

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Recipes. SWEET RICE.—One quart milk, three tablespoons yeast, flour to make a thick batter; mix at night, and in the morning add one cupful fresh butter, three eggs well beaten, one cupful sugar rubbed together, three eggs well beaten, one cupful white of one; beat this to a stiff froth; add a little sugar, and spread over the top. They are excellent.

ICE CREAM.—To three pints of cream add three pints of milk, one cup of sugar, one egg well beaten, one tablespoonful vanilla flavor; put into the freezer without cooking.

CHERRY COBBLERS.—Grate a sufficient number of ripe cherries to make a quart; rub together a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and three tablespoons flour, a pinch of salt; stir into one quart of rich milk, eight eggs, well beaten, and lastly the grated cherries; if not thick enough a little more flour may be added; fry in hot butter, or bake in pudding dish. You may make half this quantity.

COCONUT CAKES.—To the milk of one coconut add as much water, dissolve one pound of white powdered sugar in the milk and water; boil it until it becomes a "syrup," then turn it into a buttered dish; beat the white of one egg and whip in half a pound of powdered sugar, mix with this one coconut, carefully pared and grated; as soon as the syrup cools sufficiently, so as not to scald the egg, add the mixed coconut, beating well all the time; drop in tablespoonfuls at a time; on buttered paper; try one first, if it "runs" beat in more sugar. Bake in a very moderate oven, watch closely to prevent them from browning.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Have the cutlets cut from the fillet about three-fourths of an inch thick and about as large as the palm of your hand; grate some stale bread and rub through a colander, adding to it salt, pepper, sweet marjoram, grated yellow rind of a lemon, a little powdered mace and grated nutmeg; spread this on a large flat dish, beat up some eggs, dipping each cutlet into the egg, then into the breadcrumb, and so on to each side of the meat; have boiling some sweet lard and a small quantity of butter added, in which fry your cutlets, turning them three times, but be careful they do not burn. Place in a hot covered dish; dip in a gray sauce, sitting flour into the fat in the pan, stirring until it is a rich brown, add boiling water to form the right consistency; add, lastly, a little chopped parsley and vinegar, and pour, boiling, over the cutlets. Serve at once.

Making Butter in Summer. The first thing requisite to making good butter is to have good cows, good pasture, good water, and salt for the cows twice a week. Next, good management of the milk. The milk should be cooled immediately after milking, that it may keep sweet longer and yield more cream. The pails used in milking should be of tin, as it is impossible to cleanse wooden pails so perfectly that they will not impart some degree of acidity to the milk. Nothing receives a taint more easily than milk or cream, and all bad odors absorbed by the milk will be retained by the butter. A cool spring-house is best to keep milk in, or a cool cellar (not too damp) having all decayed vegetable matter removed. Wash the walls with lime which will greatly aid in keeping it pure. Wash the vessels used in warm water, inside and out; then scald with boiling water, and place in the sun. The churn, butter bowl and ladle should be washed and scalded with equal care. Sunshine and pure air are the best preservatives in the churn between churning times. The milk should be skimmed as soon as the cream has risen. If left too long the surface will become watery; while underneath, the cream is rapidly yielding to the corrosive acid in the milk, and becomes a thin watery substance, neither cream nor milk. The best plan is then to give it to the pigs. A good plan is to save the strippings—say a pint from each cow—cooling it perfectly before putting it in the cream jar; stir well each time new is added.

In regard to working butter, there is a great difference of opinion. Experience has taught us it should be worked but once, and then gently. It is composed of minute globules, which are crushed by too much working, making the butter greasy. We are not in favor of washing butter if it can be saved; use pure salt which is perfectly white and will dissolve in cold water, leaving no sediment. The brine will be perfectly clear, leaving no bitter taste. An ounce to a pound of butter is enough, as too much salt destroys the delicate flavor of good butter. —Culman's Rural World.

Danger of Sleeping in the Moonlight. The evil consequences liable to result from exposure to a burning sun are only too well understood; but it is, perhaps, not so generally known that in many parts of the world, notably in India, there is a strong and very general prejudice against sleeping in full moonlight, as it is supposed to produce "moonstruck." An old Indian resident has recently been devoting his attention to the subject, and comes to the conclusion that any ill effects arising from sleeping in the moonlight are not due to any direct influence of the moon itself. His explanation of the origin of this prejudice is as follows: "The qualities of the goddess of night are very rational, and may be summarized thus: A clear sky admits of rapid radiation, and any person exposed to such radiation is sure to be chilled by rapid heat. There is reason to believe that, under the circumstances, paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation, and consequent loss of heat. The chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear and in full moon. The whole matter thus comes clear on this explanation." Prolonged exposure to cold is almost certain to produce headache, neuralgia, or even paralysis, owing to the retardation of the circulation, and these similar injuries have been attributed to the moon when the proximate cause may really have been the chill, which will always be the greatest on the very clear nights.

The Malleability of Gold. Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, Jr., of the Philadelphia assay office, has recently given an example of the infinite divisibility of matter, by exhibiting before the Franklin institute some thin films of gold obtained by electric deposition upon copper and afterward detached. These pieces of gold leaf were transparent and gave a cream color to transmitted light. Mr. Outerbridge has thus produced films of gold so thin that one grain of the metal would cover nearly four square feet. This is 10,000 times thinner than ordinary paper; and 2,708,000 of such films together would make only one inch in thickness.

A WOMAN'S HEROIC FIGHT.

Three Pioneers Massacred by Indians in the Black Hills. A correspondent gives a thrilling account of the horrible massacre of two men and a woman by Indians in the Black Hills. The woman, who was cutting hay within a quarter of a mile, tells how it occurred. He says that hearing a succession of rapid shots fired over the bluff from where he was mowing, he got up on a high timbered elevation and saw about twenty Indians engaged in a fight with two men and a woman who were occupied an ox team. The men defended themselves gallantly against the great odds. They were well-armed, and fought as only men fight for their lives. The Indians, instead of coming up in a body, broke in every direction and surrounded the wagon, keeping up a constant trail of bullets upon the poor unfortunates. Three of the oxen were first to fall. Waggoner, the owner of the outfit, and the husband of the lady, next was shot through the head. Mrs. Waggoner seized her husband's revolver and discharged the contents among the Indians, who were now close upon the wagon. After she had emptied the weapon she flung it full in the face of a burly savage who was reaching over the wagon to grasp her. He recoiled back but others took his place.

When the other man, was quickly finished, and there remained but the lady to deal with. The Indians had since the beginning of the conflict been careful not to injure her, and their bullets were directed chiefly toward the two men. The poor woman, knowing her probable fate, fought a heroic fight, clutching an empty gun and striking right and left, but to no avail. She was finally overpowered and brought to the ground, but the woman fought so hard that they procured some tent stakes which were in the wagon and staked the limbs and body of the poor woman firmly to the ground. After they had accomplished their horrible deed they took her scalp and horribly mutilated her, and then dispatched her. The shrieks of the woman could be heard distinctly where my informant was lodged, powerless to help and almost dead with fear.

When the savages began sucking the wagon they observed the witness of their cruelty standing on the bluff, and two of them started in pursuit. He, however, made good time, and succeeding in reaching Crook, about nine miles off, and went to his tent.

Soon after the massacre the march stage rolled by the fatal spot. There were no Indians in sight, and the passengers were horrified at seeing the sight before them. Both of the two men had been scalped and their ears and noses cut off. The bodies of the poor unfortunates were taken to Crook and there interred. They belonged to Brainard, Minn., and had come into the Hills early this spring, during their little stake and were on their way home when the fatal accident befell them.

A Legitimate Business. Well-directed energy and enterprise are the life of American progress; but, if there is one lesson taught more plainly than that by the great failures of late, it is that safety lies in sticking to a legitimate business. No manufacturer, trader or banker has any more right to be so extravagant and extravagant as to take from his legitimate business the capital which it requires to meet any emergency.

Apologies are sometimes made for firms who have failed, by recurring to the important experiments they have aided, and to the numerous fields of enterprise where they have freely scattered their money. We are told that individual losses, sustained by these failures, will be nothing compared with the benefits conferred on the community by their liberality in contributing to every branch of the arts and sciences in such reasoning. A man's relations to a creditor are vastly different from his relations to what is called the public. The demands of the one are definite, the claims of the other are just what the ambition of the man may make them.

The high-toned, honorable, successful business man unites to legitimate the importance of sticking to a legitimate business, and it is most instructive to see that, in the greater portion of the failures, the real cause of disaster was the branching out beyond a legitimate business, in the belief of this that tempting offer, and for the sake of some great gain, venturing where they did not know the ground, and could not know the pitfall.

Another Distressed Nobleman. A tramp came along the other day, says the Bridgeport Standard, and contending that the nobleman was a farmer on the road that he was a country who was traveling through the country in this humble way seeking a true heart which he might win and take back with him to share in the revenues of his immense estates in Italy. He begged that the nobleman should be allowed to travel with him, as he might inherit with his cherished plan of being loved for himself alone. She promised not to say a word about it, and invited the count to stop with them all night, giving him the best bed in the house and the seat nearest the breakfast at the supper table. The meal was quite a revelation in the matters of the noble habits of the nobility of Europe, but the discovery she made in the morning was still a greater eye-opener. His lordship had departed in the small hours, taking with him, probably as cherished souvenirs, the larger portions of the bed linen, the cushions, and an old horse-pistol and half a man. He left a scrawling missive, noting that he must away, as his passionate longing for the true heart of which he was ever in search would not let him rest until they were united. The farmer loaded his shot gun, took the road, and was gone two days, but did not find the count. He must have gone back to his estates in Italy.

Fashions in Turkey. Writing under a recent date from Constantinople a correspondent says: I told you some time ago that a sumptuary law had been issued against the use of the women of this yashmaks, fashionably-out furbies, and high-heeled French boots. When this law was promulgated the detective police were instructed to stop any woman who did not conform to it, to demand her address, and having obtained it, to proceed to her house, and when there to warn her relatives of the impropriety of her conduct. The women, however, would have been unworthy of their sex and their country if they had not proved themselves more than a match for the police. The detectives now complain that when they have accosted a culprit and have obtained an address from her, they have almost invariably found, on visiting the house named by her, that she had given them a false address, and that nothing but derision and contumely awaited them. It is now announced that in future the police will follow every culprit to her house, and then send demand speech of her lord and master.

TRICKY RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

A Raid on a Sausage and a Shopkeeper's Sausage. A Russian soldier, who was returned to his father. A war correspondent, writing from Oitenitz on the Danube, gives the following incidents of the manner in which the Russian soldiers on duty there sometimes "get even" with the grasping natives. The forced quiet of this little town at times oppressive. When a whole day has passed without a single shot from either line of the batteries frowning at each other along the river bank the conversation in the little cafe gets dull and spasmodic, and at last flickers and goes out like a burned up candle, simply for want of something to feed it. It was, then, with an approach to excitement that we, who had no other occupation all the forenoon than shifting our chairs around the corner of the cafe as the shadow moved with the advancing sun, saw a crowd of infantrymen gather at the door of the little shop opposite and heard the noise of a dispute within grow louder and louder. Discussions between the soldiers and the natives are not by any means infrequent, and if there had been any other diversion I should have paid the natives a visit to one of which I speak. However, when the mayor of the town—a short, thick-set, active little body, who now finds no other field for the exercise of his authority except the ever-recurring differences between the citizen and soldier—had called the natives together, he had a piece of the same kind of sausage, but only about a third as long. I thought I could see a hint of a smile under the soldier's white mustache and a twinkle in his gray eyes, but until the mayor had summed up the account of what had happened and the shopman was paid and the crowd dispersed I had no idea of the cause of the dispute, being totally unable to seize enough words of the jargon of Russian and Rumanian that was flying about to make one complete phrase.

It turned out that the soldier went into the shop with a couple of comrades to buy a sausage. He made his bargain, but the sausage under his left arm and took out his purse to pay for it. Before he put the money down he asked the price again. "Four francs," says the shopkeeper, "and you must take this piece of bad sausage," yells the soldier, holding out to the astonished native a piece only about one-third of the whole sausage he had that moment stowed under his arm. "Take your old sausage, and you thiefing native, and he started to walk away, but the soldier, who had that time half way up the street. But the native was too quick for him and held him until a crowd gathered and the affair terminated as I have described. The trick was a shrewd one, but a little "too thin" to deceive even a Wallachian. The two soldiers, in accordance with a previous agreement, debated the opportunity while there was a dispute about the price to cut off the longer part of the sausage which appeared from the soldier's arm behind, and made their way to the camp with their booty. This kind of robbery is not infrequently resorted to by the soldiers, for in all matters of trade the natives invariably get worsted. Their paper money is taken for only two-thirds its real value; the money they receive enters a shop the price rise two or three per cent, or more, and it is generally "Take or leave it" with the shopman, who takes advantage of the need of the soldier to drive a sharp bargain. Very few cases of open robbery have come under my notice, and the only instance of skillful thieving I have heard of will well bear relating.

An old peasant had just come to town to buy groceries for the week, and, naturally enough, walked down the street with a little self-consciousness at the thought of having a purse filled with Russian money. He was a soldier's last load of hay to the camp. Before he reached the shop, or had had time to take a glass of raki in the little grocery, he was met by a Cossack, who, without any ceremony, fell upon his neck and kissed him with effusion, exclaiming to the astounded peasant in broken Rumanian that he looked so much like his old father away off on the banks of the Don that the impulse to embrace him was irresistible. It seems that the sentiment was contagious; for the peasant, after looking at the Cossack for a moment, cried out that he called to mind the name of the family who was away with the Rumanian army at Kalafat, and the Cossack had to endure the embrace in his turn. This could not last long, of course, and after an exhaustive struggle to express his joy in a language that was almost entirely unknown to the soldier, he took his leave, promising to see his adopted father in a day or two. When the simple old fellow went to pay for his tea and sugar he found he had no purse. He went immediately to the mayor, but his would-be son could not be found.

Enemies. Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they spite up your path, walk around them, and let your duty regardless of their block. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Ida Lewis.—Ida Lewis, the heroine of the Newport (R. I.) lighthouse, who has recently been ill in consequence of her exposure in rescuing two drowning men some time ago, is to have an effort made next winter to secure her a pension. Ida was married a few years ago, but found her husband a shiftless loafer, and would not live with him. There are several young men in Newport who would jump at the chance of securing her hand; but as she says she "wouldn't marry the best man who ever walked in boots," sentimental young men will waste time in journeying to Lime Rock with matrimonial intent.

Gold Product for 1877.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, the total output of all the United States, except Carson City, Nevada, was \$71,000,000, or \$14,000,000 more than ever before. The output of the San Francisco branch mint was the largest annual mint product ever known in the world, amounting to \$46,101,500. This same branch mint, since its establishment in 1852, has produced a total of \$430,532,553 in gold and silver. This is hardly one-third of the product of the mines of the Pacific slope during that period. But much of the bullion is sent East in the form of bars, etc., and a small portion is handled at the Carson branch mint. In former years the Philadelphia mint did the main part of the coining, and still does an immense business. The following shows the relative output of gold and silver at San Francisco during the past five years. While the silver coinage has increased, owing to the recent act regarding \$500,000 of new silver coin, the great bulk of the metals coined is still gold:

Table showing Gold and Silver production for various years (1872-1876) with columns for Year, Gold, Silver, and Total.

Is Coffee Wholesome? I know it is palatable, as very few people like it; but many eschew it on account of its being a stimulant. It is in preparing it delicious, far more so than the actual drinking of it. I am as fond of it as any one, but have not taken a cup in twenty-five years. It is more productive of bile, especially to people of sedentary habits, than any other thing that can be drunk. It is the cause of most modern nervous prostration against its use beyond a single cup at breakfast, in which proportion it can be taken with safety. But where it is profusely indulged in, it is as injurious to health as any alcoholic stimulant. If one pound of coffee is used as so much as to last a family of ten persons for a week, it is stated, no harmful results would ensue. But here it should stop. I should think, however, that by persons accustomed to severe outdoor exercise or labor of any kind, it could, to a large extent, be taken. Children should never touch it, or tea either, except the latter be very weak. The old-fashioned way of making coffee is undoubtedly the best, which is to buy the coffee in the grain, search it until a light brown, and grind it as it is wanted. The water should be boiling, and the coffee put in the pot, and stirred closely, and then give it another boil for minute or two, and it will soon be sufficiently clear to use.—Aline.

A Scene in California. One of the miners died, and having been much respected, it was determined to give him a regular funeral. A digger in the vicinity, who, report said, had once been a powerful preacher in the United States, was called upon to officiate; and after "drinks all round," the party proceeded, with becoming gravity, to the grave, which had been dug at a distance of a hundred yards from the camp. When this spot was reached, the officiating minister commenced with an extempore prayer, during which all knelt round the grave. So far was well; but the prayer was unnecessarily long, and at last some of those who knelt, began, in an abstract way, to finger the loose earth that had been thrown up from the grave. It was thick with gold; and an excitement was immediately apparent in the kneeling crowd. Upon this, the preacher stopped, and inquiringly said: "Boys, what's that? Gold!" he exclaimed, "and the richest kind of diggings!" The congregation are dismissed. The funeral was a success, and the preacher was buried elsewhere; whilst the grave party, with the person at their head, lost no time in prospecting the new diggings.

The Pale Air Streaked with Blood. There are people in Chicago who are quoting with apparent amusement the following from the Tribune's account of the riot: "From the viaduct south the avenue was crowded with roughs. They poned in from the side streets, their hands full of stones. The police ran to their heads. The sickening crash of clubs followed, and the pale air was streaked with blood. Hugs, bloated women at the windows yelled encouragement and defiance. Pistol balls shrieked as they flew. The crash of sabers and the shouts of maddened men filled the air. The rioters, however, were not to be deterred. They were now in the mob, swords rose and fell with cruel significance. Alleys were gutted of mottled masses of enraged humanity. Great massive blows fell on their passion stained faces, and tore the rage out of them." There is more of it.

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The Markets. Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Beef Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, etc.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour, Butter, Eggs, etc.

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