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Desdemona.

I told her of my three years' cruise,
Its haps and mishaps, and when I
Had finished, in her sweet, rapt muse,
She murmured breathlessly, "Oh, my!

And when I told my journeys o'er,
From torrid zone to lands of snow
She paused in wonderment before
She softly cried, "You don't say so!"

And when I told of dangers, fears—
Our shipwrecks, when we suffered so,
Half frightened, and almost in tears,
She faltered forth, "I want to know!"

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

The Drum.

Oh the drum!
There is some
Intonation in the grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere,
The rumbling palpitations roll in upon the ear!

And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
s a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed;
And he hears
From the glooms
Of a century of tombs,
And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty blooms.

And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a nature pure and wise;
And the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies
That is bright,
Red and white,
With a blur of starry light,
As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.

There are deep
Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap,
And the murmur, fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep;
While the prayer
Rising there
Wills the sea and earth and air
As a heritage to freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.

Then with sound
As profound
As the thunderings resound,
Come thy wild reverberations in a throe that shakes the ground,
And a cry,
Flung on high
Like the flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky.

—*James W. Riley.*

NORMAN LAMAR'S BOARDERS.

He stood rubbing his hands before the huge log in the open chimney, with its breastwork of wooden mantelpiece. The morning was cold; the hoar frost lay in rare fretted work all over the prairies, and the breath of the cattle became smoke as it met the atmosphere. The man before the fire stood six feet in his stockings; his physique was superb; his shapely head was covered with little crisp rings of yellow hair, and his blue eyes wore just such a mild meditative expression as one sees in the eyes of the gentler cattle. We grow like our companions, and they had been his many years. He was rubbing his hands, not because they were cold, for they were as white and warm and supple as a babe's. The act was simply an expression of the pleasure he felt in the glow from the great back log. The room was rude and homely, but spacious, and not lacking in comfort.

Standing in one of the casements was a young lady, evidently accustomed to far different surroundings. There was an air of elegance about her. She had been looking out the window at the wide sweep of prairie and cattle ranging free. Suddenly she brought her very handsome eyes to bear, with a frank criticism, on the man upon the hearth, in his blue flannel pantaloons and shirt and red suspenders. Metaphorically speaking, he owned "the cattle upon a thousand hills;" in practical language, he was one of the most extensive stock raisers in the territory in which he lived.

Zaida Burdett felt in a certain manner overpowered by the vastness of things—the vast prairies, the vast sky, and the vastness of this man, both as regarding his proportions and the possessions which he represented. He seemed to her like one of the audacious, handsome, plundering Gauls that Michelet dwells on in his chapters about the world when it was new, with their blue eyes, yellow mustaches, and fair shoulders decorated with golden collars.

She felt almost sure that even the collar was somewhere out of sight under his blue shirt. She was certain that he had swooped down on things and owned a great deal more than rightly belonged to him.

"He ought to marry a large, yellow-haired, fair-skinned Amazon, and people the land with a progeny that would put to the blush the puny race one is accustomed to," she said to herself, and suddenly became aware that she also was being regarded.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but I was trying to make out your nationality; are you French?" he asked.

"What makes you think I am," was her reply.

A little amused smile crept from under his yellow mustache.

"Your speech betrayeth you. None but a Yankee answers a question with another."

She laughed.

"You are right. Yet I call myself cosmopolitan. Mamma and I live all over the world. Last year we spent in London, the year before in Gemany, and so way back since I was ten years old. I'm twenty-three now."

Her frankness was enchanting.

"There is a good deal of Bohemianism about us. We always live in apartments, so we can locate wherever we choose. We haven't any particular object in living—that is, not any high, exalted purpose. We just try to have as good a time as the means papa left us will admit."

Then she suddenly blushed up to her aparkling eyes to think she had been telling family affairs to an entire stranger.

"I beg of you, do not think I am in the habit of doing such things," she said, hotly.

Just then her mother entered. She did not look much older than her daughter, and they were both handsome.

Mrs. Burdett had not seen her host before. They had been landed at his door the night previous by the stage driver, and had not learned until the coach was beyond recall that it was a private house, and not a hotel.

The housekeeper had given them anything but a gracious welcome, saying that the drivers had a habit of doing such things, and adding:

"Howsumever, Norman Lamar will be right glad to see you. He likes a housefull of folks. He don't have to do the cooking, you see."

Mrs. Burdett's apology for their intrusion savored of this reception. She expressed regret that they would be obliged to trespass until the stage returned that evening, then formally introduced herself and daughter. His welcome was full of simple hospitality; then they went out to breakfast.

Soon after he bade them good-morning, saying it was a very busy time and he should not return until afternoon.

He had only been gone a few minutes when a light wagon, drawn by two spirited grays, stopped at the door, and the young man who drove them came in to say that Norman Lamar had placed them at the ladies' disposal for the day.

That evening when their host returned Mrs. Burdett met him at the door, thanked him for his kindness, and said that her daughter and herself were so charmed with the place they would like to remain and board for a week. He regarded her with his great, meditative blue eyes for a moment, then smiled.

"I would be glad to have you stay for ever, if it pleased you; but we don't know anything about board out here, and don't propose to learn."

Mrs. Burdett admired his hospitality, but she looked displeased.

"Then we shall be obliged to leave at once. The stage is about due. We cannot, of course, be dependent upon an entire stranger, no matter how generous his invitation."

It had been a pleasant thought to him all day that these two ladies were in his home. That they wanted to stay gave him a keen sense of pleasure; that such a little thing should hinder made him impatient.

"I would not touch a woman's money for a bit of homely fare, I assure you."

His voice indicated his mood; then suddenly, he broke into a free, ringing laugh.

"If you will not stay without, pay my housekeeper; but let me warn you, Mrs. Harden is a woman of the shrewdest type, and when she makes a bargain, as Shakespeare says, she 'Cavils on the ninth part of a hair,' so look out for her," and he touched his hat and left.

Zaida had listened to the conversation, sitting just inside the window.

"He is as generous as a prince!" said her mother, enthusiastically, as she entered the room.

The girl laughed.

"I feel somewhat as if we were Sabine women, and had been captured for good and all," she said.

"Zaida, what makes you say such dreadful things? Perhaps we had better not stay!"

Mrs. Burdett looked disappointed.

"Of course we will stay. We haven't had anything so interesting before ever. Just think of it! To live under the roof of a bonanza king and board with his housekeeper!"

"Of course it will not do. The way you put it shows it clearly," said her mother.

"How silly you are, mamma! Come!" and the girl started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" demanded her mother.

"Why, to the kitchen, of course, to conclude our bargain with our landlady!" gayly.

"Did I ever see so perverse a girl!" remarked her mother; nevertheless she linked her arm in her daughter's, and they went out to the kitchen like two school-friends.

Mrs. Harden was over the fire, stewing potatoes in milk. She looked hot and flustered. She flew about to get them chairs, and seemed very uncomfortable and put-to by their coming.

Mrs. Burdett hastened to explain the object of their intrusion.

The housekeeper stirred the potatoes and shifted the pan as if she would never stop. At length she said, with a gasp, as if all out of breath:

"That's like him, for all the world! I suppose it'll look awful mean in me to take any board, but if you won't stay without, and you want to stay real bad, what's a body to do?"

Mrs. Burdett assured her that it was the only way in which the difficulty could be adjusted. She seemed relieved, though not a whit more composed, then made her bargain in as shrewd a manner as Norman Lamar had foretold. When it was concluded she said, apologetically:

"You see, I'm obliged to appear close, because I've got a poor, weakly family dependent on me. They live over yonder. Norman Lamar gave me the house," indicating the direction by throwing her thumb over her shoulder, so as not to lose sight of the potatoes.

"What's the matter with them?" asked Zaida, with more curiosity than sympathy in the sparkle of her face.

"Oh, they're always sick. What with the plague of their living, and the fear of their dying, I haven't a minute's peace of my life."

"Oh, well, there are people worse off than you," said Mrs. Burdett, in a consoling tone.

"Yes, that's the only comfortin' thought I've got. If I hadn't that to keep my spirits up I'd clean give out."

They spent that evening in the sitting-room, before the great chimney with its blazing log. The ladies were embroidering. As they sat at their work, to Norman Lamar, who for many years had been unaccustomed to seeing women thus employed, they seemed more than human. It seemed as if the room would be beautiful forever for their having once graced it.

He spent most of the time standing upon the hearth, with his elbow resting upon the high wooden mantelshelf. There was an unusual degree of strength and power in his presence. He looked as is he could never be weary.

The second day was spent very much like the first. At evening, when their host came home, he found mother and daughter waiting for him on the piazza. It was a new experiment, and he was so pleased that he could not hide the act.

"Why on earth don't he find his Amazon, and stop living alone?" thought Zaida, and held out her hand with a cordiality that was enchanting.

He had to go to the sheds to see one of the creatures that had been injured in the branding. Mrs. Burdett asked to go with him, as the sheds were at no great distance. She only remained a short time, and Zaida, seeing her returning alone, went to meet her, walking with what, for her, were gigantic strides, and swaying from right to left in a remarkable manner.

"What on earth are you doing?" demanded her mother, when they were within speaking distance.

"Walking like the king, to be sure. Did I look like a guy?"

Mrs. Burdett did not even smile.

"How can you be so undignified? Perhaps, too, he saw you."

Zaida had a cool way of ignoring reproof, so she straightened herself to her full height, and said, as naturally as if nothing had occured:

"Mamma, what is the matter with the creature, as he called it?"

Mrs. Burdett was easily diverted; she began to give a graphic account, when the girl suddenly stopped her, saying she would go and see for herself.

The sheds were extensive and she wandered about in them some time before the sound of voices guided her to the right one. Norman Lamar and one of his men were dressing the wound of a young heifer. The animal's large, soft eyes were turned up to the tender, pitying eyes of its master.

Zaida stood a few moments unobserved; then stole quietly away.

"And that is ownership," she said, dashing some quick tears off her cheeks; then added: "Yet the poor dumb creature seems to love him."

She was subdued and thoughtful all during tea-time; so too was Norman Lamar.

That evening it was moonlight, and he invited them to ride.

"He treats us as if we were guests, and not a couple of interlopers—with your permission, mamma, I would frankly say, a couple of impertinent interlopers," said Zaida, when they were in their room getting their wraps.

"I'm afraid we had better not stay the week out," said Mrs. Burdett, looking disturbed.

"Pooh! pooh! Of course we will stay. To be treated with marked consideration by the monarch of all one surveys is delightful!" Then, breaking off in her capricious way: "Mamma, do you suppose he ever wears a coat?"

"It would be a shame for him to spoil his figure with one," began Mrs. Burdett; but the girl was already in the hall.

The night was clear and frosty. The ladies were well wrapped and a trifle shivery for all; but Norman Lamar seemed perfectly comfortable, though he wore no extra garment save a yellow silk handkerchief knotted around his white throat.

"There, I knew he had a golden collar somewhere!" thought Zaida, viewing him delightedly in the moonlight.

When the ride was over, and mother and daughter were again in their room, Mrs. Burdett said, after a long, thoughtful silence:

"I wonder if he has not any family? I have never heard him speak of a relative."

Zaida had thrown herself down upon the lounge; she looked drowsy and half-asleep; she yawned slightly as if hating to be disturbed.

"Why, of course not, mamma; they have all been dead centuries! He's a Gaul, you know!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded her mother.

Zaida aroused herself, laughing gayly.

"I reckon I must have been dreaming," she said, and she had been—of the master.

The week was soon gone, and the house lacked their bright and graceful presence. Even Mrs. Harden wished they might have staid forever, and wore a more dolorous face than ever, and was taken with spasms of shedding tears into her apron.

Norman Lamar had lifted his cap in answer to the wave of Zaida's hand just as the road made a bend that took the stage from sight, and then had turned and looked at his rude house and wide-sweeping prairies and cattle ranging free. One week ago he had been content. He took up his life, to all outward appearances, as if nothing had occurred, as if no one had come and gone. The only discoverable difference lay in the fact that he ceased to spend his evenings reading by the light of the great log, as had been his habit for years, and instead spent every night outdoors, chafing when storms compelled him to remain within.

"He looks miserable lonesome," was Msr. Harden's mental comment every time she served his meals.

One day she brought him a dainty little handkerchief, with a faint suggestion of perfume about it, and asked if he knew where the ladies had gone, so that she might mail it to them. He took it from her eagerly; it had Zaida's name marked in one corner.

"They expect to spend their winter in London," he replied, but did not offer to return the handkerchief. She lingered as long as she could possibly find excuse to, hoping he would give it back, then returned to the kitchen, saying, gloomily; "I wanted to keep it myself, it seemed just like her somehow; but that's just my luck; born to disappointment."

Mrs. Burdett and her daughter had gone to London, and were settled in apartments for the winter. They had their windows full of plants, some of which were in bloom, and they had canaries caged among them. Their apartments were bright and cheerful, and furnished in warm colors; they seemed suitably situated. Mrs. Burdett was never weary of talking of Norman Lamar. He seemed to have impressed her wonderfully. His fine presence, his noble bearing, and his mild, beautiful face were constant themes of delight to her. She described him so often to the rosy-cheeked little woman who served their meals, that one day she exclaimed:

"In a million I'd know him!"

"You could not fail, for you do not find one such in every million," had been the reply.

Zaida never mentioned him. She did not even appear to listen when her mother talked of him, but usually caught up her Kensington work and became intent upon it.

The girl had changed. She had lost some of her old vim and fire. She read a great deal, and spent much time with her cheeks pillowed in her hands, gazing dreamily out at the window.

One day her mother said to her, a trifle sadly:

"I am afraid you are growing dignified. I never have to correct you any more."

It was only when they were walking, as they did every day, that she was her old vivacious self. The crowded thoroughfares gave her new life. They seemed to have hope in them.

One day she said:

"Mamma, the concealments and developments of a crowd are positively fascinating. One lives in momentary expectation."

They were in a rush of life at the time, and at that moment Mrs. Burdett was rudely jostled by it.

"What of?" she demanded, a trifle sharply.

But the girl did not reply. She had become interested in something they were passing, and appeared to have forgotten her own remark.

At length they had been in London four months. It was February, and disagreeable and foggy, so much so that they were obliged to remain much indoors.

One afternoon mother and daughter were sitting before the grate-fire. Mrs. Burdett was embroidering; Zaida had her hands folded idly in her lap. They were unusually silent. The girl seemed entirely absent. Her mother looked perplexed. Presently she said:

"What has come over you? You used to be so merry. What are you thinking about now—this minute?"

Zaida laughed.

"Why, mamma, I was thinking how completely without results our winter has been—nothing to show for it but some Kensington work."

In the fall she had gayly told Norman Lamar that their lives were without purpose. She spoke sadly now for all her laugh.

"Why, what would you have us do?" asked her mother in astonishment.

"I am sure I do not know," replied the girl, and she got up, went to the window and began picking dead leaves from the plants. There seemed to be more of them than usual this afternoon.

Mrs. Burdett stopped her work and looked into the fire.

"I had been married several years when I was as old as Zaida is now," she said to herself, vaguely, "Perhaps—perhaps—I have been selfish. I have kept her so jealously to myself. It would, perhaps, be more natural for her to marry and have a family. I—I wonder if the thought has ever occurred to her!"

And she looked curiously over to where her daughter stood.

The girl was intent upon the dead leaves; there was nothing to be learned from her face or attitude.

Mrs. Burdett's eyes went back to the fire.

"Certainly she has never cared for anybody. We have never known any one long enough; and yet—and yet—I fell in love with Mr. Burdett the first time I saw him."

Suddenly she turned and again regarded her daughter. She had never been quite the same since last fall—but it could not be possible.

She stopped surmising, and said, quite naturally, for she was full of tact:

"Do you know, Zaida, I think it would be pleasant to return to America in the spring and make another trip to the prairies. It was so cold when we were there before."

"What's the use, mamma? We saw all there was of them," was the indifferent reply.

Mrs. Burdett picked up her embroidery again.

"Of course I was foolish even to think of it," she said to herself.

The next day the sun shone brightly; it was the first day they had seen it for two weeks. They went out immediately after breakfast, but Zaida soon tired, and, leaving her mother in one of the stores, started for home.

Sometimes we were so near our fate that we could call out into the unknown and get back an answer, but we do not know it.

Zaida hurried on block after block, and behind her, block after block, unconsciously following her, came long, swinging strides. People turned and looked after him as he passed. His superb proportions and eccentric dress would have attracted attention in even a denser crowd.

He wore a sombrero, and no coat save a dark blue broadcloth circle, one end of which was tucked under his arm and the other swung over his shoulder.

By the time Zaida had reached her door, he was near enough to see the swing of her dress as she entered. It was nothing that he had ever seen her wear before, and the crowd was so great that he had not discovered her as she walked. There was nothing to remind him of her, he had simply seen the fold of a woman's dress and then lost it. Perhaps it was the mere fact of losing it in the very act of seeing that made him stop when he came in front of the closed door; perhaps it was because she had come into and gone from his life in just such wise. Perhaps it was fate! Who can tell?

Several in the crowded thoroughfare half-halted, as if to see where he was going. He saw that he was being observed. He had been looked at a great deal since he left the prairies, but he had never been conscious of it until that moment.

He rang the bell with a curious smile under his yellow mustache, and no definite idea of what he should say when it was answered. He did it for the sake of the passers-by. Thus through the simplest and most opposite motives, we sometimes work out our destiny.

The little Englishwoman opened the door. A moment later some one sought admittance to Mrs. Burdett's parlor.

Zaida knew the rap as the landlady's; in fact, no one else ever rapped save the washwoman. The girl was inexpressibly lonesome that morning. She was glad of the thought of seeing any one, so she hastily threw open the door.

"Oh, Miss Burdett, the king has come! I knew him the moment I saw him, before ever he opened his mouth!" exclaimed the landlady, excitedly; but Zaida was looking right over the little woman's head, up into the gentle eyes of Norman Lamar.

The landlady turned and saw that he had followed her, then quite unobserved stole downstairs, taking with her the memory of Zaida's face, and saying to herself: "She loves him, and who could help it?"

An hour later, when Mrs. Burdett quietly opened her parlor door and entered, Norman Lamar stood upon her hearth just as she had loved to remember him standing upon his own on the prairies, only with one difference, which was so great a one that, for a moment, it seemed to stop her breath. One arm rested lightly over Zaida's shoulders, and his fair, noble face bent toward her, all full of new bright lights.

Female Smugglers.

A New York paper says: She walked off the steamer Germanic on to the dock with dignity and an evident consciousness that she knew what she was about. She wore a silk mantle, whose bottom was tucked in. This having been pulled down a large quantity of valuable black lace a foot deep was found to be tacked on the garments with stitches eight inches long. The woman boldly claimed that the lace was for her personal use, and that she had a right to sew it and wear it in any manner she pleased. "There being no means of disproving her statement she was released." (Now hear the twitter of satisfaction among the ladies, that for once those odious custom-house ruffians have been outwitted. But see what followed.)

A moment later two women quit the steamer, whose apparel also attracted the captain's attention, and he gave them in charge of the inspectress. One wore a new silk dress that did not fit her around the waist by four inches, and the other, under her ulster, had on a magnificent silk cloak trimmed all over with beads, and reaching to the ground. They abused Captain Adams in the most voluble manner, and threatened him with all sorts of disasters for putting such an indignity upon them. At length, when the elder paused an instant to catch her breath, the captain took advantage of the opportunity to ask whether she would candidly answer a question or two. Receiving an affirmative response, the following colloquy took place:

"Are you a dressmaker?"

"I am."

"Do you intend to offer those goods you are wearing for sale?"

"I do, if I can get a customer for them."

"Did you put them on with the intention of evading payment of duties?"

"I did. But I have been instructed that I have a right to bring in free of duty anything I can wear."

Captain Adams said that there was a difference of opinion on that point, and informed the deputy surveyor present of his discovery. The women were told that the goods were liable to seizure, and they then offered to pay the duties. This was agreed to, and an appraiser was sent for. When the silk cloak was being removed by the inspectress for his examination, she noticed that it was unusually heavy, and asked the reason. One of the women replied that it was made so for purposes of warmth, but on closer investigation the inspectress discovered evidences of "tacking," and in a few moments, by the rupture of a few stitches, had resolved the apparently single cloak into two, both equal in costliness and beauty. The women paid the amount demanded, which was $120, without another word.

In the vineyards of Southern France and Italy snails are "cultivated," or rather fattened and fitted for food, and Baron Barthelemy prepares snail sirup and snail bonbons which he considers valuable as a remedy for bronchitis and asthma.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Currants and Gooseberries.

Currants and gooseberries can be left without much pruning, if a vigorous growth be kept up by a liberal application of fertilizing material. Should pruning be thought necessary, cut away no canes until they are three years old, and shorten in the new ones to cause new fruit spurs to develop. The best fruit is always borne upon wood two and three years old, and the more vigorous, the finer and larger the fruit. There is no fruit grown in which liberal treatment is so well repaid.

Frequent Feeding.

Young chickens require frequent feeding. During the first week they should be fed, if possible, every hour; for three weeks after that, every two hours, and after that, until they are two months, every three hours. Perhaps this may look like a great deal of trouble, but we are simply laying down rules, obedience to which will produce the best results. If any one does not wish to have the finest poultry that he can have, he will, of course, not follow the rules prescribed. It is a prevailing law that if we have anything, we must labor for it. There are exceptions, but that is the rule, and it is as forcible in operation in the poultry yard as anywhere else.

Orchards.

Our plan for cultivating a bearing orchard—and we ask for none better, only that we want a better tool than the common plow to stir the soil with—is to plow the ground between the rows one way, not trying to plow very near the stems of the trees, about the first of May with a common turning plow, then in ten days harrow thoroughly, then in ten days again, and then about the tenth of June plow the orchard the other way, then harrow three times as before. This plan we adopted after a great deal of study and experiment. We reasoned in this way: if we should plow the orchard both ways, turning all the ground possible, we would destroy so many roots as to give the orchard a severe check, but by plowing it between the rows only one way at a time we leave at least half the roots undisturbed and the trees are not checked at all. And we cared not how many roots we plowed up between the trees one way; we knew the undisturbed roots would hold the trees in thrift until the broken roots could put forth new feeding roots in the fresh mellow plowed land. This kind of culture is adapted to high, dry, rather poor hill land; on richer and more moist soil it would have to be modified to suit, for so long as an orchard of bearing trees is making a growth of from six to fifteen inches yearly it has vigor enough. There can be no general plan for the culture of orchards given, for the culture of each orchard must be according to its soil and requirements. The cultivation necessary on a thin, dry soil would cause an orchard on a richer, moister soil to run all to wood, with none or little fruit. Rich, level or prairie soils should be treated very differently from thin, dry hill soils; when planted in orchard they should generally be laid down in grass and the thrift of the trees kept up in part by cutting back and thinning out the outer branches and by surface manuring, and eventually by plowing narrow strips between the rows.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Getting Potatoes Early.

To get potatoes early a dry, well drained piece of ground should be selected, a rich sandy loam seeming the most suitable at all times. If an early crop is desired sprout the tubers, or cut the potatoes in a light, warm room, from four to six weeks before planting, or in a hot-bed two weeks before they are wanted, then lift carefully and plant out—during this time you will procure strong, vigorous shoots which as soon as planted out in the open ground will send out roots and grow more rapidly than those treated in the ordinary way. All planters have doubtless observed in planting that where a set with a long shoot has been planted it has been up above ground a week earlier than the rest, and this shows the benefit of first sprouting the sets. There is no use in planting while the ground is wet, as a lump bit of ground will not do for potatoes. Plant as early in the spring as the ground can be thoroughly worked, for a healthy, vigorous growth, and to be free from rot, in hills or rows three feet apart, and in the rows one foot apart; covering in light, warm soil about four inches, and in cold, wet ground three inches deep. Cultivate to keep down the weeds, and draw the earth to the plants. The practice of hilling or earthing up potatoes has been long continued, and we must allow with satisfactory results, or it would not still be almost universal. It is claimed that it entices root growth, besides allowing of more cultivation than otherwise, the earth holding up the tops. There are many persons however who have tried level culture, and who claim the yield was just as good as under the earthing up system.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

Every Man His Own Horse-Doctor.

Every one who has the care of horses should be prepared for an attack of colic. Get one pint turpentine, add one ounce sulphuric ether, one ounce oil peppermint, two ounces sweet spirits niter and one ounce aconite. Mix, shake and it is ready for colic. This recipe is the best I ever used, and in the first stage of pneumonia it is excellent. Dose for colic, a tablespoonful every hour until relieved. It will often cure the patient in a few minutes.

I found the best treatment I could employ for the epizootic was bran mashes, all they would eat, with a spoonful of Glauber's salts each feed, and the same amount of niter powdered fine and given in their feed once daily. A teaspoonful of powdered copperas occasionally put in the feed will help keep up the appetite. I find all horses that are off are benefited by mixing a teacupful of flaxseed jelly in their bran mash. The jelly is made by slowly boiling a pint of flaxseed in a gallon of water until it is a complete jelly. To make a bran mash right mix up a bucket of bran with boiling water, stir it up thick, put a cloth over the bucket to keep in all the steam and let stand until cool enough to feed.

For foundered horses, four ounces of alum dissolved in warm water and given as a drench, then followed in two hours with a quart of linseed oil, is my best remedy. Don't squander your money buying high-toned, far-fetched spavin remedies, when for a few cents you can put up a bottle of corrosive liniment that will remove any callous puffs, etc., that can be removed by any remedy. It is made thus: Spirits of turpentine; add two ounces of gum camphor and one-half ounce of corrosive sublimate, shake well, and in a few hours it is ready for use. It will cure hog spavin, remove callouses, cure thrush, and I believe it will cure any corn if faithfully applied. It is one of the best known remedies for the foot-root in sheep. For sweeny, leave out the corrosive sublimate and use only the turpentine and camphor. For strain of the stifle, use the same quantity of turpentine and camphor, as above, and add one-half ounce of capsicum, well rubbed in.

Farmers, put up your own liniments. One of the best for rheumatism is made as follows: One pint of spirits of turpentine, two ounces of camphor, two ounces of spirits of ammonia and one ounce of oil of sassafras. One of the best liniments for wounds is made by melting one pound of pine tar, add one quart of linseed oil and half a pint of spirits of turpentine; it is just the thing for any wounds on man or beast, and it is one of the best remedies to apply to brittle feet.—*H. S. Hill.*

Clover for Worn-Out Land.

The *Country Gentleman* makes the following extract from Mr. Harlan's work on "Farming with Green Manure:" It is a very common practice among agricultural writers to advise all persons having large farms which are in very poor condition to sell one-half or two-thirds of their land and apply all the money they receive in manuring and improving the balance of their property. In some cases this may be the most prudent course to follow, but as a general rule I am opposed to this advice for two very good reasons. First, you can get but very little per acre for your poor fields, and secondly, if you improve your property with judgment, you can enhance its value so rapidly that in seven or eight years it will be worth double or treble its former valuation. To begin its improvement take the old field about half a mile from the house and which is now covered with thin yellow grass and a mellow soil about one or two inches deep, produced by many years of exposure to the weather. It has never been plowed since you knew it. And, I beg you, do not plow it now at the beginning of your efforts to make it better. Let me show you what a coating of fine mellow earth is worth upon the surface. In Egypt the annual overflow of the Nile deposits on the land a thin stratum of very fine soil, which amounts to only four or five inches in a century. This yearly settling, which is only the twentieth of an inch in thickness, of almost impalpable dust, keeps the farms forever rich and productive. The Egyptians do not plow this precious coat under, but sow the seed on the moist ground as the waters subside, and then, if possible, they drive sheep and hogs and goats over it to press the seed into the soil. We should all learn a useful lesson from their example and experience. We should not plow down the only part which the air has enriched by mingling and uniting with it for so many years, but early in the spring we should harrow as many acres of the old field as we can sow with clover seed at one peck to the acre. After the seed is sown we should roll the ground and sow one or two bushels of plaster per acre. The principal roots of all plants must be near the surface that they may feel the life-giving influence of air and moisture, or the soil must be loosened by nature or by tillage that the atmosphere may penetrate even to the deepest fibers of vegetation. Hence the reason that plant food acts so well upon the surface and that all seeds germinate more thickly, more naturally, when covered by only one or two inches of soil. But these great truths must not be misunderstood. Though the soil must be loose, the finer the seed the greater the necessity when planting or sowing of pressing with the hand or foot or roller the earth into close contact with the grain. I remember a little incident which will illustrate the subject and fix it in the mind. An old sea captain who lived in our neighborhood tried every year to raise for himself a little tobacco. He prepared a little patch of ground with the greatest care. The surface was as fine and rich and mellow as he could make it. Then he sowed the seed and raked it over once more very gently. Yet, much to his surprise and vexation, only a few stalks grew each year. But one spring, after the little bed had been sown with all the usual care, some fellow, to worry the old captain, went secretly on it and tramped and tramped and danced and tramped it till it was to all appearance as hard and solid as the most frequented public road. The poor old man gave him a seaman's blessing, whoever it might be, and left it to its fate. But on his next visit to it he was astounded to see the whole bed covered with vigorous plants of tobacco. It seemed that every seed had grown. He had a grand crop. After that he could always raise tobacco. He tramped the ground himself after the seed was sown. Well, to turn to our field. If the clover should grow five or six inches high by the middle of August give it a half or a whole bushel more of plaster per acre. The second year you must treat it in the same way, and if the clover is thin on the ground sow more seed and again roll it well. Do all this the third and fourth year if necessary. After this it will reseed itself provided you continue the plaster each year. Here is a practical illustration of this plan which I know to be fact. A person bought a very poor farm near the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and tried to raise grain upon it in the usual way; but nothing grew large or strong enough to produce seed. Fortunately he did not sacrifice the property by selling it at a very low figure, as many would have done. He sowed every acre of it with clover seed and plastered it every year. For a living he followed the profession of an auctioneer. About seven or eight or more years the clover grew upon his farm, undisturbed by plow or hoof of any kind. Then he concluded to try his hand again at farming. Many of his neighbors gathered to see the first plowing after so long a rest from tillage. An old farmer who was present assured me that the soil turned over eight or nine inches deep as black as your hat and as mellow as an ash-heap. More than fifty years have now passed since that occurrence, and the farm has the reputation of being rich and productive to the present day.

Recipes.

WHIPPED POTATOES.—Whip boil potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork; beat in butter, milk, pepper and salt; at last the frothed white of an egg; toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to reheat, but do not let it color.

BEAN SALID.—Put some lima beans, potatoes and beets (all boiled tender) on ice, and a short time before serving cut the potatoes and beets into rather thin slices, add the beans and dress with oil, pepper, salt and vinegar. Garnish with a few watercresses.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Scald together a quart of milk and three ounces of grated chocolate. Set it away until cold and then add the beaten yolks of five eggs and one cup of sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, spread over the top of the pudding and brown them slightly in the oven. This pudding should be served very cold.

CREAM PIE.—One cup sugar, one egg, piece of butter size of an egg, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in a cup of sweet milk, add to this when mixed together two teaspoons cream tartar rubbed in three cups of flour, and bake in three jelly-cake tins. Cream for inside of the pie: One and one-half cups of milk, when boiling add seven teaspoons cornstarch wet with cold milk; let it scald a moment, then add two well-beaten eggs; sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. Split the cakes when cold, spread them with cream and put together again like jelly-cake.

OKRA SOUP.—To two pounds lean beef, boiled in two gallons of water for two hours, add tomatoes and okra each two quarts; boil these three hours moderately, then add three tablespoonfuls of browned flour, twenty whole cloves, pepper, salt and three onions (first fried then added to the soup), boil another hour, strain and serve.

GINGER CRACKERS.—Two quarts of flour, one pint of molasses, one pound of brown sugar, half a pound of lard, two ounces of ground ginger and a teaspoonful of cloves. Knead them a long time and roll very thin. Bake over a steady, strong fire.

ORANGE TARTLETS.—Two fine oranges; juice of both and grated peel of one; three-fourths cup of sugar; two tablespoons of butter; one teaspoonful of corn-starch; wet up with lemon-juice and a little cold water. Beat all to a smooth cream and bake in small tins.

WISE WORDS.

Keep cool and you command everybody.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

We wish for more in life, rather than more of it.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint

Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

"We must learn," said the great French painter, Millet, "to infuse sublimity into trifles. That is power."

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinion of things which ruin us.

We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

The best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to injure him.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant, compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines or rather indicates his fate.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of it.

The hills of lofty endeavor and high achievement lie all around us, and if we never catch a glimpse of the views they afford we need not complain that it is because of the insuperable limitations of our surroundings.

Among the Emigrants.

A New York reporter who visited Castle Garden the other morning beheld among the number of emigrants there assembled thirty or forty persons whose peculiar dress and uncouth appearance would surprise even one who was accustomed to seeing the most peculiar costumes. This was a party of Sclavonians who had lately arrived in this country from Austria, not only unable to speak English, but merely able to express themselves in a language which is as unknown here as Greek is among the unlettered classes everywhere. From a little distance the men would easily be mistaken for millers, every article of their attire presenting a white appearance; but on a closer inspection it proved to be a very dirty white. Some wore entire suits of sheepskin, the woolly side being turned inward; others had jackets or pantaloons of dressed leather, ornamented with embroidery; while still others had suits of white baggy stuff, homespun, which, although very coarse in texture, appeared to make up for what was lacking in that respect by its qualities of strength and endurance.

Almost every one of the party had semi-cloaks of sheepskin, and some had hats of the same material, while others had white felt hats. Not a single white shirt, much less a collar, was to be seen among them, but instead sheepskin undershirts and woolen comforters were worn. There were no whiskers on the faces of any of the men, and their dark, swarthy complexions and tall angular forms, added to the queerness of their dress, made them look more like Indians than anything else. Men, women and even children wore boots, and this produced a most comical effect in the appearance of the women and little girls, with their short frocks and big boots.

The Mastodon.

Professor G. C. Broadhead contributes to the Kansas City *Review*, a paper, in which he enumerates all the discoveries that have been made of mastodon remains in the United States. This huge animal appears to have had a wide range in this country in past ages. The earliest record that we have of the finding of the bones of the mastodon is contained in a letter from Cotton or Increase Mather to the Royal society of London, between 1650 and 1700, describing the portions of the skeleton of one of these animals discovered near Albany, N. Y. Since that period skeletons nearly entire, detached bones, teeth, etc., of the mastodon, have been found in nearly every State in the Union, including those of the Pacific slope. The evidence thus far obtained, the report says, goes to show that the mastodon first appeared in America in Miocene times, was abundant in the Pliocene, and lingered until the close of the glacial period, and disappeared in the early Loess.

The New York *Observer* says: We do not know what date Professor Broadhead fixes upon as the close of the glacial period, but it cannot be very many centuries since the mastodon was roaming in the American forests. The condition of the skeletons found show that the bones are not ancient. The skeleton now in the Harvard museum was found in Orange county, in this State, just below the surface, and with it were found the contents of the animal's stomach, a mass of masticated twigs. The animal had at no very remote period become swamped in the bog in which he was found. Other skeletons have been found in this climate in such a state of preservation as is inconsistent with their early disappearance.

January last was the coldest month in Scotland of which records exist. The lowest temperature authentically recorded was fifteen degrees Fahrenheit below zero at Stobo castle in Peeblesshire.

A SLEIGHING MATCH.

Four Hundred and Sixty-two Sleighs in One Field, Each Drawn by Four or Six Horses—A Remarkable Spectacle.

AN Akron (Ohio) letter describes a sleighride which occurred in that county twenty-five years ago, and is doubtless one of the most remarkable occurrences of the kind on record. The winter of 1855-6, says the writer, was long, severe, with much snow, which remained on the ground throughout the month of March, presenting serious obstacles to outdoor employments. The farmers could do but little work, and so turned their attention to amusement and sport.

The circumstances which gave rise to this famous sleighride were as follows: Upon some occasion a rural township turned out with a large number of four-horse sleighs. The leading sleigh in the procession carried a rude banner made of cheap muslin, a yard square—and which cost just six cents—upon which was painted in brickdust and lampblack a negro boy, with the end of his thumb placed upon his nassi protuberance, and his hand spread out like a fan, after the manner of the street gamin, with a scroll from his mouth, upon which was inscribed the words: "You can't come it."

This placing of a chip upon its shoulder, brought other townships into friendly competition, and the banner passed from one to another, as each turned out the largest number of four-horse sleighs—nothing under a four-horse sleigh was considered—until it was finally captured by Richfield township in this (Summit) county. To such an extent had the rivalry been carried, that it now became a county affair, and Cuyahoga and Medina counties entered the contest, each with the laudable intention of carrying off the prize from Summit county. A day was appointed for the tournament, and as Richfield township was the holder of the banner, the battle was to