Voices of the Night.

Back-fence serenaders who disturb alike the sleep of the just and the unjust.

He Was Recognized.

John Baglow, a well-known character of Morehead county, was a member of the Arkansaw legislature in 1879. Baglow had promised his people that if elected he would create a reform in the State government, but after he entered upon the discharge of his duties as a legislator, being a very small man, he experienced a great trouble in gaining the recognition of the speaker.

"Mr. Speaker!" he exclaimed one day during a debate.

"Gentleman from White county has the floor."

Baglow sat down and muttered; "It don't appear like Morehead county's got any say-so in this house." Several hours afterward he again arose.

"Mr. Speaker!"

"Gentleman from Pulaski county has the floor."

Baglow sat down and remained quiet during the day. The next morning, just as soon as the journal had been read, he arose.

"Mr. Speaker!"

"Gentleman from Jefferson county has the floor."

Baglow sat down and quietly cursed the State of Arkansaw. He had despaired of ever gaining recognition, when a new mode of application suggested itself. He resolved to try again. This time he did not call the attention of the presiding gentleman and remain silent until he should be recognized, but, springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Speaker, I move that we adjourn and take a drink."

"The gentleman from Morehead county has the floor."

The house adjourned with enthusiasm, and after that, when Baglow arose, a profound hush settled upon the House, while every ear strained itself to catch the welcome words: "I move that we adjourn and take a drink."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Disgusted Widow.

Captain Webb has just returned from the Warm Springs. The captain is a widower. At the springs was a widow who rather set her cap for the captain. The girls told him to look out for her, and the captain said well, he was ready. Sitting out on the portico one evening, the cool breeze fanning like a ten-cent palm-leaf, the widow moved up close by and opened conversation.

"I hear, captain, you have grown-up daughters," she began.

"Yes, madam, I have."

"How I should like to see their pictures."

"I will show you a picture of my eldest daughter," said the captain, handing her one.

"Oh, such a sweet face!" exclaimed the widow, "and such a fine eye! Isn't she called like you, captain?"

"I don't know that she is madam,"

"It's a wonder to me, Captain Webb, you don't get married."

"Well, madam, I never think of it; for the woman I'd have might not have me, and then, you know, *vice versa*."

"Yes, but what kind of a lady would suit you?" and the widow looked her sweetest.

It was right here that the captain's wonderful nerve never forsook him, but setting his eye steadily at the widow's, he hardened his heart and replied:

"Madam, she must be ninety-five years old to a second, and worth at least $200,000.

"It is getting so chilly out here that I must go for my shawl," said the widow; and she looked frigid zones at the captain, as she brushed by him with a toss of her head.

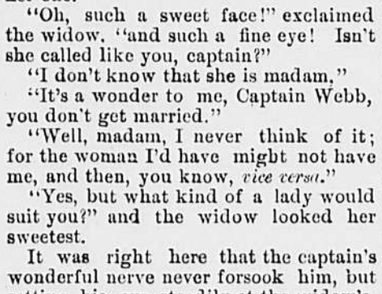
Looking for Honey.

The other day a tender father took home to his little boy a little piece of honeycomb. It pleased the youngster exceedingly, and he had a great time with it. Next day the father found the hopeful with all the brushes in the house around him, carefully examining them. "What are you doing with these things?" "Please, papa, I'm looking for honey." "You don't expect to find any honey there, do you?" "Yesterday you told me it was honey in the comb, and isn't there honey in the brush, papa?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Liked the Pew.

A man visiting London went to church and seated himself without hesitation in the nearest pew. Soon the owner came in, eyed the stranger critically, and then writing "My pew" on the fly leaf of a prayer-book, handed the book to the intruder. The stranger read the message, smiled a beautiful smile, and wrote underneath, "Nice pew. What do you pay for it?"

Opportunity Makes the Thief.



This cartman yielded to temptation while driving through a narrow street.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Save your coal cinders and ashes; sift the ashes and use them about the currant and gooseberry bushes.

About 5,000 patents have been granted by our government for churns, and still inventors are at work perfecting new designs.

As a remedy for the so-called scab in potatoes, Henry Stewart recommends the growing of them with fertilizers, and not with manure, especially old manure.

After the age of nine months a good hog may be made to weigh as many pounds as he is days old. He should be farrowed early in the spring and slaughtered before January.

It is a well-known fact that all animals grow better and take on fat faster in warm weather than in cold, and it is well to take advantage of this fact in preparing the surplus stock for sale.

In order to secure the fastest walking horses they must be tested, and the best retained for breeding, as careful selection will result in the establishment of a breed of fast walking horses if persisted in.

Fodder that is properly saved and fed in combination with clover, hay and grain is of equal value with timothy hay by weight, seys Professor Sanborn; but such fodder is very different from that which is exposed to frost and bleaching rains.

One pint of oats, with a like measure of brand, is a day's rations in two feeds for a breeding ewe. A week after lambing the ration should be increased by adding one-fourth of oil meal. She should also receive as much cut hay and straw as she will eat.

The rapid growth and dense shade which buckwheat makes give it great value as a weed destroyer. Even thistles can be kept down by it if the land is sown as soon after plowing as possible, and the first thistles that appear are pulled or cut with a hoe.

The farmer with an undisciplined mind usually hates exactness. He don't like to be asked how many acres he has of anything, what is his yield per acre, his income, his expenses, or whether he is advancing in wealth. To keep accounts is horrifying. The farmer of the future will do better.

The value of an ordinary ton of manure is estimated at 300 pounds solid, worth $1.40; 800 pounds of straw and litter, worth $1, and 900 pounds of water and useless matter, the value of the entire 2,000 pounds being $2.40. Manures, however, vary in composition, and the figures are not reliable.

The whole operation of butter-making from the taking of the milk to the delivery of the butter to the consumer, is entirely mechanical; but it is a branch of mechanics that tolerates no mistakes, for the least failure to perform the proper operations at the proper time results in an inferior article, and perfect butter only commands the highest price.

Even a stiff clay soil may be rendered more fertile by under-drainage, which not only carries off the surplus water, but allows the air to penetrate the soil. In dry weather the air carries a proportion of moisture with it, while the warmth of the sun is absorbed more quickly in early spring. A thoroughly drained soil produces better crops and starts an earlier growth than one which is allowed to drain itself naturally.

Washing butter with brine has two effects. If the fine-grained butter is allowed to stand for some time in the brine the latter will, by the natural laws of gravity, cause the solid or cheesy matter in buttermilk to assume a lower strata, and can thus be drawn out from under the butter. The added water has also an affinity for the sugar of milk, and takes it with it when drawn off. The brine also causes a slight contraction of the butter globules, which causes increased firmness.

If butter is drained dry before the salt is added a marbled appearance may be noticed to some extent, but if the granulated butter when put upon the worker is full of the brine used in washing it out to free from buttermilk, it will so dissolve the salt during the working that when ready to pack the objection raised will not exist. The packing would have something to do with it if put into fifty-six pound tubs. Butter does well if put in well-glazed one-gallon crocks. About one pound of butter should be put in each time, and most thoroughly crowded in with a wooden potato masher, and it will come out of the crock of as solid color as one could wish. The whole trouble of marbled butter is one of salting it too "dry" and putting too much in the package at a time when packing.

It is a well-known fact that some hogs, when reduced to an impoverished state, are really very thin, as the term is understood, while others have a meagre amount of fat as the thinnest, yet have greater fullness of all parts, and under no circumstances do they become so lean in appearance as the other. This difference is owing entirely to the greater size of the muscle, the motive parts, and this difference is invariably shown in the cut-up meat. Farmers must take greater care to keep their hogs clean, and let them eat only clean food to make the best pork. Don't overfeed the hogs and let them eat sour feed or feed left over, but give them freely three times a day all they will eat up clean and relish. Add to the corn diet turnips, pumpkins, potatoes, etc., as a relish. It will help them to eat and digest more corn.

A Chapter on Soups.

Of all soups the most common and susceptible to variations is one in which the stock is prepared of beef. The trouble with the average American-prepared meat soup is that it is too greasy and thick. German soups are often thick, but seldom greasy. Every thing is liable to be run across in a Scandinavian soup, from a small sardine to a raisin or a grain of allspice. But the delicious French soups are always clear.

During cold weather the stock for beef soup can be kept on hand. At any season it should always be prepared the day before using. The shin is a good piece for this purpose. Have the bones well cracked and extract the marrow, which should be put in the soup. To each pound of lean beef allow one quart of water. Put the beef, bones and water into a close kettle and set it where it will heat gradually. Let it boil very slowly for six or seven hours. Look at it once in a while to see if the water is sinking too rapidly. Should this be the case, replenish it with boiling water, taking care, however, not to add too much of it. When it has boiled seven hours, set it away and let it stand closely covered till the next day. Almost an hour before it is wanted for dinner take off the cake of fat which will be found on the surface of the stock; remove the meat, which can be used for mince meat or in making a nice salad with cold potatoes and onions. Set the stock over the fire and throw in a little salt to bring up the scum. When this has all been carefully removed, put in such vegetables as are desired. If these are cut fine, it is "Julian" soup. If young cabbage, quartered and boiled, and young carrots and turnips are put in whole and dished up with the soup with the addition of toasted crusts, it is the French family soup, according to the taste. The vegetables are better when cooked by themselves and added with their juices to the soup. The seasoning, too, is a matter of taste. Vermicelli or macaroni which has been boiled tender can be added if desired.

There is no more absurd notion in regard to soup-making than the idea that all sorts of scraps can be thrown into a pot and made into a good soup. A skillful cook can create a good soup from chicken or turkey bones, but for meat soup only fresh and uncooked meat must be used.

Veal soup can be prepared in similar manner to beef soup. It is unnecessary, however, to boil the meat the day before it is wanted. Three hours is sufficient length of time for it to be over the fire. The same proportions of meat and water are used as for the beef. Be careful to skim it close, and if not clear to strain it through a colander. If macaroni is used put a little butter in with it before adding to the soup.

To make mutton or lamb broth allow, as for the preceding soups, a quart of water to a pound of meat. Boil it for two hours slowly. Add half a teacupful of cooked rice at the expiration of this time to the boiling soup. Cook one hour longer, stirring frequently to keep the rice from settling to the bottom. Beat an egg to a froth and stir into a cup of milk into which has been rubbed a tablespoonful of flour. Mix this a little at a time with some of the scalding liquor until the egg is cooked so that it will not curdle the soup. Take out the meat and put the egg and milk into the pot. Season with pepper, salt and such herbs as desired.

The most common of vegetable soups is bean soup. Any kind will do, although the best are the French beans. Soak a quart of them over night in lukewarm water. Put them over the fire next morning with one gallon of cold water. Boil for three or four hours. Add celery, onions if desired, and one or two sliced potatoes. Simmer until the vegetables are done. Caraway or dill seed is a good addition to the seasoning of bean soup.

Split-pea soup can be made in the same way as bean soup, except that it requires less boiling.

Tomato soup can be made in the two following ways, and no one who has not eaten it can have any any idea how good it is: To one pint of canned tomatoes or four large raw ones add one quart of boiling water. Let the vegetables boil till thoroughly mixed through the water. Then add one teaspoonful of soda, when it will foam. Immediately add one pint of milk. Put in plenty of butter, salt and pepper to taste. It is then ready to serve. Tomato soup can be made without milk. To six large tomatoes, or a pint and a half of the canned vegetable, allow one gallon of water and boil thoroughly. Add a large piece of butter. Beat an egg to a froth, add a little milk or cream and put into the soup just before it is sent to table.

One soup is made by frying finely sliced onions in butter and turning boiling water over them. To six good-sized onions allow a gallon of boiling water. Throw in some parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Serve with a slice of bread fried a light brown in each plate.

Pumpkin or squash soup is almost a national dish in France. Indeed, the first-mentioned vegetable is scarcely employed there for any other purpose than for soup-making. To two quarts of thoroughly cooked pumpkin or squash allow one quart of milk, plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Serve with toasted bread.

Sorrel is a pest to many a farmer, and almost takes possession of his freshly broken fields. However, sorrel makes a fine soup, albeit, like the pumpkin, it is essentially French. To two quarts of sorrel add a good handful of spinach and a few leaves of lettuce. Put them into a frying-pan with a large piece of butter and cook until thoroughly done. Then put them into a kettle with a gallon of boiling water. Just before serving add two beaten eggs with a little cream. Have squares of toasted bread in the soup tureen. This soup is highly esteemed for invalids.—*New York World.*

Indian Jugglers.

A juggler now made his salaam, and began by performing the beautiful mango tree trick. He took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango seed which he had examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot and almost immediately removed it again, when we beheld, to our astonishment, that the seed had, in the space of say half a minute become a young mango tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and on being a second time removed the mango tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small, unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The cost of the public domain of the United States, first and last, has been about $650,000,000, not including the cost of wars with Indians, England and Mexico, or of the consequent diplomatic and other negotiations that have ensued.

A new remedy for the worms which destroy house plants is a number of sulphur matches placed in the flower pots with their heads down. The experiment has been tried with success.

How a Congregation Was Once Dispersed.

Uncle Jerry—he would hardly forgive it if his full name were used, in view of what follows—carted leather for many years for the "swamp" people, his stand being in Jacob street, a busy little thoroughfare not much known to those outside the great center of the New York leather trade.

Just as honest as the day is long was Uncle Jerry and as truthful as need be; but as full of fun "as an egg is of meat." His boyish pranks have always stuck to him. One Sunday, when his horses and carts were cared for and at rest, he took it into his head to go into the country and hear the birds sing and watch the flowers grow, for he was born in the country and his old habits stuck to him. As he started for home he spied a hornet's nest. He knew what a hornet's nest was; he had fought hornets often enough when a boy, and he immediately saw that this nest belonged to the yellow-tipped variety—the really fierce warriors of the family. The nest was large and of perfect form, and hung on a branch within reach.

Uncle Jerry waited until the hornets had settled down pretty well, most of them having gone inside through the only passageway, the hole in the bottom. Then he quietly crept up and with a wad of paper plugged the hole, cut off the twig which held the nest and started with it for his home in the lower part of the city. It is safe to say that a host of the people he met hadn't an idea as to what he was carrying. He got down to Trinity church just as the evening service was over, and the large congregation was coming out. The old spirit of fun got hold of him; he quietly unplugged that hornets' nert, gave it such a vigorous shake as would have maddened any set of hornets, dropped it right among the crowd and innocently walked on. Well, boys, to cut it short, it is perfectly safe to bet that few church congregations have ever dispersed in a greater hurry.—*New York Telegram.*

An Unsuccessful Reduction.

Mr. Bigbody was possessed of a protuberant "corporation" and a prominent nasal organ. Bent upon reducing his size he sought the aid of the Turkish bath.

But to Mr. Bigbody'y consternation he found that while the baths resulted in a reduction of his weight, his nasal organ did not respond to the treatment and was more prominent than ever.

The Toledo Hired Man.

"This train is a fiver," remarked a Cincinnati drummer to his companion, "but I know of something that travels faster than any railway train that ever moved."

"Anybody knows that," said a grocery gentleman from Pittsburg. "Anybody knows that electricity travels miles where railway trains move feet. So does sound and light."

"But I know of something that travels faster than electricity, light or sound," insisted the Cincinnatian. "It's thought."

"And I know of a thing that beats thought," spoke up a clothing man from Detroit; "it's profanity. The other day I was calling on my girl—real nice, proper kind of a girl. Well, I up and swore like hades and demnition before I thought."

"Well, gentlemen," said a farmer from near Toledo, "profanity is pretty sudden, but I know of something that beats thought and swearing all to pieces."

"What is it!"

"My *hired man*. The last time I was at home he was at work out in the field. Dinner was ready and we were sitting down, when I happened to think of the man. I got up to call him, and swore at him for not having sense enough to quit at noon. Then I went out to call him, and what do you think? An hour and a half before I even thought of him, or cussed him, he had quit work and was sitting out on the porch waiting for dinner. He had beat thinking and swearing all to pieces."—*Chicago Herald.*

She Made Him Anxious.

"My dear," said Mr. Snigginbottom to his wife one day at the table, as he valiantly struggled to carve a piece of meat, "Why do the butchers put these miserable wooden pins into the roasts? Every time I try to carve off a slice I strike one of them."

"I do not know, dear, unless the meat is more skewer that way," responded Mrs. Snigginbottom.

"Maria, I think you had better see a physician at once. I am afraid overwork is affecting your mind."—*Siftings.*

A CITY HIGH IN THE AIR.

THE WONDERFUL PUEBLO OF ACOMA, NEW MEXICO.

One of the Most Remarkable Communities in the United States—A Climb to the Village.

A letter from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Lawrence (Kansas) *Journal* gives the subjoined interesting description of a remarkable Indian community: The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Alberquerque, is one of the most remarkable communities in New Mexico or the United States. To reach it take the Atlantic and Pacific railroad to Mcarthy station, and then transfer to an Indian pony and ride eighteen miles south by east. When near your journey's end you descend almost imperceptibly into the valley six miles in width, in the middle of which stands a butte, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living there, and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. This butte is one of many that are remnants of a mesa that has been worn away by the erosion of the ages, and survives only in flat-topped mountains here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of men have seen them covered with waving grain and flocks of sheep.

Some time in the seventeenth century the Laguno, or valley Indians made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter being the weaker occupied this butte as a defensive position believed to be impregnable. Their judgment has been abundantly indicated. It has proved a Gibraltar of strength and safety. The comparison is not inappropriate, and in approaching it from the north I was struck with the resemblance to the pictures I have seen of that grim fortress that frowns over the straits of the Mediterranean. The height above the valley is nearly 400 feet and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent, one by a flight of steps cut into the face of the wall and rising at an angle of forty-five degrees and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain, Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult and neither is tolerably safe. We chose the one along the fissure. To give an idea of the laboriousness of the task, imagine a stairway starting at Mr. Grosvenor's office and rising to the top of the spire of the Methodist church, then continuing on an easier angle for 100 feet, and then rising again by a steeper grade than ever to an elevation higher than the weather vane on the university, and this stairway a precarious footing along the sides of a gash in a rugged mountain, and you may know how we reached Acoma! With all the danger and fatigue, it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other person—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right hand side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching either hand to the rocks; but I am satisfied I could never do it.

They told us of a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway several generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks at the foot in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the accident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

The top of the elevation is level, and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone honeycombed with rooms, at the other the church and graveyard, and near the centre a pond of pure water thirty feet in depth and several rods in extent.

The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bell brought the inhabitants of the village around us. When they understood that the title to their lands was in question and we had come to take testimony they showed great interest, and discussed various points involved with remarkable intelligence, considering their limited opportunities for a knowledge of law. As nightfall came on a number of the men who had been at work in the valley came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept in view of the meagre preparations for supper. We slept in the church, wrapped up in our Navajo blankets and never felt more secure or happier in our lives. When the gray dawn peered through the little mica window-panes, it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and through the open tower a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were brought up to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnesses, and morning and night, as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in far-off Spain when King George was on the throne. The adobes—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard. It is the only completed graveyard I have ever seen. The old priest seemed very happy in the charge of his flock and his flock seemed happy in possession of him.

When the time for our departure came there was handshaking and a gracious blessing from the old man and a message to Father De Flouri, and we climbed down from the city in the air and rode back in silence to the railroad.

The tobacco crop of this country, which in 1864 was but 197,000,000 pounds, in 1884 is between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 pounds, or more than three times that of twenty years ago.

He Believes it All.

Don't waste your sympathies on this old villain. He has just been predicting that the winter of 1884–5 will be the coldest since 1812.—*Siftings.*

Only a Chance Wanted.

Mrs. Blinks—"The idea of you men saying that women are not practical. Women can do anything they try, and are beating men everywhere."

Mr. Blinks—"That is news."

Mrs. Blinks—"Oh, you need not shrug your shoulders. You know very well that women are just as smart as men; all they want is the opportunity to learn."

Mr. Blinks—"Well, I won't dispute you. By the way, it is lunch time, and as we are a good way from home, we will have to go to a restaurant. Which one do you prefer?"

Mrs. Blinks—"Oh, go to Blank and Blank's, by all means. In the others the food is not fit to eat."

Mr. Blinks—"Very well. I wonder why it is that Blank and Blank's place is so superior to the others?"

Mrs. Blinks—"Why, don't you know? They have men cooks."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Glad the Furniture is Left.

"Soap and towels wanted in 84½," piped the bell boy of a Philadelphia hotel.

"All right, Johnnie," said the clerk, ringing the bell for the head waiter; "but that is the fourth time to-day that soap and towels have been put in that room. It is enough to break up the house."

"You don't mean that the guests walk off with your soap and towels?"

"Young man," said the clerk, impressively, "the longer one lives the more information he acquires. Hotel guests will take anything. We are always glad that the bedding and furniture are left. Sometimes our blankets are taken, but soap and towels go like hot cakes."

Not Worth Mentioning.

"I guess I will have to say good night," remarked Mrs. Smith, and she left the parlor, leaving her daughter and young Featherly there alone.

"Your mother is not looking well," said Featherly, concernedly; "is she in poor health?"

"Oh, it's nothing serious. We have been without a servant for a week; poor mamma is a little tired, that's all. You will make one of us, of course, at the theatre party to-morrow evening, Mr. Featherly?"—*New York Sun.*

Pacified Her.

Young wife—"Why, Charlie, what have you gone and bought a dog for?"

Young husband—"Ah—um, my dear, you know we can't eat everything that comes on the table; no family can."

Young wife—"Oh, Charlie? (crying) I knew you wouldn't like my cooking. Oh, dear, dear!"

Young husband—"There, there! don't cry. I'll sell the dog."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Advice Not Heeded.

"Take care of the pennies, my son," advised a father, "and the dollars will take care of themselves."

"That's just what I don't want them to do," the young man replied. "I want to take care of the dollars myself."

The occupation census of 1883, just completed, shows that 42.5 per cent of the population of Germany are engaged in agriculture, including gardening, forestry, and fishing; 35.5 per cent in industry, including mining; 10 per cent in commerce, including the carrying traffic and the sale of food and drink by retail, and 12 per cent in the public service.

The Farmer and the Small Boy.

A farmer once put his dinner on the fire to cook and started for the field, having first hired a Small Boy to stay in the house and announce when the dinner was cooked by calling through the window; but the Boy deceived the Farmer three times by calling him too soon. Finally, the Farmer said to himself: "This Boy is such an awful liar that I will not come when he calls again." Pretty soon the dinner was really ready and the boy called. The Farmer did not come, and the Boy devoured the dinner.

MORAL—This Fable teaches that it pays to believe even a liar when he tells the truth.—*Life.*