

Chamber's Journal.

Some years ago I was making a sketching tour in the West country, and found myself one September afternoon on Dartmoor, a few miles from Princes Town. I had been strolling lazily about for some time, when I suddenly came upon a bit of moorland, which I decided it was imperatively my duty to transfer to canvas, so I sat down on a mossy boulder, and was soon diligently at work, and absorbed in the task of trying to represent the lovely autumnal tints on stream, rock and heather. Intent on my picture, I took no note of time, till suddenly I perceived the shadow getting ominously long; and consulting my watch, I found it was past five o'clock, and that unless I made a speedy start I should hardly reach Princes Town before nightfall; so I hastily packed up my traps, deciding that I would come and finish the sketch on the following day.

I was just lighting my pipe, preparatory to starting, when I fancied that I saw something move behind a large rock a few yards away and I heard what sounded very like a smothered cough. I was a bit startled, as, save the birds, no living thing had been near me for hours; but I thought I would see what it was, so I walked up to the spot, and pushing aside the high bracken, was going to examine the place, when suddenly a figure rose up and confronted me. I am not a nervous man, but I must confess I got a start as I saw before me a man clothed in convict garb, bare-headed, wild and dishevelled. Even in my first alarm I remember I noticed the number 492 on his clothes, and I don't fancy I shall ever forget that number.

I grasped my stick firmly and thought to myself that I was, so to speak, in a very nice little fix. Convicts are not pleasant neighbors at any time; but a tete-a-tete with an escaped convict on a lonely moor, miles from any house, is decidedly an interview not to be desired.

However my fears speedily subsided for my convict did not seem at all disposed to make himself disagreeable, but merely stood looking at me, trembling in every limb, and from time to time coughing in a way that shook his wasted frame all over. Poor chap! he was a piteous spectacle—his prison dress just hanging about him, he looked like a living skeleton.

The situation was awkward to me. As a law-abiding citizen I felt that it was my duty to take some means of restoring him to the establishment at Princes Town, which he had evidently quitted without leave; while, as an ordinary human being, I felt the sincerest pity for the haggard fellow who stood there gazing at me with hollow, feverish eyes. However, the contest between duty and compassion was speedily put an end to by No. 492 himself, for after a more than usually racking cough, his legs gave way under him and he rolled down among the bracken. Duty fled; compassion won the day. I went and picked him up with his back against a rock, where he gasped and choked till I really thought he would die then and there. In a minute or two, however, he revived, and in a very faint and feeble voice said: "I'm high starved, gov'nor; I guess it's about up with me."

I went back to get some sandwiches out of my case and offered them to him; he seized them eagerly, and began to eat them ravenously; but again a terrible fit of coughing came on, and he sank back saying: "It ain't no use; I can't eat now; s'pose I'm gone too far."

Here was a pleasant position. The man was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion; and even my unpracticed eye could see that No. 492 had his days, or even hours, numbered. I moistened his lips with some brandy out of my flask, and saw, to my satisfaction that this produced a decided improvement. But what in the world I should do next perplexed me sorely, so I repeated the dose of brandy and took counsel with myself as to the next move.

Under the influence of the brandy my patient propped himself up again, and with great difficulty told me how he had escaped from the convict prison three days before, and had wandered over the moor till want of food and exposure had—use his own words—"spoilt his own game," and he was going back to prison to give himself up. Seeing me sketching, and feeling his strength almost gone, he had decided to surrender himself to me; but when he got near the "poor fellow's" cottage, he failed him, and he had crawled away behind the rock where I had discovered him.

I did not think he would die in quod; but I kept my thoughts to myself, for I felt sure that before the prison could be reached No. 492 would be far enough away, and it would only be a suit of convict clothes on a poor skeleton that would enter the gloomy gate.

"Look here, my poor chap," said I, "you can't stop here; you must let me carry you as well as I can, and I must try and get you back to the prison."

I felt rather mean as I said this, for I did pity him heartily. I knew nothing about his crimes. He might have been the greatest villain; yet I felt for him having just tasted liberty and having to go back to captivity; and a single glance at him showed pretty plainly that the prison could not hold him long, even if we ever got there. I expected some attempt at resistance; but, to my surprise, he quietly acquiesced, saying:

"All right, gov'nor; it can't be helped. I've had my try; but summat told as I wouldn't succeed."

It was now getting late, and the sun was just down, there was no time to be lost, as we had a long way to go, and I was rather doubtful about my powers of carrying him; for he was or had been of a tollerable size and weight; but now he looked such a mere bundle of bone, that I thought I might manage it. At any rate, there was

nothing to do but to try; so I hoisted him up on my back and started off in the direction of Princes Town.

I shall not easily forget that journey; it soon grew quite dark, as I toiled on over the lonely road, with frequent halts to rest, while poor No. 492 grew weaker and weaker, and his terrible cough more and more frequent. We had gone, I suppose, about three miles, when I began to feel that it was quite impossible for me to accomplish the remaining distance, as it was so dark that I stumbled painfully over the rough path, and at each stumble my burden groaned with pain, and coughed so dismally, that I felt my well-meant endeavors were only putting him to complete torture; so I stopped, laid him on the grass, and told him that we would not try to go on till the moon rose. "All right, gov'nor," said he, feebly, and fell back fainting; so I administered the last few drops of brandy I had left, covered him up as well as I could with my coat, propped his head upon my sketching case, sat down by his side, and wondered what would be the end of my adventure.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was nine o'clock. The moon, I knew would not rise till nearly midnight, so we had three hours to wait. I think those three hours were the longest ever passed in my life. The silence and the loneliness of the moor were terrible, and No. 492 lay with his eyes closed, and save for an occasional groan, might have been dead. Once or twice he tried to speak, but apparently it was beyond his powers, and he fell back again exhausted. Once he put out his hand, caught mine, and to my great surprise, carried it to his lips and kissed it. I am not much used to having my hand kissed at any time, and should probably under any circumstances, feel the situation embarrassing; but to have it kissed by a dying convict out on Dartmoor, in the middle of the night, was a novel experience.

I did not mean to hurt the feelings of No. 492, but I drew it away somewhat hastily; and then, seeing his lips move, as if he was trying to say something, I bent over him to listen, and in a voice a little more than a whisper, he said: "Beg your pardon, sir; but you have been precious kind to me, and I feels weak and silly; didn't mean no offense."

I hastened with some compunction to reassure him that I was not offended; and again he closed his eyes; and around us once more was silence.

At last, to my great joy, the sky brightened up a bit; the outlines of the trees became more distinct, and the moon appeared over the hills, and shot a flood of silver light all over the moor. My spirits, which had fallen below zero, revived considerably; darkness has at all times a depressing influence, and under my peculiar circumstances, had reduced me to a most profound melancholy. I felt quite glad to see the moon rise, though beyond the fact of being able to see where we were, it did not materially assist me out of the fix I was in.

I looked at No. 492 and he seemed to be asleep. I did not like to wake him, so I got up quietly, intending to walk to the top of a hill close by, and see if I could discover the lights of Princes Town, or any house nearer, to which I might direct my steps. I was not gone long—perhaps half an hour; and when I came back, I found No. 492 with his eyes wide open, and to my great surprise—though I don't know why I should have been so surprised—tears running down his cheeks. Really, my ideas about convicts were becoming quite upset; one who furtively kissed my hand, and who wept as I thought, indeed an anomaly; I bent over him and asked him if he was in worse pain, or what was the matter. Poor fellow! he lifted his wasted hand, drew it across his eyes, and said: "No; I ain't in no pain now, sir; but I woke from a bit of doze and saw that you was gone; and I thought as how you had left me; and somehow I felt lonesome and afeared;" and then a great sob shook him.

I assured him that I was not going to leave him, and he appeared comforted. Then, after a pause, said: "I ain't one as has been much afeared in my time, sir; but somehow, now I can't help it, it seems all of a tremble; and it looks awful dark about me, and I be so weak I don't seem able to facit no-how."

I longed truly to be able to help him, and wished it with all my heart that I could do it better; but feeling rather ashamed, I tried to tell No. 492 something about a strong Hand which will help in the dark valley, and One who will be near us when of ourselves, as he said, "we don't seem to be able to face it nohow." He listened attentively and then closed his eyes, murmuring something I could not catch.

"It ain't no use my trying to get away, gov'nor," said he, sadly; "I'm that weak I can't walk a step. I couldn't escape now, not if a carriage-and-four was waiting for me. I'd want a nuss to lift me up into it. Guess I'll die in quod after all."

After a pause, I asked him if he would try to go on again. "All right, gov'nor; you knows best," was his answer, but very faint and feeble.

Well, I picked him up again, and off I started. By this time the moon was high up, so we progressed a good deal faster than before, and had traversed a considerable distance before I had to stop and put my burden down. Even then, I could have gone a bit further, but No. 492 whispered: "Stop, sir, now; it ain't no use; I shan't get no further."

I laid him down, and saw at a glance that our journey together was about to end. In the moonlight he looked ghastly and wan; and as I laid him down, a violent fit of coughing came on, and after it a red stream flowed from his mouth. Poor fellow! thought I, and yet I could hardly pity him really, for to him death must have come as a true friend. He lay quiet for some time, and I wiped the blood from his lips; then, just as the first gray streak of dawn appeared, he raised himself on his elbow and whispered: "I've been a bad 'un I knows; but I didn't ave no chance. Say a bit of prayer for me, sir."

There was no refusing; and as I finished, his face lighted up, and again re-

peating his formula, "All right, gov'nor," he fell back—dead. He had succeeded in his escape, after all.

I covered up the body, and thinking no one would be likely to find near the spot, I drew it aside near the rock which I should recognize again, and started off, walking briskly to Princes Town, considering many things by the way. I went to the prison, and came back with some wardens to show them the spot; and, as I was obliged to await the inquest, I attended the funeral of poor No. 492.

I trust in the "Other Land" it may be for him—as for many of us for whom it has been all wrong—"All right."

The Story of William Tell.

The new United States Minister to Switzerland having been requested by the government to make inquiries as to the authenticity of the story of William Tell, the following, from "Myths and Dreams," by Edward Clodd, may prove interesting:

Everybody has heard how in the year 1307 (or, as some say, 1296) Gessler, Vogt (or Governor) of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, set a hat on a pole as a symbol of the imperial power, and ordered every one who passed by to do obeisance to it; and how a mountaineer named Wilhelm Tell, who hated Gessler and the tyranny which the symbol expressed, passed by without saluting the hat, and was at once seized and brought before Gessler, who ordered that as a punishment Tell should shoot an apple off the head of his own son. As resistance was vain, the apple was placed on the boy's head, when Tell bent his bow, and the arrow, piercing the apple, fell with it to the ground. Gessler saw that Tell, before shooting, had stuck a second arrow in his belt, and, asking the reason, received this for answer—"It was for you; had I shot my child, know that this would have pierced your heart."

Now, this story first occurs in the chronicle of Melchior Russ, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century—i. e., about 170 years after its reputed occurrence. The absence of any reference to it in contemporary records caused doubt to be thrown upon it three centuries ago. Gullmann, the author of a work on Swiss antiquities, published in 1598, calls it a fable, but subscribes to the current belief in it because the tale is so popular! The race to which he belonged is not yet extinct. A century and a half later a more fearless sceptic, who said that the story was of Danish origin, was denounced by the Canton of Uri to be burnt alive, and in the well-timed absence of the offender his book was ordered to be burned by the common hangman. But the truth is great, and prevails. G. von Wyss, the Swiss historian, has pointed out that the name of Wilhelm Tell does not occur even once in the history of the three cantons, neither is there any trace that a Vogt named Gessler ever served the house of Hapsburg there. Moreover, the legend does not correspond to any fact of a period of oppressions of the Swiss at the hands of their Austrian rulers.

"There exist in contemporary records no instances of wanton courage and insolence on the Hapsburg side. It was the object of that power to obtain political ascendancy, not to indulge its representatives in just and wanton insult," and, where records of disputes between particular persons occur, "the symptoms of violence, as natural enough, appear rather on the side of the Swiss than on that of the aggrandising Imperial house."

"Candour, however, requires that the 'evidence' in support of the legend should be stated. There is the fountain on the supposed site of the lime-tree in the market-place at Altdorf by which young Tell stood, as well as the colossal plaster statue of the hero himself which confronts us as we enter the quaint village. But more than this, the veritable cross-bow itself is preserved in the arsenal at Zurich!

However, although the little Tell's chapel, as restored, was opened with a national fete, in the presence of two members of the Federal Council, in June, 1883; the Swiss now admit in their school teaching that their story is legendary.

Queer Visitors Who Take Grover by the Hand Every Day.

Washington Special to the Dispatch.

There is a queer crowd at the Executive Mansion every day to shake hands with the President. He gives his public audience in the East room daily at 1 o'clock, and there gather men, women and children, mostly strangers and non-residents, to take him by the hand.

One fellow came cocked and primed with a set speech. He was near the end of the line, and as he got to the President he raised his voice grandiloquently and said:

"I am honored, sir, to be allowed to take this hand. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the son of New York. I am—" and here the usher fired him past his mark to the President's great relief.

A little girl comes next and says: "Mr. President, I want to give you a good shake, one for myself and one for my little brother Willie," and the childish eyes sparkled.

"Tell your little brother Willie," said the President, smiling as he grasped the tender hand, "that I would like to have him come and give me a good shake for himself."

The crowd passed on, and a brace of pretty girls took their turn. The President is very human, and if he held on to the maidenly hands a little longer and pressed them a little more tenderly, it was but natural. Farmers and mechanics and matrons and ladies and people of every degree take their turn and pass out. For each the President has a word or a smile or both, replying with happy tact to the various remarks. It is only a moment, but to most of the visitors it is a moment of a lifetime.

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Farm Miscellany.

Dr. F. M. Hexamer suggests a good way "To renovate old garden ground," by seeding alternate parts to clover or some other green manure crops; or to grass for a few years. Thus "the soil becomes sufficiently supplied with vegetable matter, the most recent desideratum in old gardens." Another advantage is, this system favors concentration of fertilizer and tillage upon a smaller surface, rather than spreading too thinly over all, and the result is as large a crop as would be secured from twice as much land inadequately fed and cultivated.

The great problem of profitable farming consists in making the soil increasingly fertile. He who builds up a bank account at the expense of the fertility of his soil is not to be considered a wise husbandman or successful farmer. There is no better safe deposit for farm products than reinvesting them in the farm itself. Not only is it a safe deposit, but any investment made in this direction is certain to yield a paying dividend annually.

According to the rules governing the registration of pedigrees in the American Short-horn Herd Book no animals are eligible to entry therein unless their lineage can be traced, in all crosses, to imported ancestry, or to animals previously recorded. This rule seems to be based upon the idea that no number of crosses of pure blood will avail to produce a uniform type where the foundation is an unregistered native. The rule governing the publication of the British Short-horn Herd Book is more liberal, allowing the entry of all Short-horn bulls, whose pedigrees show five consecutive crosses of recorded bulls, and of all cows having four such crosses.—Sanders.

On the danger of the cattle plague Hon. Jas. Wilson says: "It is some time since practical men begun to speak of this danger. The disease was then located on the Atlantic seaboard. Now it is a next door neighbor. Missouri cannot ship east or west. She can drive into Iowa and who can tell. One drove will pollute Iowa. The Governor has done all for us he can. It is high time we did something for ourselves. The disease should be discovered soon in Iowa and investigation show that traders have contaminated several counties as they did in the states that are suffering, and it is further found that to stamp out the disease will require a large sum of money, are we any better prepared for such an emergency than the other states that look helplessly on while the disease spreads?

Veterinary Matters.

A cough in any animal indicates disease of the lungs; although it may be produced by indigestion. In the latter case it is accompanied by roughness of the hide and an ill condition, with dullness of the eyes. In all lung disorders the eyes are bright and glassy; the muzzle hot, the nose discharged, and the breathing is short and hurried and sometimes painful for the motion of the inflamed or sore lungs. The required treatment varies so much that only the advice and counsel of a veterinary surgeon can be of any value.

The Farm Garden.

Careless feeding is the frequent cause of inherited disease. One of the commonest complaints in dairy cattle is tumors on the jaw bones. This is scrofulous in its character and is certainly hereditary. A bull diseased in this way will produce diseased calves, and a cow will do the same. I know a case of a Jersey herd in which every calf of a bull, which was killed on account of this disease, developed the same fatal disorder, sooner or later. The preventive is apparent; not one case in a hundred is curable.—Arguside.

Bad feet are inherited, and no mare having them should be used for breeding. Bad shoeing may cause fever in the feet, and this will produce dry and brittle hoofs. The treatment is to keep the hoofs moist, to wash them night and morning, and dress them with glycerine and water mixed in equal parts after washing and without drying them. The greatest care should be exercised in shoeing and in driving the nails, and the hoof should never be rasped or burned with a hot iron.

Parasitic worms in the intestines are best treated with small repeated doses of turpentine mixed with six times its bulk of linseed oil. The turpentine may be given in doses of one-teaspoonful to a lamb, four times as much to a calf and one ounce to a full-grown animal. Turpentine is also effective as a remedy for worms in the lungs or throat which cause the dry, husky cough in calves and lambs, commonly called husk or hoose, and, indeed, it is useful in all cases of intestinal parasites, including tapeworms.

Warts are a disease of the skin consisting of a growth of cell tissue, which is provided with blood vessels and nerves. It partakes something of the character of a cancer, excepting that the tissues are not consumed and do not organize, but accumulate and form a tumor. The only cure is to remove the wart by cutting it out or by destroying the tissues by means of caustics, or by a tight ligature which stops the circulation and causes the death of the tissue. An effective caustic is nitric acid, either in its ordinary form of a liquid or in combination as nitrate of silver, or lunar caustic in solution in water.

Retention of afterbirth is due to a strong adherence of the points of union called "cotyledons," which attach the fetal membranes to the uterus and support them in it. When these do not give way as they should do, from whatever cause, the best way is to wait no longer than three hours, then oil the hand and arm and insert them with the fingers close together, the nails

being pared close and gently loosen the attachments, when the weight of the already extruded part will bring away the rest. Sometimes an infusion of two ounces of savin leaves with one ounce of carbonate of potash will have the desired effect.

When a cow chews her food and then drops it, and at the same time has difficulty in drinking, it indicates cerebro spinal meningitis or disease of the covering membranes at the base of the brain and the adjoining spinal cord. This may be caused by bad condition of the blood from several causes—poor food, bad lodging, damp unventilated stable among others. The remedy is to give a quart of linseed oil if it can be swallowed; if not, by injection, and to apply camphorated liniment to the neck and the spine. It is wholly a nervous disorder.

Rich Soil for Early Tomatoes.

I have made tomato culture a study for several years, especially seeking earliness and quality—testing all new varieties and cultivating according to my best judgment. Most growers agree that planting on poor warm soil promotes earliness, but my experience favors the idea that the richer the soil, if it be warm, the earlier the fruit. My theory is: rich soil rushes the growth and causes an immense foliage, but if properly pruned the force and vigor of the plant will be thrown to the fruit, bringing it to earlier maturity. To satisfy myself a medium soil was selected, five rows marked off four feet apart, a large shovelful of composted manure put three feet apart in the rows and thoroughly mixed with the soil, and the plants set. Cultivation was in the best manner to give a fair test. Two weeks after the plants were set two rows were heavily top-dressed with hen manure and this thoroughly mixed with the soil. The fruit from these two rows thus top-dressed was much larger and better shaped than that of the three rows not top-dressed and gave ripe specimens four days earlier.—Thos. D. Baird, Greenville, Ky.

Seed Peas.

Mr. James Dougall, of The New-York Witness, makes an interesting statement and suggestion concerning Seed Peas:

"By a mistake, nearly all the earliest part of the crop was gathered for family use before we noticed it, and fearing that the rest might go the same way, we pulled up the vines when the pods were quite green and hung them up to dry. The peas had then attained about their full size, but when shelled out were quite green in color though shriveled. This spring when about to sow them, we found the color still green, but the peas were shriveled and shrank up to less than half their size; the pea when at maturity is a smooth, white pea. Thinking that many might not grow they were sown rather thickly; but every pea started, and they have grown very fast and strong, and are taller and better than some fully-ripened peas of the same variety sown at the same time. Might not this method, if followed out, prove destructive to the pea-bug? Had these peas contained any bugs the shrinkage would have crushed the life out of them."

The Farm Garden.

Farmer "Up-to-the-time" secures the best of seed, manures and fits his ground thoroughly, and plants entirely in long rows running north and south. He plants for a succession, and occupies the spare moments of many days in this way, that he may enjoy a long season of fresh vegetables and fruits. Then the cultivator and wheelbarrow are put to work and kept at work and little hand-weeding is necessary. It is a pleasure to care for the garden, for the return is so bountiful. The farmer's wife thinks a pleasant walk for a basket of vegetables preferable to a backache from weed-pulling. Strawberries, raspberries, asparagus, celery, all the best fruits and vegetables supply the farmer's table through the season, and many a dollar's worth finds its way to market in the farm wagon. This farmer loves his garden, and he knows it pays,—pays in a double sense, for he says that his care of the small things of a garden has taught him the principle that underlies his success in general farm management—pains-taking thoroughness and attention to detail, doing the right thing at the right time, and keeping ahead of his work. So he says with emphasis, "A good garden is the best thing on a farm." And he is right.

The Wastes of the Household.

While the well-known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the old pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by the lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intention in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corned beef—too small to appear upon the table again—is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these scraps that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the obnoxious

hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corned beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces, and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed, and slightly thickened with brown flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot plaster, and garnished with parsley. The origin of one would have suspected, Christine Terhune Herrick, in Good Housekeeping.

Cultivation of Tact.

From the St. Louis Magazine.

While genius dwells aloof from all life's lurking cares, and talent sits apart, not deigning to soil its white hands with labor, tact mingles with society in all ranks, giving blessing and happiness. She smooths the frowning brow of neglected genius, restores the ruffled dignity of snubbed talent, and gives ease to each embarrassed mortal who look to her for help. She it is who sits tranquilly as hostess, though soup is spilled and china falls. She it is who turns with smiling lips upon the poor unfortunate who steps upon her silken train, and whose merry laugh drowns the sound of tripping gaiters or rending fabric.

She it is who rushes to your rescue just as the imprudent word is said or the untimely jest is told. She it is who changes the conversation at the critical moment, who pours oil upon the waters before they are troubled, who brings bashful youth out of their self-consciousness, and gives ease and grace to the awkward and constrained guest.

Cultivate tact. Depend upon it, in winning her you will amply be repaid for any labor she may cost you. And yet I do not know if she can be cultivated. I sometimes think her a divine gift, and no more to be had by wishing or asking than genius and talent.

Some Valuable Hints.

Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling.

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.

Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.

Wrap fruit jars with paper to keep out the light.

Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot.

Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.

Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.

Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.

After paring fruit drop it in cold water to prevent it changing color.

A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.

Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauce.

Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

How Kit Carson's Life was Saved.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

During the last war the great Navajo tribe of Indians were on the warpath. The First Regiment N. M. Volunteers, commanded by the great scout and Indian fighter, Col. Kit Carson, was ordered to subdue and bring them into subjection. Major Joe Cummings, who had organized one of the first companies of the regiment, and as brave a man as ever lived, was one day riding at the head of the command with old Kit, when the following incident took place: Kit was dressed in his old suit of pepper-and-salt, while the Major was in full regiments, even to epaulettes. While Kit hated dress and tinsel, the other lived to dress. They were now nearing a canon, and Kit's well-trained eyes were the first to discover the smoke of the redskins ascending from the neighboring mountains, telegraphing the approach of the soldiers. It was then that the big-hearted old trapper and patriot turned to his friend and said: "Joe, you had better change your coat and hat, and put on a blouse and slough hat, for we will soon have hot work, and the varmints will surely aim for the commander, and as you have on your regiments they may take you for me; at any rate you make a splendid target." The Major answered: "Colonel, it is no time now to go to the rear." They were the last words ever uttered by the brave Cummings. Bang! went a rifle, and as the smoke curled up beside a rock the brave Major fell mortally wounded, pierced between the eyes by the unerring aim of a hidden foe, amid the wild yells of the savages, hidden from view, who imagined they had killed the greatest scout that ever lived.