

## FARM, FIELD AND PIRESIDE.

### For the Cook.

**PORK STEAK BROILED.**—The tenderloin is the nicest for broiling. Cook slowly. When ready to turn, dip the cooked side in a gravy of butter seasoned with pepper.

**SHOULDER OF VENISON.**—Extract the bones through the underside, fill the cavity thus made with stuffing seasoned allspice and a little red pepper. Bind firmly in shape with strips of clean cloth, put in a saucepan with venison stock and a little black pepper. Stew very slowly three or four hours till tender; remove the cloths, strain the gravy and pour over, and serve.

**FRIITERS.**—One pint of sweet milk, the yolks of three eggs stirred in a thick batter with flour, a pinch of salt and three teaspoons of baking powder, lastly add the whites of the eggs well beaten. Drop in hot lard and cook until done; about a tablespoonful of dough for a cake.

**CREAM PIE.**—Two eggs, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, two of corn-starch, six yolks, flour and sugar together. Boil one pint of milk and stir in the above ingredients. Flavor with lemon, and when baked frost with the two whites of the eggs whipped with a little sugar.

**JELLY ROLL.**—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one of flour one teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a spoonful of milk or water. Bake in long tins, spread with jelly, then roll.

**LEMON PIE.**—One teacup of sugar, one of boiling water, one tablespoonful of butter, one of corn starch dissolved in water. Cream the butter and sugar, and pour over them the hot mixture. When cold, add the rind and juice of one lemon.

### Hints to Farmers.

Gardening commences now in the Southern States.

A New-Hampshire correspondent of the American Cultivator for an apple orchard of 300 trees in that locality would plant 299 Baldwins—and, on reflection, the other one a Baldwin. This, of course, for market fruit; also as the result of "personal experience of nearly forty years."

Let those who are near the markets count on raising early chickens for sale. Fairly managed this becomes one of the most profitable branches of poultry raising.

Wherever, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, a good, live Farmers' Club exists, there is but little chance for swindlers to succeed; this they have learned, and so, as a rule, confine their operations to farmers who stay at home, and do not read the papers.

The high prices charged for seed sweet-corn are fully earned by growers, as the difficulty in properly drying and cultivating it makes it cost much more than the ordinary field varieties.

It is undoubtedly bad practice to cultivate or plow heavy soil when soaked with water in the spring, but this objection does not apply to the light rains that fall in midsummer and early fall, while the soil is still warm.

Mr. Bradley, of Massachusetts, has his bull's stall so arranged that, instead of leading the bull out into the yard, the cow is led into the bull's stall for service. The cow is then quietly led away.

Sprinkle a little lime (air slacked) over the potatoes in your cellar. It will tend to prevent rot, and purify the air of the cellar.

Should you run out of axle grease some busy time, mix two parts of lard with one each of black lead and wheat flour and apply.

### Tar Smoke for Diphtheria.

Ruth Lockwood, the 9-year-old child of Thomas Lockwood, a compositor in the New York Times office, became violently ill with diphtheria on a Tuesday night. She was so weak that it was deemed dangerous to try tracheotomy, or cutting open the windpipe. On Thursday, Dr. Nichols, of 117 West Washington place, who was attending her, received a copy of the Paris Figaro, which contained a report made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Delteil, who said that the vapors of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous exudations which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. Dr. Delteil's process was described. He pours equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar into a tin pan or cup and sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises, which obscures the air of the room. "The patient," Dr. Delteil says, "immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop; the patient falls into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membrane soon becomes detached, and the patient coughs up microbicides. These when caught in a glass may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days afterward the patient entirely recovers." Dr. Nichols tried this treatment with little Ruth Lockwood. She was lying gasping for breath when he visited her. First pouring out two table-spoonfuls of liquified tar on an iron

pan, he poured as much turpentine over it and set it on fire. The rich resinous smoke which rose to the ceiling was by no means unpleasant. As it filled the room the child's breathing became natural, and as the smoke grew dense she fell asleep, with the results as above.

### Light vs. Darkness.

E. P. Churchill, North Auburn, Me., writes: The idea of light in our houses is one of the greatest importance, and yet how often families live in darkness a whole life. Whoever thought for a moment of any kind of flower growing in the dark? Fashion has much to do in the matter, because one keeps the windows half shaded by a dark curtain, some one else catches the fever and down goes the light into a gloomy and lonely darkness, and perhaps some other fever follows. Oh, when will we learn to abide by reason and good common physiology? But we human beings are not alone in darkness; only look into many of the stables and see the darkness around the poor dumb beasts; who can wonder at diseases of the eye of the horse? How often he is confined in darkness for days, when all at once he is taken on to the road on to a new, bright, snow; we forget the green glasses that we are obliged to wear on such occasions; we also forget that we have a little shade to the eyes in the way of hat rims and veils; but the poor horse must plod along with eyes half-shut, and the sun reflecting the white snow, tenfold worse than what he was enduring in that dark stable. We believe it our imperative duty to arrange our stables so as to afford all the light possible; it will take less food and the stock will be more healthy; and we shall do the chores better in light than in darkness.

### Forehand Farming.

Mr. W. C. French, Great Barrington, Mass., on a farm of 175 acres—only sixty tillable, the rest in forest or woody pasture—keeps twenty-four dairy cattle to supply a milk route; they are liberally fed with purchased grain, and the soil is therefore constantly becoming more productive. Sweet corn, potatoes and garden vegetables are also raised for the local trade, and the aggregate crops are, The N. E. Farmer says, four times as great as were formerly grown on the undivided homestead, which contained twice as large a surface.

"Buckwheat hulls obtained from a flouring mill near by are used for bedding, and are excellent for the purpose. Winter rye is sown early in autumn for green feed for young cattle, and to cut for hay the following season. Over 800 bushels of onions were grown per acre last year. Cabbages without a single stump-foot, owing, as Mr. French thinks to the free use of lime in the seed-bed, are selling at \$7 per hundred to his milk customers. Oats are made a prominent crop, and are sown so thinly on rich land that the yield of grain is heavy, while the straw is not thick enough to destroy the young clover and other grasses sown with them. We have rarely seen a better 'catch' of grass than can be seen here after a crop of oats. Water is brought in pipes to the house and barns, and is in full supply and of the best quality. Some dozen or more families combine to pay the expense, and are thus supplied at a very moderate cost, though the spring is more than half a mile away."

### Paying and Non-Paying Farms.

A white-haired old farmer on the last part of life's journey (expects the conductor to call for his ticket soon) asked what the young men who have just stepped into their fathers' places are going to do farming at these low prices? That brought out my old friend Norton of Alabama. He said: "I'll tell you what they will do; each will run his farm one summer; ride in new top buggies; smoke cigars; go to town three or four times a week; hire the work all done, and when fall comes sell at low prices, and when he gets through will say 'farming don't pay,' and so determine to let the farm go, and it will probably go to some German, who has saved enough to pay for a team and tools. He runs in debt for the whole farm and goes to work, and when he comes in from his work he won't go into a nice bedroom to wash with fancy soap, and put perfumery on his whiskers."

### The Virtues of Skimmed Milk.

Mont Robinson, Fairmont, Vermillion County, Ill., sends the following, hoping sufferers from Bright's disease and rheumatism may be benefited by it:

For over ten years I had rheumatism, and was at times confined to my house and finally to my bed. All the time there was more or less kidney trouble, which finally developed into a clearly defined case of Bright's disease, every symptom being present, beside other complications and irregularities. As soon as it was plain that the fatal disease had set in, I immediately put myself under the milk treatment, but partook of other food for three weeks before going on an exclusive skimmed milk diet. For three months I subsisted upon thoroughly skimmed milk; not a drop of any other fluid or a morsel of solid food was taken. I at once began to improve, although losing flesh, and at the end of three months was as well as I ever was in my life. Not only the kidney disease was cured, but every other ail-

ment. After resuming solid food as diet I regained my normal weight and am now growing stronger continuously, and do any kind of work that I could in my prime, although I am fifty years of age. I feel like a boy again. I began using the skimmed milk one year ago, and still use it as my drink. I am very careful about my diet, subsisting mostly on vegetables, avoiding sugar, oils, meats and all condiments.

### Bright Days of a Woman's Life.

There is no period in a woman's life when she is so happy as when she is being courted. That accounts for the fact that a great many of them permit themselves to be courted by men who have no right to do such a thing. They like the gallantries of courtship, the playful words of a suitor, his constant animation, his hundreds of small compliments, his readiness and agility in extending his hand whether it is needed or not, his inspirational conversation, his self-sacrifice and unvarying devotion. Heavens, what is there that a man will not do when he is in love? What else will drive him to such lengths of brilliancy and daring? It is then that he becomes the cock-bird, puts on his most brilliant plumage, struts about in his greatest glory and reaches the most beautiful perfection of his nature. He writes long letters, spends his money like a prodigal, is ready to go here and there or anywhere, rain or shine, at the beck and call of his fair mistress; wears his best clothes, walks with the erectness and elasticity of a trained athlete, smiles on all mankind and is a being much beyond and above the common run of the race. All this he is to the woman to whom he is playing the lover. She takes him for what he seems to be—not what he is. Perhaps he may turn out to be what he seems to be, perhaps not—generally not. Most husbands are disappointing to their wives because they immediately after marriage collapse—collapse into mere matter-of-fact, plain, every-day men, who seem to think about as much of one thing as another.

### Membranous Croup.

Dr. H. W. sends the following: "Please, for the benefit of suffering humanity, give the following cure for membranous croup in your columns. Some years ago my wife was sent for to assist a lady who was dying with this terrible and generally fatal disease. It was midnight, and as she was preparing to go to her assistance I reminded her of the burned feathers. On her way to the house she could hear her wheeze across the street. Going into the house she observed that the lady was about choking to death. She seized a turkey wing, stuck it in the stove, and then held the smoking feathers so that the sufferer could inhale the smoke, which produced a tickling sensation. She gave a cough and the membrane broke, flying two feet from her mouth. By this simple means her life was saved and she is living to-day."

### Good Manners.

Good manners constitute the most valuable of earthly possessions. All may have them by the cultivation of the affections, and none without it. Only for the few are learning and genius, wit and beauty, wealth and fame; but good manners, with their dowry of happiness, are for all who are willing to pay the price of self-culture. That lady lives not, whatever her station in life, but who by amiable temper, pleasant words, and kind acts, may shed light and comfort on the hearts and homes of earth. That man is yet to be born who may not possess those elements of power, if true to the obligations of his being, which brighten and bless human society. There is a wealth of affection and kindness in every human heart, if properly developed; and the development and expenditure of the same in social life is a duty we, at once, owe to ourselves and the world.

"Old Spear," the actor, who became an inmate of the Forrest Home in Philadelphia, once sent to Chanfron the following: "Thank God for a bed to lie down on and a roof to cover me. God help all those without a roof, homeless, homeless wretched wanderers. God bless my wife, children, grandchildren and all my sincere friends and relations. Pardon my manifold sins and transgressions, and enable me to become a wiser and better man. God bless the memory of Edwin Forrest and his friend James Oakes. I hope they are now happy and surrounded by their true and tried friends. If spirits of the departed are permitted to watch over those on earth, look down, guard, protect us from all evil. Peace and good will to all men. Amen."

The interment alive of Miss Cox, at Okonoko, W. Va., relates the Cumberland Times, recalls to mind the curious custom practiced by an old Virginia family, the Fendals, of Alexandria. Whenever a member of the family dies, the male representative of the older branch thereof, just before the hour for interment, buries a dagger in the heart of the dead to assure himself of no re-awakening. The dagger used is one sacred to the purpose, and has been devoted to its use for many generations. The custom originated because of the burial alive of a member of the family and an inherited tendency to a peculiar form of heart disease.

### The Lime-Kiln Club.

Detroit Free Press.

"I hold heah in my hand," said Brother Gardner, as he slowly rose up at the opening of the meeting, "a letter from a cull'd pussin in Texas informin' us dat he has named his baby Brudder Gardner Holdback. I presume it am a boy baby, though it may be a gal: De writer flatters hisself dat he has done a smart thing, an' dat de fucher of dat chile will be plain sailin'. If anybody wants to name his offspring arter me or Sir Isaac Walpole, or Giveadam Jones, or Judge Cadaver, we can't hinder, but so fur as I ar' personally consarned I want to indulge in a few remarks in regard to dis habit.

"I verily believe dat de foolishness of sartin parents in tyin' names to deir off-springs has beclouded an' wrecked many lives. De ole man who was shovelin' snow nex' doah to me de odder day was named Henry Clay. It was on de ideah dat he would make a mighty smart man, but de minit he got old 'nuff to realize who an' what Clay was he pulled right back. He couldn't nebber git dar, an' he knowed it. Instead of bein' addressed as Henry Clay, eberybody calls him 'Hank Dirt,' an' he's gwine to be called dat till de clay kivers his coffin.

"Some y'ars ago a naybur o' mine named his baby 'Washington Lincoln-Grant Smith.' He war' bound to fill dat boy chock full o' military genius an' statesmanship, but de chile wasn't fo' y'ars ole befo' he realized dat it was too steep. He hadn't reached ten befo' he was a thief an' liar, an' de odder day he went to prison for burglary. De name was too long fur de public to grapple wid, an' so he was called 'Wash Grant.' Later on it got to be 'Washboard,' an' by de name of Washboard Smith he am registered on de prison books.

"I has seen Prime Minister Jones drawn' a swill cart arund, while chus behind him, leading a yaller dog by a piece of old clothes-line, came Mont-morenci Stubbins. I has seen Queen Catherine Bivons at de wash tub, while de Princess Bienville was a' hangin' out de clothes fur her. I has witewashed on de same job wid Czar Jackson, an' I has blacked stoves alonside of George de Fo'th Bones.

"De white folks am jist as bad, an' it really does me good to see by de papers dat 'Hortense Victoria Clark' has skipped out wid 'De Lisle Fitzhugh Brown,' who was a purfessional roller skater loafer on a salary of \$5 per week. Ebery day de police judge am sendin' Zachariah Chandlers, Roscoe Conkings, Thomas Jefferson and Henry W. Longfellow to de jug, an' ebery day de good old names of Jane an' Betsey an' Sarah an' Emma an' Lucy am growin' in contempt wid de female sect.

"Speakin' fur de cull'd race, one, Is y dat de fadder who rises above Moses or Samuel or William when huntin' fur a name fur his baby boy am coxin' biles and bunions to grow whar' dey doan' need to. De mudder who can't make a selection from Chloe, Catherine, Violet an' Sarah Jane needn't feel riled if her gal runs off wid a bowlegged stove-blacker an' ends up her days in a garret. Let us now attack de reg'lar purceedin's."

### DIDN'T RESOLVE.

Waydown Bebee begged to offer a resolution asking the Legislature of Michigan to enact a law to more fully carry out the provision of the Civil Rights bill, as applicable to the colored population of this State.

"Has you bin denied any of your rights lately, Brudder Bebee?" asked the President.

"I can't say as I has, sah, but I has heard complaints from cull'd men dat dey hain't treated as good as white people."

"Name a few."

"I has been told dey can't stop at first-class hotels, an' dey am not wanted at roller rinks."

"Brudder Bebee, kin you tell my why any cull'd man should want to pay \$4 a day to stop at a first-class hotel kept by a white man an' frequented by white folks, when he kin be made to home at a house kept by a cull'd man fur de benefit of cull'd people, at one-quarter de price?"

"Not 'zactly, sah."

"Do you know why any respectable cull'd pussin should want to frow away his time an' money wheelin' hisself 'round an' 'round a rink patronized by silly gals, soft-headed women an' evil-minded men?"

"No, sah."

"Neither do I. It would be much mo' to his credit to go out an' pound snow. Your resolutun am decided no cause for ackshun, an' you will at once sot down. De laws of dis kentry am big 'nuff to gin ebery man in it, no matter what his race or culler, all de rights he kin take keer of."

### The Silver Dollars.

There were 28,000,000 silver dollars made in 1883, and but 300 in 1839. The most ancient date is 1794. From then until 1804 they were coined continuously. Then a skip of thirty-two years occurred. The trade dollar is the thing that has marred the issue since 1836, with the exception of 1837, when none were coined. The silver dollar of 1804 is the rarest American coin. But two genuine ones are believed to exist, and their owners have refused \$1,000 each for them. The 1795 dollar brings \$40. Those between 1795 and 1863, \$3 each; 1836, \$4; 1839, with flying eagle, \$25 each; 1851 and 1852, \$35 and \$40 re-

spectively; 1858, \$36. The trade dollars issued from 1878 to 1878 are destined to become rare.

### JAY EYE-SEE'S OWNER

Brought Around All Right by the Fratell of a Little Baby.

Chicago Mail.

"J. I. Case," said a Wisconsin man who sat in Broker Schwartz's office, "has a little grandson now who has altogether supplanted the famous Jay Eye See in the gruff millionaire's big heart.

When the millionaire's youngest daughter lost her heart it went into the possession of a young fellow who had no money, and who had simply a moderate place in the office of the Racine Ploughworks. "Oh, yes, take her if you want. You don't get anything with her, though, mind that; not a d-d penny," was the answer which the suitor got when he asked the old man's consent. There was only a modest wedding, and then the couple moved into a little cottage rented by the husband. "Give 'em a house? No. Let 'em hustle," was the way the old man met a plea from the girl's mother.

"Didn't we have to hustle, eh. Are they any better'n us?"

The old man went along and spent thousands on his famous gelding. The young couple moved along in a hum-drum way like scores of other modest couples in Racine. The young man "hustled;" got around every day; paid his debts promptly, and saved a little money. Then came a little youngster—a boy. Rough old Case got around to see it; got around oftener after that. He used to dance the boy on his knee.

"Whatcher goin' to call him?" he blurted out one day.

"We thought we'd name him after his grandpa," said the pretty young mother.

"See here, young fellow," said the rough man of money, who started life a blacksmith, "here is \$100,000 for you. I'll start you in business."

So now the old man dances his grandson on his knees, the young man hustles on his own account, the young mother looks prettier than ever, and Jay-Eye-See's nose is completely broken.

### A Wicked Boy.

From an Exchange.

They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington observatory was dreadfully sold a short time since. A wicked boy, whose Sunday school experience seems to only have made him more depraved, caught a fire fly and stuck it, with the aid of some mutchance, in the center of the largest lens of the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him the more was that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few minutes and then began to do sums to find out where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers of Europe and America were studying Orion; they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look and found that the new star had moved eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs. When he went on the dome next morning to polish up the glass he found the lightning bug. And they say he went into it with a whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bill for telegraphing dispatches amounted to \$2,600, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.

### British Generals Slain in Battle.

From the Whitehall Review.

The death of General Earle calls to mind how few instances there are of British Generals being killed on the field of battle. Since Picton fell in the hour of victory at Waterloo, the cases have been very few and far between, no instance occurring until Sobraon, when that fine soldier, Major-General Sir Robert Dick, was slain at the head of his division. Some of the old school of officers will no doubt recall General Dick, a hero of countless escapes in his day, who had been wounded at Maida, severely before Rosetta in the Egyptian campaign of 1801, again in the Peninsula, and a fourth time at Quatre-Bras, when he had command of the Black Watch. The only remaining instances are these of Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, "blest," to quote Kinglake, "with a soldier's death in action," at the head of the fourth division on the field of Inkerman; Major-General Sir George Colley, shot through the head on that awful day at Majuba Hill—as yet unavenged; and Major-General William Earle, killed in action at Dulka. That fine old Horse-Artilleryman, Fox-Strangways, also killed at Inkerman, held only brigadier-general's rank. The three general officers killed in the Indian Mutiny campaign—viz., Sir Henry Lawrence, Neil and Penn—belonged to the Indian Army, as did Sir Hugh Wheeler, slain in his old age in the massacre of Cawnpore. Have-lock, Anson and Barnard—all three lamented victims to the dark days of 1857—were not killed in action, but died of illness contracted during the campaign.