THE COUNTY PAPER.

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OREGON - - - - - - MO

UNDER THE LIMES.

In the last sweet hours of sunny June,
When summer was ringing her martin chime,
I stood in the shade in a sultry noon—
In the shade of the sweetly scented lime,
In the cloisters of the boughs above
The bees were singing their anthem low;
And the sough of the wind was soft with love
As it blew on my heart—when I heard it blow

voice that was sweeter than wind or bee
Spoke there with solemn earnestness
That the face grew pale as it tured to me:
"No sorrow shall make my love grow less,
For I could not live if love were gone,
And I cared for none till I cared for you;"
And the monotone of the bees went on,
While the soughing wind in the branches blew.

Yet before the roses died away
The love was dying, the love was dead;
And the eyes that burned in my heart that day
Burnt all the flowers of my heart instead.
The lips that framed those changeless vows
Gave careless greeting when we met;
Yet the wind still sighed in the scented boughs,
And the bees were in the branches yet.

Since I have wondered many a time
Whether I stood on that day in June
And heard the bees in the fragrant lime,
With the soughing wind—and my heart in tune.
Perhaps 'twas a dream, and the dreamer I—
Dreams must be broken, as all men know;
Yet whenever I smell the limes I sigh,
And the wind seems to course when I hear it blow.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Holsteins.

By Prof. S. A. Knapp.

There is considerable unsettled opinion as to what place, if any, shall be assigned the Holsteins in our farm economy. It has generally been conceded that they give a large amount of milk, and on the other hand it has been claimed that it was difficult to keep them in condition, they made poor beef, it was difficult to separate their cream from the milk, etc. Some of these charges may be true as compared with the Jersey, or Shorthorn. In the test tubes the cream does not separate from the milk as rapidly as Jersey milk, and it requires more time to churn it. This may not apply to all Holsteins and under all circumstances, but it is true as far as we have tested. When in milk it is difficult to keep them in flesh, owing to the amount of milk given. On the other hand may be named quite a number of points in favor of the Holsteins. First, they are very vigorous, most excellent feeders and extremely docile. Second, they give a large and even flow of milk for a long period; the best of them can be milked till calving. Third, the cross with the Shorthorn seems to possess superior vigor and breeding qualities.

Upon the whole the Holstien is destined to have a place in our farm economy upon the merits of the case. Whether they will be confined to the dairy or will be allowed to grade the common stock of the country cannot yet with safety be predicted. Their immense capacity to subsist on the coarse fodder plants of the country and upon hay give them no mean advantage for the western prairie.

Whitewashing Fruit Trees.

A member of the Elmira Farmer's Club gives his views and experience on the above subject in the *Husbandman*:

"Whitewashing has no beneficial effect, in keeping worms from the trees. Put whitewash on a tree at the time when the eggs are usually deposited and they will be placed there just the same. The only object in whitewashing trees with lime or washing with lye is to make the trunk smooth, to take off the scaly bark which affords a harbor for insects, and in this way lessen the liability to injury from the depositions of eggs. I am not sure but the practice is wrong. My own trees have been washed with lye for years until they were very smooth, the bark green and fresh. I thought I had made a great improvement but I am inclined now to the opinion that the change was favorable to the borer. I find trees badly eaten where I had expected complete immunity. Whitewashing trees in the common way softens the bark and makes it easy for the insect to puncture it for the deposit of eggs. In my opinion nature designed the rough scaly bark as a protection. I think scraping trees is worse than useless, although I have practiced it. The only advantage is in giving the trunk a smooth appearance while there is the disadvantage of facilitating entrance for the borer. Another fault follows the washing. My trees that were so smooth and had such green bark are now sunburned, the bark withered and blackened, plainly because the scraping and washing made the bark more susceptible to injury by the heat of the sun. I had as handsome trees as you could find anywhere, and had considerable pride in their appearance because they were commented upon favorably by passers-by, but I am now persuaded that the course taken was extremely hurtful and I have no doubt I shall lose most of the trees, whereas if the old bark had been left on I think they would be healthy now."

Sheep on Small Farms.

Many affirm that it is no longer profitable to keep sheep on small farms, especially were the land is quite valuable. They declare that small farmers can not succesfully compete in the production of wool with the men who have large ranches on the great plains where land can be obtained at a nominal price. So far as the production of wool is concerned it is apparent that the persons who have large ranges possess great advantages over small farmers. Still small farmers can engage in some departments of sheep husbandry with a good prospect of making money. The breeds of sheep that produce the finest mutton do best in quite small flocks, and at present prices the production of mutton is much more profitable than the production of wool. To raise good mutton it is necessary to keep sheep where the supply of food is abundant at all times and where a variety of food can be obtained. Observations in this country and in England show that the finest mutton is produced on farms devoted to the production of a variety of crops and on which there are suitable shelters in case of storms and severely cold weather. The raising of merino bucks for selling to large sheep owners on the plains is another profitable branch of sheep husbandry for small farmers. The large sheep owners have little time and poor opportunities for breeding animals to improve their stock, which is generally very poor at the start. They ordinarily commence with the native sheep found in Mexico or the territories adjoining that country and cross them with merino bucks. They find it more profitable to buy these bucks than to raise them in the places where they are located. They can be bred to excellent advantage by small farmers who have the time to devote to them. There is always a good market for them on the plains.

Eat Your Breakfast First.

Dr. Hall is authority for the following thoughts upon breakfasting before much exercising in the open air, particularly in districts where fever and ague are abundant:

Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise, or labor of any description, those who do it will be able to perform more work, and with alacrity, than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Besides this, the average duration of life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work will be a number of years greater than those who who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal reinvigorates, but from the last meal of the day, until the next morning, there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body, in a sense, is weak, and in proportion can not resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of midwinter or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sunrise and sunset than any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but as the sun rises it warms and expands, and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs with the air, and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain-head of life. If early breakfast were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not tenfold, but a thousandfold, because the heat of the fire would rarify the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer. It being no trouble, requiring no effort, to shiver and shake by the hour, weeks and months together.

Spring and Winter Wheat Flour.

The following article recently appeared in the New York Produce Exchange Weekly. Of course we do not know how much merit there may be in the statement in regard to the experiment said to have been made, but we do not believe the spring wheat flour was a good sample, but it is proper we should add that we have no knowledge in relation to the increased value of flour made from winter wheat under the new patent process. Should it add as much to the value of winter wheat as it has to that of spring wheat, it will certainly prove to be of a great deal of moment, but even then, it appears by this trial, that the spring wheat flour makes the most bread. It is true the difference is not much, but it is in favor of the latter. Here is the article in question:

The millers and bakers of the United States are much interested in a test of the bread-making qualities of the two kinds of flour, one made from the best spring wheat, and the other from No. 2 red winter wheat, being a mixed wheat principally of the Fultz variety. The crop of the United States is about seventy-five per cent of it winter wheat. Hence the importance of the test to a majority of millers and bakers. The selling price of the winter wheat flour described is about $1.50 cents per barrel less than that of the spring wheat flour. This difference is claimed on the assumption that 196 pounds of the spring wheat flour will take from 40 to 60 pounds more water than 190 pounds of winter wheat flour, or that the bread output of the spring is much more than the winter. Messrs. Jewell Brothers, of New York, had purchased in Minneapolis two barrels of best patent spring wheat flour from a prominent miller there. It was ground on the day of the purchase and shipment. On the same day the Messrs. Jewell Brothers ground two barrels of flour from the No. 2 red winter wheat described, in their new process mill. On the arrival of the Minnesota flour in New York, the four barrels of flour, one each of winter and spring, were sent to Messrs. Lang & Robinson, of New York, and Messrs. W. & J. A. Haviland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively. These two firms are prominent jobbers of bakers' flour. The flour was given to prominent bakers to test how much bread each kind of flour would make. The result was a surprise to all. It was expected that the spring-wheat flour would turn out, as had been claimed, forty to sixty pounds more bread than the winter wheat flour, but the difference was only four and one half pounds in favor of the Minnesota flour.

Messrs. G. V. Hecker & Co., of New York City, have been making similar tests with similar results.

Now that the winter wheat millers are fast altering their mills to the gradual reduction methods, it would seem of much importance to continue the two kinds of flour to determine practically that the bread-making qualities of winter wheat new process flour are about equal to those of best spring wheat flour.

The Zunis on Witchcraft.

The Century.

They had been told of the persecution of the witches at Salem, and as witchcraft is a capital crime in Zuni, they heartily commended the work, and said that it was on account of the energetic steps taken in those times that the Americans were prosperous to day, and rid of the curse of witchery. At the public reception held for them in Salem, when told they were in the famous city of the witches, they fell into animated discussion of the matter among themselves there on the platform. Ki-a-si, when invited to address the audience, preached a little sermon on witchcraft, which would have pleased old Cotton Mather himself. He thanked the good people of Salem for the service they had done the world, and gave them some advice how to deal with witchcraft should it ever trouble them again. "Be the witches or wizards your dearest relatives or friends, consider not your own hearts," said he, "but remember your duty and spare them not; put them to death."

The Sandwich Must Go.

Peck's Sun.

Bob Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, has the following cheering remarks to make about the railroad sandwich: "The date burned in the bottom of the Cincinnati indestructible railway sandwich has led eminent archaeologists to infer they were originally cast for the "Mayflower" supplies. They are four inches thick each side and lined with apparent traces of ham. The assay also shows up some indications of butter of the Queen Anne period, but not in paying quanities. They can be reduced by strong acids or intense heat, but cannot be crushed by friction. As food, they are not nutritious, but are perfectly harmless. Professor Doremus, who has subjected them to a careful analysis, says there is not enough ham in 2,000,000,000 of them to endanger a two-year-old baby from trichinae. THE SUN learns there is to be a national convention of railroad eating house proprietors to adopt some new article of food in place of the sandwich; something that one can eat whithout blasting it off in sections. What the traveling public needs is something simple and appetizing, that is cheap and handy, which can be eaten without carrying a set of burglars tools along. Of course, if a person understands the combination of a sandwich, he can get into it, but half the people might as well try to eat an express messenger's safe. At the proposed convention, we understand a Chicago proprietor of an eating house will exhibit a new article of food, composed of one part codfish ball, two parts liver, one part bologna sausage, one part cheese, and two parts stale bread, the whole clap-boarded up with building paper or strawberry shortcake crust, and roofed with hard-tack. The ground plan and front elevation of the new railroad food looked well, as we saw it on exhibition at the morgue in Chicago on Tuesday, and it seems as though it ought to take the place of the sandwich. The contents of the new fixed ammunition can be reached by a scuttle in the roof, or a door can be made in the side, and the stuff can be dug out with a cork-screw. A Cincinnati railroad restaurant keeper thinks he could improve on the new Chicago food by placing it in a percussion shell, about the size of a cocoanut, which could be exploded by pounding it on the arm of a car-seat, or hitting it against a boot-heel, though we think it would be difficult to regulate the charge to explode it, and there might be danger of blowing out an eye of an innocent passenger. Some people who travel are nervous, and they would crawl under the seats if an explosion of such a sandwich took place. Some of the old eating-house keepers are so wedded to the old sandwich that they do not want to give it up, hoping to compromise at the convention by having the sandwich put together with a hinge, and open by a time lock. This, however, would be dangerous in the case of children, who would be continually getting their fingers caught in between the two shutters of the sandwich. Those who favor retaining the sandwich are no doubt men who have a stock on hand sufficient to last eight or ten years, all painted and grained and varnished, and they think it will be hard to get rid of them, but we understand the government is ready to take the sandwiches off the hands of the restaurants, to use by the ordinance department for exterminating the Indians. By firing the sandwiches at the Indians, the government can prosecute the war and issue rations to feed the survivors at the same time. If a sandwich struck an Indian it would kill him, and the family could pick up the missile that had laid the father low, and eat it. The sandwich would not be a total loss, by any means, and we hope the convention will decide to replace it by the new central fire food.

Old London Churches.

Chambers' Journal.

It is saddening to compare the London churches as they are with what they have been. In all these great buildings—St. Michael s upon Cornhill and St. Botolph's at Bishopgate excepted—on a Sunday morning there are probably not a thousand people. Look around. In the gallery are twenty-five charity boys and girls with pink faces and pink bows. Here and there is an old man or an old woman and no more. Yet there are a clergyman, a curate, a large beadle, a clerk and two pew-openers. Once a year the lord mayor and sheriffs come here in state to listen to a sermon which was ordained to be preached here by the will of some old Elizabethan worthy. Upon this occession there is a bit of a bustle, and perhaps a couple of hundred idlers come in to gaze at the gold lace and the white burnished brass; but on the remaining fifty-one Sundays the congregation is made up as we see it now.

The service is a very short one—prayers, the Litany, a couple of hymns, and a ten minutes' discourse from the uppermost of the three "decks," as the clerk s box, reading-desk, and pulpit are irreverently termed. The reverend gentleman seemed to preach at us, possibly, from evidently being strangers in the church; and this idea alone prevents us from yielding to a very strong inclination fostered no doubt by the soft cushions, the subdued light, and the gentle drone of the preacher's voice. The large beadle is asleep in one cosy pew, the two pew openers in another, and the charity children are fidgeting dreadfully with their thick boots overhead.

After the service we "assist" at the presentation to twenty-four old men and women—who have not been to church, but who have been waiting outside for the last ten minutes—of twenty-four loaves of bread and twenty-four shillings—a loaf and a shilling to each in accordance with the will of another old parochial benefactor long since deceased. We linger awhile amid the interesting old tombs and effigies until the beadle, who looks hungry, fidgets us out of the church into the clear sunny air outside.

Domestic Misery.

No unhappiness in life is equal to the unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved; and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savour when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumphs out of doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING.—Six rounded table-spoonfuls of grated chocolate, one and a half cups of powdered sugar, the whites of three eggs; beat the whites but very little (they must not become white), and the chocolate, stir it in; then pour in the sugar gradually, beating enough to mix well.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Cut the tomatoes in slices without skinning; pepper and salt them; then sprinkle a little flour over them and fry in butter until brown. Put them on a hot platter and pour a little cream into the butter and juice. When boiling hot pour over the tomatoes. This dish is very nice served with birds.

COCOANUT COOKIES.—To make delicious cocoanut cookies, use one cup and a half of sugar, about one cup of butter—a little less will answer—two eggs, one cup of grated cocoanut, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll as you do common cookies, using as little flour as possible on the kneeding-board. Bake in a quick oven.

CITRON PUDDING.—A delicious citron pudding is made of one cup and a half of sugar, a small half-cup of butter, four eggs, and as much citron as your taste demands; the citron should be cut in very thin slices, or it may be chopped. Make a puff paste, and line the bottom and sides of a deep pie-plate or of a shallow pudding dish; fill with the mixture and bake. The whites of the eggs can be reserved for a meringue, if you please.

FANCY BREAD.—A kind of bread which is very popular in the south, and in some parts of the north also, is made in this way: Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of cold boiled rice, three well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two cups and a half of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of soda. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, putting the rice in last of all; bake in a hot oven, in a round, shallow pan. The top should be a dark brown.

COOKIES.—Old-fashioned caraway-seed cookies are made of half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar stirred together till they are as light as cream, three eggs beaten very light, one ounce of caraway seed mixed with a cup of flour; knead this in, and then add as much more flour as is needed to make a rather stiff dough; roll thin, cut in fancy shapes, and bake in a moderate oven; while hot they may be dipped in sugar.

BONED CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible until the meat will fall from the bones; remove all of the skin, chop together the light and dark parts; season with pepper and salt. Boil down the liquid in which the chicken was boiled, then pour it on the meat; place in a tin, wrap tightly in a cloth, press with a heavy weight for several hours. When served cut in thin slices. This is delicious for sandwitches at a picnic.

DESSERT.—A dainty dish for dessert is made of three teaspoonfuls of peach or raspberry marmalade or jam, two ounces of fine bread crumbs, and two well-beaten eggs, a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and rubbed or pounded to a smooth paste, or they may be chopped; beat an ounce of butter till it is light as cream, then stir all these together, beating till mixed thoroughly; then butter some small cups, and fill them two-thirds full with this mixture; bake for twenty minutes in a slow oven.

RICE WAFFLES.—Rice waffles, which are simply delicious for breakfast, must be started the day before you wish to eat them; that is, the rice must be boiled. A good way to accomplish this is to make a rice-pudding to-day and reserve half a cupful of the cooked rice for to-morrow's waffles. To this quantity add a pint of sweet-milk, the yolks of three eggs, two ounces of butter (or a good-sized lump), and a little salt. Mix half a teaspoonful of soda with one pint of flour, beat these all together, and bake in waffle-irons in a hot-oven.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—Home-made peppermint drops are a harmless delight to children. With a little direction they can make them: Take two cups of sugar and half a cup of water; let this boil for five minutes; take from the fire, flavor with the essence of peppermint; the quantity must depend upon the strength of the essence; a few drops are usually sufficient. Stir with a stiff silver spoon until it is quite thick, then lay a buttered paper on a platter, and drop the mixture on it. A little practice will enable one to make them respectable in appearance.

RAISED BISCUIT.—Take one quart of warm milk, one cup of softened butter, a teaspoonful of salt (even) and a tablespoonful of sugar; add a teacup of yeast and flour enough to make a soft batter; beat hard and cover with a half-inch of sifted flour. When the flour cracks open well the batter is light enough to mix. Mix into as soft a dough as you can handle, make into a round mass and set to rise. When the dough has risen a second time, cut into pieces of a suitable size, make into biscuit and put in the pan. Let them rise twenty to twenty-five minutes and bake in a quick oven.

A GOOD DESSERT.—A delicious dessert is made thus: Dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatine in as little water as possible, then dip as many nice ripe strawberries in it as are needed to line a mold the size suited to your family's needs, then fill the mold with this: Six ounces of fine sugar and nearly one quart of strawberries rubbed together till smooth, one pint of whipped cream and two ounces of gelatine dissolved and mixed with the cream. Beat these all together before pouring them in the mold. If the top of your refrigerator is arranged so that it is possible, set the mold on the ice. Let it stand there until time to serve. This is nice for tea also.

OLD-FASHIONED LOAF CAKE.—Take three quarts of sifted (and well heaped) flour, a pint of soft butter, one quart of sugar, five gills of new milk, half a pint of yeast, three eggs, two pounds of raisins, a teaspoonful of soda, a gill of brandy or wine, two teaspoons cinnamon and two of nutmeg. Scald the milk, cool to blood-warm, add the yeast, then the flour, to which all the butter and half the sugar have been added; then mix together and let rise until light. It is better to set this sponge over night, and in the morning add the other ingredients (flour the raisins), and let rise again. When light, fill the baking-pans and let rise again. Bake in a moderate oven. This recipe makes three large loaves, and is a standard economical loaf-cake.

A matter-of-fact boy defined salt as "that stuff which makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I understand that your courtship with Charley is at an end." "Yes," said she, "Charley pressed his suit until it became threadbare, and then I gave him the sack."

An exchange prints an article on "Hints on How to Go to Sleep." It is the most convincing article we ever read upon the subject. We were fast asleep before we got half through it.

"Sweet sixteen" is all bosh when referring to a girl. At that age she is the crossest and most impudent of any period of her life, being too old to spank and not old enough to box her mother.

A Kentucky lover, who swore by the great horn spoon that he'd like to die for his girl, stood on the river bank and saw another chap pull her from the water, and never even offered him 15 cents reward.

A Jersey woman thought to trap her husband by flirting with him on the street, and when he had given himself dead away he felt so cheap that he tried to drown himself in eighteen inches of water.

"The meanest job I ever undertook," mused a Colorado man, "was that of apologizing to a widow on behalf of a vigilance committee, which hanged her husband by mistake. It was hard to find just the excuse that would satisfy her."

A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

"Madame," he said, sorrowfully, "I shall never be young again." "No," she replied, regarding him with a cynical expression, "when nature makes a mistake, she never repeats the experiment with the same material."

"I am ashamed of the effeminacy of my sex," said a female orator. "Look at your fripperies and superfluities! Why, for instance, do you need parasols, when I never used one?" and a minx answered: "Because you are on the shady side of life."

Teacher—"If your father gave you a basket of peaches to divide between yourself and little brother, and there were forty peaches in the basket, after you had taken your share, what would be left?" Pupil—"My little brother would be left, for I would take all the peaches."

"See here!" yelled the farmer to the city chap who had just fired into a flock of ducks on the pond down back of the house: "Those are not wild ducks. Those are domestic ducks, sir." "Can't help it, sir, if they are," answered the city chap, calmly reloading. "They're just as good for my purpose, exactly."

"Ah, dearest," sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his ownest own, "dost thou know what of all outward things is nearest my heart?" "Really, I can,t say," she replied, "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should think it was a flannel shirt." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.

An Irish girl, who had applied for a position in which she was required to do general housework, was asked by the mistress if she ever made fires. "Shure, that's a strange question for a married 'oman to be axin' me," responded Bridget. "Begorrah, mum, I niver did makes fires, but I've no objection to be afther t'achin' yer husband."

Two gentlemen were seated on the steps of the house of one of them, on a mild evening, last summer, when a very large woman, with rustle of voluminous silks and roll of voluminous person, entered the next dwelling. "Who is that?" asked the visitor. "That," answered the master of the house, "is my neighbor Webster's wife." "Oh, I see," was the ready rejoinder, "Webster's unabridged."

An old Scotch lady who has no relish for church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her church one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, this is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul. To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David, when the lad sang for him."

A young lady who has distinguished herself at the Cambridge local examination, had just been relating some astounding astronomical facts and figures. Said her cousin, who "never went in for that sort of thing, you know," "I can see how one can find out how large and how far away the stars are, but, by Jove, I don't quite see how they ever found out their names!"

Under False Color: "Wife," said a New Haven man, impatiently, "why do you let that child run around to-day, so dirty, so much like a little monkey? I saw him in neighbor Jones' yard just now, the worst looking object I ever saw." "Was he over there, though?" was the responded inquiry. "Yes, "Well, he'll pass for Mr. Jones' dirty brat so long as he is there. I'm not going to worry."

An elderly Scotchwoman went to an apothecary's shop with a prescription for two grains of calomel for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking he did this from anxiety not to get an overdose, but from his apparent penuriousness, or desire to give as little as possible for the money, she said: "Dinna be be sae mean wi it, It's for a puir fatherless bairn."

A certain young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights One day, while they were passing the confectioner's, the swain noticed in the window a placard bearing the announcement, "Ice cream, $1 per gal." "Well," said the young man, as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but, Mary, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for this gal."

When an old-fashioned merchant in New Jersey came to look over an order made out by his new-fashioned clerk the other day, he looked over his spectacles and said: "James, I see you have spelled sugar without an h." "Yes, sir, that is the proper way." "But I have spelled it with an 'h' for the last twenty-nine years." "Can't help that, sir. Sugar should not be spelled with an h." "Well, mebbe it shouldn't," sighed the old man, "mebbe it shouldn't. I presume that this mixing in glucose does make a difference somewhere."

LITTLE FOLKS.

It was in a New England school. "What is the feminine of tailor?" asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the prompt reply of a bright-eyed little boy.

"Children," said a Boston school examiner after hearing some essays read, "you should never use a preposition to end a sentence with." "Isn't 'with' a preposition?" asked the girl whose composition gave rise to the correction.

A little bit of a girl living near one of the cities ran in to her mother from the roadside with some early Spring blooms in her hands, and, full of the outside glow, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, how nice it is to live where somebody doesn't own everything."

"Pa, am I a little sinner?" "Yes, my son, we are all sinners." "And, papa, the Bible says the devil is the father of sinners, doesn't it?" "Yes, dear, I believe it does." "Then, papa, are you the devil?" His offspring's logic was too much for him, and he slipped out of the room without answering.

Edith's mamma was sick, and the little one felt, as she expressed it, "very mournful." At night she prayed: "O Lord, please to make my dear mamma well again. She must have eaten something that didn't digest. Don't let her be sick any more, for it isn't no fun for her nor me either."

"Mamma," said a wee pet, "they sung 'I want to be an Angel,' in Sunday School this morning and I sung with them." "Why, Nellie!" exclaimed mamma, "could you keep time with the rest?" "I guess I could," proudly answered little Nellie; "I kept ahead of them most all the way through."

A lady and her little daughter passing out of church, the child bade goodbye to a poorly dressed little girl. "How did you know her?" inquired the mother. "Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sabbath School alone, and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled, and then we were acquainted."

"Let us play we were married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa!' "Yes!" replied Johnny; "and I will say, 'don't bother me, now. I want to look through the paper." Children have strange idea's of grown folk's ways, now, don't they?"

A little girl, who ran home from school all out of breath, said: "Oh, please ma, may I get married and have a husband?" "My child!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "don't let me hear such words from you again!" "Well, then, may I have a piece of bread and butter and go out to play in the back yard?"

The full term of three years had nearly expired, and they were discussing at the breakfast table the certainty that they must move and the uncertainty as to where, when the young miss of the parsonage drew a heavy sigh. "Oh, I was thinking what a mistake mother and I made when we married a Methodist minister."

Mr. T. was engaged, a few nights since, in explaining to his family the peculiarity of the names of the vehicles which are made to run without equine propulsion. "A bicycle," said he, "has two wheels; a tricycle has three wheels." "Then," said a young offshoot who had just commenced to lisp in numbers, "if it had one wheel it would be an icicle."

A youngster, on passing the old homestead from which the family had been removed some time, and which the lad had often pointed out to him as the house in which he and his little brothers had been born, on seeing it removed preparatory to the erection of a new one, surveyed in silence for a few moments the changed scene, and then said, pathetically, "Oh papa, we weren't born nowhere now, were we?"

Great is the audacity of the young American. The latest instance of this fact is related by the Troy *Times*: The four-year-old daughter of a well-known divine of this city is disposed to be dictatorial in a cunning way with her older brothers and sisters. While she was acting the tyrant over her brother the other day, her father decided to rebuke her for the first time, and eloquently set forth to her the kindness of her brother and her duty to be kind in return. When the exhortation had ended the little auditor, with tearful eyes and frame trembling with emotion, strode up to her venerable sire, and, striking an attitude, said between her sobs: "Y-you use too m-many words." The father vainly endeavored to suppress his laughter as he went to his study and proceeded to cut down his next Sunday's sermon.

Among the attendants at a recent childrens party, given at the residence of the Secretary of State, in honor of Nellie Arthur, the President's little daughter, were Bancroft Davis, grandson of Secretary Frelinghuysen, and Blanche Emory, daughter of Lieutenant Emory. They are about four years old, and as the little girl has been taught to speak French to the exclusion of English, she consequently finds it difficult to speak with other children. But the little boy did not seem to realize any difficulty in this difference in language. Miss Frelinghuysen said: "Bancroft, how can you make Blanche understand you when she cannot speak English?" He replied, with the gravest innocence: "Oh, I kiss her and she knows what I say."

NASAL CATARRH---ITS TREATMENT.

From *Dr. N. B. Wolfe's Medical Common Sense Book on

The Cause and Cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Etc.

LETTER III.

There is, perhaps, no part of the practice of medicine about which the mass of even educated physicians know so little as they do in regard to the action and properties of inhaled remedies. This, however, is not strange, when we reflect how little has been written upon the subject.

The basis upon which this mode of treatment mainly rests may be explained in a few words. The air we breathe is more immediately concerned in the production of disease than any other influence to which we are exposed; and as it is a subject to change in its temperature, density, electrical condition, and purity, so are our feelings and our health affected by every breath we draw. We unquestionably contract fever, cholera, small pox, and no doubt all the so-called "idiopathic diseases" by inhalation. Why can we not inspire an antidote as well?

Chronic catarrh, like asthma and consumption, has hitherto had no remedy. This fact remains a reproach upon the page of medicine. Nor has failure resulted from want of the *means* of relief within our reach, or from the *seat* of the disease, or the *malignity* of its nature, for we can reach the disordered parts by all the forces of the Materia Medica—solids, fluids, and gases. The disease itself is only a *simple inflammation*. Physicians have failed because they have not adopted a more rational treatment. "Common Sense" will teach us that remedies administered through the stomach cannot reach a disease in the nasal passages. If they have attempted any local treatment, they have generally been satisfied with *squirting a little salt or warm water* up the nose, which, of course, *does no good*. Chronic catarrh is rarely found as a disease of the nose alone, but is generally accompanied by more or less hoarseness, showing that the membranes lining the throat, larynx, and windpipe are also involved in the inflammation. We cannot, therefore, hope to remove it by such simple applications. The course we have pursued, with almost invariable success, is to prescribe a proper hygienic treatment, and then medicated washes to remove diseased secretions adhering to the membrane, found in the nasal passages. After this an alternative vapor is inhaled 2 or 3 times a day, the patient being instructed to exhale through the nostrils. By this means the diseased membrane is acted upon in every part. There is neither pain nor inconvenience in this mode of treatment. By it I have been able to break up the most inveterate chronic catarrh in from four to ten weeks, and so generally successful has it been, that we doubt if it will fail one time in a hundred, if properly and faithfully employed. A recent "cold" can be broken up effectually by the use of the inhaler in a week; a *catarrh* of only a few months standing, in four or five weeks; but a "*bronic*" catarrh of several years' standing will require longer time to remove. But every case is curable when treated in this manner. A cold contracted in the *Fall* becomes a seated *catarrh* in the Spring. A year later it has extended over the throat, and assumed the form of *chronic bronchitis*; after this the step is short, and the progress sure to consumption. Who would not spend a few dollars in getting rid of a troublesome *cold* rather than tamper with its fearful consequences for months with "*cough syrups*" and quackish compounds, such as are sold at every drug-store? Let it be borne in mind that there is no affection that so feeds and nurtures consumption as "*catarrh*" or "*cold in the head*;" and that no treatment will uproot catarrh so speedily and effectually as the use of the "inhaler," and the proper employment of *medicated washes*.

☞*Dr. Wolfe, the author of this valuable work on the Cause and Cure of Consumption, etc., is an old and highly respected physician of Cincinnati, where he has been located for twenty-five years. His practice is confined exclusively to the treatment of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nasal Catarrh, and kindred maladies of the nose, throat, and lungs. He has patients in all parts of the United States, who consult with him by letter, and receive his medicines by express. The Doctor will send a copy of his Common Sense Book on the Cause and Cure of Consumption, etc., by mail, FREE, to any person who will send his name and post-office address, and nine cents in stamps to pay postage. The Doctor's address is, 146 *Smith Street, Cincinnati, O.*

TO THE LADIES OF IOWA.

Mrs. Welch's Cordial Endorsement of the "Best Cooking Apparatus."

My experience as an expert in the art of cooking for six years past has necessarily brought me in contact with the leading stoves and ranges now made, and enabled me to form an impartial opinion of their relative merits. After a series of most thorough tests I can assert that I have found the Charter Oak Range, with the wonderful wire gauze oven door, furnished by Messrs, Comparet & Stark, of Des Moines, Iowa, to produce the most uniform and satisfactory results of any I have ever used. My deliberate judgment is that the oven of the Range, as compared with others, is not only more equally heated in every part—front as well as rear—but as a result of its superior ventilation the food placed therein is better cooked, while retaining a sweeter flavor, and a larger proportion of its best juices. I have found, also, that the consumption of fuel in this Range for a given amount of work is much less than any other. From the standpoint, therefore, of my own experience, I can unhesitatingly commend the Charter Oak Range, with the wonderful wire gauze oven door, made by the Excelsior Manufacturing Company, of St. Louis, and invented by Mr. Giles F. Filley, as the best cooking apparatus within my knowledge, and one that will not fail in any respect to give the fullest satisfaction to all who may use it. MRS. MARY B. WELCH,

Teacher of Domestic Economy, State Agricultural College.

Ames, Iowa, May 16th, 1882.

TESTIMONIAL OF THE TORNADO

Sufferers to the State Insurance Company of Des Moines, Iowa.

The following, signed by thirty persons in Northwestern Iowa who suffered by the late tornadoes, is a fine testimonial of the reliability and promptness of the State Insurance Company:

The undersigned, residents of Clay, O'Brien, Cherokee and Buena Vista counties, State of Iowa, having sustained loss to property by the great wind storm of June 24th, 1882, and said property having been insured in the State Insurance Company, of Des Moines, Iowa, hereby certify that our losses have been settled and paid by the said State Insurance Company to our entire satisfaction.

WM. GILBERT,	W. S. JOHNSON,
F. M. SPURLOCK,	GEO. RENEVILLE,
R. ELPHECK,	W. P. DAVIS,
GEO. F. MARTIN,	L. J. SMITH,
S. W. MYERS,	J. A. BAKER,
THOS. JENKINS,	C. R. ADKINS,
W. S. COOPER,	LEGG & BROUGHAM,
MARY E. UPDIKE,	G. T. LEGG,
EMORY HARRIS,	JAMES STOCKWELL,
A. P. WOOLSTON,	D. B. DAVIS,
SAMUEL LUCAS,	W. E. WELLS,
EMELINE WILTSE,	CHAS. PEAKER,
D. C. BARRY,	J. R. FAGERSTRONG,
C. J. WAGGONER,	OLIVER MARCOTTE,
ELI PLOPPER,	H. & F. W. SPRAGUE.

"You love me?" echoed the fair creature, as her pretty hand oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes," he said tenderly, "you are my own and only——" "Hush," she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like a circus showbill."