

ALABAMA NEWS.

The Supreme Court adjourned last Wednesday until Nov. 8th.

Greenville receives on an average about 350 bales of cotton a day.

The cotton yield is considerably less than last year in Jackson county.

Eggs are worth 20 cents a dozen at Greenville, and are scarce at that.

Only ten true bulls were found by the grand jury last term in Conecuh county.

The Methodist at Carrollton had a protracted meeting in progress last week.

Thirty-three true bulls were found at the recent term of Escambia circuit court.

The Democrat is the name of a new paper to be started at Guntersville this week.

The ladies of Lowndes Church, Lowndes county, realized about \$75 from a church supper.

Two-thirds of the cotton crop in the vicinity of Greenville has already been gathered.

Hon. Jas. Steward, Probate Judge elect of Perry county, was quite ill at Uniontown last week.

Mrs. Shade Thompson, who resides four or five miles north of Eufulah, had her hand badly cut in a gin.

More than 500 wagon loads of rocks were required to lay the foundation of three new brick stores in Roanoke.

The storehouse of Mr. J. M. Smith, on the H. R. R. R. Road, was recently broken open and robbed of \$400.

Mr. John Raborn, at Union Springs, had his arm so badly mangled in a gin that amputation became necessary.

Hon. L. W. Cannon, Probate Judge of Calhoun county, died at his home in Jacksonville Tuesday last week.

Crops of sugar cane, peas and potatoes are very fine throughout this section, and will generally yield abundantly.

Since the protracted meeting commenced, several new members have joined the Methodist church, at Birmingham.

The Circuit Court of Pickens county sentenced a negro to one year's hard labor for burglarizing a box of matches.

In Pickens county at the term of the Circuit Court just closed, there were 41 convictions and fines amounting to \$1,275.

In Talladega county, the recent census shows 23,165 inhabitants, an increase of 5,202 within the past ten years.

For the second time within the last year Mr. D. C. Whitley, of Letebahie, Lowndes county, has lost a residence by fire.

Sixteen persons united with the church at the Rutledge, Crenshaw county, camp meeting, and forty protracted conversion.

The Bullock county Chancery court will convene on Monday, the 18th inst., and Circuit court on Monday, the 25th inst.

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John Messer, aged 18 years, was crushed to death in the running gear of a gin near Cherokee, Colbert county, last Monday week.

At Birmingham the Free White School has 180 or 185 pupils in attendance, not including the branch school, south of the railroad.

Mr. George P. Roberts, of Elba, reports the condition of coffee country very much improved, and the past twelve months.

The Episcopal church at Owensboro, Kentucky.

Charles Mason and wife, of Conecuh county, have lived together as man and wife for over seventy years, and are now aged respectively 91 and 87 years.

Mr. James L. Trammell was killed by a boiler explosion which occurred on his place in Chambers county, Ala. The engineer, a negro, was also killed.

The price of mules is about thirty per cent higher than last year. The supply in the West is much smaller than last season and the demand is unusually good.

A new coal mine has just been opened near Coal Creek, on the Alabama and Georgia Southern railroad, owned and managed by Messrs. Hays & Mellow.

The Marion Commonwealth says: A black bear was killed within the corporate limits of Marion, one day last week. Is not that another of the Commonwealth's jokes?

R. E. Ulbricht, Esq., of the Merchants' Bank of Meridian, Miss., has been appointed Auditor of the Alabama Great Southern Railroad, in place of H. W. Crittenden, deceased.

A committee was appointed at the last meeting of the Troy City Council to investigate the feasibility of establishing water works in the city, and to report a plan, probable cost, etc.

The Tusculum North Alabama reports an old and experienced farmer as saying a few days west of this city, aged 15 years, was killed by a train of the Alabama and Georgia Southern Railroad, in place of H. W. Crittenden, deceased.

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OBITUARY.

It is with deep sadness that we pen a few lines this morning to the memory of our dear sister, George McLaney, of Bullock county, Ala., who died suddenly on the evening of the 18th of June, 1880, in the 31st year of her age.

She was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Bennet, and in October, 1869, united with the Baptist church at Liberty, where her parents had been members so long. In November, 1869, she united in marriage with H. G. McLaney, son of the well known honorable citizen of Bullock county, Jas. M. McLaney, Sr., who died last November in Troy, Ala.

From childhood our sister was quiet, gentle, lovable. With fair advantages of education, she attended school at Brundidge in 1868, in company with myself and her sister, Fannie. Both of these sisters were then with our hope and "without God in the world."

As the term of school drew near its close, and they were exulting in the prospect of soon seeing the loved ones at home, one of them remarked, "Only one month and we'll be at home!" I replied, "Only one month and you may be in your grave! Only one month and you may be in eternity! You don't know that you shall ever reach home!" Early in the year of 1869, I wrote them on the subject of personal salvation; and soon, on a quiet day, at church, when all religious feeling seemed to be still, these sisters calmly rose and offered themselves for membership, dating their conversion from the Brundidge remarks quoted above. We know not what results may follow as the outgrowth of a single little conversation.

While our sister was alive, she loved amusement and happiness; but even before conversion, she was a true and earnest Christian. After the Lord revealed his love to her, she was a true and earnest Christian. After the Lord revealed his love to her, she was a true and earnest Christian.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Eliza M. Looney, son of R. P. and P. O. Looney, died at the residence of his uncle, O. P. Looney, at Fayetteville, Talladega county, Sept. 28, 1880. He was born Nov. 27, 1850, aged 29 years, 9 months and 8 days. He was a member of the Methodist church, and became a Christian at an early age, and never did participate in any of the vices of the world. He was a true and earnest Christian.

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\$100.00 A Month
Can be made by energetic business men, with little or no capital. Business light, pleasant and permanent. Call on or address by mail, M. E. ARREY, Opera-Building, Selma, Ala.

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The most comfortable boat in town is that with Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

This best, cheapest and most convenient article for marking clothes is the *French Indelible Pencil*. For sale by Cawthon & Coleman, Druggists, Selma, Ala.

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We are happy to announce that the Publication Society has published a Memoir of DR. BINNEY, prepared by Mrs. Binney, the companion of his missionary labors. His work as President of the Theological Seminary for the Kansas at Andover, has been familiar to our readers. This work is a real contribution to our Christian and Missionary literature. He was a Baptist and worked under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union, but his labors in his labors for the education of a native Kanian ministry was not confined to our own denomination. His life and labors belong to the general history of Christian missions. His numerous friends will be glad to hear that there has been issued a suitable memorial of one whom they so justly loved and honored.

AM. BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, 1129 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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45 PER DAY Family Soap. Weighs accurately up to 55 lbs. In Bulk, 100 lbs. per box. **FORN & DOM. CASH PRICES.** CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE EIGHTH ANNUAL SESSION of this Institution will begin Monday, September 13, 1880, and end June 15, 1881.

Rates of Tuition for Term of Five Months: Primary Department, \$10.00; Preparatory Department, \$15.00; Collegiate Department, \$25.00. Art, \$17.50.

Board can be obtained in private families at \$10.00 per month. Entire expense for Board and Tuition in the literary course, is only \$145.00 for the scholastic year.

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Eminent Dr. Wm. Alex. Greene, Macon, Ga., writes: I have tested the virtues of *Cole's Liquid Extract of Beef* in debility, weakness, depression, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and nervous affections, and have found it the best remedy I ever used.

Frank Leslie's SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

Is one of the most interesting yet issued, the education and its pages of entertainment, and, with

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"Nothing but Leaves."

BY R. F. BISHOP.

It is a ghastly thought
That life, so fair,
Is, in importance, naught
More than the air.
Yet, dauntless man, sustained by some fond hope,
'Er tirelessly doth strive though oft in vain,
While toil and care consume his talents up,
And but a momentary dym his gain.
And in life's web he ever weaves
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves;
His mind conceives
Nothing but leaves!

I wander to the fount,
Where life's weak stream,
Indifferently flows,
And as 'tis lost in windings of the glade,
And whispers to the flowers standing by,
I think that thus so many a life is made:
To rise in joy, but in oblivion die,
For it finds in its morn and eve,
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves;
Even change perceives
Nothing but leaves!

By life's streamlet more gay,
At length I stand,
And watch it lightly play
O'er golden sand.
And many gold and silver gems I note,
Bright sparkling in yellow sands beneath—
Or on its rippling wavelets gliding float,
While waited by the winds that softly breathe.
How each my fancy sad deceives!
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves,
Not one retrieves
Nothing but leaves!

And by the river wide,
Whose waters deep,
O'er heaps of treasure glide
Or fiercely sweep,
Admiringly I watch its foaming crest,
And treasure boats that fly before the gale,
And boundless joy o'erflows my heaving breast,
As fortune sends to me each swelling sail.
I would possess, but Fate achieves
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves;
And time achieves
Nothing but leaves!

I walk along the shore
Of life's dark sea,
And hear its breakers roar
Monotonously.
I see upon its surging waves dark,
Deep plowing in the main a mighty fleet,
Each seems a goodly jewel-laden bark,
Each empties now its treasures at my feet.
I reach to grasp, my hand receives
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves;
My sad heart grieves,
Nothing but leaves!

I turn me from the beach,
And seek the wood,
And soon I gladly reach
A solitude.
And here, free from the giddy world's vain strife,
Moments of great pleasure I soon pass—
And fondly watch, in this dark shade of life,
Its wealth around me scattered, but alas!
I find at length Fate ne'er reprieves;
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves;
And the wind leaves
Nothing but leaves.
Hesperia, Ala., Aug. 29, 1880.

An Impressive Word.

A sermon powerful enough to lead
at least one man to a new and better
life, was once delivered in a quiet
way by an officer in the London post
office. His name was Blackwood. He
was on one of his customary trips in
to Surrey, and was riding on the top
of a stage coach.

There were two other men there
besides the driver, and he made him-
self sociable, as his custom was.
Gradually the conversation turned to
religious subjects.

This seemed acceptable to the man
who sat beside him. The talk was
mostly between the two. The third
man was, however, greatly annoyed,
and at the first stopping place he got
off, muttering his contempt at the
"pious cant" he had been obliged to
hear.

This exhibition of ill-nature rather
interested than disturbed Mr. Black-
wood, for he could not help pitying a
person who took offense so easily. As
the man turned to let himself down
from the stage top, one of his coat
pockets gaped wide open, and Mr.
Blackwood slipped a little book into
it. The title of the book was "Eternal
Life."

The man went away glad to be rid
of the company he had been obliged to
ride with, not knowing that he carried a
gift from one of his fellow travelers.
When he reached home he felt in his
pockets as his custom was before put-
ting aside his top-coat, and took out
the little book. He read the title.
Then in a rage he tore the leaves and
cover into pieces and flung them into
the fire-place.

The next day, during his absence,
the servant, in clearing the grate, saw
something on one of the torn pieces
which led her to pick them all up, and
save them; and at night when the
gentleman came home again, he found
them on his table. He rang the bell
immediately to summon his do-
mestic.

"Molly," he said angrily, "is this
your work?"
Half frightened, the girl confessed
that she had taken out the papers.
"And what did you do with them?"
"I didn't destroy them," she said.
"Please, sir, I saw 'Eternity' on
one of the scraps, and I thought it
a pity to burn them; I thought, maybe
you didn't know."

"Leave the room!" said the master,
and Molly was glad enough to go.
As soon as he was alone, the angry
man began to gather up the pieces,
thinking as he did so of the word
"Eternity," in spite of himself. He
could not help looking for it, and
when he found it he searched further.
His curiosity was awakened, it noth-
ing else. Finally having an idle hour
before him, he fell to arranging the
pieces as if working a puzzle. He suc-
ceeded in matching all the scraps,
and then he pasted them together
with strips of transparent gum paper.

The whole of the little book was re-
stored, and being really interested by
this time, he sat down and read it
through.

The reading of it impressed him
greatly. He found it impossible to
banish serious thoughts from his
mind. The power of the little preach-
er followed him for days, and at
length led him to give himself to
Christ as his savior.

When next he met Mr. Blackwood,
it was to surprise him with a sight of
that torn and patched book, and to
tell him of the change its words had
wrought in him.—*Companion.*

Money and Brains.

BY CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.

Mary Emery caught the roll of
bills which her father had playfully
thrown to her across the table. "Make
my library as handsome as you can
for that money, my good little house-
keeper," he said.

"If I can make the room as taste-
ful with part of the money as the
whole, may I keep what I save, fa-
ther?" asked Mary.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear; on-
ly don't put up unbleached sheets
for curtains, nor give me a slippery
bare floor with a fur tidy in the mid-
dle of it. Good morning, dear; I
trust your taste and goodness."

The floor of the recess of the new-
ly-made bay window of the library
was bare, and so Mr. Emery had de-
cided that a new carpet must be
bought—though no new one could
please him so well as the present one.

Of course a new wall paper must fol-
low a new carpet; and new curtains
must bring up the procession.
Mary counted her money—one hun-
dred and eighty dollars. Then she
made a careful survey of the wall pa-
per, and saw that it was fresh and
nice save where the backs of the
heavy chairs had mused it.

The rep curtains were faded, but
she saw that by turning they would
do very well for the dining room.
She thought of a new kind of cur-
tains which she wished to make, and
which she knew would please her fa-
ther, who was out of patience with
heavy draperies in the library, where
of all places the light of heaven was
needed.

The room was closed and locked
for three weeks, while Mary was
planning and working.
The carpet on it was a very hand-
some Brussels one; but it could not
be matched, nor yet could an old
piece be tolerated in the bay-window.

Mary cut from the center of this
carpet a piece large enough to cover
the floor of the bay-window, filling
the vacant place with odd carpeting.
Over this was placed a large square
of plain matron-colored druggat, bor-
dered with black, and tacked down
at the corners. When the heavy writ-
ing table was replaced over it and the
easy chairs put in their old places,
no one could have guessed at the se-
cret hidden beneath them.

A dodo of rich paper healed and
covered the wounds on the wall. Next
appeared at the window the triumph
of brain and fingers—the new curtains.

There was a window on each side
of the bay-window, and another on
the side of the room where Mr. Em-
ery always sat to read.

The curtains were so beautiful that
I must stop to describe them in de-
tail. They were of heavy cotton flannel,
dyed a deep sage green—no one,
now a days, can escape a little sage
or olive green! The curtains were di-
vided in the middle; on the inner side
Mary had stitched large oak leaves—
crimson, brown, orange, scarlet and
yellow—of fine flannel with silk to
match the colors. Some of them were
arranged in groups, others turned up-
ward and others dropped—making a
broad, rich border. She cut the cot-
ton flannel out from behind the leaves,
thus allowing the light to shine
through them. This gave a rich and
brilliant effect when they were hung
on black poles with gilt rings.

She then selected a quantity of fine
acorns, separated the nuts from the
cups, and gilded both with a liquid
gold paint. She pierced the cups with
a large darning-needle, and ran a fine
yellow cord through them, knotting it
on the inner side. She then with a
drop of two of glue fixed the nuts in
place; and behold, golden acorns
swinging by cords of a finger's length!
These she sewed singly and in bunch-
es among the oak leaves; and hand-
somer or more unique curtains never
hung at any library windows!

Her "father's window" was still
bare; but only for a day or two long-
er.

She selected silks of blue and scar-
let and yellow, of medium shades, cut
them into pieces the exact size of the
panes, on which she then laid them,
placing other panes over them, which
were held in by tiny beads.

Over the lower sash she hung, from
a rod with rings, a dainty dotted
muslin curtain.

The light shining through the gay
panes gave a rich effect to the room,
while the muslin curtain which shad-
ed the light, could be drawn at
pleasure.

Mary placed her father's easy
chair and his table at this window, in
the cozy corner, and after breakfast
one bright morning, invited him and
her aunt, who was visiting her from
the country, into the library.

"Well, well! This is charming!"
said the old gentleman, looking around
on his library, which still had a fam-
iliar air, though so changed—like an
old friend in new clothes—"here
is my carpet, and my paper—and—
well, you must have paid a fine penny
for that stained glass! It is beautiful,
and I shall be a happy man with no
draperies at my own window, to tuck
and push out of my way."

"These curtains are elegant, my
dear. Where did you buy them?" asked
the aunt, who had not been let in-
to the secret.

"But my dear," asked her father,
"where did you match my carpet?"
"I did not," said Mary. "I wove it
by a magic spell out of my own brain,
and no one must ask me any ques-
tions about it."

And she passed a slip of paper to
her father, with these items of ex-
penditure on it:

Druggat.....\$14.00
Paper for dodo..... 4.00
Material for curtains..... 7.00
Stained glass..... 2.00
Rods and rings..... 7.00
Muslin..... 1.00
Sundries..... 1.00
\$36.00
"Now, father, look at your room!
Are you satisfied with it?" asked Mary.
"Indeed I am, my dear."
"You remember you said I might
have all the money I could save in do-
ing it," said Mary, going up behind
her aunt, and throwing something

over her shoulders. "Here is your
Christmas present," she said to her,
"which I have earned for you."
"A seal-skin saccue!" cried Aunt
Alice. "Why, Mary, child, you are
crazy!"

Mr. Emery was much gratified.
"I am pleased with your taste, your
judgment and your skill; but a thou-
sand times more with your kind re-
membrance of your aunt. I thought
you wanted a seal-skin saccue for
yourself, my tummy little house-keeper."

"I do!" said Mary, laughing.
"Very well; here is a check. Go
down town and buy the mate of your
aunt's saccue."

"Very seldom," said Mary, laugh-
ing, "is virtue so speedily rewarded!"
—*Exchange.*

The Skeptical Shoemaker.

"I have read," said the shoemaker,
"a good deal about the heathen gods,
and I believe the account of Christ is
taken from some one of the heathen
writings or fables."

"Will you abide by your own deci-
sion on two questions that I will put
to you?" said the Bible-reader. "If
so, I will freely do the same. I will
abide by your own answers; by doing
so we shall save much time, and ar-
rive quicker at the truth."

"Well," said he, "out with it, and
let us see if I can answer; there are
but few things but what I can say
something about."

"Well, my friend, replied the reader,
"my first question is, Suppose all
men were Christians, according to the
account given to us in the gospels
concerning Christ, what would be the
state of society?"

He remained silent for some time
in deep thought, and then was con-
strained to say: "Well, if all men
were really Christians in practice as
well as theory, of course we should be
a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader,
"that I would abide by your answer;
will you do the same?"
"Oh, yes," he readily replied; "no
man can deny the goodness of the
system in practice; but now for the
other question; perhaps I shall get on
better with that; you have got a chalk
this time against me."

"Well, my next question is, this
Suppose all men were infidels, what
then would be the state of London
and of the world?" He seemed still
more perplexed, and remained a long
time silent, the reader doing the
same.

At length he said, "You certainly
have beaten me, for I never before
saw the two effects upon society; I
now see that where the Christian
builds up, the infidel is pulling down.
I thank you; I shall think of what
has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully
persuaded in his own mind to give up
all his infidel companions and follow
the Lord Jesus Christ. But the
change did not stop here. When first
the reader called he had to sit on an
old, dirty chair, with a number of
half-starved children sitting in their
rags on the floor around him, neg-
lected and uncared for; now they
have removed to a better home in a
cleaner street. Within, all is cheer-
ful and happy. The father, no longer
faithless, delights in the company of
his wife and children, all of whom are
neatly dressed; and his chief happi-
ness is to read and speak to them
of the things which belong to their
everlasting peace.

"Where the Christian builds, the
infidel pulls down." Why is this? The
fact cannot be denied. Infidel France
wrote, "Death is an eternal sleep,"
above her cemeteries, and then tore
down civilization and quenched the
light of humanity in seas of blood—
And French communists in 1871,
while arresting ecclesiastics and de-
scribing them as "servants of a per-
son called God," dug down the foun-
dations of law, order, peace and truth,
and with fire and sword destroyed
their fellow-men by thousands, and
made the streets of Paris red with
blood.

The fruits of Christianity are as
precious as those of infidelity are
vile. Where the precepts of Christ
have sway, war is unknown; robbery,
dishonesty, intemperance, violence
and lust are forbidden; and under
their benign influence, property is
secure; life is sacred; poverty is pro-
vided for; sickness is pitied; infancy
is nurtured; old age is revered; woman-
hood is cherished; and manhood is
ennobled. Such are the fruits of
true Christianity; and infidel vir-
tues mostly spring from Christian
roots. Skepticism cannot blot out a
father's godly counsels or a mother's
fervent prayers. And as a result there
are often traces of Christian prin-
ciple where there is no Christian
profession; as there are plenty of people
who practice infidelity while they pro-
fess Christianity. Set gentle in-
fidelity and genuine Christianity
side by side, watch their fruits, and
take your choice.—*Exchange.*

Danger from a Phosphorus Burn.

The *Medical Times and Gazette*
mentions the case of a young man,
who, while traveling from Paris to
Lyons, lit a match by scratching it
with his thumb nail, and a piece of
the incandescent phosphorus penetra-
ted under the nail and made a slight
burn, to which he paid no attention.
But after an hour the pain became in-
tense, the thumb swelled, then the
hand, next the forearm. He was ob-
liged to alight at a station on the
journey and send for a medical man,
who declared that immediate amputa-
tion of the arm was necessary. The
patient insisted on postponing the op-
eration for a few hours, until the ar-
rival of his father, for whom he had
telegraphed. Before the latter, how-
ever, could reach his son, it was too
late; the poisonous matter had gained
the arm, then the shoulder, and an
operation became impossible. He
died in great agony in only twenty-
seven hours after the burn. This case
shows the danger of handling phos-
phorus in the manner described.

Mr. Budd asked her, "Rose, wilt
thou be mine?" Rose answered: "I
am sorry it can not be—but a rose
can not be turned into a bud."

Boiling water will remove tea stains
and many fruit stains; pour the water
through the stains, and thus prevent
it from spreading over the fabric.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Girls in the Garden.

If there is anything more beautiful
than another, in a garden of flowers,
that thing is a beautiful girl, with a
sun-bonnet on her head so wide and
capacious that you have got to get
right square before her, and pretty
near her, to see the glowing cheeks
that are sure to be there if she is at
all accustomed to garden walks and
works. Physically, there can be noth-
ing better for daughters, and, indeed,
for many wives, than to take sole
charge of a small flower-garden. The
benefits derived from early rising,
stirring the soil, snuffing the pure
morning air, and freshness and glow
of cheek and brightness of the eye,
cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind,
and purity of heart; consequently she
must be more cheerful and lovely as
a daughter, more dignified and wom-
anly as a sister, and more attractive
and confiding as a wife. If you have
not the door-yard ground, then get a
dozen pots and plant the seeds of
flowers to your taste. The care and
attention required to rear and train
the growing plant occupies the mind,
to the exclusion, oftentimes, of sense-
less novel-reading—a senseless waste
of time. You listless, pale-faced, frag-
ile thing of a girl, throw off your
mock delicacy; put on gloves, if you
will, but work in the flower-garden
till your cheeks vie in color with the
blush of the rose you cultivate.—*Ex-
change.*

Kitchen Floors.

If you have a painted floor, keep
soap and soap-suds off of it, for it
spoils the brightness of the paint,
makes it soft, and then peels it off,
leaving the floor looking worse than
if it had not been painted. If your
floor has not been painted, keep soap
off of it, for it gives it a dirty, grimy
look, and keeps growing worse all the
time. Just take clean hot water, put a
teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia in
it, and clean, long-handle mop, rub
the floor all over, then wipe it off with
clean water. It will take a little while
to get the grey out of the boards, but
it will come out after a time, and you
will find it far easier to keep your
floor white and nice than when it was
cleaned with soap or suds.—*Woman's
Journal.*

Here is what the *Gardener's Chroni-
cle* says to a correspondent, who
asks, What can be done for chickens
with the gapes?

Put them into a box and place in
the box at the same time a sponge
dipped in spirits of turpentine on a
hot water plate filled with boiling wa-
ter. Repeat this for three or four
days. But the most easily applied and
effective preventive, as well as cure,
is to give the chickens affected a pel-
let of camphor daily, about the size
of a small pea, and to have a piece of
camphor in the water they drink.

LAMB CUTLETS AND CUCUMBERS.
Trim the cutlets neatly, egg and bread
crumb them, and fry them in lard
until browned; drain and arrange them
in a circle on a dish, placing in the
center some cucumbers prepared as
follows: Cut up a large cucumber
in rounds an inch long. Cut each
round into four quarters, remove the
seeds and rind, trim each piece to a
uniform shape; then let them remain
in salted water for a couple of hours;
drain them, then immerse in boiling
sauce, and when they are nearly
cooked strain and put them into
cold water, there to remain until want-
ed. At the time of serving take the
pieces out of the water, and put them
into the sauce pan with a piece of but-
ter, some parsley finely minced, and
a sprinkle of white pepper; shake
them gently until quite warm and
they are ready.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FEVER AND AGUE.—There are
some situations where fever and ague
prevails every season, and this is the
case in the vicinity of creeks and
swamps. An acquaintance of ours,
who has resided for several years on
one of these creeks, never has had a
single case of fever and ague in his
family, while all his neighbors have
been more or less affected with it
every season. He attributes his im-
munity from this troublesome disease to
the use of a good fire in his house
every chilly and damp night in sum-
mer and fall. When the Indians travel
at night or early in the morning in
swampy regions they cover their nose
and mouth with some part of their
garments to warm the air which they
inhale, and this, they say, prevents
chills and fevers.—*Scientific Ameri-
can.*

A CONTENTED FARMER.—I do not
wish to make a long story of my ex-
perience as a farmer, but have a few
words to say for the benefit of young
farmers, and am very well satisfied
with the result. I began with land
that would keep four cows and a team;
by improving and adding, there, during
a period of twenty-five years, I now
keep twenty-five cows and three horses,
and have buildings worth ten
times as much as when I commenced.
And now, at the age of forty-five, I
am not discouraged, but think the
life of a farmer an independent and
easy one, compared to that of the
merchant or speculator.—*Correspondent
New England Farmer.*

COLD CATSUP.—Take half peck of
ripe tomatoes; cut fine; one small
cup of grated horse-radish, and the
same of salt and black and white
mustard seeds mixed; two table-
spoonsful of black pepper; two red
peppers, without the seeds, and three
celery stalks all chopped fine. If
situated seed is preferred it can be sub-
stituted; one cupful of nasturtiums
and onions, mixed and chopped; one
teaspoonful of ground cloves; two
teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; one tea-
spoonful mace; one teaspoon brown su-
gar; one quart beer; cider vinegar;
mix well and put in air-tight jars; not
to be heated.

Boiling water will remove tea stains
and many fruit stains; pour the water
through the stains, and thus prevent
it from spreading over the fabric.

PASTRY SANDWICHES.—Roll good
paste quite thin and lay on a baking
sheet or tin; spread on the paste apric-
ot, green, or any preserve prefer-
red; lay over this another thin paste,
press together at the edges, and mark
the paste in diagonal lines with a
knife, to show where to cut it when
baked; a short time before it is done
remove from the oven, brush over
with the white of an egg, into which
sift sugar, and put back in the oven
to crisp; when cold cut into dia-
monds, pile pyramidically, and serve
hot or cold.

TURNIPS ON THE GRIDDLE.—I had
seen for some time a statement giving
the rounds of newspapers, that a tur-
nip used in rubbing the griddle, while
cooking griddle cakes, would give the
desired smoothness, and do away
with the unpleasant smoke. I doubt-
ed it, but a trial soon convinced me
that the statement was correct. I
found, however, that it was necessary,
when beginning, to put a very lit-
tle grease on the turnip, but this
made no appreciable smoke.—*Am.
Agriculturist.*

PUMPKIN PIES.—Peel and remove
the seeds, etc., of a good, sweet
pumpkin, and stew in water enough
to keep from burning, until it can be
passed through a sieve; add three
pints of sweet cream and nine beaten
eggs, with sugar, mace, nutmeg, and
ginger, or grated lemon rind to taste;
border line pie plates with a nice
paste and fill with the mixture; bake
in moderate oven for one quarter of
an hour.

The corn used for a summer soup
should be scraped close to the cob, it
should be boiled for a long time, and
not put in the milk until the corn
is nearly done. And then the milk
must be hot. According to your taste
you may add Cayenne pepper, corn-
starch, a bit of onion, yolks of eggs,
or tomato catsup.

TOMATO TOAST.—Take one dozen
large ripe tomatoes, pare and slice
them; put in a stew pan over a mod-
erate fire. Add pepper and salt to
taste. Toast two slices of bread, but-
ter the toast and lay it in the bottom
of a deep dish, and pour the tomatoes
over it.

GOOD FOR COLDS.—Pour one quart
boiling water over four tablespoon-
fuls of flax seed. Steep—not boil—
three hours; cover closely while steep-
ing; then strain, sweeten to taste, and
add the juice of two lemons, putting
in more water if too thick to be agree-
able.

To keep raisins or other small fruits
from going to the bottom of cakes
and puddings, roll them in dry flour
till they are well covered with it.

Lampwick soaked for a quarter of
an hour in vinegar, and then dried
before being put into a lamp, will not
smoke. Try so simple a cure.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and
other stains from white cloth and
from the hands.

AN UNFORTUNATE SINGER.—A
well-known Connecticut clergyman
had a deacon who insisted upon lead-
ing the singing at the prayer meet-
ings. He was a great blunderer, and
he sang all the sad and melancholy
tunes he could think of. The hymn
was given out:

"I love to steal awhile away."
The deacon began: "I love to steal,"
to Mear, where he broke down. He
started with Dundee—"I love to
steal." The third time he commenced
and broke down, when the pastor
arose and said: "I am sorry for your
brother's propensity. Will some
brother pray?"

The following item is worth consid-
eration: A patron of a newspaper
said to the publisher: "How is it that
you never call on me for your paper?"
"Oh," said the editor, "we
never ask a gentleman for money."
"Indeed," replied the patron, "how
do you manage to get along when they
don't pay?" "Why," said the editor,
"after a certain time we conclude he
is not a gentleman, and then we ask
him." "Oh, yes, I see, Mr. Editor,
please give me a receipt. Make my
name right on your books; that is,
put it down among the gentlemen."

Young person (applicant for house-
maid's situation).—"May I ask, sir,
if you keep a boy?" Old gent—"A
boy! No, why?" "Oh, to clean boots
and knives, carry up coals and so
on." Old gent—"May I ask—can you
play the piano?" Young person (dubious-
ly).—"No, sir." Old gent—"Ah, then,
I'm afraid you won't do—that is, we
shall not suit you, I and my wife al-
ways carry up the coals and wash the
dishes, and all that sort of thing. All
we want is some one to play the pi-
ano."—*Punch.*

"Do you want to kill the child?"
exclaimed a gentleman as he saw a
boy trip the baby out of his carriage
on the walk. "No, not quite," replied
the boy, "but I can get him to bawl
loud enough, mother will take care of
him while I go and wade in the ditch
with Johnny Bracer."

Policeman (stopping a hack).—"Look
here now, don't you know there's
an ordinance requiring every
carriage to have a lantern at night?"
Hack driver—"An' sure, sir, what
made have I of a lantern at all, that
can you not see for yourself, sir, that
my horse is blind?"

Toddlekins is a very small man,
indeed, but he said he never minded
it at all until his three boys grew up
to be tall, strapping, young fellows,
and his wife began to cut down their
old clothes, and cut them over to fit
him. And then he said he did get
mad.

On being asked by their mother
the cause of their excitement, they
answered, "Why, Mr. — is the great
catch from Green river." The moth-
er innocently replied, "Does Green
river produce nothing but minnows?"
—*Harper's Drawer.*

"How old are you?" asked the
Judge. "Thirty-five years," she an-
swered, in an assured tone. Then, in
an almost voiceless whisper, she ad-
ded, "and nine years more!"

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