggers was camping, and they said 'Yes, anywhere.' Presently the old woman, she says: 'You must have had a mother yourself, young man. I have had six sons—all of them in service—and they don't know that their poor old mammy ain't hardly got a rag on her back nor a morsel to put in her mouth. Young man, I can't put one foot before me. If you would only give me a lift on that ere horse of yourn! I ain't no rider, and haven't been on a horse's back ever since I was a gal. I'me most afeered I'll shake my old bones to pieces, and I might tumble off.' She kind of worked on my feelings, a-groaning and a-complaining so, for I always was a tender-hearted man. So I boosted her up, sideways fashion, and she must have rid, and a-holding her up on that horse, most ten rods, when all of a sudden, 'Skat Cyrus' says she—them was her very words, and captain before I knowed it, she had scuttered over me, and was a-riding that

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"Next day, it was just by the skin of our teeth that we escaped that hummock, and Jo never showed a fairer burst of speed that in that stampede. So though I did steal a mule I was not permitted to enjoy him.

Popular Persons.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Pesth paper. "To please my wife, I, the undersigned, declare that from henceforth I will not put my foot in a cafe or brasserie, and I beg my friends and acquaintances never to ask me to frequent those haunts of perdition, and I authorize any one finding me in a cafe immediately to demand from me the sum of fifty florins, which will be given to some public charity."

Dear Mr. Lowell: I observe that you are still gathering in those British honors. I will continue to quietly absorb good American ducats and free dinners myself.—Matthew Arnold.

"Some friends of mine," says the correspondent of a Glasgow newspaper, "who visited Carlyle's house a few days ago informs me that it is standing empty, very dismal looking, rather dilapidated, ticketed to be let or sold. Will Scotchmen allow this to continue—will they allow to go to wreck and ruin this house in which for seven and forty years he lived?"

Earl Fitzhardinge, the popular hunting earl of Berkely castle, wherein King Edward II. is said to have been killed, chiefly signalized himself by giving $20,000 for a bull and redeeming much land. The Severn is very broad near his estates, and he gave orders that a stone wall should be built in a line parallel with the shore, but so far away that when the tide came in it washed mud over the stones, but could not wash it back. In this way he added many acres to his land.

The Boston Herald tells of a remarkable feat of memory accomplished by Dr. Hedge, in that city, Saturday. He delivered without notes, and repeated word for word with all the energy of one engaged in extempore speaking, a discourse which makes thirteen pages of closely printed matter in the December Atlantic. Macaulay might have done this a week before his death, but he did not pass his sixteenth year. Dr. Hedge wrought this surprising feat when within a month of his seventy-eighth birthday, which falls on the 12th of next December.

Prince Edward of England, while at Cambridge university, will have special tuition in place of the ordinary lectures. He keeps chapels and halls, but in chapel he and his suite occupy the master's pew, and at dinner a seat is reserved for him at a high table. Instead of the ordinary gown of the Trinity undergraduate the prince will wear one of silk. Several London journalists criticise these arrangements sharply, and says that the prince is not likely to see more of real university life than the Prince of Wales—his father—did.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into my house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the court of quarter session, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had himself declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine excused the plaintiff from future service on coroner's juries.

John B. Gough's Boyhood.

Sarah K. Bolton in Wide Awake.

His life had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sandgate, on the English coast, gleaning with his mother and sister after the reapers, that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives or shoes in the gentleman's house where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was 12, a family offered to bring him to America if his parents would pay $50 for his passage. It was difficult to earn this; but his mother thought, after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the new world, our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines on a shirt:

Forget me not when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose;
And when the murmuring breezes wave
The grass upon your mother's grave,
O then, whate'er thy age or lot
May be, my child, forget me not.

JANE GOUGH.

Then, again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, and stole out behind the garden wall, that unobserved, she might cast a last look of the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin, and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me tonight," showing what a tender mother boy he was. When New York harbor was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

His school days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage stamp, and wrote his father, asking permission to go to New York and learn a trade. Consent was given, and, in the middle of the winter, our English lad of 14 reached the great city, with no home, no friends, and only fifty cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood on the dock, holding his little trunk in his hands, but nobody spoke to him. But at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter as errand-boy and learn bookbinding, receiving $2.25 a week, and paying $2.00 for his board. How his employer supposed he could live on $1 a month, for clothes and washing, has never appeared.

The first night he was placed by his boarding mistress in an attic, with an Irishman who was deathly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror stricken young boy stayed alone with the dead till morning.

Nearly two painful years more went by. Finally, though he earned but $3 a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived, two rooms were rented: the girl found work in a straw bonnet factory, and, poor though they were, they were very happy. John was now 16, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, persevering boy.

At the end of three months, through dullness of business, both children lost their places; and now began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities. They left their two decent rooms, and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country, and dragged home old sticks which lay by the roadside. He pawned his coat, that the mother, who had now become ill, might have some nutton broth.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street.

"What is the matter?" said a stranger.

"I'm hungry and so is my mother."

"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little," and he gave John a three-cent loaf of bread.

When the boy reached home, the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it and then all knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.

In the spring he obtained employment at $4.50 a week, but poverty and privation had fallen too heavily, rested too long upon the mother. One day, while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk, she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Christian city, she was put in a pine box and, without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, was buried in the Potter's field.

For three days afterward, John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said, "Poor things!" but it is certain that nobody offered to help them.

Charley and His Cash.

Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

For instance, the crowd of us who used to hang around the Windsor Hotel

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would do him great good, and he would not go and fool his money away buying fare or squander it at the shrine of Bacchus or Venus. He was old and decrepit, and had been prospecting so long that the memory of man ran not to the contrary, but without finding anything except hard luck, wrinkles, and a kind of grim philosophy that enabled him to accept misfortunes that have put a suicidal bullet into many a younger but less sturdy heart. It was really pitiful to see him come plodding slowly in from the mountains after another unsuccessful tour, never complaining, but always sanguine of better luck next time, while where he would eat that day and sleep that night were unsolved problems to him. "If poor old Charley would only strike it now;" we would say when the news of a piece of luck would come in; "what a mighty fine thing it would be for him."

One day, in the fall of the year, old Charley did strike it and received $18,000 in cold cash for a prospect hole in the Tuscup district. I can see now the flush of honest joy in his warm old face as he told me about it, and went over and over again how he would be comfortable in his old age and shook hands many times and finally burst out crying from sheer excess of happiness. I can also see him, five days later, as, clad in a stiff, ready-made suit, and his hair dyed a weird, unnatural black, he led to the altar a blushing relic of the days of the Santa Fe trail, known far and wide as Albuquerque Alice.

She was an old-timer and regarded as one of the landmarks of that port of the country. He had met her, in a dance hall two days before, and in marrying her ignored the advice of his friends and the fact that he already had a wife back in Ohio. He was reminded of the latter incident by the arrival of the lady herself on the same day that Alice decamped with the remnant of his fortune and a disreputable character known as Seven-Up Bill, and a diffidence about facing her as well as a prejudice against the statute in relation to bigamy made him fly to the fastnesses of the mountains, from which, to my knowledge, he never returned.

Charles Wyndham's Scrap-book.

From the Boston Transcript.

Charles Wyndham, the "Electric Light Comedian," as Howard Paul has christened him, and which application will stick to him in the United States, like all popular men, receives a vast number of letters from minent and clever people who have made their mark in literature, science and art. Many of these are necessarily destroyed, but a few are saved, and his secretary pastes them in a huge scrap-book. At the end of this formidable volume is a division, in which many of the wits and wags of London have written sentences, maxims, thought and sayings, with their autographs appended. Here are some of the most pungent bits:

By Horace Mayhew—There are two reasons why we don't trust a man; one, because we don't know him, and the other because we do. Promise of marriage is like precious china, a man has so much to pay for its breakage. There are very many things which men with costs worn threadbare dare not say.

Some sentences by W. S. Gilbert—The real pale of civilization is the ice pale, with a bottle of Dry Monopole in it. I met a Japanese t'other night at the Travellers' Club. He had never tasted champagne, and on putting away the third tumbler he squeaked out in his odd Oriental voice, "Civilization very good. I like civilization."

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better one.

"Hic, haec, hoc."—The grammar is wrong. The hic usually comes after the hoc.

What is next to the heart's core of every opera singer? An encore.

The chasm that sometimes swallows up wit—Sarcasm.

When a light-haired man's locks turn gray he's getting on to fifty. When they begin to turn black he's getting on to sixty.

Extract from a letter by the late Henry S. Leigh: "It is altogether too absurd to say that 'man is not perfect.' Who is there who has not met with many who were perfect strangers, some who were perfect rascals and a few who were perfect fools."

From poor Author Matthison, author of the "Great Divorce Case"—"Miss—desires you to engage her for soubrettes, but I fear she is of an 'uncertain age,' which means her age is quite uncertain—certainly forty, if she is a day. But she is still kittenish and frisky, and, when made up, resembles an antiquated hoyden of the period of George IV. Have a talk with her, and observe her airs and graces. She'd make a splendid character in a comedy."

Some extracts from Henry J. Byron—"A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she reaches thirty she objects to having even one.

"The parentage of a lie is the most difficult of all to trace. It is, indeed, a clever lie that knows its own father.

"The worst kind of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying; for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

"If England were a paradise, still you would find Englishmen grumbling."

From a letter—"Our friend, Jack Smale, who is twenty-one, has married a widow of forty, but she is in admirable preservation. After the wedding some kind female friend informed him that his wife had fondly nursed him and tended him when a mere babe. At first he was disposed to be shocked, but thought better of it he quietly observed, 'On reviewing toujours de la premiere amours,' and went off to dine with Sidney Alport at the Continental.

From Kate Stanly, dated Seville, Spain, 1881.—"It is an entertainment to see a Spanish lady of the higher type use a fan. She knows its mechanism, she can finger it well, and by the grace of her fan she is an actress. Ah, the fan! Tis a hope, a festival, a promise, a denial, a menace, a pardon. It blames, it praises, it approves, it encourages, it persuades. It is laughing, ironical, scornful, graceful, charming. You may open it, close it, agitate it, raise it, lower it. It, may be used to show to advantage beautiful hands. It may be used for everything—for peace or for war, for tenderness, for gayety, for battle, for repartee, for interrogation, for malace or for perfidy. Take aim, fire! The musket kills, the fan wounds."

From Florence Marryat, the novelist—"Be contented with your lot, especially at an auction.

"The darkest hour (as a rule) is just before the gas is lighted.

"You cannot do without money; you may do without a mother-in-law.

"Miners are always civil, for civility costs nothing.

"Be satisfied with things as they are; take the crust with the crumb.

"If you are in a public office, be punctual—at all events in leaving.

Extract from a letter by the late E. A Sothern: "Dear Wyndham: 'Pink Dominoes' very droll and a model of construction. Can you spare me a small box for Saturday night? A fellow shouldn't repeat his own wit, but I know you like a good put pun. I was at a party at Payne's the banker, t'other night and his wife is certainly a superb creature. Mrs. Bancroft, who was there, directed my attention to her and said: "isn't she lovely? She ought to be a countess!" "Why, cert'ly," I replied, "but as her hubby is a big banker, she prefers, perhaps, to be a discountess." How is that for Dundreary, and before supper too?"

A sentence by Lord Beaconsfield—"And what a worker is Wyndam! He has an exceptionally gluttonous appetite for steady toil. * * * I believe in Molliere's maxim, that the "best theatrical work is that which pleases the most." Montague Corry laughed heartily like a boy at the Pink Dominoes and I was a good second. I went back to the house refreshed, and indulged in a late sitting."

Joseph Proctor, the actor, well known through his performances in "Nick of the Woods," first appeared on the stage in Boston on November 29, 1833, and his fiftieth anniversary is to be celebrated in that city by a special benefit matinee at the Boston Theater.

Miss Alice Gardner has been selected out of twenty candidates as professor of history in Belford College, London.

Franklin Whittaker, an old resident of Janesville, Wis., died recently. He owned the largest library of old books of any man in Wisconsin and was a well-known character throughout the Southern part of the state.

HOME AND FAME.

For the Good.

A delicious dish for tea or lunch is made thus: On a very fine wire gridiron (or one made of wire and used for screens) place some slices of salt pork, cut as thin as possible; on each slice lay a good sized oyster, or two small ones; broil and serve hot. Coffee, crisp toast, with chopped cabbage makes an almost ideal lunch.

For chicken croquette use three cups of chopped chicken, one cup of soft bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Mix well together, and form into pear shaped balls. A little chopped parsley may be added. Roll them in egg, then in cracker, and fry in lard in a wire basket, as doughnuts.

A very nice cake for tea and one which may be appreciated on account of its calling for one egg only, is made thus: A little more than half a cup of butter, one cup and a half of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, mixed thoroughly in the flour; one cup of raisins chopped very fine.

To please the children, make some jam puffs: Roll some pie crust very thin, cut it in squares, put a spoonful of jam on each piece, wet the edges with the white of an egg and fold them together, bake for fifteen minutes or just long enough to cook the crust. Sugar and milk may be used in place of the egg.

The New York Post says that home-made crackers are so nice, and it is really so little trouble to make them, that almost any mother or cook can get time to try this rule. Wet one pint of fine oatmeal with one gill of water; after mixing as well as you can take out of the dish on the kneeding board, on which you have scattered plenty of the dry meal; roll out and cut in squares with a sharp knife. The crackers should be rolled very thin; these should be baked in a slow oven, and after you are sure they are done leave the oven door open to allow them to dry. Salt should not be omitted.

Agricultural Items.

A Little Rock farmer is breeding buffalo calves for the market.

A Boston syndicate has put $100,000 into a sorghum farm in Kansas.

Every breeder of fancy poultry should pack nicely for transportation.

Mr. J. H. Whetstone, Pomona, Kan., is working sorghum in a small way, has 12,000 gallons of syrup in store, some of which, according to the Live Stock Indicator, is "of a rich, golden color, and superb in every respect."

The National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association will hold their 11th annual convention, with an exhibit of dairy product, implements and machinery, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 4, 5, and 6.

The best breeds of hens for those who want non-sitters that will lay good sized eggs are the Houdans, La Fleche, and Black Spanish. The best breed for winter layers are the Asiatic. The best "general purpose" breed for the farmer is the Plymouth Rock. The breed that possesses all the good qualities, the one perfect breed—well, "there ain't any such."

Says the Cultivator: "Young colts should be weaned while they can get a bite of fresh grass, or at least before cold weather sets in. They should also have some extra care and feed during the first winter. Better stint the elder horses in their grain ration than a likely young colt during its first winter. Stinted then it will never prove as valuable thereafter."

String-halt is a nervous disorder for which no remedy has been found. It is akin in its origin to a somewhat similar but more aggravated disease known as chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. This is treated by tonics, such as sulphate of iron and cascarilla bark in dram doses long continued, and it is possible that this might have a beneficial result in a string-halt; but experience does not hold out any hope of it.

Household Hints.

Never prick a blister with a pin. A needle is the only suitable thing.

A good gargle for a sore throat is made of vinegar and a little red pepper mixed with water.

Coffee or tea should never be given children at night. They disturb the nerve system and make children cross and peevish.

Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water the pain in the head is generally allayed.

When putting glycerine on chapped hands, first wash them thoroughly in soap and water, and when not quite dry rub in the glycerine. This process will be found much better than the old one.

Baking soda is one of the best known remedies for burns and scalds. It should be immediately applied either wet or dry. It almost instantly relieves the burning sensation and helps to heal.

On rising in the morning always put on the shoes and stockings the first thing. Never walk about in the bare feet, or stand on oil-cloth. Even in the summer time this is a dangerous and unhealthy practice.

In case of poisoning, one of the best emetics is salt and water, the quantity being two tablespoonsfuls of salt to about a pint of tepid water. It acts promptly and has the advantage of always being near at hand.

People subjected to cold feet and hands should get up a brisk circulation just before retiring by rubbing the body with a coarse flannel or a Turkish towel. Rub regularly and briskly until in a good glow. This is also good for sleeplessness.

One of the best cures for croup, and one which is always at hand, is to dip strips of flannel in very hot water and then bind tightly about the throat. Remove as soon as cold and apply others. A cold in the chest can also be cured by wetting several thicknesses of flannel in hot water and laying it upon the chest.

One of the best and most strengthening drinks, as well as pleasant one, to give a delicate child, is made by beating up an egg in a tumblers with, a little sugar until it froths, then fill it with rich milk and have the child drink it at once. The nourishment in the egg and milk combined will sustain the system all day if nothing else is taken.

Feeding and Dressing Fowls.

Mrs. Fanny Field, an authority on poultry matters, reports through the Prairie Farmer, that she has had the best success in fattening by use of as much as the hens or turkeys can eat clean of a mixture morning and noon of boiled potatoes, beets and carrots thickened with corn and barley meal, and whole corn at night, and milk kept by them constantly in abundant supply:

"Ten days or two weeks of such feeding will put fowls in prime condition for market, i. e. if they are in decent order to begin with; but if they have been half starved all summer, no amount of extra feeding will ever make them as good for table use as the fowls that have been well kept all their lives. The best market turkeys I ever saw were well fed from the time they were twenty hours old. For the last month they are fed three times daily—cooked vegetables and meal at morning and noon, and corn at night. They had all they could eat up clean each time, but no food was left in their feeding places. They find free range, but I don't think they ever went ten rods from the buildings. When killed they were between six and seven months of age, and the dressed weight of the eighty was 1,256 pounds.

Sorghum Sugar.

Our infant sorghum sugar manufacture has made a further advance in its growth, which is sufficient to satisfy every reasonable expectation of its friends. The present year's experience has shown that considerably over a million pounds of sugar and an equal quantity of excellent syrup have been made with a profit that has satisfied the expectations of the capitalists, who have found the money to build and furnish the

[illegible]

Row Farmers Lose Money.

By not consulting more than they do the subject of agriculture through papers and books. By keeping no account of farm operations; omitting to pay attention to the maxim that "a stitch in time saves nine," in regard to sowing grain and planting seed at the proper time. By leaving reapers, plows, cultivators, &c., unprotected from the rain and the heat of the sun. More money is lost, annually, in this way, than most farmers would believe. By repairing broken implements at the proper time many dollars might be saved. A proof of this assertion is, "Time is money." The practice of attending auction sales or vendues and purchasing all kinds of trumpery because it is "cheap," according to the vendor, is a losing practice. Allowing fences to remain down until stray cattle trespass and graze in the meadows, or browse on the fruit trees is hurtful. Disbelieving the principle of rotation of crops before making even a single experiment, is unwise. Planting fruit trees, without giving the trees one-half the attention required to make them profitable is foolish and wasteful.

Chapter on Old Maids.

C. E. B. writes to New York Tribune; "The letter from that non-happy 'Old Maid' that appeared in the Home Interests column last spring interested me a great deal; cause why, I stand up in that class myself and have learned out how to meet some of its problems. Doubtless one reason why it is hard to be a successful old maid is because there are so few good examples to 'form' one's self upon; and secondly, there is not much literature on the bright side of the subject. If we could only have the inspiration of a perfectly glorious old maid it would lighten up the whole country for miles around; or if we could have a first-rate novel in which the heroine doesn't fall in love; or some practical setting-forth of what unmarried women have done, I am sure it would be comforting reading to a noble army of old maids. These are some of the things that I have found out: All the nice, loveable women do not marry, or even have an 'affair of the heart.' I know a good many such, and they are among the happiest and most useful women that I know. All the women that marry are not happy, nor do they get anything out of the discipline of wifehood and motherhood to elevate their characters or refine their natures. (I do not believe one gets any more out of marriage than one puts into it.) And lastly, it could not have been designed that all women should marry, since in all civilized countries there are more women than men. Just as if a high civilization positively required old maids; that is, women free to devote themselves to the general good! And what a field there is for such women! They are the natural leaders of social reforms. There are a good many unmarried women in this country at present—the fragment of that generation that fell in the war. A million men dead on the field meant a million of women left to fill unusual places, and ever made such a mistake as to leave half a generation with no place in His economies, and if He needed a million of deaths to accomplish a political reform, perhaps He needs a million of lives to carry on some other part of His work. It is going out of fashion to sneer at spinsters; it rests with us to make it a title of honor for what it shall express of cultivated intellect and educated sensibilities turned unstintedly, as only an unmarried woman can ever be free and qualified to turn, into the fund of common good. Our friend forgets such illustrious names as Emily Faithfull, Francis Willard, Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, Charlotte Cushman, Catharine Beecher, Susan Anthony, and many others, and when she complains that there are no "perfectly glorious old maids to 'form' one's self on."

Facetious Fancies.

"And I am rich," she said, turning her face so that she could look into her lover's eyes. "I'a says that when he dies I shall have $236,000." But there was no shade of sadness, no paening shadow of renunciation in his steadfast eyes. Twining his arms around her yet more closely, he said more earnestly than he had spoken yet. "And am I base enough to give you up for that? Think you I will tear you from my arms for that? Fairest and best, believe me, I do love you well enough to overlook your money, and if you will but come to these arms of mine, bring it all with you—nay, do not start; believe me, for my heart is in the words—bring it with you, every whit, and see if to me constant heart it will not make you even doubly dear.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Gentleman meets a friend and takes him home to dinner. Arriving at the house he leaves him in the sitting room, to announce the fact to his wife. The friend, hearing directly a clamor of tongues in the adjoining room, decorates the keyhole with his ear. Shrill voice—"Always the way—bringing people home without a minute's warning! Him, too! Why couldn't you leave him to fatten on his usual free lunch route." Hoarse voice—"Ssh!" Shrill voice—"I won't ssh!" Hoarse voice—"I tell you you will. Oh, if he wasn't in the room outside, wouldn't I just give you——" The friend, shouting through the keyhole—"I ain't any longer; give it to her." (Exit, slamming the door.)

In the course of his entertainment in the Grand opera house, New York, Saturday evening Herrmann loaded his revolver, apparently putting into it five bullets that had been marked by persons in the audience, and gave it to a man in the orchestra, with the request that he should examine it. Herrmann turned his back to the audience while returning to the stage, and while his back was turned the man secreted Herrmann's weapon, and, drawing a Derringer from his hip pocket, said, "I'll see if he can stop this bullet." The man then cocked the Derringer, and as Herrmann was returning to the orchestra, took deliberate aim at him, but was seized and ejected before he could prosecute his investigation further.

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This is the sum Mr. A. Burns, three miles east of Cobourg, Ont., says he wouldn't have given for his chance of living before he used Burdock Blood Bitters. He had dyspepsia for fifteen years, and was cured by three bottles of this very excellent preparation.

BY THE DOZEN.

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