HOUSE AND FARM.

Farming Brevities.

The lightning rod peddler appears to have gone west of late, and little is seen of him in the eastern states.

At no previous time has there been a better demand for heavy horses. Grade horses of Norman, Clyde or Cleveland bays, are worth on average, about $200, while good common stock is worth from $125 to $150.

A correspondent asks for information in regard to feeding hogs with sweet corn. It is sometimes grown as a fodder for hogs, being cut at different stages of growth. Minnesota and Early Orange are among the earliest and best varieties.

The starting of most garden seeds may be quickened by soaking them, this is particularly the case with beet seeds.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has affirmed the judgment of the Court of Appeals in a case involving the validity of the law forbidding the sale of oleomargarine or other counterfeits of butter in that State. The appellant was convicted in St. Louis of the violation of this law; the Court of Appeals sustained the conviction. He then took the case to the Supreme Court with the result stated.

Eggs may be preserved by greasing the shells, but lard is not a good thing to use as it is apt to turn rancid. Beef tallow would be better. When the eggs are thoroughly greased, they may be packed in bran in barrels and headed up tight, but force must not be used as the eggs are very fragile, and one broken one will spoil a good many. If lime is used with care it is the best material for packing eggs, as it does not spoil the appearance of the shells, while grease of any kind is troublesome to remove.

For and About Women.

Fashionable girls have gone back to our grandmothers' days, and are making patchwork quilts. This is commendable retrogression.

Grace Greenwood, writing from Paris, says that the average American dressmaker is more clever than the women of that calling in France.

The tidies and table scarfs and lambrequins crocheted of macrame or fish cord are very much improved in appearance if, after they are done, but before the ribbons are run in, they are pressed with a hot iron. Lay a damp cloth over the wrong side of the work, and press hard and dry with the iron.

The latest fashion in feminine gear is known as the "coxcomb bow," which can be worn at the throat, on the skirts of dresses and even on the bonnets. It is a rainbow-like affair, made of narrow ribbon, with a dozen loops and ends of every color imaginable, the ends having what is known as the "fish-tail cut," so called from the manner in which they are notched.

Tidies made of antique lace can be worked satisfactorily if soaked in borax water; then let them lie in warm suds, squeezing them with your hands: rinse, but do not blue them. Instead of ironing them, pull in shape, and pin them to a clean cloth on your ironing-board; pick out each little point and pin it down. Let them get perfectly dry before removing them.

Bed sores may be prevented by the following precautions: Keep the sheet below the patient perfectly smooth; wash the parts where the bone is prominent daily with soap and warm water, dry them well, rub them over with a little spirits of wine or whisky to harden the skin; change the patient's position frequently; never let him lie on a blanket.

Some of the Eastern Yarns.

Says the Utica, N. Y. Herald: "Several gentlemen who have come from the west this Spring, report the wheat fields in the northwest to be gradually giving out. Farmers there intend to go into the dairy business as fast as they can get the money to do so. Any man who is making a comfortable living in the east they would advise to remain where he is, in preference to going west to farm it. Where twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre used to be the average, it is now reduced to fifteen bushels and downward. The soil is exhausted very rapidly, and nothing but dairying or an expensive system of fertilizing will bring it up. A wheat grower is like an old toper; he won't abandon his favorite tipple in favor of oats or corn, or any of those middle crops, even though he believes there may be more profit in them."

Feeding Sour Food to Pigs.

The prevailing notion that the hog has digestion equal to any undertaking in the way of converting crude or offensive food leads many to give, in excessive quantities, whatever refuse happens to be on hand, whether spoiled grain, putrid meat, or other refuse. The result of such a mess, when given to a sow about to pig, or having a litter at her side, is inevitably damaging to the pigs. The milk glands act in such a case as an outlet for offending substances that get into the system through the stomach, or that through any species of disordered action, are engendered within the system. From this it will be seen that the milk of an animal not in a perfect state of health must contain a considerable portion of the impurities that are from hour to hour given off. The fact that poison taken into the system of the young, either human or brute, through the milk, acts so promptly, generally producing disorder of the stomach and bowels within a very few hours, is sufficient proof of the virulence of the poison as well of the importance of guarding against such accumulations within the system of the brood sow while suckling her young. Dry corn gives a tendency to feverishness. Too much sour slops, if the sow be debarred from access to the earth, ashes, charcoal and like substances capable of neutralizing the acrese of acid, will derange digestion. The blood becomes impure, and, as stated, these impurities escape in part into the milk.—Live Stock Journal.

Management of Grape Vines.

Grapes first coming in bearing should not be permitted to perfect large crops of fruit while young. It is excusable to fruit a bunch or so on a young vine, "just to test the kind," but no more should be permitted till the vine has age and strength. Vigorous growth and great productiveness are the antipodes of the vegetable world. Encourage as much foliage as possible on the vines, and aim to have as strong shoots at the base as at the top of the cane. This can be done by pinching out the points of the strong shoots after they have made a growth of five or six leaves. This will make the weak ones grow much faster over a twiggy branch-stuck in for support, than over a straight stick, as a trellis, and generally do better every way. Where extra fine bunches of grapes are desired, pinch back the shoots bearing it to about four or five leaves above the bunuch. This should not be done indiscriminately with all the bunches. Too much pinching and stopping injures the production of good wood for next season. These hints are for amateurs who have a few vines on trellises; for large vineyard culture, though the same principles hold good as far as they go, they will vary in their application.—Gardener's Monthly.

Comfort for the Old Maids.

From the New York Tribune.

As "misery is said to love company," it might comfort our friend to know that "old maids" are not the only individuals that go through life heavy-hearted. If she will look over the circle of her friends and acquaintances she will find very few with whom she would be willing to change places. She will find many wives married but not mated, many mothers whose children are a source of as much pain and anxiety as of pleasure, and widows whose "crown of sorrow is remembering happier days." This will not lessen the "chill she must feel who warms herself at another's fireside," but it may enable her to bear it with greater fortitude. The best way of managing the stigma of being called "old maid" is to accept the designation heartily, in accordance with the facts to make no secret of one's age, of one's preference for married life if it could be properly realized, and of the reasons which have compelled single life. These facts need not be obtruded, but when they are suggested their full recognition is the best policy.

It is true, no doubt, that most of those who live unmarried lose not only the greatest happiness but the best discipline of life in never losing the consciousness of self.

Love took up the harp of Life, smote on all
its cords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling
pass'd in music out of sight.

The blessedness of perfect marriage lies largely in the consciousness that the centre of self is in the other and dearer half, and has passed to this centre "in music"; or, to use a simile which is exactly in point, the two halves, like binary stars, revolve round a centre common to both and common only to both. Each knows all the heart, all the thought, all the being of the other; as the soul and body are one, so the husband and wife are one, in an intimacy as sacred as it is pure and entire, and which in the Scriptures is compared to the relation between Christ and the Church.

Then in the mother-love there is the same or greater abnegation of self. The mother delights in giving her life to her child and for her child if need be, and this devotion, far from requiring an effort it is impossible for her to repress. "Can a mother forget her child?"

It is the want of this discipline and all that it implies, so pleasant to take that it seems to demand another name that prevents the majority of "old maids" from being lovable and lovely, that leaves them narrow and narrowing and "particular." The loving wife easily learns to overlook or make allowance for such faults as she may discover in her husband, and to cure them if they can be cured, not by direct attack, but by gentle and wisely devised flank movements. She learns also to have her own faults corrected by a loving hand. The mother submits almost with pleasure to pulling of her hair, the disarranging of her dress, by the dear little hands of her baby, to its "getting into things," and the strewing of its playthings along the floor, and even to the prints of its fingers on the window-pane. It could be wished in some cases that the "divine phrensy" of mother-love were in these matters less pronounced than it is. The single woman has little or none of this special kind of discipline.

Not even one little child depends on her for happiness. What can she do? What work will fill the empty hands and hungry heart?" And yet orphan asylums are full to overflowing. Innumerable motherless waifs are floating about in society perishing for want of loving care. In such a world as this there is surely enough to do for all who would relieve sorrow and pain and bring joy to the anguished heart and light to the darkened soul. Wisely indeed, has the "Mother Church" provided "vocations" for the women in her membership, and made it possible for her whose heart overflows with charity and the desire of doing good, but whose hands are empty, to associate herself with schemes of organized benevolence in fields that are always "white to the harvest." Some of our Protestant communion have followed this example, and the "Sisters of Mercy" are happy in their work. Lacking association of this kind, she who is really in earnest to bring happiness to herself by creating it in the hearts of others will find the way open as she advances.

Salt on Potatoes.

Mr. Charles J. Ellis, of Marcy, Oneida county, N. Y., informs us that during the season of 1881 he tried salt on soil in which he planted potatoes. He broadcasted about 1,200 pounds of salt to the acre and harrowed it in. The potatoes were then planted, and others were planted alongside in the same field without salt. The effect was most striking. Just as far as the salt extended the potatoes were smooth, sound, and of good size. The next rows adjoining, where the salt did not reach, the potatoes were small, wormy and rough. We may add to the above that we have tried salt on potatoes without any such effect as that attributed to its use above.—Rural New Yorker.

An Indian Massacre.

The massacre at Blackburn's Ferry, Cal., was but one of many scenes of blood that marked the intercourse of the two races for several years. The ferry was established in the spring of 1851 and was under the charge of the man from whom it derived its name, who was living there with his wife and three assistants. The proprietors were Gwin R. Tompkins and Charles McDermit, the latter of whom afterwards became a colonel in the army and fell in battle with Indians in Nevada in 1866. The manager and his wife occupied a small shake shanty not far from the river bank, while the three assistants slept in a tent near by. Between these was an open space used for a kitchen and dining-room. Mrs. Blackburn was a noble woman of that pioneer class who have been led by love to follow the footsteps of their idol into the very heart of the wilderness. She noticed one day that the stock of bullets was nearly exhausted, and with the usual promptness of such people at once molded a large quantity. Some would call it providential, and so it was—a providential precaution. The ferry had never been molested by the Indians and they felt no unusual alarm, and yet that very night had been fixed upon for a massacre of them all. As the evening shadows blended in a universal gloom the Indians gathered in the forest about the abode of their intended victims and waited until their eyes were closed in peaceful slumber and the place was wrapped in a mantle of silence.

When the night was so far advanced that they felt free from the interruption of belated travelers, the savages crept stealthily to the tent where the three men lay sleeping, and commenced the work of death. Besides bows and arrows these Indians were armed with long knives, guns not yet having fallen into their possession. Two of the men were instantly killed, while the third, badly wounded, sprang to his feet and rushed toward the cabin, crying loudly for help. He had taken but a few steps when he fell under the blows of a dozen Indians who had remained outside the tent. Aroused from their slumber by the cry and sounds of struggle, the inmates of the cabin hastily barricaded the door and prepared for defense. Their arms consisted of two rifles and a revolver, and, thanks to the woman's care, a plentiful supply of bullets. The night was dark and the foe could not be seen, but their continued yells and volleys of arrows were even the more horrible on that account. Blackburn maintained an incessant fire in all directions, his wife reloading the weapons as fast as he discharged them. All that long and terrible night the defense was made, until the yells died out about daybreak and the enemy departed.

Early in the morning A. Raynes, William Young and William Little appeared on the opposite side of the river, and shouted to arouse the ferryman. Blackburn emerged from the house and walked down to the boat, saying:

"I'm glad to see you, boys. They are all killed but myself and wife."

As he ferried them over he related the details of the attach and how the defense had been made. "Did you kill any of the devils?,' asked one.

"I don't know; the night was dark, I could not see."

"Well, let us take a shin around and see what we can find. They always carry off their dead and wounded, and you never can tell whether any are killed or not."

"Here is one they didn't cart off," said one, as he noticed a body about 100 yards from the house. "No," he added, "it is a white man."

They hastened to it, turned up the face to get a better view, and Blackburn exclaimed, "Great God! it is my father."

The old gentleman had not seen his son for ten years, and had followed him to California. He started from Trinidad with a pack train, which camped that night some ten miles from the ferry. Too eager to wait, the anxious father pushed on alone and fell beneath savage knives in front of his son's cabin.

Books in Plenty the Death of Conversation.

We are deluged with books that are born and fret their hour upon the counter and then are heard no more. Books—not account books, but books of no account. Books catalogued in the commonplace. Every one takes his turn at a novel or a drama, and society is the loser by it; for what might pass current in a spontaneous way for cleverness, when saved up and dealt out in book formula, loses ground and proves itself not worth the saving. People are niggardly of being bright, clever and witty in society because they are saving up for the coming book that shall surely yet be written, and that every one is supposed to be writing. All the bon mots are carefully tucked away, nothing is given out of itself. Every story has a price in the book market, and the vapid consequence of all this is that in general society conversation has ceased to exist. People no longer meet to converse. Life is too absorbing. Quiet groups in pleasant parlors have passed away. A larger scale of entertainment interrupts all this. Parties are of the past—"receptions are the only wear—very crushy, very vapid, very, very much all alike, unless a deliberate stand is taken by some wearied soul and a form of entertainment is fixed upon, and in such case one is invited to be the privileged guest at the unfolding of the statue of—i, e., Mr. ——'s MS., twenty foolscap pages, read by the author; or, it may be, Mrs.——'s blank verse, or somebody will strain forth Browning. Society has little spontaneity since the whole world turned author, and publishers have taken from it what they cannot pay back.—Boston Transcript.

BIG LUMPS OF GOLD.

Nuggets That Were No Pocket-Pieces Found in Sierra County, California.

From the Sierra County Tribune.

The following is a list of big nuggets that have been found in this section. On the 18th of August, 1860, a large piece of gold was taken from the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra Buttes, which weighed 1,596 ounces troy, the value of which was estimated at from $21,000 to $30,000. The nugget was sold to R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, for $21,636,52. A fine specimen was taken from the Rainbow quartz mine, Chipp's Flat, in 1881. It was taken from a depth of two hundred feet. The specimen was on exhibition in San Francisco. Later it was shipped to London and worked there. It yielded $22,000. In 1855 a nugget was found at French Ravine that weighed 432 ounces and was worth $10,000. It contained considerable quartz, which is not calculated in its weight. In 1851, at French Ravine, a nugget was found which weighed 426 ounces and was valued at $8,000, A nugget is reported to have been found at Minnesota valued at $5,000. In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French Ravine which contained 263 ounces in gold; worth $4,893. At Smith's Flat, in 1866, a piece of gold was taken from a claim which was worth $2,716 and weighed 146 ounces. At Smith's Flat in 1864, a nugget was found weighing 140 ounces, and worth $2,605. At Little Grizzly Diggings, in 1869, a nugget worth $2,000 was found. A nugget weighing 94½ ounces and valued at $1,770 was found at the Hope claim, four miles below the Mountain House. At French Ravine in 1869, a nugget was found worth $1,758 and weighing 93 ounces. At Smith's Flat in 1861, a nugget was found which weighed 80 ounces and was valued at $1,500.

From 1854 to 1862 twelve gold nuggets, ranging from 30 to 147 ounces, were taken from the Live Yankee claim at Forest City. From 1856 to 1862 a number of gold nuggets, varying from 30 to 100 ounces, were found in the Oregon claim at Forest City. A specimen worth $5,000 was taken from the Oriental (Gold Gate) quartz mine. The total yield of the Golden Gate mine is estimated at $200,000. The mine has been worked to a depth of only 300 feet.

"Thomas' Eclectric Oil"

Has been a good deal harped upon in the papers and with excellent effect. Not alone, however, by reason of newspaper notices has its sale grown so enormously; the people have advertised it; its merit has made it.

"Rode thirty miles for it." Daniel Plank, Brooklyn, Pa.

"Worth five times its price." S. B. Darley, mate steamer Arizona, on great lakes.

"Acts like a charm." Helen E. Appleton, Troy, N. Y.

"My family use it, the hired men use it, I use it." Wm H. Kirkpatrick, 411 3d ave., Evansville, Ind.

"It is a remarkable medicine. I do not know its equal." Mrs. C. A. Taylor, 256, Folsom st., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have never seen a medicine more perfectly adapted to its various applications than Thomas' Eclectric Oil." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

For colds, coughs, diphtheria and catarrh, Thomas' Eclectric Oil is tip-top; while for an ache, or a pain, or a soreness there is nothing better in the world. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is sold everywhere.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could not live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was effected.

TOWNSLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE cures instantly.

Mother's, Attention!

Chas. Jones of Elizabeth, Spencer county, Ind., says, I have deal in medicine a number of years and will say that DR ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP is the most valuable medicine I ever sold. My customers were so pleased with its effects that they purchased a number of bottles to have it on hand. It is all that it is recommended to be.

I have been entirely cured of a terrible case of Blood Poisoning by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) after trying everything known to the medical people without relief. Jno. S. Taggart, Salamanca, N Y

The Conductor.

Conductor Warren, of Winona, Minn., says, I used one bottle of Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup, when I was so hoarse I could not speak above a whisper, and in twenty-four hours it cured me. It is the best remedy I ever saw.

Free to all Ministers.

I will send two bottles of Warner's White Wine of Tar free of all costs to any minister who will send us an order from his storekeeper for two dozen bottles of the same.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, nourishing and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

Mr. Bush, a Jew, and Miss Percell, a Catholic were married by a justice of the peace at Hamburg, Ga., her priest and his rabbi having both refused to perform the ceremony. The young folks went home and a week later ran off until he girl's father should cool down and acquiesce.

The Railroad Gazette says there was a total of 1.2 railroad accidents during the month of November, in which 34 persons were killed and 235 injured; a decrease of 3 accidents and of 2 in the number killed, but an increase of 109 injured, as compared with November, 1882.

Glittering Generalties.

The postal cards are made at Holyoke, Mass., by forty men, who turn out about 1,000,000 daily. They have diminished the consumption of writing paper by from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year.

Lord Dufferin thinks he can keep the peace in Egypt with 6,147 soldiers and 5,560 gendarmes, officered with a sprinkling of Europeans, at a cost of $2,500,000; provided it is clearly understood England will interfere upon a row arising with her fleet and batter down a city or two.

The last St. Louis story about the Chicago girl is really too bad. It says that she insisted upon throwing her shoe after a newly married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, the bride is in the hands of a doctor, and the groom was with difficulty dug out from under the ruins.

"Eye peeping" is now the favorite games for evenings. Two holes are made in a screen, against which some person hidden behind places his eyes, and the audience in front have to guess to whom the eyes belong.

Great distances have been cleared by some of the English horses. Chandler cleared thirty-nine feet over a brook at Warwick; Calverthorpe, thirty-three feet over hurdles; King of the Valley, thirty-five feet over the Wissedine brook in Leicestershire; Lottery, thirty-four feet at Liverpool; Peter Simple, thirty-seven feet.

Judge Gresham, the new postmaster general, used a crutch for several years after the close of the war, but now he can get along with a cane. A bullet plowed a deep furrow in his leg at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, before Atlanta.

In the Practitioner, a doctor relates a history of the course of disease in a family, which illustrates, if it does not demonstrate the transmissibility of Bright's disease. A woman, two of whose brothers had died of this disease in early manhood, who herself died of it when sixty years of age, was the mother of twelve children, seven of whom also died from it, and grandchildren of whom two at least are effected with kidney disease.

Eleven thousand newspapers and periodicals are published in the United States. New York has the largest number of any state, viz: 1411, and next comes Illinois, with 1017. Pennsylvania ranks third with 973, and afterward, in order, are Ohio, Iowa and Missouri. Six hundred and forty of these papers are published in German, forty-nine in Danish and Scandinavian, and forty-one in French. There are five Welsh papers, three Chinese, three Indian and one in Irish.

The Bath (Me.) Times tells this story: "A middle-aged gentleman an evening or two since was passing along the street when he met a young man who for a moment he thought was one of his acquaintances, but on looking more closely it proved to be some one else. The diminutive youth was walking with a lady, and resenting what he fancied was unwarranted staring, he snapped out: 'Well, I hope you'll know me the next time you see me.' 'Don't know,' replied the elderly man, 'I might know you now, if I had my glasses on. If you hadn't spoken I wouldn't have known you were there."

The proficiency attained by the colored gentleman who have charge of the hat room in large hotels is often surprising. They will pass out two hundred chapeaux without making a single mistake. A young man from Buffalo says the Commercial was so impressed with the performance at a New York hotel the other day that, in a tone of respectful admiration he asked the phenomenon how he knew it was his hat. "Well, sah," was the brisk response, "I couldn't swar de hat was yourn, sah. I only know it was de hat you gave me." The bystanders smiled and the youthful Buffalonian stopped the investigation.

In all the royal palaces in England a most careful distinction is made between state property, which descends from one sovereign to another, and private property. At present almost every thing at Balmoral and Osborne belongs to the Queen herself, but, excepting a few pictures and statues she has no personal property at either Windsor or Buckingham Palace.

The main building for the Southern Exposition, which opens at Louisville, Ky., on the 1st of August, is now in a sufficiently advanced state of construction to give some idea of its proportions. It will be one of the largest of the kind ever built, covering an area of 677,400 square feet, being inferior only to the main buildings at the London Exposition of 1851 and 1862, and the Centennial Exposition.

D'Arcy M'Gee's Assassination.

At last, according to advices from Canada, the mystery surrounding the murder of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, in Ottawa, is about to be dispelled. McGee, formerly a prominent Irish patriot and a man of brilliant genius, had been elected speaker of the Canadian Parliament and was holding that high office when he was shot down in one of the streets of the Canadian capital. The actual assassin was captured at the time, tried and executed. It now seems that propositions have been made to the minister of justice by several persons that they would come forward and reveal the names of the men who planned the murder if they were guaranteed immunity themselves. No action has yet been taken by the government, and the Ottawa News vigorously calls for an inquiry to be made at the next session of the Canadian parliament. This seems to show that McGee's murder was planned by Canadian political enemies and not by Irish antagonists whose hate he had engendered since 1848.

At the funeral of F. G. Stebbins, an editor, of Cuba, N. Y., by his request, there were no religious services, and on the way to the grave, his friends sang "Marching through Georgia."