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### The Well.

Dark and cool the water lies  
In the old time-honored well;  
Deep, down deep the bucket flies,  
And how often, who can tell?  
For the schoolboy, hot with play,  
For the laborer tired with toil,  
For the traveler on his way,  
Doth the tireless rope uncoil.  
And how often, who can tell?  
Or, who first the gracious draught  
Drew up from the bonneted well?  
Or, who sunk the ancient shaft?  
They are dust, who slaked their thirst  
At the little silver font;  
In the wild woods, where it first  
Called the huntsman to dismount.  
They are dust, the pioneers,  
Who the strong-arm forest broke,  
Where the old well now appears,  
Where now curls the village smoke.  
So shall we within the vale  
With our children's children dwell;  
But the waters ne'er shall fail,  
In the old time-honored well.  
—Robert Balling, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### OUR COLONEL'S STORY.

OR A SLIP 'TWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.  
"You all knew Sandy McPherson," said our colonel.  
"Intimately!" "Perfectly!" "As well as my own brother, sir!" most of us replied, though, if the truth be told, there was not a man at the mess-table who had ever heard of McPherson before. You see, it was the commanding officer who spoke, and it was always risky saying him nay when he expected you.  
"They used to call him, you recollect, 'The Great Unwashed,' a vulgar but appropriate sobriquet, nevertheless," continued the chief. "Great, on account of his burly and preciously ugly person; unwashed, by reason of his accredited acquaintance with brown Windsor, spring water and the functions of the dhrizees and dhoobies—i. e., tailors and washermen of the land.  
"On his coffee estate in the mountains and among his undraped and unscrubbed coolies, this disregard for the comforts and conveniences of life went for nothing—perhaps it was even in keeping with the surroundings; but when he came down to this city, walked in its public gardens and esplanade, or showed with its swells at the band, his appearance was something too outrageous, and his brother K. C. B.'s, meaning Knights of the Coffee Berry, and not, as you might suppose, of the Order of the Bath, dressy men hereabouts, whatever else they are on their plantations, cast him completely into the shade by their get-up and gorgeousness.  
"As for the spinsters and young widows of the station there was scarce one but who fought shy of admitting him into her presence as a morning visitor, much less as a suitor, though many of these blooming ladies were on the sharp lookout for the silken chains of matrimony, and Barkis—that is to say, McPherson—was, as they knew, willing.  
"But, disadvantages of person and attire notwithstanding, he was a right good fellow, this same gentleman. He was honest, hard working, thrifty, simple-minded, and, from being a mere adventurer without interest, friends or money, he had, self-helped only, saved up the bawbles little by little; had bought patch after patch, acre after acre, of virgin land; cut down its timber, cleared it, planted it, and now he had squatted down free from incumbrances on Ailsa Craig, as he called his property, as pretty and as fruitful a small coffee estate as could be found in one of the most picturesque districts of this lovely island.  
"Now you young gentlemen who are in the habit of lawn-tenising, afternoon teaing, talking, spooning, walking, driving, with all the feminines, plain and colored, of this place, and who think that you have only to ask and be received—which I beg and entreat you will not put to the test, cutting up the mess and so on—can't perhaps realize to yourselves the difficulties the worthy I am speaking of had met with in even this overstocked matrimonial emporium. The Angelfalls, the Hunters, the Hookers, lots of girls whom I will not name, had snubbed or turned up their pretty noses at him when he came a-wooing, and so, *nolens volens*, he remained a bachelor, anathematizing his ill-luck and venting his disappointments upon the backs of shirking and recalcitrant Tamil coolies, the recognized natural enemies of coffee and the scapegoats of its cultivators.  
"Then as a last resource he sought from his brethren of the berry around counsel as to the most advisable method of getting the so needed helpmate, and the first man he consulted was Herr Thaler, a successful and rich German, whose estate bordered on Ailsa Craig.  
"So, so!" said that personage. "Zere is noting more easy. Zave off zat ragget beard, burn in ze fire zose old clothes not fit for 'Onedsditch or any Juden Strasse, buy von big tob, mein friend, get zome Europe muster coats and zen return to ze frauleins and vidder frauns vid ze monish bag in ze 'ands. If zey vill not 'ave zou, zey vill 'take ze rupee; trost 'em for zat, my zon."  
"But the recommendation was unpalatable, and to a great extent impracticable, so another *Ailsa Schutes* was appealed to, one Jack le Geste, a man much addicted to chaff and practical joking.  
"In this land of pearls and precious stones, no go, dear boy," said Mr. le G.

From Dondra Head to Point Calamere—north, south, east, west—the women won't look at you; that you have found out long ago. Give up hunting, then, in these oft-trod colonial fields, and draw the home covers. Don't you happen to know a bonnie lassie in your own "Caledonia stern and wild," or a pretty colleen in the aisle of shillalals and shamrocks, who would be glad to share curry and rice with you? Go and try those parts; if not, have a haphazard shy at where I hail from, the Channel Islands. Spins—aye, and precious good-looking ones too—are as plentiful there as coconuts are here, and maybe one of them might be induced to clear out in your favor. Failing those islets I know of no other dodge than indenting upon one of those co-operative associations, which furnish everything, even to a better half. But mind, old man, they keep a roster for foreign service in their offices; first lady on the list, plain or pretty, first for duty; you pay your money, but you don't take your choice.  
"But these suggestions also were considered infeasible and put aside. Presently, however, a thought struck McPherson.  
"Le Geste," said he, "when I was a boy there lived in the neighborhood of my father's manse a widowed lady with two or three then wee, very wee daughters. From what I can recollect of them their means were cramped, not to say scanty, but they were of good blood and form. One of the children, the eldest if my memory serves me, was called Effie—Effie Needum—and promised to be bonny, for I can faintly recall her blue eyes, flaxen hair, rosy complexion and jimp little figure. If she is alive she must be close on thirty; for it is many years since I came out here a stripling and was Cuinna Doray—*Anglicus*, little master—on the Paycock estate, as my kind employer styled that property. Mrs. Needum knew me well—better, indeed, than I knew her. I wonder if she and the bairns be in the land of the leal or the living."  
"Write directly and inquire."  
And Sandy did so, and ascertained that his old acquaintances, Miss Effie included, were still alive and proudly bearing up against the *res angusta domi*. Armed with which intelligence he once again returned to Le Geste.  
"It is all right now, Mac," said he; "your course is as clear as day. Send a 'chit' to materfamilias N.; tell her that you are well-to-do in the world, own lands and cattle, men servants and maid servants; that you want to settle; that as a whipper-snapper you liked—no, better say loved—Miss Effie, and ask her in plain English to come out and marry you. Above all things, though, be sure and send your photograph; if you are not such a very, very bad-looking chap, Sandy, if you would only dress like a Christian and not like a coolie."  
"So the letter was written, submitted to Le Geste's inspection, sealing, posting, and in due course was received by the Needums, in whose little household it created no small amount of astonishment, and was much spelt and pondered over, especially by the damsel most concerned—still a comely if even a somewhat passe body—and who, after a while, consented to go out and wed her suitor.  
"After all, mother dear," she said, "he has house and home for me; maybe, by-and-bye, for you, too, Jennie; and I'll do all I can to help you. It's the best thing for me. And really, Mr. McPherson—or I suppose I ought to call him Alexander—is yet young and not bad-looking. Quite the contrary—very, very nice-looking. See the photo he has sent us."  
"And Miss Jennie quite agreed with her elder sister that Mr. McPherson was a beauty.  
"Well, my bairns," said the old lady, "I can't gainsay you but that the portrait is winsome and dounce enough; but as I call to mind the boy Sandy, the son of the minister, he was not nearly so seemly and well favored. But it is, indeed, lang syne since I set eyes on him, and likely he has got handsomer as he got older; some men do."  
"Then, everything being settled, Miss Needum accepted her kismet, agree to go out, and her lover—open-handed, honorable, true, as I have already told you he was—sent the where-withal for passage and outfit.  
"And pending the many, many weeks that elapsed, and while the good ship Queen of Serendib was sailing round the Cape for her destination, a change, a radical change, came over the life and habits of our bride-expecting friend. He cast into the limbo of things done with his coarse 'cumlies,' rough 'dun-garees' and other country clothing, and burst out into 'Europe muster' linen, tweeds and serges. He purchased ladylike house furniture and knick-knacks; he bought a lady's horse and a Peat's sidesaddle; he whose equine proclivities had never extended beyond a shaggy mountain pony, and a tattered and torn pig-skin. He told his old flames and chums that he was going in for the Benedicts, and bashfully listened to the 'riles' and jeers of the one, and the chaff and laughter of the other.  
"As the time for the arrival of the Queen of Serendib drew nigh awful were the fidgets of our hero; and many days before it was possible for that slow and sure craft to reach her port he was there walking about with a big binocular in his hands, looking out seaward and entreating all sorts and conditions of men for the very earliest news of her being sighted. The fact was that the rough-seasoned old fellow was on the very tenterhooks of anxiety and expectation, as nervous as a schoolgirl and behaving himself as such.  
"Then at long last it was told him

that the vessel was in the offing, was rounding the point, was at anchor in the harbor, and in the Master Attendant's boat, cushioned, flagged and bedecked for the auspicious occasion, Sandy McPherson, Esquire, of Ailsa Craig, planter, rowed alongside, "same like he governor," the native spectators observed.  
"Scrambling up the side he took a hasty glance at the many passengers assembled on the poop, and, instinctively guessing that Miss Effie was not among them, he dived below and confronted the stewardess.  
"Miss Needum on board, and well?" asked he.  
"Yes, sir," replied the matron, "and a very nice, good, kind, pleasant young lady she is, and I've taken the greatest care of her." She felt sure that the gent was Miss N.'s husband to be, and that there was money in his purse for a gratuity, notwithstanding that, according to the terms of the passage money, stewards' and stewardess' fees were included—a fiction, which you will find when you go down to the sea in ships.  
"Take this card to her," said the pale and trembling gentleman. "I'll wait her coming up in that far corner of this saloon."  
"Glancing at the pasteboard the woman disappeared, and presently there ascended, step by step, from the regions below, first a neat straw hat, trimmed with bright ribbons, beneath that a face somewhat worn with years and cares, but still fresh and comely enough; then a slight, compact figure, draped in plain, well-fitting garments, shawled and ready for the shore. Miss Effie, in propria persona, stood before her hand-seeker, blushing 'celestial rosy red.'  
"He advanced from his coign of vantage to greet her, but as he grew nigher, instead of the warm, affectionate welcome he looked for, there was a fixed stare, a shudder, a hasty retreat and a loud scream which resounded from stem to stern of the big ship and brought every one from decks and cabins into the saloon.  
"Miss Needum—Effie, my girl, what on earth is the matter?" hurriedly stammered out the astounded Sandy.  
"Shiver my timbers, what ails the lassie? put in the captain. Look out for squalls, if you've annoyed her! And all the bystanders echoed the words in more or less threatening terms. She was, evidently a favorite on board.  
"Oh, take him away," cried the lady, piteously; "take him away from me, some one! I don't know him! I've been misled, deceived! I can't marry him—indeed, indeed I can't. He is not Mr. McPherson who wrote to me, to whom I came out to be married. He is so ugly. Oh, such a dreadful fright! I'll return him his money. I'll work my way back to my poor mother. I'll do anything, but I can't be his wife. I'd rather die first!"  
"Miss Needum, I don't indeed understand this," said the taken-aback and completely flabbergasted one. "What does it all mean? Are we not engaged? Have you not come out of your own free will to accept the home and the love I offer you? Did I not send you my likeness?"  
"No, no!"  
"Surely I did. It was taken by Col-lo-dion, our best photographer, and when he gave it to me he said: 'Mr. McPherson, sir, there is no flattery here. Your worst enemies would admit that.' Why, I myself put it inside the letter to your mother."  
"I repeat, no—decidedly and emphatically no! Look at this," and drawing from her bosom a little locket she opened it and displayed the head and face of a younger, much handsomer and in every outward respect a more lovable man than the scared one now before her. It was the counterfeit presentment of Mr. Jack le Geste, and I leave you to imagine what McPherson thought when he saw it there.  
"How could it get into the locket, you ask? Why, in the simplest way in the world. That good-for-nothing fellow, Le Geste, when Sandy's letter came into his possession, thought to 'sell' him, and so had surreptitiously removed his carte de visite, substituting one of his own, and Effie had worn it ever since.  
"The disappointed bridegroom pleaded hard and tried every argument to induce the girl to let matters progress, but she was obstinate and determined.  
"She would esteem and respect him always, but nothing more. To let the cat out of the bag, Miss Effie had fallen desperately in love with the picture of her supposed Alexander, and in vulgar language had spooned over it awfully during the tedious and lone hours of a long voyage. Of course she imagined that it was her intended husband she was approving, or she would not have done it—certainly not.  
"So, quite chaffalon and in the maddest of rages, McPherson returned to his estate.  
"Arrived there he cut from one of his coffee bushes the thickest and knottiest of sticks and proceeded with it in search of Le Geste; but, fortunately for the jester, he had made tracks and was gone.  
"Then he reverted to his old customs and habits, sold his not now necessary goods and chattels and thought as little as he could of the false Effie.  
"A fickle and capricious creature, woman. Listen, gentlemen, to another exemplification of old Virgil's dictum.  
"In the same ship in which, shortly after the breaking off of her intended espousal, Miss Needum sailed for England there came on board almost at the last minute a slim, dark-haired, good-looking man, going home, some said for

health; others, in fear and trembling of an irate Gael with a huge stick in his hands. Be this as it may, the health-seeker or the fugitive—take which you please—was no other than Le Geste, and, to close my story, when the vessel touched at St. Helena for water and provisions he and Effie went on shore and returned man and wife."

### A Smart Weasel.

The remarkable sagacity of the weasel was well illustrated the other day by an incident which actually occurred in the suburbs of Santa Barbara. A gentleman's barn was infested with rats, and he was greatly annoyed by their depredations. They have been gradually disappearing, however, during the past few weeks. The gentleman finally discovered the cause of their probable disappearance in a very wide-awake weasel, which was engaged at the time in a vigorous combat with an unusually large-sized rat. The latter proved too much for his adversary, and finally chased his weaselship out of the barn. A few mornings later the gentleman again found the same animals engaged in a similar battle. The weasel at last ran away as before, and the rat followed in hot pursuit. This time, however, the weasel ran into a hole it had burrowed through a pile of hardened compost. This hole was quite large at the entrance, but the outlet was scarcely large enough to admit the passage of the weasel's body. The weasel darted into the hole with the rat at his heels. A moment later the weasel emerged from the other side, ran quickly around the compost pile and again entered the hole, this time in the enemy's rear. The gentleman, interested in the proceedings, watched the place some time, and found that only the weasel came out. Digging into the compost he found the rat quite dead, and partly eaten. The weasel had arranged his trap so that the rat could enter, but becoming closely wedged in the narrow portion of the hole, could be attacked at a disadvantage and easily killed.

### Sounds from a Rainbow.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.  
Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. The beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

### An Epidemic of Suicide.

A wave of suicide seems to be sweeping over the whole country. In all parts of the republic men and women are blowing out the little brains they possess and cutting their worthless throats in the most reckless manner. The compensating circumstance about it is that it rids the world of a number of people who, if they did not kill themselves, would probably kill somebody else, and that they make business lively for the undertakers and the coroners. It is almost impossible to account for this destructive tendency that occurs every once and awhile. The speculative writers and philosophers endeavor to account for it in various ways, and they talk learnedly and eloquently about crime cycles and more or less other sentimental rubbish, all of which is very good as a theory. The fact of the matter is there are a great many more crazy people in the world, or, as they call them in Washington, "cranks," than the world imagines. Where a great popular excitement that stirs the whole country comes these weak-minded creatures jump off the first wharf, tie themselves to the first rope they see, or point to their heads the first old rusty pistol they run across. The majority of them are of far more use below ground than above it.—*New York Herald.*

Russia leather is made from the hides of two or three-year-old calves. The tanning material employed is willow bark, sometimes also pine and pear bark, used either in vats or in the form of extract. The operation last five or six weeks. When this is completed the leather is well rubbed on the flesh side with birch oil and oil from sea calves, to which it owes its peculiar odor, and then it passes through rollers that impress upon it a peculiar figure and roughness.

### THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### Plow Earth.

Where other work will permit it is best to plow the land for fall sowing soon after the hay and harvesting is over. This avoids the drought-dried soil that is frequently found later in the season, besides turning under the weeds before they have time to ripen their seeds. Thorough use of the cultivator will prepare the early-plowed land when sowing time comes.—*American Agriculturist.*

#### Shoeing Horses.

One of the most prolific causes of contracted heels in horses is allowing their shoes to remain on too long. It is seldom we hear of horses having contracted heels when worked regularly every day. Few persons are aware of the importance of removing a horse's shoes, which should be done at least every month or six weeks. It is too often the custom to allow the shoes, after having once been placed, to remain till worn out before removing them. Fifty years ago, when horse's shoes lasted much longer than they do now, it was a common practice to remove them once before they were worn out. When removed the horses' feet were pared down the same as when newly shod. If this was the practice now we should have less interfering and fewer lame horses.

#### Thinning Fruit.

Whenever we tell a friend he should thin his fruit he talks about the curculio, the codling moth, the birds and the boys, and "guesses there will be thinning enough before the season gets through." This is true enough in its way. Wherever these troubles exist to any extent it is not much use to grow fruit at all. But there are some who do not leave all their gardening to insects and vermin; some who dispute the right of these pests to interfere at all, and wage war, successful war against them; but even these do not appreciate the value of thinning their fruit. The evil of overbearing is particularly apparent in dwarf pears and grapes. As a general thing there is rarely a grape vine but would be benefited by having its bunches cut away and some of the free bearing dwarf pears might have from one-third to one-half. The grapes may be cut away as soon as they can be seen, but the pear should be left until somewhat grown, as they often fall after they are pretty well advanced. It not only helps the size of the fruit, but is a gain to the future health of the tree.—*German Town Telegraph.*

#### Chicken Cholera.

The disease commonly known as chicken cholera is one of a contagious character, although it will undoubtedly occur spontaneously in a single fowl of a flock, and may spread no further if the sick fowl is removed at once to a safe distance. The disease is intestinal fever, with inflammation of the liver. It may be caused by unwholesome surroundings and by continued indigestion and malnutrition, by which the blood is brought into the precise condition in which it furnishes an acceptable support to the germs of the disease which are floating in the air at certain seasons and under certain circumstances. These, however, are so varied that we may expect them to be present at all times, even in the coldest weather, for even then fowls are attacked with this disease. The conspicuous indications of this disease are a yellowness of the wattles and cheeks and green and yellow dung or a black liquid discharge. When a fowl is thus attacked it should be separated from the rest; twenty drops of carbolic acid should be put into a pint of water for twelve fowls, and the sick fowl should have three drops of the acid given in a teaspoonful of water. No food should be given for some days and only the carbolic water.

#### Plant Medium-Sized Potatoes.

The following figures show the result of experiments made in growing potatoes at the experimental farm of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.: The Early Rose variety was planted May 10; the soil, a sand loam, unmanured and moderately fertile. Each plot consists of a single row fifty feet in length. The rows were four feet apart, and the seed was dropped eighteen inches apart in the row. Below is the yield in pounds:

| Plot No.  | Yield. | Large. | Small. | Total. |
|---|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| 1. Small potatoes used as seed,                             | 30     | 55     | 85     |        |
| 2. Medium-sized whole potatoes,                             | 85     | 38     | 123    |        |
| 3. Same size cut in halves, one piece per hill,             | 98     | 26     | 119    |        |
| 4. Same size cut to two eyes per piece, one piece per hill, | 84     | 19     | 103    |        |
| 5. Cut as No. 4, two pieces per hill,                       | 96     | 24     | 120    |        |
| 6. Seed end of potato planted,                              | 86     | 30     | 110    |        |
| 7. Stem end planted,  | 88     | 25     | 113    |        |
| 8. Middle of potato planted,                                | 23     | 41     | 64     |        |
| 9. Seed planted two inches deep,                            | 76     | 46     | 122    |        |
| 10. Seed planted four inches deep,                          | 98     | 33     | 131    |        |
| 11. Cultivated flat,  | 94     | 31     | 125    |        |
| 12. Cultivated in ridges,                                   | 89     | 29     | 118    |        |

Potatoes less than an average-sized hen's egg are classed as small. It appears that medium-sized potatoes, cut to two eyes, and two pieces to the hill, give the best results; that deep planting and flat culture did the best. These experiments, if they do nothing more, point out to our readers the advantage of such trials, and we hope there will grow among farmers a disposition to make annually similar tests in the cul-

ture of any and every farm crop. Much can be gained in this way.

#### Cheap Fertilizers.

Nearly every farmer goes to the nearest village to trade, visit a mechanic or obtain his letters and papers, at least once a week. He often takes a load to market, but he rarely brings one home. He can, with very little trouble, haul a load of material that may be obtained for nothing, and which will be of great benefit to his land. Most village people make no use of the ashes produced in their stoves or of the bones taken from the meat they consume. Scarcely any brewer has any use for the hops that have been boiled in his vats, and the blacksmith hardly ever saves the clippings he takes from the feet of horses. All these materials make excellent manure. A barrel of shavings cut from the hoofs of horses contains more ammonia than is contained in a cord of stable manure. Applied to land, without preparation, they might give no immediate results, but they would become decomposed in time and crops of all kinds would derive benefit from them. They may be so treated that they would produce immediate results. By covering them with fresh horse manure they will decompose very rapidly. They may also be leached in a barrel and the water that covered them drawn off and applied to plants. Water in which pieces of horns and hoofs have been soaked is an excellent manure for plants that require forcing. It stimulates the growth of tomatoes, rose bushes and house plants very rapidly and emits no offensive odors. A vast amount of fertilizing material is wasted in towns that farmers could obtain the benefit of with very little trouble.—*New York Herald.*

#### Recipes.

#### BAKED POTATOES.

—Raw potatoes pared and sliced very thin, put into a pudding dish and covered with milk, sprinkled with pepper and salt and a tablespoonful of flour previously mixed with a little milk, baked until nicely browned, from thirty to fifty minutes. These fond of onions can add a few slices.

#### ANGEL CAKE.

—Beat the whites of eleven eggs stiff, then add one and a half cupsful powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful vanilla. Sift four times one cupful flour, and one teaspoonful cream-tartar sifted four times; add the flour and cream-tartar, and beat lightly but thoroughly. Bake in an earthen dish with stem in the center forty minutes.

#### BRAZILIAN TEA DISH.

—Take some slices of bread about half an inch thick, cut off all crust, steep the bread in a little milk; when soaked through cover each piece with beaten egg yolk and fry with butter a light brown; then arrange the slices on a hot plate and lay on each piece a tolerably thick covering of powdered sugar and cinnamon well mingled.

#### CAKE OR BUNS.

—One pound of flour, one ounce of butter, three-fourths pound of brown sugar, one pound currants, four ounces candied peel, three eggs well beaten, one-fourth ounce carbonate of soda, one-half pint of milk, warmed. Rub the butter in the flour, then stir in the sugar, sprinkle the carbonate of sugar over the mixture and immediately add the milk and eggs, previously mixed together (the milk must have been warmed and the eggs well beaten), then add the currants and candied lemon, cut thin. Beat all together with a strong spoon for ten minutes. Have ready tins well buttered, half fill them and put them directly into a brisk oven.

#### ASPARAGUS SOUP.

—Take half a hundred of asparagus, boil it in a saucepan with three pints of stock free from fat. When done remove the asparagus, pound it in a mortar and pass it through a sieve. Melt about one and a half ounces of butter in a saucepan on the fire, and mix it with two tablespoonfuls of flour, add a little sugar, pepper and salt, the asparagus pulp and all the stock in which the asparagus was boiled. Let the whole boil up, adding as much more stock as will make the soup of the right consistency. Then put in a little spinach greening, and lastly a small pat of fresh butter, or stir in half a gill of cream. Serve over small dice of bread fried in butter.

#### Black Sheep Turned White.

A letter in the Colorado Springs Gazette says: "As most of our readers probably know black wool brings from five to ten cents a pound less than the corresponding grade of white wool. In order to secure the separation of the inferior product, as our shearing operations progressed, we placed the black sheep in a pen by themselves. There were thus on last Tuesday night sixty-three black sheep and some lambs alone in one of the corrals. During the night a coyote entered and killed a ewe and two lambs, and we were greatly surprised to find in the morning that the wool on the remaining sixty-two sheep had turned perfectly white from terror. Happily this increase in the value of the wool more than balanced the loss of the sheep that were killed." The author of this story is a church member in good standing and would accord to exaggeration any thing.

No woman ever realizes the utter helplessness of her sex so much as when she reaches a landmark wharf three minutes too late for the excursion. If Milwaukee they give one last, lingering look around them and lay down and die.