

HOUSE AND FARM.

Household Hints.

Water.—Water standing for a night in a close or crowded room absorbs the impure air and becomes very unwholesome and positively injurious to health. Be careful not to use water which has stood in a pipe.

Washing Oil Cloths.—In washing oil-cloths, never use any soap or a brush. It will destroy in a short time an oil-cloth that should last for years. Use instead warm water and a soft cloth or flannel, and wipe off with water and skim-milk.

How to Iron Shirts Without Blistering.—Wash out the old starch thoroughly, and dry them. Just before ironing, take four gills of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of raw starch, one teaspoon of white sugar, and one teaspoonful of borax; mix well, and dip in the shirt fronts. Rub it slightly and fold. In fifteen minutes they will be ready for ironing. Rub them with a dry cloth first and if you want them polished, after they are ironed, wipe with a wet cloth, and polish with a polishing iron on a bare board.

It should be borne in mind that every farmer who will take the trouble to keep up a tasteful appearance about his house, not only performs a good work for his own family, but stimulates his neighbors to imitate him. Nothing is more contagious than the desire for gardening when once it gets a footing.—*Prairie Farmer.*

If it is true that the vitality of an apple tree is so impaired one year by bearing an excessive crop that it fails the next, it would seem to follow, supposing the tree derives from the soil in which it grows suitable and sufficient nourishment, that, if in the bearing year it were deprived of half of its fruit as soon as it had formed, it would be in a condition to mature a crop the next year also.

Spots on Towels and Hosiery, will disappear with little trouble if a little hartshorn is put into enough water to soak the articles, and are left in it an hour or two before washing; and, if a cupfull is put into the water into which white clothes are soaked, the night before washing, the ease with which the articles can be washed, and their great whiteness and cleanness when dried, will be very gratifying. Remembering the small sum paid for the three quarts of hartshorn of common strength, one can easily see that no bleaching preparation can be so cheaply obtained.

Health Hints.

Buttermilk is drunk by many dyspeptics.

Substitute lemonade, strawberries and the like fruits in their season, for salts, sulphur, sassafras tea, and the like popular physic, to purify the blood. Par-take of fruits without stint, and "throw physic to the dogs."

The Washing of Muslins, Cambrics, Woolens, etc.

In washing delicate, colored muslins and linens, several essential points must be observed if we intend preserving their freshness and beauty. First, they should never be soaped or soaked. If not too soiled, wash in almost cold water; make a lather of good bar soap—white is best—and in it dissolve a small piece of alum. Use this dissolved soap in the water, and rub the goods with the hands, as far as possible. Put through two waters, and rinse in two more. A handful of salt or a spoonful of vinegar in the rinsing-water, helps to brighten and hold the colors. Wash only one article at a time, and that very quickly. I have found that the blue figures of prints and calicoes were rendered permanent by soaking them for a short time in strong salt water—a pint of salt to two quarts of water. A piece of spermaceti an inch square, and a teaspoonful of salt, added to starch for muslin and linens, give to them a fine, smooth, glossy appearance, prevent the iron from sticking.

As soon as starched, hang in a shaded place—never in the sun—and iron immediately they are dry enough. A moderately hot iron only must be used, many delicate pinks, buffs and greens, will change color as soon as a hot iron is placed over them. Brown linen may be kept looking like new, though repeatedly washed, if always washed in starch-water and hay-tea. For one dress, put a milk-pan of timothy hay on the stove, pour over hot water, cover, and boil until a deep green. Make two or three quarts of flour-starch the usual way, and into it strain the hay-tea. Take about one-half of this mixture and add water, only enough to wet the dress in every part. Let soak ten minutes; add a little more warm water, and rub through without soap. Rinse through more water than used in rubbing, with the starch and tea strained in; squeeze, snap, and hang in the shade to dry as quickly as possible. Small flannel garments for children may be whitened by first dipping into suds, wringing out, and hanging upon cords across the top of a barrel, with two or three tablespoonfuls of flour-of-sulphur burn underneath. It may be necessary to repeat the process if very yellow. Care must be taken that the sulphur does not blaze and burn the articles. Hang it in the air for a day or two; then wash and rinse in bluing-water. Scarlet flannel may be washed in warm suds, to which is added a quart of moderately thick flour-starch, and then, rinse in warm water. A good method for washing woolen shawls is to dissolve a pound of white soap in a little water, and boil down until like jelly. When cool, add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and one tablespoonful of strong spirits of ammonia. Wash thoroughly with this lather in enough water to wet it, and rinse until all the soap is out. Then put through salt and water, and hang up where it will dry at once.

A Triumph.

Little Roger up the long slope rushing
Through the rustling corn,
Showers of dewdrops from the broad leaves
brushing
In the early morn.

At his sturdy little shoulder bearing
For a banner gay,
Stem of fir with one long shaving flaring
In the wind away!

Up he goes, the summer sunshine flushing
O'er him in his race,
Sweeter dawn of rosy childhood blushing
On his radiant face.

If he can but set his standard glorious
On the hill-top low,
Ere the sun climbs the clear sky victorious,
All the world aglow!

So he presses on with childish ardor,
Almost at the top!
Hasten Roger! Does the way grow harder?
Wherefore do you stop?

From below the corn stalks tall and slender
Comes a plaintive cry—
Turns he for an instant from the splendor
Of the crimson sky,

Wavers, then go flying toward the hollow,
Calling loud and clear;
"Coming, Jenny! Oh, why did you follow?
Don't you cry, my dear!"

Small Janet sits weeping 'mid the daisies;
"Little sister sweet,
Must you follow Roger?" Then he raises
Baby on her feet,

Guides her tiny steps with kindness tender,
Cheerfully and gay.
All his courage and his strength would lend
her

Up the uneven way,
Till they front the blazing East together;
But the sun has rolled
Up the sky in the still summer weather,
Flooding them with gold.

All forgotten is the boy's ambition,
Low the standard lies,
Still they stand, and gaze—a sweeter vision
Ne'er met mortal eyes.

That was splendid, Roger, that was glorious,
Thus to help the weak;
Better than to plant your flag victorious
On earth's highest peak!

Murder Of an American Lady in Roumania.

The Bucharest correspondent of the *Edinburgh Scotsman* writes (April 19) as follows: "A sad tragedy has just taken place here. The sister of the American Vice-Consul, a gentleman well known and much respected, has been cruelly murdered by a young man who fell in love with her about three years ago. For various reasons the young lady's family refused their consent to the match, although one marriage had already taken place in the family, the lady's sister being married to W. Stladecker, the eldest brother of the suitor. After some stormy scenes it was resolved that young Stladecker should go to Paris, where he had been staying until the last two weeks. Returning to Bucharest, he found married to another lady whom he loved, and at once seemed to lose his reason. Going into the room, a few days after his arrival, where the lady and her sister were alone, he commenced upbraiding her, and, scarcely waiting for an answer, plunged a dagger into her breast. The wound was mortal, and with one shriek she fell to the floor, her sister trying to shield her from the fury of her assassin, who, unable to strike again to her heart, stabbed right and left into limbs and body, it is said screwing the dagger round in the wounds he inflicted. Then his object accomplished he rushed off and tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat with the dagger, breaking it, however, and failing in the attempt. Help coming when too late, the poor lady, who had been but four months married, and was only twenty years of age, was laid upon a couch. The murderer was also secured and taken to a hospital, and guarded by a gendarme. During the night he made an attempt to escape, which was frustrated, but on the 16th he committed suicide. Saying he was unwell, he was allowed to leave his chamber, followed by the sentinel. On entering a closet he drew the cord of his dressing-gown off, attached it knotted to a beam above him, and ended his life by hanging himself. He made no noise nor uttered a sound, and was discovered dead when the door was opened. This has been a grievous blow to all the relatives, who are Jews. Dr. Stern, the lady's brother, is well known here, both as filling the place of Consul for the United States and by having translated Shakespeare's *Hamlet* into the Roumanian language."

"I Thought It Was Mother's Voice."

A friend told me not long ago a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road of ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then with a sigh of relief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother then," said the lady, "and she loved you?"

With that sudden revulsion of feeling, which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But

since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost? lost to good society, lost to honor, lost to decency, and lost forever!"

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners!" said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too, it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before, and tears came into her own eyes.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down and told the lady how those few words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he, "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

The Fresh Air Fiend.

He dresses in a manner peculiar to his tribe, does the fresh air idiot. He wears two pair of woolen stockings and heavy corked-soled boots, two suits of flannel underwear, a chamois chest protector, a double knit jacket, a woolen vest, lined pantaloons that weigh about eight pounds and impervious to air as a rubber blanket; a double breasted coat, fur gloves and a sealskin cap pulled down over his ears. Thus attired, it is the delight of his own ideal soul to meet you some bracing September morning, and regard, with a fixed stare and wild howl of derision, you in your fall suit and light overcoat. "Off with it, man," he yells, smiting his chest with his buried hands. "Off with it! Why, bless my soul, I haven't worn an overcoat for more than ten years. What do you want with an overcoat? Brace up, inhale the fresh air: fill your lungs with it, till it makes your nerves tingle with natural, health giving, glowing warmth." He bangs in upon you in your office. "Whoof!" he shouts, looking wildly around him, "what an oven! Don't you know you are killing yourself in here? Wne! This air comes from a lime-kiln. It dries up my lungs like parchment." And he leaves the door wide open and a torrent of icy wind rushes in and bathes your slippery feet in a chill that doesn't leave them for a week; he rushes across the office and opens a window on your back that makes you shudder hours after you are asleep that night; he closes the drafts and opens the stove door, and then sits close behind it, out of the drafts he has opened on you, and tells you how warm and comfortable he is, and how he never permits his room to get so hot as yours was when he came into it. He deluges you with his twaddle about fresh air and ventilation, and doesn't go away and let you make yourself comfortable until he has caught you a cold that will stick to you all winter, cost you \$25 for medical services, and then kill you in the spring.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Young Lady Buzzed to Death.

One of the strangest and most startling cases of suicide ever chronicled occurred at Alton yesterday. Had such an incident been employed by Wilkie Collins for a denouement in one of his *outré* dramatic novels, the world would have laughed at it as a wild improbability of that fertile novelist's brain. But this sad occurrence is only one more illustration of the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Miss Christy, who resided at Upper Alton, was a young lady of more than ordinary beauty and gifted with intellectual abilities of no mean rank. Refined, courteous and cultured in her manner, she won the love of a large circle of friends, and her fate has thrown quite a gloom over the community. This young lady has been afflicted for the last few months with a most extraordinary phenomenon. Her head was continually suffering from a throbbing and buzzing sensation. It was as if myriads of bees, flies and gnats, or other winged insects, were pursuing her and encircling her with an eternal, everlasting buzz! buzz! buzz! This constant drumming and buzzing must have been an unspeakable agony to such a sensitive creature. The imaginary insects pursued her everywhere; every step she took she

was accompanied by this awful drumming and horrible buzzing. The tortures she suffered must have been inconceivable; from morn to night, from day to day and week to week, the inexorable fates encircled her fast weakening brain closer and closer with an invisible ring, each link of which was a pitiless buzz. Yesterday the young lady's torment became unendurable, and in a moment of uncontrollable agony and violent emotion Miss Christy ran from the house into the back garden and jumped deliberately into the well, determined at last to rid herself of that incessant buzz, a torture that rivalled the fabled tortures of Tantalus. Help was immediately at hand, but before the distracted lady could be rescued from the well, life was extinct.—*Alton (Ill) Dispatch to St. Louis Press.*

Drumming in Arkansas.

A month or two ago Mr. Alexander Bister was out in Arkansas traveling as a salesman for a Philadelphia house. One morning as he emerged from the door of his hotel he heard a report of a pistol and a shot whizzed by his ear. He looked around and saw a man aiming at him with a revolver. He turned to fly just as another shot cut through his hat, but as he did so a second man hit him upon the shoulder with his fist and nearly knocked him down. A moment later Mr. Bister clenched with his new antagonist, and a rough-and-tumble fight began. The stranger removed a handful or two of Mr. Bister's hair; then he kicked his left leg three times with violence; and then put his elbow against Bister's third rib and scourged it with intense force.

Bister resisted, but as the man who shot at him would hit him on the head with the but of his revolver whenever Bister happened to get on top, he had not really a first-class chance. Pretty soon the combatants rolled in the gutter, with Bister underneath, lying in the mud. While he reclined there his antagonist took hold of Bister's nose with his teeth and chewed it as if noses were his favorite diet and he were seriously hungry. When he let go the other man tapped Bister's skull a few more times with his pistol, and then the two picked up their victim and soused him in the canal, from which they fished him, a few minutes later by inserting a boat hook in the back of his coat. As they dragged him out, nearly dead, the man with the pistol picked up Bister's hat, and after studying intently for a minute the name pasted upon the inside of the crown, said:

"Why, see here, Harry, there's some mistake! I'm afraid we've got the wrong man. I say—you, sir—is your name Alex Bister?"

Mr. Bister gasped out that it was.

"Well, it's too bad," said the man. Now, do you know I mistook you for Judge McGrath, of Little Rock, who cheated us in a land claim."

"Do I look like him?" asked Bister, in a faint voice.

"You're as much alike as twins. It's thundering shame. I hope you'll accept my apology for treating you so impolitely."

"It occurred to me that it was rather impolite," whispered Bister, "but don't mention it. How's your health and your family's?"

"And what makes it worse is that you're a stranger," said the man, not heeding the last inquiry. I'm afraid you'll gather from what has occurred that we are wanting in affability out here."

"The thought perhaps might have entered my mind after I had had time for reflection," said Bister, "because in the East, where I live, it is a very rare circumstance that a person indicates his affability by biting off the human nose. But I am a forgiving man; so we'll let it drop. Beautiful weather we're having now."

"I'm mortified about that noise," said the man; "but if you will come into the drug store a minute, I think I can make it hold together somehow with sticking plaster."

"Is it much hurt?" asked Bister feeling tenderly.

"It's a perfect nasal ruin," said the man. "Harry, I think you chewed it a little too hard." Why didn't you bite him somewhere else?"

"Perhaps you'd like to take another bite now," said Bister. "You may gnaw away at the calf of my leg if you think it would make you feel better. The nose is of no consequence. Perhaps it is a good thing to have it changed a little, for then I won't look so much like Judge McGrath. This seems to be a fine farming country. How are the crops?"

"You appear to be a perfect gentleman," said the man. "If you'll come up to the hotel I'll introduce you to some of my friends."

"Certainly," said Bister; "I'll go up right away if you'll get me a pair of crutches and a sling for my arm. I'd like to know them. Maybe they'd be glad to fire four or five shots into me or hold me under the pump? I want to oblige everybody. Do you often have these little laughable incidents in your town?"

"Most every day in some way or other. There are not eight whole noses in the place, except the women's."

"How charming! When the news gets around I should think the tide of immigration would flow right in. You say you don't care to bite me again?"

"O no."

"Don't you want to empty the other barrels of your revolver into my back?"

"No I think not."

May be you'd like to kick me, or roll me in the gutter? No? Well just toss me in the canal a couple of times again as a kind of an expression of esteem."

"It's hardly worth while."

"And you think you don't care to

pound me with a brick or anything for five or ten minutes?"

"I rather think not."

"Well, then," said Bister, "I think I'll crawl home and fix up a little. Good bye! If you ever come on East stop and see me! Come and stay a week and bring your relatives. Good bye!"

And Bister went to the hotel, packed up and fled in the first train. He wrote home that the Arkansas trade could probably be opened up more successfully by an iron-clad man and a salesman who was fond of war.

How Wood and Morrissey Gambled.

Speaking of the recent failure of Benjamin Wood, publisher of the *New York Evening News*, the *New York correspondent* of the *Detroit Free Press* gives this reminiscence:

It is well known that he once kept up intimate relations with the "tiger" and had a strong penchant for "bucking" that animal in his liar, and since his failure sat old gossip going again, some of his quondam chums have been rehearsing the famous bout he once had with John Morrissey, in the latter's club house in Twenty-fourth street.

Ben was in the habit of dropping into Morrissey's place occasionally, and one night about ten years ago he sauntered in as usual, and fell afoul of the bank. Morrissey was there, and many men about town, all of whom knew Wood's pluck and hang-on-iveness, and the party set down for some lively work. Wood had about \$3,000 in his pocket, and as the betting was heavy he managed to get to the bottom in an hour. In fact, he was cleaned out. But his blood was up that night, and as his reputation for pluck was at stake among the boys, he decided that once for all it should be "make or break." His ready cash was all gone, but he owned valuable property on Tryon Row, where the *Staats Zeitung* building now stands, and he proposed to hypothecate the same to Morrissey against whatever sum, up to its value, he should lose. The offer was accepted, and the great fight began. It lasted all night and up to nine o'clock next morning, and, when a truce was finally called, Ben had won back the \$3,000 he started with, and secured about \$120,000 ahead besides. With the money that Morrissey had advanced to him on the hypothecated property, he turned round and gave John Morrissey the worst whaling he ever received at the card table. Not a sign of wincing was shown on either side until physical exhaustion forced a cessation of hostilities. Both men were true grit to the last and neither showed the least illtemper from beginning to end. It was on that occasion that Ben performed the extraordinary feat of smoking ninety dollars worth of cigars in one night. Morrissey had a social brand of cigars at one dollar each for his flush patrons, and Wood who is a tremendous smoker (or chewer, rather, for he merely chews furiously at a cigar and then flings it away managed to spoil ninety of them while fight lasted.

An Adventure With a Wild Boar.

To hunt a wild boar by moonlight, which is the best time to take him by surprise, is good sport; and a hunter, armed with steady nerves and a keen and strong bladed boar spear, is subjected to no greater peril than is desirable to give excitement to the chase. But it is quite another thing to meet a tough old boar upon his native heath, when he is hungry, and you happen to be unprovided with the right kind of a weapon to put your self on equal beligerent terms with the possessor of the formidable tusks. The most terrible wound I ever received—and I have had a minie bullet pass through my body, and some inches of cold steel inserted between my ribs—was in an encounter, unsought by me, with a porcine adversary in a forest belonging to a nobleman's estate near Tours, in France. I was rambling in the forest, uninvited, it is true, by the proprietor, and consequently, no doubt, deserving more or less the unexpected penalty of my trespass. They had organized a grand hunt at the chateau, and I could hear the baying of the hounds and the swelling notes of the hunter's horn. Quite unconscious of danger, I stood beneath the gnarled branches of some grand old oaks and listened to the stirring music of the chase. All at once an immense old boar, his bristles silvered with age, standing on end with rage, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and his red eyes flaming with fury, came rushing from a thicket close by. I had scarcely time to realize the situation when he was upon me. He drove his tusk into my thigh with a force that threw me to the ground and opened the femoral artery, causing the red blood to gush out in a torrent. I had the American habit of carrying, when traveling, a bowie knife about my person; in a second I had planted the broad blade to the hilt in the animal's body just behind the shoulder. Then I fainted from loss of blood; but fortunately my knife had touched the brute's heart, and he keeled over and died. Still more fortunately, there was among the huntsmen, who in the next moment came up, a distinguished Parisian surgeon, a guest at the chateau. He managed somehow to sew up the severed artery, and I was taken to the hunting lodge in an improvised litter and well cared for; but I lingered for weeks at the edge of eternity, and the surgeon said that it was well nigh a miracle that I ever recovered from the stab of that murderer pig.

A house too closely shaded by trees will be apt to suffer from dampness. In building let the living and sleeping rooms, as far as possible, face towards the south, and thus gain the advantage of the sunshine. The sun is a great preserver of health.