"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

With snow in pale volumes, by savage winds hurled,
The night before Christmas has wrapt the wild world;
And now to its noises the little ones hark
Where the nursery window looks forth on the dark.
While weirdly against the black blank of the sky
Those phantoms of snow-cloud pass hurrying by,
The brains of the children shape form after form
From out the wan vapory whirl of the storm;
Huge lions that ramp; mighty horses that prance;
White wallowing whales of prodigious expanse—
Till now they descry a strange figure, whose back,
Is bent by the weight of a ponderous pack,
And streaming in front of him, plainer than day,
The beard of Kris Kringle like blown ocean spray!

Ah, happy young dreamers, dream on as ye will!
See merry St. Nicholas trudging to fill,
Through harsh wintry gusts, with benevolent tread,
The stockings you hang beside mantel or bed!
Hug fast your delusion, O soft dimpled arms,
And gain while you can its illusory charms!
Too soon will reality's hand tear asunder
The sweet veil of fancy whose filaments bide,
Like the blemish, deep-sunk in the rose's red youth,
That stern disappointment, life's actual truth!—
And yet, darling, 2 alois, content in your creed,
How blest were your fate through the future, indeed,
If each disenchantment on earth left behind
Such a precious result as awakening to find
That in place of your Santa Claus, wrought from a cloud,
Was the love that engirds you, fond, vigil nt, proud!—
Love eager to bring, ere the morrow shall rise,
New mirth to your laughter, new light to your eyes!

A Christmas Tableau Vivant.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Jerusalem!"

It was a favorite expletive of good Deacon Parks when excitement got the better of his usual placid way, and his wife looked up in astonishment as he came stamping into the house, slammed the door after him and stirred up the fire until the hickory blazed and roared like an incipient volcano.

"Gracious! What is the matter now, Job?" she exclaimed, pausing in her baking operations, wiping the flour from her hands upon her huge apron and lowering her glasses from her forehead to her nose to obtain a better look at her husband and satisfy herself that he had not suddenly lost his wits.

"Why, day after to-morrow is Christmas!"

"As if I didn't know that! Haven't I been making preparations for it for more than a week? Catch me without mince-pies and fried cakes and cranberry jelly and a great, bouncing turkey?" and she smiled complacently at the thought of the good things already prepared.

"And I never thought of it until just now—been so busy, you know," he apologized, as if in reality he had been guilty of some great crime.

"Well, it don't matter, Job; and I wouldn't worry about it, for I have taken care of everything for the blessed day and Minerva will be home from teaching school. Poor child! how she must suffer this weather, sleeping in cold rooms and like as not without a feather-bed and—

"It's all her own fault, Hannah. The good Lord knows we have plenty for her and half a dozen more, and if she will persist in wearing herself out in teaching other people's brats, then—"

"What then?" questioned a merry voice, as a pretty, rosy piece of mischief came bounding into the room, shaking the snow from her long, golden curls, and running up to her father, fairly smothered him for a moment with kisses and then darted away, laughing, to her mother, twined her arms about her neck and greeted her as warmly.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed the old man as soon as he could regain his breath, though with his honest face flushed with joy and his lips quivering with emotion, for his daughter was indeed as the apple of his eye and the one thing upon earth altogether lovely.

"My dear, precious lamb," whispered the fond mother, through tears of happiness, as with busy fingers she removed the jaunty little cap, furs, cloak and gloves, "to think you have come safely back to me once more and—"

"Now," interrupted the girl, "I should like to know what father was talking about when I came in."

"So unexpected," said the mother. "We did not look for you until to-morrow night."

"Oh, I had a chance to ride home," replied the girl, blushing, "and got permission to let out school. But you were talking about me, father?"

"Well, yes," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "and I was about to say when you came rushing in like a young bear—about to say, though mind, I didn't—that if you kept on teaching other people's brats you wouldn't have strength to teach your own—when you get them," and he laughed loudly at the changed expression of her face.

"For shame," responded Minerva. "But I'll pay you for that, father. Remember, I am a young lady now, and you can't joke with me with impunity, as you once did."

"A young lady? Whew! And I suppose some young gentleman put himself to immense trouble to bring you home through the cold and storm and didn't forget to collect toll at all the bridges. Aren't your lips sore, daughter?"

The girl colored still more deeply, and bustled around to help her mother set the table for dinner, that she might escape the teasing; but her father enjoyed it too much, and asked:

"Who was it, child? Some of them scape-grace clerks from Beaverton, I'll be bound."

"You know I never associate with them," she responded indignantly. "Mr. Frank Emmons brought me home."

"O—h?" with a low whistle. "Yes, he is a nice and proper young man, and has such pretty black hair and eyes, and teeth and moustache, and such white hands, and sings like half a dozen angels and walks so gently," and the old gentleman arose and strutted mincingly around the room in burlesque imitation of the attendant of his daughter.

Minerva could not but laugh, yet pretending to take no notice, glided about arranging the dishes, and her mother asked where the young man was.

"I know," said her father, answering the question for her. "Our daughter has rolled him up in pink cotton and sprinkled him with cologne and put him in a bandbox for fear he will get mussed."

"He will be here Christmas Eve," interrupted Minerva, with a strong effort at sobriety; "he and a number of others. I knew you would not care, father, if I invited them."

"Not I," answered the old man heartily, and taking the curly head between his broad palms he drew her tenderly to him and kissed the rosy and dimpled cheeks. "You are truly our one lamb, and everything will some day be yours. Yes, you did perfectly right, and it will be pleasant to have the house filled with young folks and have a rousing, merry time. That is how Christmas ought to be kept."

"We are going to have *tableaux vivants*, and one of them will surprise you, father."

He was that already, and had about as much conception of what was intended as of the lucid (?) explanations of Herbert Spencer of the Darwinian theory, and for him to have repeated the words with the French accent given by his child would have been an utter impossibility, so he pretended knowledge, shook his head sagely, gave a very knowing wink, but kept silent and soon found that pressing business required his absence.

But the doting mother was taken into full confidence and she and Minerva had a long, earnest and apparently deeply interesting conversation upon the subject—one that continued for over an hour; indeed it had not concluded when the old man returned, for he caught the name of the minister and asked:

"What are you going to have Domine Martin here for, child?"

"Oh, just because I like him, and his wife is such a dear old lady, and they will be very lonely on such a day, with their children all married and away from home. So I thought you would like to see them, and if he is here everything will be sure to go right, and it is Christmas, you know, and—"

"Hold on, for mercy's sake!" exclaimed her father, "or you won't have breath enough left to eat your dinner, and that would be very bad."

"But you wanted to know, and—"

"You have told me sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mortal man," he said as he took his place at the table and began loading her plate as if she had been in danger of starvation for a month.

Dinner over—it was one of the substantial, old-fashioned kind, though the mother had added the richest of dessert delicacies to tempt her child, as if there was no such thing as dyspepsia in the land—and the Deacon took an easy chair by the broad hearth, lighted his pipe, and between the curling clouds of smoke resumed the subject of the morning conversation.

"How many are you going to have, daughter?" he questioned.

"All the boys and girls."

"Boys first, every time with your sex, and girls with the other," he laughed, "but all means how many?"

"Well (reflectively,) from fifty to seventy-five."

"Gracious! the old house will scarcely hold them, and will be certain to be torn down with their romping. But what does mother say?"

"Oh, she is perfectly satisfied, aren't you mother, dear?" and a look of understanding passed between parent and daughter.

"Then all I have to do is to help the riot along, for riot it will be with so many youngsters together. But what was it you said you were going to have?"

"A tub'lo vevang," was answered with the broadest possible French accentation.

"Ah, yes, I remember, and no doubt it will be grand."

"I think you will find it solemn, father."

"Yes, yes," and fearful she should see how much he was puzzled, he instantly changed the subject and continued: "Well, it will take a lot to feed so many boys and girls. They are always hungry, and can devour more than so many wolves. So, Hannah, I fear you haven't provided one quarter enough."

"You are right," responded his wife; "since our pet told me about her plans and how many would be here I have been calculating."

"Well, they shan't go away hungry, if there is enough in the land to feed them. I'll have Mike kindle a fire under the big farm kettle, and kill lots of chickens and turkeys, and send him for Mrs. Smith to help dress them, and when I go over to town to-morrow I'll bring home some oysters and—well, any thing else you need to have a good time."

"Oh! how much I thank you, dear father," said Minerva, impulsively springing to his side and kissing him. "You are the kindest and best father in all the world."

"All talk," he laughed, though rare pleasure was visible in his face, "and you'll get married some day and forget all about me."

"Married!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly growing ashy pale. "Never! I mean," she continued, with her face flushing to the deepest crimson, "I mean that I'll never forget you."

"Whew," he whistled, "I never saw the wind chop around more suddenly. Catch a girl saying she'll never get married! They would as soon think of not being handsome and having pretty dresses. But you needn't blush so. It's all right and proper, and the natural condition of womankind."

"Then," asked she, archly an coquetishly standing before him with one little finger thrust between her red lips in mock modesty and bashfulness. "You wouldn't object to my getting married?"

"No, not to a good, honest, industrious man. Why should I? A human heart, and especially of your sex, without love, is as good as wrecked. No, my darling; find a good man whom you can love with your whole heart, and who loves you the same, for I am old-fashioned enough to believe in such things, and I'll not only give my consent but my blessing, something worth having for a start in life, and such a wedding as will make the old rafters ring."

"And suppose, father," questioned the blooming girl, half way between smiles and tears, "suppose it should happen to be Frank—Mr. Emmons, I mean?"

"Humph! I don't know. He is—"

"Just as nice a young fellow as ever lived," interposed his wife.

"Yes, yes. I can't say aught against him, but—"

"I know," laughed Minerva at his confusion, "when you really come to think of giving me up it is too much. That's it."

"I believe you are right, child. But I must go and see about an extra supply of provisions. Gracious! it will be fortunate if we don't have a famine."

He wiped away the mist from his old eyes, brought there by the thought his daughter had suggested; tried to whistle bravely down the very situation he had with the touch of rugged eloquence defended, and hastened to call his man-of-all-work and give him instructions. "Minerva has come back, Mike," he said "and is going to have some kind of a blow-out on Christmas Eve. She calls it a tabler vevaught, or something of the kind.

"A fwhat?" questioned the Irishman, scratching his head in the most puzzled manner.

"That's what sticks me, Mike, though I did not let her know it. Anyhow there is to be some kind of a female circus, and the animals will want plenty to eat."

"Blessings on the bright eyes of her, and its ivrything on the old farm I'll kill if she wants it, the darlin'."

"Yes, I believe you. That girl seems to have a faculty of twisting every one around her finger, and—"

"Divil a won more thin her ould faythe r," said Mike as he proceeded to obey the orders he had received, "an' muther lashins of poultry," well knowing that his share of the feast would be no stinted one.

To a late hour the making ready was continued, and all went to bed tired but happy. And the next day was a continual bustle. Extra help was summoned, and the kitchen fires roared, and the immense Dutch oven glowed and plenty ruled triumphant, while the old deacon was in his glory bringing supplies from town and making himself useful as well as most provokingly officious.

So the day passed and the night came with everything ready for the grand time.

Early the house began to be filled with a merry company, and were welcomed by father, mother and daughter, the latter resplendant in robes of fleecy white, abundantly trimmed with soft, floating laces and looped with artificial flowers, while natural roses, fringed with myrtle and smilax, were half hidden amid her golden hair and pulsated upon her joyously throbbing bosom.

For an hour there appeared to be a ceaseless chiming of sleigh-bells, and rosy, laughing loads deposited at the door. Indeed, so many were the teams that Mike was frantic to know what to do with them. But the Deacon believed in "the more the merrier" principle, and kept every one busy and contented. Yet for all the gaily dancing and singing company, a shade of perplexity now and then crossed his face. He had not solved the mystery of the *tableau*, and it hung upon him as a troublesome nightmare.

For hours the house rang and trembled upon its strong foundation. It was a veritable bee-hive of fun and frolic, and many a soft cheek took on deeper roses from stolen kisses; many an innocent heart bounded more swiftly from the encircling arm and many a pair of ears tingled from the slapping of white hands in payment for saucy jest or pilfered caress.

But good, buxom dame Hannah had almost as much pride in her cooking as in her one dear lamb, and when the ancient clock made its huge, heavy, coffin-like case throb with the ringing of ten, she whispered to her husband, good, prudent soul that she was, that "the children must be getting hungry, and she was going to see about the tables."

In response to her suggestion, he sought their daughter and told her they were going to have supper, and that the young folks had better stop romping and cool off, or some of them would be certain to take their death.

"Yes, father," she answered; "but we must have the *tableau* first," and she looked up, blushing more deeply than a damask rose in June into the face of Mr. Frank Emmons, upon whose arm she happened to be leaning.

"All right," responded the old man with a sigh of relief, for the burden would soon be lifted from his soul. "Do you want me to help you?"

"No; but tell mother, please, I want her." And Miss Minerva darted away to her own private room, while the old man told the fiddlers to adjourn to the kitchen and make themselves comfortable until wanted again.

Evidently some of the girls understood what was going on, if the Deacon did not, for they cleared one end of the hall, hung a great patch-work bed-quilt across and marshalled the company into something like order. Then, after a brief pause, in which there was much whispering, the improvised curtain was drawn aside and disclosed Miss Minerva standing hand in hand with Mr. Frank Emmons, with a young lady and gentleman as supporters, and the old minister before them.

Amazed, but silent, the Deacon looked on. He did not comprehend the affair at all, had no practical knowledge of charades, but when certain words had been spoken and a ring passed, a sudden light broke in upon the darkness of his understanding, and he exclaimed with an earnestness that startled all:

"Je-ru-sa-lem! It looks like a marriage!"

The hearty laugh that followed sufficed for a full explanation and it needed not the assurance of the minister to convince him that his daughter was honestly and legally married to the man of her choice. And yet at first he was disposed to be angry. Then he saw the foolishness of such a proceeding, especially as he had previously given his assent to the selection of his daughter, and entered heartily into the laugh against himself.

"That's what you call a—Jerusalem! I can't speak the new fangled name—is it? Yet it wasn't hardly fair to fool the old man so, Minerva. I did expect you would find something in your stockings to-night, child, but not a great, live man. However it is all right (anything she could have done would have been so) and we'll make the best of it, and your mother and I will have plenty to do in getting things ready to fill the little stockings that—"

A soft white hand stopped his words, red and ripe lips were pressed upon his own, a silken face was laid upon his wrinkled one, a few tears of happiness were rained down upon his broad breast, and with faltering tongue the old man called the young husband to his side, gave him the hand of his darling, and said, "Take her and may God bless you both, my children. If I have lost a daughter I have found a son and shall have another arm to lean upon when my eyes grow dim and steps unsteady and—"

More he would have said but a great ringing of bells summoned them to supper—and such a supper. It would have made grim Famine commit suicide in despair to have looked upon the tables, and Time throw away his hour-glass and sit blythely down and enjoyed the feast. The good mother had known the secret from the first, and with her pride stimulated had distanced all former efforts, even to produce a Christmas supper, and the only complaint was of excessive fullness, when again the violins summoned the party to the hall.

A few more hours of such happiness as rarely comes to earth and the old house became silent. The company had departed, but not before the Deacon had invited all to be present that day year, whispering at the same time something in the ear of his daughter that sent the blood bounding to her cheeks and caused her to turn suddenly and shamefaced away.

Was he right?

Come with me this joyous, blessed day. You will be welcomed right royally. Come and assist in the festivities and taste to repletion of the good cheer, and when the bright-eyed babe is christened, join with all in wishing to him, aye even to all upon earth, a happy, merry, bountiful Christmas.

Trees as Weather Prophets.

It is a matter of common observance that trees and their branches fall during the prevalence of storms, and from perfectly obvious reasons. But close observers among those familiar with the woods will tell you that often times these things occur just before a severe storm, and are the sign and forerunner of its approach. The phenomenon was witnessed by a farmer of Oswego town, while on his way last Sunday to attend divine service in the Thompson school house, who observed a large limb break and fall off from a tree by the roadside. There was no wind stirring at the time, and no apparent cause for the phenomenon. He says that he made up his mind that a severe storm was close at hand. He recalled the circumstance at Hannibal a year ago, during the camp meeting service, when a large beech tree fell upon the camp meeting tent, at a time when, happily, the congregation was outside, and only a small child was in the tent asleep. The child was not only not injured, but not even awakened. There was no wind at the time, in fact, the atmosphere was unusually still. There was no apparent cause for the fall of the tree; but a heavy storm followed shortly after, as Monday's storm succeeded the intense heat and quiet of the day before. The falling of the tree and the apparent almost miraculous escape of the congregation were the occasion of much speculation, and the incident was quickly seized and forcibly used by the exhorter to illustrate the protecting care of heaven. The farmer of whom we speak also says that for many years he has observed similar incidents of falling limbs and trees in the stillness which so generally precedes great storms of rain or wind. The relator is more than ordinarily a close observer of things. —*Oswego Times.*

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe." Read of it.—*Cairo Bulletin.*

AT Allahabad a Mohammedan girl ten years of age was some time since married to a boy of seven by the Mahammedan form of marriage. She never lived with him, and, indeed, never saw him after the ceremony was performed. When she came to maturity she married the man of her choice, by whom she has had children. Now, however, the first husband has claimed her, and by an order of the Chief Court.

A CABINET MINISTER is always in attendance upon the Queen when she is out of England. Members of the Cabinet take the duty by turns. The Minister in attendance is required to be almost all the time within call, as the Queen may need his counsel at any moment. When he does not dine with her he may dine alone or with the Lord in Waiting.

FARM NOTES.

FAT MILCH COWS.—It is possible for milch cows to become too fat. In this case give less meal and more bran.

APPLES.—Ohio farmers, at a loss how to dispose of their apples, are feeding them to their cows, and report good results.

FEED FOR POULTRY PER YEAR.—One bushel of corn, or corn and meal mixed, per head, is a fair allowance for common fowls for a year. They will pick up enough in addition to this to keep them in good condition if they have a run at large every day. If kept shut up some scraps of meat and vegetables will be needed in addition to the grain.

DISEASED FRUIT TREES.—We have tried it repeatedly and never knew it to fail. That is, cutting off the diseased part and slitting the bark on one side of the limb and body from the affected part down. In fact, if the diseased part is cut off and the limb and body slit, it will stop the destruction of the tree, or at least it has for us every time.—*Fruit Recorder.*

HORSES PAWING IN THE STABLE.—A light chain is recommended by some to break them of this trick, fastened above the knee to hang down loose, but not long enough to touch the floor. If horses kick, fasten the chain in the same way to the hind leg. If a horse is at all nervous—as such as paw and kick usually are—we should be afraid that the chain would frighten and cause him to kick and paw so much more violently as to jerk it around and seriously injure his legs.

DIGGING POTATOES.—A Maine farmer says in the New York *Herald* that he paid his men $1.25 per day for digging and pitting potatoes, which cost six cents per bushel. He told two of the men he would give them five cents per bushel if they would do the work. They took the job and went to work, and dug and pitted 100 bushels per day, and went home some times by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The farmer saved one cent per bushel, or $1 per day; and the men doubled their wages.

PRODUCE GOOD MILKERS.—Extra milkers should be kept to breed from, their milking qualities alone entitling them to this preference. It is quite as necessary to raise the calves of good milkers, in order to have another race of good milkers, as it is to raise the colts of good trotters in order to have fast horses. Extra dairy cows are always in demand. It is certainly to be regretted that more care is not taken to improve the milking qualities of our cows; and it is also a source of regret that so many of our farmers are in the habit of disposing of so many of their young calves to the butchers.

FURNISH YOUR BOYS WITH TOOLS.—Prof. John E. Sweet, in an address before the Onondaga Co. Farmers' Club said: "The farmer who provides himself with the necessary tools to do the repairing of the farm, not only makes a paying investment, but does for his sons, in another way, just exactly what he does for them when he sends them to school. He gives them a chance to learn to do something. From among those boys will be found the mechanical engineers of the future." It would be difficult to crowd more truth and common sense into this short space. It is well known among mechanics that when an apprentice "learns to handle his tools," his trade is half learned.

PREPARING MANURE FOR HOT-BED.—Fresh stable manure, in which there is plenty of litter, is most suited for this purpose. There should be at least one-third litter in the heap. If this is not in the mass in sufficient quantity, add leaves or tanbark; shake it up and mix it well together, adding water if at all dry and musty, and throw it into a compact heap to ferment. Let it remain a week, and then work it over thoroughly, as before, and add water, if necessary. Where the ground is quite dry, a very good method is to dig a space about eighteen inches deep, and put in the manure, tramping it firmly add evenly, and place thereon the frame or sash, and put in the rich earth, and in about four days, sow the seed, having previously stirred the earth freely, to destroy the seeds of weeds therein.

HOGS IN WINTER.—There is no domestic animal that suffers so much from exposure to cold and wet as the hog. He is a native of a mild climate, and should be treated as his nature demands if we would turn its peculiarities to our advantage. And during winter he should be provided with warm, dry quarters, plenty of warm, clean bedding, and an abundant supply of nutritious, fat and heat-producing food. For this purpose there is nothing equal to corn, owing to the large amount of carbon in its composition, which the hog appropriates in producing fat and heat to warm his system—the same as our stoves consume carbon in the form of wood and coal to warm our rooms. The colder and the more exposed these rooms are, the more fuel we are obliged to consume to make them comfortable. Just so with the hog—the less care is expended in making his quarters comfortable, the more corn he must consume to keep up the animal heat, and, if not supplied with the necessary amount of food, his system has to fall back on carbon it has stored in the form of fat, and he must necessarily lose in weight, at his careless or thoughtless owner's expense. Hogs should also have a good supply of water, as it is impossible for them to digest their food without water to dissolve it and convey it into the blood. They should be kept constantly supplied with salt, coal and ashes. Salt is a valuable stimulator of the appetite and digestive organs. During warm days in the winter the feed should be regulated according to the temperature, just as we would regulate the fuel according to the demands of the weather. When the weather suddenly becomes warm, animals lose their appetites, and are liable to become "stalled." Some cooling, succulent food, as slops or vegetables of some kind should be substituted for the more heating food of grain.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

LAMP-SHADES of ground glass should be washed with soda and water, which will not discolor them.

TO RESTORE VELVETS.—Hold over a basin of boiling water, back down. It takes a long time, but the nap will rise.

LEMON ZEST.—Rub loaf-sugar over the surface of lemons. The friction breaks the oil-ducts and the sugar absorbs the oil. Put into fruit jars in the lump, or pound fine. Keep tightly corked. This is very fine for flavoring custards, creams' etc.

COFFEE.—The best coffee is made by using a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha. Delmonico is said to allow one and one-half pound of coffee to a gallon of water. The water is filtered through the coffee—it is not boiled.

FRIED MUSH.—This simple breakfast dish is much improved, if the slices of mush are first dipped in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs, trying in a mixture of lard and butter to a light brown. The meal should be thoroughly cooked and the mush allowed to become cold before slicing.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Cut out the blossom ends and quarter the apples, but do not peal or core them. Put into a stone jar, covered well, and set in a kettle of tepid water, with a block or small tin in the bottom. Let it boil thus nearly all day, leaving it in the covered jar until next morning. Then sift through a colender, and afterwards strain through a jelly bag. Allow a pound of sugar for a pint juice. Boil the juice twenty minutes, add the hot sugar, stirring well, and let all boil up together two or three minutes. Some crab apples seem very dry, and require a little addition of water to the juice.

DRIED PEAS.—Soak a quantity of peas in water for twenty-four hours. Throw the water away, and put the peas in a sauce-pan with a couple of onions stuck with cloves, a bunch of thyme and parsley, a couple of bay leaves, whole pepper and salt to taste. Fill up the sauce-pan with cold water, and set the contents to boil until the peas are thoroughly done. Drain off the water, pass the peas through a hair sieve and work them in a sauce-pan on the fire with a piece of butter until the puree is quite hot, moistening with a little stock or some of their own liquor if the puree be too stiff. A piece of bacon boiled with the peas is an improvement.

LARD.—Leaf lard, skin carefully, wash, drain, cut into bits, put into a tin pail and set into a pot of boiling water. After melting, throw in a small quantity of salt to make the sediment settle, then simmer for half an hour or until clear. Strain through a coarse cloth into jars. Tie over bladders or paper and cloth, the latter dipped in melted grease. The other fatty portions, wash, drain, cut into bits and put into an iron kettle over a slow fire. Add a small teacupful of water, to prevent burning. When the bits of fat are reduced to fibers, take out with a skimmer. Watch constantly, and toward the last stir constantly. The fire should be moderate from first to last. Sprinkle in a little salt, and when the fat looks clear take from the fire, and when cool enough strain through a sieve or coarse cloth into jars. When straining lard, do not press the cloth as long as the clear fat will run through, and when you do squeeze it, strain that part into another jar. Lard keeps best in small quantities, so it is well not to use overlarge vessels. Keep closely covered in a cool, dark place.

An Indiana Sportsman's Experience.

[From the Valparaiso (Ind.) Messenger.]

One of the finest kennels in this country, and the purest in the West, is owned by Mr. W. H. Holabird—The Sportsman's Clothier of Valparaiso, Indiana. He says: "We use St. Jacobs Oil in our family in preference to all other liniments; I have also tried it in my kennel with wonderful results."

Induced to Chew.

"I never tried to chew tobacco but once," remarked the Rev. Mr. Bodwell. "I shall never forget the circumstance."

"Tell us about it," remarked a young lady, who, a few moments before had been baptized by the reverend gentleman.

"I was a very small boy at the time, and was a great favorite of Daniel, a colored man, owned by my father. I used to go out to Dan's cabin at night and listen to his ghost stories until I was afraid to cross the yard to the big house, as the negroes termed our residence. One night, when the wind scattered the snowflakes around the old cabin, and while several large sweet potatoes roasted in the fire, I sat with old Daniel. No one who has been raised among colored people can forget the comfort of sitting around the cabin fire. The old spinning-wheel, the hamper baskets in the corner, the red bedsteads, and the dug-out cradle, all come back and defy the influence of glowing furniture and soft rugs. Dan was strikingly communicative on the night in question. We had killed hogs that day, and the truth is, old Dan had been drinking.

"'Tom,' remarked the old man, 'yer don' chaw terbarker, does yer?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Dat's a pity. A boy who doesn't chaw terbarker never will be a man. I will bet yer can't spitober dat backlog. Try hit.'"

"I tried, and failed signally."

"'Dar now. Doan yer know dat a boy what can't spit never will be a man? Haben' yer ever noticed how a man will spit?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Wall, wouldn't yer like to place yersef on de record, an' learn ter spit like a white man?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Wall, heah, take dis',' " and he cut a piece of tobacco from a large twist.

"'Smack dat in yer mout', an' chaw while der taters is roastin'.'

"I obeyed, and in a few moments could spit like a man."

"'Come down on hit savage,' he said. 'Hit hard. Watch me,' and he chewed vigorously. The fire grew excessively warm. I looked around, and the hamper baskets seemed to be tumbling over each other.

"'Doan spit hit out. Hit savage. Chaw hard. De victory is in sight. Is yer sick?'

"'No, sir, but—but—.' I had eaten a hearty supper, but within three minutes from the time I threw out the tobacco I was as empty as one of the hamper baskets, and as limber as the spinning-wheel band. Dan spread a blanket on the floor, and, as I dozed off to sleep, I heard him blowing the ashes from the potatoes. I never have taken another chew."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A Story of Choate.

In order to counteract the odious reputation arising from the many modes of thwarting and defeating justice in the interest of debtors and of delay, certain judges conceive themselves to be inspired with a divine mission for "dispatching business," which reminds one of the celebrated dialogue between a Chief Justice of Massachusetts and Mr. Choate:

Chief Justice—"You must be brief, Mr. Choate; the calendar is long, and I have a great many cases to dispose of. State your points briefly."

Choate—"If your Honor has not time to hear me without condensing my argument before it is made, I prefer to wait until I can make it in full."

Chief Justice—"I have time to hear you, but you must be brief."

Choate—"But I wish to be heard in full, and can not afford to be brief."

Chief Justice—"Mr. Choate, you are aware that I sit here, this morning, for the dispatch of business."

Choate—"Indeed! Then I ask to have this argument postponed until your Honor is ready to sit for the administration of justice."—*Chicago News.*

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.—*Advance.*

AN Irishman applied to an overseer of a ship-yard to be put on a job. He was informed that his request could not be complied with; but, as Pat continued to gaze at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity, the foreman repeated his reply that there was no work for him, and advised him to go away. "Divil a bit will I stir, sorr, till I see the man that's going to use that pick!"

BAD habits are easily contracted; so are Colds, and both are very hard to get rid of. The Colds are quickly and surely cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"SHALL we dance?" asks the Syracuse *Standard.* If you step on a carpet tack, or run your shin bone against a rocking-chair, when in search of the soothing syrup, you will dance without stopping to ask any questions.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

MONEY IN IT.

[From the St. Louis Times.]

The best investment is in that which will maintain health. From a letter of Mr. C. W. Eck, No. 12 S. 5th St., St. Louis, Mo., it is learned that the clerk of the Money-Order Dept. at the postoffice in Alton, Ill., Mr. J. B. Kuhn, suffered for some time with indigestion and all its accompanying evils—a headache, loss of appetite and despondency, and was surely becoming a hypochondriac. He commenced the use of Hamburg Drops and is now well and strong again.

A Montana Heroine.

One of the guests at the Choteau House is the heroine of a first-class snake story. While horseback riding with a female friend, the latter encountered a huge rattlesnake, which caused her horse to stop suddely and refuse to proceed further in the direction of the reptile. The lady, however, dismounted, and without waiting to procure a stick or other weapon, she boldly approached his snakeship, grasped him by the tail and pounded the life out of him before he had time to make an effort in his own defense. The snake was over three feet long and sported twelve rattles. The story seems tough, but the lady who first encountered the snake vouches for the facts, and the heroine has the reptile to show for her exploits.—*Benton (M. T.) Record.*

NO REMEDY for kidney diseases heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.—*C. A. Harvey, D. D., Washington, D. C.*

HE said he was bashful and blushed painfully, and asked her if she could spell bashful. She said she might do it on a pinch, and spelled it b-a-s-h-f-o-o-l. Then he looked uneasily at her and began to wonder if she were unutterably ignorant or superlatively sarcastic.

The Epizootic

Has again made its appearance in various parts of the country. As prevention is better than cure, the attention of owners of stock is called to UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDERS. These celebrated powders stand unrivaled for their excellency as a preventive from disease. By mixing with the feed they will keep the animal in the best general health, toning up the system and keeping the digestive organs and blood in a healthy condition.

The Powders are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Prepared by the EMMERT PROPRIETARY CO., Chicago, Ill. Put up in 25 and 50-cent packages, and sold by all druggists.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

MALARIAL fevers can be prevented, also other miasmatic diseases, by occasionally using *Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator*, the oldest general Family Medicine, which is recommended as a cure for all diseases caused by a disordered liver. Eighty-page book sent free. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

VEGETINE in Powder Form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, inclose 50 cents in postage stamps for one package, or $1 for two packages, and I will send it by return mail. H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

FOR a pamphlet on Electric Treatment of chronic diseases with Electricity, which will be sent free, address the McIntosh Electric Belt and Battery Co., 192 & 194 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

A THOROUGH practical education can be had at H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College and English Training School. Write for circulars.

EVERY farmer and teamster should know that Frazer axle grease cures sore necks and scratches on horses.

CORRECT your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

VEGETINE.

The Barks, Roots and Herbs

FROM WHICH VEGETINE IS MADE

In Powder Form,

SOLD FOR

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VEGETINE

For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.

ISLESBORO, Me., Dec. 28, 1877.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I had had a cough for eighteen years, when I commenced taking the Vegetine. I was very low; my system was debilitated by disease. I had the Kidney Complaint, and was very nervous—cough bad, lungs sore. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; it has helped my cough, and it strengthens me. I am now able to do my work. Never have found anything like the Vegetine. I know it is everything it is recommended to be. MRS. A. J. PENDLETON.

Dr. W. ROSS Writes:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine for twenty-five years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. DR. W. ROSS, Druggist,

Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

Vegetine in Powder Form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, inclose fifty cents in postage stamps for one package, or one dollar for two packages, and I will send it by return mail.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

There is no civilized nation in the Western Hemisphere in which the utility of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as a tonic, corrective and anti-bilious medicine, is not known and appreciated. While it is a medicine for all seasons and all climates, it is especially suited to the complaints generated by the weather, being the purest and best vegetable stimulant in the world.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1881.

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$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

$17.50 A DAY made by one agent. Address REV. S. T. BUCK, Lewisburg, Pa.

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PISO'S CURE for Consumption is also the best cough medicine.

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$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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THE MARKETS.

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BEEVES	$7 00	@11 50
HOGS	4 70	@ 4 90
COTTON	11¼	@ 11¾
FLOUR—Superfine	3 40	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 15	@ 1 21
CORN—Ungraded	56	@ 59
OATS—Mixed Western	42	@ 44
RYE—Western	1 03	@ 1 04
PORK—Mess	13 75	@15 00
LARD	8¾	@ 9
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 10	@ 6 50
Cows and Heifers	2 50	@ 3 75
Medium to Fair	4 25	@ 4 75
HOGS	3 50	@ 5 10
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 75	@ 6 25
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 01	@ 1 03
No. 3 Spring	86	@ 87
CORN—No. 2	39	@ 40
OATS—No. 2	32	@ 33
RYE—No. 2	86	@ 87
BARLEY—No. 2	1 06	@ 1 07
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	32	@ 34
EGGS—Fresh	27	@ 28
PORK—Mess	11 80	@13 00
LARD	8¼	@ 8½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 03	@ 1 06
No. 2	1 01