

## FARM AND HOUSE.

### Good to Eat.

Appetizing dressing for fowls is made of mashed potato, well seasoned; for ducks or for wild game a flavor of onion is desirable; herbs also may be added.

To make corn dodgers take five tablespoonfuls of Indian meal and one tablespoonful of flour mixed together. Mix over night with enough boiling water to cover. In the morning put in one egg, one teaspoon of milk, a little sugar and salt. Bake in muffin rings on a griddle.

A pudding sauce without butter is made by scalding a teacup of sweet milk, then adding a coffee-cup of powdered sugar which you have wet with the yolks of two fresh eggs. When the sauce is thick as custard take it from the fire. When it is cool, add flavoring and the whites of the two eggs, which you have beaten to a stiff froth.

An economical and really delicious way to flavor a cake which is to, have icing over the top is to grate part of the peel of an orange or lemon over the cake before putting the icing on.

Often one has gravy left from a roast of beef, and if you have no soup stock to which it may be added, use it to fry sliced cold boiled potatoes in for breakfast. This makes an excellent dish.

It is a good plan to make a little pair of sleeves to draw over the baby's arms when he is playing on the floor, a rubber cord may be run in the top if care is taken not to have it too tight; sleeves made of stockinet draw on and off easily.

**CHRISTMAS PUDDING.**—Stir three-quarters of a cup of butter and the yolks of four eggs together. Add one cup of molasses and two cups of warm milk with two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water and added to the milk. Season with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves a little nutmeg and salt. Add flour to make it as stiff as pound cake, and lastly two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped fine, one-quarter of a pound of citron and whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Tie in a floured bag, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and steam six hours. Serve with wine sauce.

### Farm Miscellany.

Col. F. D. Curtis writes to the Agriculturalist, and says he never made any money out of pigs always shut up in a pen, and he does not believe other people can, yet adds: "I have realized a profit when the pigs ran in a clover or orchard grass field, and made a considerable portion of their growth on grass or other cheap feed."

The housekeeper who makes a practice of giving the fowls a mixed meal of warm mash, vegetables, bits of meat and bread, corn cakes and other articles used as food, will quickly discover, besides being economical and cheap, that it is superior to an exclusive diet of grain. Economy leads to wealth, and the poultry keeper who manages to keep his flock in thrif by utilizing the thrif of his kitchen and garden will succeed beyond doubt.

All rules are subject to objections and so is that relating to the depth of drains. Where the ground freezes very deeply that would be an exception, and if tiles are used it would be advisable to put them below the reach of the frost. It is very rarely that running water will freeze 48 inches below the ground, because, as a rule, the water in the drain comes from below and not from the surface, and actually tends to warm the soil. Still, if there is any doubt, benefit should be taken of it and a safe depth secured.

Now, creamerymen of the West, shall we supinely sit still and see our business slaughtered by bogus butter manufacturers? Every year witnesses the increase of butterine factories, and the sale of this substitute is rapidly taking the place of every grade of genuine butter except "gilt-edged" creamery. Every pound of lard thus sold fills the place of an equal amount of genuine butter.—Dairy Farmer.

The potato can be grown as far north as the climate will afford sufficient heat during a growing season of three months. Although it is naturally a native of hot climates, yet it thrives better in a cool one, and acquires there a better quality and flavor. But in cool, moist climates it is exceedingly prone to disease, no doubt on account of a weakened vitality from the combined moisture and low temperature. What the actual limits of its possible cultivation may be no one knows, but it is very probable that it could be grown within the limits of the arctic circle if the seed were carried there.

### How Drainage Helps.

Experiment has shown that for the best welfare of crops a soil should not be more than from one-tenth to one-third full of water; that is to say, most of the larger spaces between the solid particles are empty of anything except air. This healthy condition sometimes of itself, when an open subsoil lets the surplus water run away freely from the surface; but usually artificial drainage is necessary to secure it. One of the most marked good effects of this underdrainage, whether natural or artificial, is the improvement in the temperature of the soil. If this surplus water cannot pass off below in due time, it must be evaporated into the air, at the inevitable cost of a great quantity of heat which would otherwise have served to warm the soil; a wet soil, like a wet person coming out of a bath is cold.

The less heat a soil must lose in this way, the greater will be its reserve stock, useful not only for the production of crops but also for their protection against cold. The sun's rays do not warm the air as they pass through it; they warm the soil and the rocks; these then throw out or radiate this absorbed heat into the air and warm it. The lateness of a frost in any locality depends therefore not a little on the re-

serve supply of heat in the soil; and this again depends largely on the freedom of the soil from surplus water during the heated season; a well-drained and properly dry soil will not only give a larger and better crop than an undrained and wet soil, but its crops will not suffer the harm from early frosts that may ruin the harvest of undrained fields.

### Horses at Fairs.

At the late national horse exhibition at New York, among other criticisms, was that of the difficulty experienced by visitors in endeavoring to get a view of the horses. They were kept covered with blankets, and hidden in such ways that for all that concerned the visitors they might just as well not have been on exhibition. This is not an unusual occurrence, in fact, it is quite a usual one at the various fairs, and of which we have heard much complaint. The ordinary stalls in which horses are kept are usually closed and even locked, and if the doors are open nothing of the horse but his hoofs are visible. Horses that at home would be comfortable in an open shed must, when they arrive at the fair, go through the formality of tight housing and blankets as an evidence of superior quality or importance.

Something needs to be done on the part of both exhibitors and fair managers to secure a more complete inspection of horses by those who go to see. Those who go to see pay for the privilege, and they have a right to see whatever is on exhibition; to know whose and what it is. The exhibitors should be interested to have this done because in it they secure public notice that is worth much advertising. The latter could aid very much if they would keep their grooms constantly in attendance to show their stock and give all needful information. Meanwhile until something is done, the exhibition of horses will be entirely unsatisfactory.

### Curiosities of Florida Agriculture.

Mr. William S. Allen, Chocalsukee, Fla., an old resident of that State, lately wrote a long letter about certain peculiarities of its climate and productions. Some of his notes, gleaned from The Husbandman, will interest readers of The Tribune; "Many of our annuals are perennials here. One of my neighbors has a fine lot of Lima beans that have been in bearing constantly for three years. They cover a wire fence, about 100 yards long. Egg plant, okra, peppers, cotton, tobacco, all are perennial. As a stalk of tobacco, matures the leaves drop off. Suckers put out, and in their turn ripen a crop, and it is not uncommon to cut three crops a year from the same land. I find in out-of-the-way places a dozen plants of tobacco growing well, scattering seeds and holding their own for years without any care. Wild cotton grows all around me. Some stalks are standing where I found them, when I came here thirteen years ago, and have been full of cotton every spring since 1870.

"I have wondered at the length of time required by you to perfect tomatoes. We picked, in March last, fine ripe, good-sized Acme tomatoes in ninety-four days from planting the seed in hills. We generally are making good daily pickings in 115 days from the seed. We only raise them in the winter, planting from September to December, and gathering January, February, March, April and May. June heat kills them and the July and August rain forces them to vine.

"I have also wondered at your air your want of success in making cabbage head. Footlers, Brunswick and the Winnings are certain to head on our lands, I think we can rely on ninety-five in every 100 putting on a good head. In fact a cabbage of those varieties that does not form a head, is seldom found. One land has a base of saline wash always holding salt water consequently the roots of cabbage are always wet.

### Winter Flowers.

"Home, home there is no place like home!" How true are the words of our dear departed Mr. Vick when he said that everybody worthy of a home should strive to make it pleasant and cheerful. This is necessary at all seasons of the year, but particularly so during the long tedious winter months. Nothing will aid us in this work as cheaply and easily as flowers. But, alas, how many who have potted their tender plants will meet with the same disheartening reward as last winter, that of having them frozen before spring; and some profiting by last winter's experience, will discard their house plants. Where one's rooms are extremely cold during the night time it is not advisable to attempt the culture of tender plants; neither should plants be cultivated at the expense of the convenience of any member of the family. Flow soon will the most beautiful plant depreciate its attractiveness when it has to be constantly shifted out of the way? The most convenient device for holding plants is a hanging basket, in which may be placed various plants and vines. Tradescantia, madorias, or the German ivy are excellent for vines in a common living room, because they are of rapid growth, and will thrive under quite adverse circumstances, and endure any reasonable amount of neglect. Kenilworth ivy is an excellent plant for a shaded corner. If flowers are wanted in rather small pots, Euchsias properly attended to make very rapid growth; care should be exercised not to let them get too large before repotting, as few plants suffer equal to the fuchsia when root bound. By the exercise of a little taste and good deal of pleasure can be derived from the cultivation indoors of some of the hardy bulbs. Hyacinths, crocuses, and narcissus are as easily grown in glasses of water as soil; fill the glasses with water and set the bulbs so the roots will be nicely covered, and keep them so. Put them away in a warm, dark place for about two or three weeks, and then bring them to the warmth and light. In all cases where bulbs are potted in water the water should be changed at least once a week. If you

have no bulb glasses, any nice-shaped, wide-mouthed, bottles will do, but they should be covered with dark blue paper as the roots are impatient of light. The Dac Vaa Thol tulips are an excellent variety for house culture. Half a dozen bulbs can be placed in a small box or a large pot and ere long will give a good account of themselves. A pretty and novel way of growing bulbs, and one I practice every winter, is growing them in moss. I have a large, round glass, cover that I fill with bright green wood moss, and in the moss I set a variety of bulbs, always placing the taller variety in the center, and the sides are covered with a mass of mixed crocuses. Before the bulbs get in bloom it is a very pretty ball of green, and you only have to wait about six weeks when it is a lovely mass of flowers. Of course, the moss must be kept very moist. They make lovely hanging baskets.

### Home Decoration.

Dining-room chairs with antique backs are fashionably upholstered in illuminated leathers, with a border of big headed brass nails.

For bedrooms desirable furnishings are of mahogany, finished either with brass trimmings or surface carvings. Attractive suits are also made of cherry with mahogany finish.

A very graceful and beautiful panel picture may be painted on a common slate. Have the background shaded in color—dark brown to very light is effective. Use burnt umber and white. Be very careful indeed to shade carefully and evenly. A bunch of mountain-ash berries will decorate it tastefully.

In buying baby's first cloak, you will find it economy to make it into a sack with a cape. If you use a baby carriage, the long part of the cloak is quite in the way, and the baby is always covered with an afghan. It can wear a sack until at least two years old, and then it can be used to line another.

A pretty design for a square cover for a table is to make the center of plain satin, then put on a deep border of the crazy patchwork, and finish with a rich fringe. The patchwork should be made of bits of embossed or figured velvet and brocade or plain pieces ornamented with embroidery.

It is possible that a soiled plaster figure is among your mantel furnishings. The following directions will aid you in providing it a handsome suit: First coat the figure with white lead tinted with yellow ochre, thinned with turpentine mixed with a small proportion of Japan dryer. When thoroughly dry size with a drying oil or coach varnish. This should stand until nearly dry, when the bronze can be applied with a piece of soft velvet or camel's hair brush dusting over the work lightly; when entirely hard dust off with a well worn piece of cotton goods.

Square napkins are not in favor at the dinner table. The greater protection to dress that a towel all orders suggested the idea of that shape, and as a result we have the long serviettes.

### Personalities.

The municipal authorities of Glasgow have conferred the freedom of the city on Lord Lorne; but what use he will make of it has not been announced.

The Cleveland Coroner, with a deep reverence for the sciences, is in the habit of turning his subjects over to the medical colleges before the relatives have a chance to claim them. He is so expeditious, in fact, that some of the corpses are not permitted to get cold.

The Pope has made F. W. Dawson, editor of the Charleston News and Courier, a Knight of the Order of St. George in recognition of the stand his paper has taken against dueling.

Rebenstein, the famous Russian pianist, is said to have received an offer of \$25,000 for a series of 150 concerts. In Russia? Oh, dear, no; in the United States.

The story recently circulated that Martha Washington, who keeps a boarding house in Washington City, was to be credited with the honor of having in her veins more of the authentic Washingtonian than any other person now living turns out to be erroneous. The lady entitled to that distinction, it seems is Sarah Taylor Washington, now eighty-four years old, and living at Wakefield, Va., where the general was born.

Black Bart has robbed more than a score of stages in California single handed. He had a habit of writing doggerel verses and pinning them to riddled express boxes. The rewards offered for his capture amounted to nearly \$15,000, and a stray bit of his verification finally betrayed him.

Mr. Gresham, the post-master-general, suffers from insomnia.

Dr. Schliemann's health is so broken that he cannot continue his excavations. He is at home in Athens.

Mr. Irving, the actor, has, it is said, relatives in Grass Valley, Cal., and is expected to visit them before his return. Mr. Thomas Penberthy, an estimable citizen of that place, is his first cousin.

Of Gen. Sheridan's new house in Washington a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says: "Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the general, has nearly completed the arrangement of their house, No. 1617 Rhode Island avenue. During its progress the general and family have been guests of Major Lydecker, United States army, the engineer commissioner of the district. The Sheridan house was built five years ago by Judge Aldis now of the French-American claims commission, on a 'flat-iron' lot. It is handsomely finished, but peculiar, nearly every room being irregular in shape. Many dislike it on this account, while others, on the contrary, like it all the more. From the \$45,000 received for the property from the general's syndicate of friends, Judge Aldis has built again a wife smaller and suited himself better, besides saving \$15,000 out of the bargain. The genial judge is a thrifty reformer."

### IF.

If your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears  
Would save from jeers,  
These things keep neatly hid.  
Myself a d. i.  
And mine and my,  
And how I do or did.  
—Christian Advocate.

### A NEAT-HANDED PHYLLIS.

"Ah—ah—h—whoo-o-o!" sounded just on the other side of the dining-room door.

Mrs. Trafford shuddered, and drew her pink breakfast-shawl closer around her shoulders.

"Ah-tish-oo!"

And the door opened and Lill entered, with the tears streaming from her brown eyes, and every curl on her canary-gold head vibrated with the shock of that awful sneeze.

"Why will you leave your windows open, Lill?" petulantly demanded Mrs. Trafford.

"Windows, indeed!" said Lill, with all the scorn of a tragedy-queen, as she went to an illuminated calendar that hung on the wall, and pointed silently to the date, "August 15."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Trafford, and—"So it's got you again!" consoled Fred, beating a sympathetic tattoo on his plate with his knife and fork.

It was a well known fact in the Trafford household that the hay fever pounced upon Lill, with mathematical exactness, precisely upon the fifteenth of August, and shook the pretty damsel with sneezes, blinded her, and rendered her almost desperate, until it was routed by the icy spears of the first frost.

"Try my pillow inhaler!" suggested Mr. McGregor, the boarder with the catarrh.

A violent flutter of the yellow curls expressed their owner's opinion of the inefficiency of this remedy.

"I intend to go to one of those Wisconsin summer resorts," coolly announced Lill, between two terrific sneezes.

"But there's no money, child!" gasped Mrs. Trafford, utterly forgetful of the presence of the boarder.

"I know it," said Lill; "but you have heard of the New England girls at the White Mountains?"

"Go as waitresses to the hotels don't they? So that's your idea? Good for you, Lill!" applauded Fred.

"Would you disgrace the family, Lill?" sternly demanded Mrs. Trafford, when her daughter's audacious proposition had fairly made its way through the channels of her not over-active brain.

"I will do anything that is honest rather than sneeze for six weeks," said Lill, with resolute dimples deepening at the corners of her mouth, and an emphatic click of the heel of her Newport on the stone hearth, that showed that she was thoroughly in earnest.

Lill had been the household autocrat ever since she was a cherub but determined baby, so, as usual, she had her way, and the guests at the Arbor House, in a Wisconsin town whose unpronounceable name was a tribute to an Indian tribe who had hunted, fished and held pow-wows there when the place was a part of the primeval forest, had a new waiter.

And surely since Eve attended to the wants of her celestial visitors, in the dainty manner described by Milton, a more ideal, neat-handed Phyllis never waited on the table.

The French china was as smooth as satin and glistened like mother-of-pearl; the owl of each spoon was a tiny silver mirror, and Lill herself, in her fresh, blue gingham, with her lovely complexion and a fluffy aureole of bright hair as aesthetic an appetizer as the pyramid of autumnal flowers that always glowed in the center of the table. Of course Lill was envied by the servants, and condescended to by the boarders; but the little incidents that sometimes occurred, such as that of the Rev. Frederick Ullulay's warning her that her curls were a "snare," and bestowing upon her as a parting gift a manuscript sermon on the text, "Servants obey your masters," gave a comical zest to her masquerade, and she enjoyed herself thoroughly.

Owing to an arrangement she had made with Mrs. Harmon, the proprietress of the Arbor House, she had several hours of each day to herself, and these she spent out of doors. She was rarely without a companion, for all the children had fallen in love with her at first sight, and circled about her like his moons around Jupiter.

"Oh, there's Lill!" said little Harry Stuyvesant, the son of a rich young widower, catching sight of a familiar sunny head through the fringe of trees that bordered the river. "Oh, Lill, row up here, and take me with you!" he cried, and breaking away from his Irish nurse, and running to the end of a stump that jutted over the water, he waved his little sailor hat to attract Lill's attention.

But the five year old boy was a heavier weight for the half decayed stump than the asthmatic old frog that had been frightened away from his favorite sunny seat by Harry's invasion. It broke, and Harry fell into the water.

"Oh, the darlin's kilt, and he's the very jewel of his father's eyes! Ochone, ochone! and it's me fault, intirely. I'll drown meself!" shrieked Bridget, in true Hibernian frenzy, as she rushed to the water's edge.

Then she paused at the brink to let the course of future events settle the question.

"To be or not to be," for Lill was rowing with swift, long strokes in the direction of the little brown head, that bobbed about among some lily-pads like a new species of aquatic flower.

It was only the work of a few moments for Lill to lift Harry to the boat and row ashore.

"Now, be sure that you take him home at once, put him to bed in hot blankets, and give him some ginger tea," she directed, as she placed the shivering little fellow in Bridget's arms.

Bridget promised faithfully, as she showered tears on Harry, and the blessings on all the saints on Lill, but when the first transports of her gratitude abated she began to question the policy of such an action.

"The captain will discharge me without a character if he knows that the darlin' had a fall into the water," she meditated. "An' shure what's the use of putting the b'y to bed at all? When Pat an' me was childer we never minded a tumble into the water any more than a fish would mind that same. Shure I'll just let him play in the sun and drey," she finally decided.

So the cold that was not averted by the proper preventives fastened upon Harry, and the next day he was flushed with fever, and calling with every hoarse breath for Lill.

"If you can spare her to go to the child, Captain Stuyvesant will make her time good to you," said Harry's stately grandmother, as she stood fanning herself in the stifling kitchen where Mrs. Harmon was superintending the desert. "It's very unfortunate that Harry should have taken such a fancy to her, considering her position. I can't think from whom the child inherited his low tastes—certainly not from me," she concluded delicately nibbling a piece of candied citron.

"He knows a lady when he sees one, which is more than his grandmother does!" grumbled Mrs. Harmon, sotto voce, chaffing under the bonds of secrecy that Lill had imposed.

Captain Stuyvesant gave such a start of admiration when he came into Harry's room that afternoon and saw Lill bending over the bed, with the sun catching her fly-away hair and turning it into an aureole, that his mother privately resolved that he should not see too much of this pretty Florence Nightingale, lest he follow the reprehensible example of his son.

But what could she do when Harry was as devoted to his father as he was to Lill—when one little feverish palm must be clasped in Lill's dimpled hand, and the other in his father's strong, slender brown one—when both must join voices in lulling songs, and play cat's cradle together for the little despot's amusement? "When will my birthday come, papa?" demanded Harry, as his father closed the covers of an infinitesimal blue book entitled "Carl's Birthday."

"The second of next February."

"And what are you going to give me?" pursued Harry, remembering Carl's list of presents.

"Anything you like, my boy. Think of what you would like best in the world, and I will get it for you if I can," replied this pattern of fathers.

Anything he liked? Harry put one hand to his forehead, and looked at a rose in the wall-paper, with wide, reflective, blue eyes. Should it be a guinea-pig, a velocipede, or a gold watch?

Then broken recollections of the mother that he had only known for three years began to mass themselves in his memory, and the problem of his birthday gift was solved.

"I want a mamma to keep!" he said, earnestly, turning to his father, with a sweet, flushed face.

"Shall Harry have his birthday gift—and I my wife?" inquired Captain Stuyvesant, seeking Lill's glance with loving, laughing eyes.

"But I am only a servant, you know!" returned Lill, with a blush like an aurora, and a demure twinkle under her long, dark lashes, as she recalled the Reverend Frederick Ullulay's sermon.

"The three words, 'I love you,' cancel all distinctions of social rank," said Captain Stuyvesant, gravely. "Besides, Lill," with a merry smile that melted her own, which flashed out at his words, "although Mrs. Harmon is as close-mouthed as a clam, I have long suspected that you are a princess in disguise. Confess, and be shirven!"

Thus adjured, Lill confessed, and the fact that her family tree was rooted in England, and boasted a baronet as a blossom, did much to save Mrs. Stuyvesant's wounded family pride, and she was all smiles and urbanity on that eventful second of February, when the magic words of the marriage service gave Harry his birthday gift and Captain Stuyvesant his bride.

### An Ethnologist Makes a Valuable Discovery.

From the Charleston Call.

Prof. Norris, the ethnologist, who has been examining the mounds in his section of West Virginia for several months; the other day opened the big mound on Colonel B. H. Smith's farm, six or eight miles below here. This is the largest mound in the valley and proved a rich store house. The mound is fifty feet high and they dug down to the bottom. It was evidently the burial place of a noted chief, who had been interred with unusual honors. At the bottom they found the bones of a human being, measuring seven feet in length and measuring nineteen inches across the shoulders. He was lying flat and at either side, lying at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with their feet pointed toward their chief were other men—on one side two and on the other side three. At the head of the chief lay another man, with his hands extended before him, and bearing two bracelets of copper. On either side of the chief's wrists were six copper bracelets, while a looking glass of mica lay at his shoulder and a gorget of copper rested on his breast. Four copper bracelets were under his head, with an arrow in the center. A house twelve feet in diameter and ten feet high, with a ride-pole one foot in diameter, had been erected over them, and the whole covered by the dirt that formed the mound. Each of the men buried there had been enclosed in a bark coffin.

The will of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, the African explorer and father of the wife of Dr. Livingston, has been admitted to probate in England. The amount disposed of is \$18,500.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has an income of about \$80 per annum from his law practice, and resides in an interior town, Selma, where living is not expensive.