

A Valuable Trading Horse.

When the Black Hills fever was at its height McC. was one of the young men who went from St. Louis in the expectation of becoming a millionaire. After arduous labor in Dead Man's Gulch he acquired, not a fortune, but the skeleton of a horse and a mule with a wen on its leg, which had been first stolen from the Government by the Indians and afterwards recovered from the Indians by the miners. He had got them in the way of legitimate horse-trading, and was holding them to trade again. One evening a long, lank stranger drove through the gulch with a led horse and mule behind his wagon. The horse was a fine looking bay, and McD. wanted him.

The stranger stopped and a crowd of miners gathered around him. McD. joined them and bawled the stranger for a trade. The stranger was willing to give his bay for the mule with a wen on its leg and \$50 to boot. McD. was very uneasy for fear he would see the wen, but the stranger did not appear to notice it. Then McD. went around the big bay, felt his legs and found him sound as a new dollar. He had on a Texas saddle with a very broad girth, but this did not seem a matter of any importance.

"It's a bargain," said McD., referring to the \$50 boot, and reaching for the horse's halter in haste to close the trade before the stranger saw the wen.

The stranger took the "boot" money and held it meditatively in his hand.

"Young feller," said he, looking sorrowfully at McD., "you must have a mother, and I hate to do it on her account. Here, my boy, take back yer money—you're beat on this trade—badly beat."

"Never mind that," said McD., shoving the mule's bridle into the man's hand and thinking of the wen.

"Well, then, I can't help it; but I've warned you. You're beat!" and stepping round on the other side of the big bay, the stranger unstrapped the saddle. A yell from the crowd showed that a discovery had been made, and McD., going around that side, saw that there was a terrible blister in the big bay's side which had been covered by the girth. His jaw fell. The stranger looked at him commiseratingly. "That horse can't live two hours," he said. "The Injuns shot him that whar you see that hole, and the best thing you can do is to hitch him to a tree and let him die."

The crowd yelled again, and McD., who saw that his reputation was at stake, braced up. "Never you mind," said he, "just you look at that mule's leg."

"That knot thar, I saw it when you kem in thirty yards of me. I meant to teach you a lesson, but I'm a soft-hearted critter—allers was; an' now, if you want to trade, I'll keep the fifty dollars and give you yer mule for that crowbat thar."

McD. gathered hold of his horse's halter and led him off towards his cabin. "Never mind," he said; "I've taken a liking to this horse, and I guess I'll keep him."

The stranger followed and kept up his offers until finally he said he'd give the mule and the \$50 boot if McD. would only give him back his horse.

"Don't you never trade horses agin, my boy," said the stranger, as he handed back the money and took his big bay.

"What does all this mean, anyhow?" asked McD.

"Well, it means just this—that I wouldn't take \$5,000 for that 'ere hole in that animal's side. I've traded him thirty times this week and got \$10 a time to take him back. I was mighty skeered for fear you was goin' to keep him."

The stranger went his way and McD. learned that he had sold out two-thirds of the miners of the gulch on the same trick. But the gulch was saddened a week after by news of the stranger's untimely demise, at the Clear River canyon camp at the hands of Jim Longwood, a man who never did have any patience when he was beat in a trade. The stranger left his mark on Jim's right eye, which he slashed with his bowie, and in half a dozen other cuts on his person. McD. is now a St. Louis office-holder, but he never trades horses.

—St. Louis Republican.

—It is very easy for stay-at-home families to imagine themselves at the seashore. All they have to do is to catch a few flies and stick them in the butter. —Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

How to Can Fruits and Vegetables.

All fruit and vegetables do not require the same degree of heat, or the same continued application of heat. Fruits of delicate texture, such as the strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, gooseberry and currant, should not be brought quite to the boiling point; while apples, pears, quince and peach may be boiled, but not so rapidly as to soften or macerate them. The best way to can fruit is to have it quite ripe; then pack firmly in cans, adding water according to the dryness or juicy character of the fruit. After this seal the can, leaving a vent for the escape of the gas. Then place the cans in a larger vessel containing cold water and bring this to a boil. For berries boil five minutes, then stand to cool thirty minutes. For other fruits, boil from ten to twenty minutes, then stand to cool forty minutes. The object in allowing them to cool is to give time for the gases to escape through the vent before finally sealing. Strawberries and cherries should be kept from the light to preserve their color. This may be done by wrapping them in dark-colored paper and keeping them in a cool place.

For green corn, peas and beans, if canned in that way they need to boil five or six hours hard, then cool forty minutes. But the best way to can corn is to cut the corn from the cob when it is in nice order for roasting ears. Put it on and cook three quarters of an hour, or until it is done; put in salt enough for taste and stir it through; this helps to keep it. Then if you use glass jars, fill them full of the boiling corn, put on the tops, and I think you will have nice corn the coming winter.

To fill glass jars without breaking them, I wring a towel out of cold water, set the jar on a part of the cloth, and then wrap the rest around the jar; I have never broken one yet. This is, of course, less work, and I prefer it for corn.

If one wishes to cook fruit before putting it in cans, add what sugar will suit the taste, then boil five minutes, and while boiling fill the jar quite full and cover quickly. Glass jars are the best for this use, as the tops are so easily adjusted. —Cor. Germantown Telegraph.

Stacking.

The season has again arrived when that kind of work is done on the farm, from which there is more loss from botching than from any other class of work of the same amount. It is stacking. If the true amount of loss from bad stacking was really known and tabulated before the commercial world, it would be frightful. It is not so much the total loss of the grain, but its reduction in grade. In too many cases it is a total loss. And yet there is no excuse for it but ignorance and carelessness. Stacking is a plain and simple operation. If the bundles are so placed that the butts are lower than the heads when the stack is settled, the whole work is accomplished. It is no mystery to make a stack shed the heaviest and longest rains. Keep the middle full enough so that there is no possibility of the straws shedding inward instead of outward, and there will be no wet wheat or oats in stack. The great error in stacking is neglecting the fact that the middle of the stack will settle twice as much as the outside, and stacking must be done in view of this fact. Neglect it and all the expense and toil of the production of the crop is lost. Wet wheat in the stack proclaims ignorance, or inattention to the business in hand. And the latter is more criminal than the former. Bad stacking is one of the most general and crying evils of our system of agriculture. In strictly wheat growing regions it has done more harm than drouth, flood, chinch bugs, Hessian fly, rust, blight, smut, blast, mildew or storms. And all we regret is that we have no power of expression sufficient to awaken all stackers to the immense waste and damage they are guilty of by their carelessness. —Iowa State Register.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Gill is the only female cobbler in New York City. Her father was a cobbler and taught his daughter the trade. Her husband followed the same business, and since his death she has supported herself and six children by cobbling.

—Fast walking horses are of more practical use to farmers than fast trotters.

—A remarkable cat story comes to us from out on Mulberry Street, says the Des Moines (Iowa) Leader. A family living there had a cat which was rearing a handsome litter of kittens. The children, however, as is usually the case, treated the little felines very roughly, tumbling them around, pulling their tails, and otherwise maltreating them. All this old Tabby stood by and viewed in seeming sorrow and occasional protest. She was meditating over the matter, evidently, for a day or two ago she took the kittens one by one and carried them around to the neighbors, leaving one at each house and no two in one place. It seemed that she did this to get them away from the persecutions of the children, and the family look upon it as a great feat of feline sagacity.

—The critic of a Deadwood newspaper glorifies a variety performance in the following terms: "Manager Whitney is giving a high-toned performance than our citizens have a right to expect for two bits. He has engaged the beautiful Gambetta for two weeks; and, for high, artistic kicking, she has no peers. Her standard jump shows careful thought and study; and her toe whirls are unprecedented in the history of the ballet. Mr. Whitney has shored up the east end of his minstrel troupe with the justly celebrated Patsey Maginnis, the best bones of modern times. We are sorry to chronicle a row at this temple of Thespian virtue last night, and we recommend Manager Whitney, if Shang Johnson comes monkeying around there again, to crack his nut with a bottle."

—A well-known professor of Union College, while making a trip to Iowa, recently, says the Albany Argus, started to look at some land with a farmer. Reaching a creek the professor placed his garments in his wagon and swam over, while the farmer tried to drive over. The current carried the wagon down stream, with the professor's clothing, his watch, \$125 in money and some drafts. They were all swept away and lost. The professor was left entirely naked, borrowed his companion's pants and walked eighteen miles before he obtained a coat and shirt.

—One of the most audacious and transparent of knaves was the fellow who introduced himself at Painesville, O., as an enormously wealthy banker from San Francisco, showed a letter of credit on the London Rothschilds for \$400,000, and boasted of friendship with Gould and Vanderbilt. One of the silliest of dupes was the girl who married him, after a week's acquaintance, on his promise to give her a magnificent home in Europe.

—William Berry, of Cincinnati, was engaged to marry the widow Newkirk, and the day appointed for the wedding was close at hand. Mrs. Newkirk's daughter, Clara, came home from a convent school to witness the ceremony. Clara had all of her mother's characteristics and the additional charm of youth. Berry transferred his love to the daughter, and eloped with her.

Words and Their Uses.

Richard Grant White has written a good deal concerning the origin and various meanings of several old English words and phrases, and many of his remarks are very instructive and interesting. Primarily, words were designed to express ideas, and not, as Tallyrand said, to conceal them. If a genuine autograph of Shakespeare, Milton, Swift or Pope could be found, how it would be prized and appreciated by the fortunate finder!

The old Charter Oak at Hartford is justly cared for, and its history is prized beyond anything else in Connecticut; and the public throughout the United States have a vague idea that it must have some intrinsic merit, because the words "Charter Oak" have been used as a trade-mark by the largest stove factory in the world. For our own part, we like to see ambitious manufacturers stamp their goods so that buyers will know them on sight. The CHARTER OAK STOVE rather adds to the claims for veneration of the old Charter Oak at Hartford, and will be likely to perpetuate it long after the original tree is entirely forgotten. This is the way of the world. (5-29)

It was a wise old French woman who once wrote: "The world can give a woman beauty, costume, wealth, many charms, many allurements; but race alone can give a woman three things—the hand, the glance, the voice."

An Old Doctor's Advice.

It was this: "Trust in God and keep your bowels open." For this purpose take Kidney-Wort—for no other remedy so effectually overcomes this condition, and that without the distress and griping which other medicines cause. Try a box or bottle. —Telegraph.

Profitable Patients.

The most wonderful and marvelous success in cases where persons are sick or wasting away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors,) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters. —Cincinnati Star.

It was bound to come. The claim is now made that a Boston paragoner has been with a bullet in his liver.

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