

Our Farm.

BREEDS OF CATTLE.

The GREAT problem of the best breed of dairy cows is now fast approaching the most exacting and impartial trial ever witnessed in the world; to ascertain the truth of this question. If properly understood and studied by the farmers of America the result of the world's fair trial of dairy cows may result in a grand revolution of this important farm industry.

The fact is patent that millions of dollars have been worse than wasted for many years past by farmers keeping herds of dairy cows, and most ignorantly milking year after year, all of them, and never for once testing the cows to see whether the milk was good or bad.

There is no branch of business that has for many years been pursued upon such an idiotic basis as the American dairy work. A war for nearly a generation of time has been necessary and continually waged against the butter makers' introduction of cow-hair and other unnecessary filth in butter. The seeming astonishment now depicted upon the countenances of the average dairymen as mention is made of these things, as much as to ask who is guilty, is amusing and suggestive. The question can be far easier answered by pointing out the few who are not guilty. The dairy cow that will give the largest yield of butter fat upon a given amount of feed, is the cow needed for the butter dairy. The cow that will furnish the largest amount of milk for feed consumed rich in casein, is the cow we need in cheese factories. The cow that will give the largest quantity of milk fair in quality, and that possesses a good, strong, healthy constitution, is the general purpose cow needed for family use, and to rear babies on. Such milk develops brain, bone, muscle and meat to the highest perfection, and is unquestionably the much-needed cow of the age.

Therefore we can see at the outset this great world's fair dairy test means education of the highest and noblest order. To learn these lessons thoroughly, and then to practice accordingly, is the greatest need of this big world's test. Farmers have perfect command of the situation; they ought and can know for years in advance which branch of the dairy they will pursue. There is no occasion whatever for a vacillating course, no emergencies whatever that demand it. It needs to be the life work of the same farm, and it can then work to a higher point of achievement every coming year. Breeding and feeding are two of the agencies that man may excel in, and to be true and noble in his profession, he needs to give the most careful study to these questions, and should hail with joy this great trial to be conducted upon this most instructive scientific and exhaustive basis.

I for one cannot help but look with great favor upon the dairy work of our experiment station farms. I believe the results gained and lessons taught are honest judgments and will do for farmers to rely upon, and save themselves much unnecessary expense in such or similar investigation. I hope to see the best results obtained at this great world's fair trial accepted by farmers all over this country, and made the intelligent foundation of their further work.

I do know there is a great interest being taken now in dairy business. The many letters I get weekly from anxious readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and reaching over such an astonishing breadth of country, tells a tale of virtue and necessity of the agricultural press in most emphatic tones.

A correspondent from Helena, Montana, desires this last week to know more definitely about some points of the silo and ensilage business, and writes me so instructively and interestingly of a country that I supposed too cold and forbidding to raise more than the necessary amount of milk for babies. It seems now to be the future ideal butter-dairy land. Not a week has passed for the past year or two but anxious inquirers have called for more explicit information about the silo and ensilage, dairy barns, etc.

An old farmer last week wrote me from Jonesboro, Grant county, Indiana. He had tried faithfully to find out my whereabouts from FARM AND FIRESIDE, but they wrote him it was Jefferson, Ohio, and he said Ohio was so big a country that that address was too indefinite for him to find me, and he wanted to build a big dairy

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barn 36x72 feet, and with basement stable-room and silos above, and his head was too old and thick to understand it well from reading, so he wanted to see a model dairy barn before he built his own.

I invited him to come, and pointed out the way to find me with a twelve hour's railroad ride. This week I expect him.

They have quoted FARM AND FIRESIDE to me in Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, Iowa and Nebraska, and have built silos. Kansas is after me to know if alfalfa is good for ensilage. I dare not tell until I know, and am half a mind to go out there and develop the truthfulness of it on some farms I own in Lane and Scott counties. I do wish some of the readers who may know if this be so, would tell of it through FARM AND FIRESIDE, not a think so, but a know so.

I have my own opinion now that it would be a grand success if finely cut in its green, full-bloom condition, and when so full of juice it would heat and pack perfectly, that it would make splendid ensilage, and that the four profitable crops of it there each season could be saved and utilized for cattle feed at half the expense of curing for dry hay feed; but I don't know it, and only think it so.

If this should be demonstrated in 1893 in connection with the great world's fair information, I don't see why Kansas farming need not boom again with the winter dairy business and cattle-feeding business if alfalfa could be made the basis of a continuous and even yearly food supply.

Contentment is the main thing to live for, but man can never attain it when he has vague suspicions that his present course is full of imperfections. Reform at once; stop milking skim-milk cows for butter; stop feeding 1,800 to 2,000 pounds of shells to make a grease spot of butter—for a few years annually—so that you will be provided with a beef carcass at a good, ripe old age, if a failure of perfect teats should ever strike the good old innocent cow that was ripe for beef at two years old, and honest nature so intended her to be used.

HENRY TALCOTT.

WHAT SOME FARM PESTS ARE FOR.

Some years ago the farm was literally overrun by rats. They were all through the house from cellar to garret. They were in full possession of cribs, granaries, barns, sheds and outhouses; they were in haystacks, straw-stacks and corn-fodder shocks all over the farm. All measures for driving them off were of the least possible avail. It was of no use to kill them, since two seemed to come for everyone that was killed. The situation was so annoying that "the rats" was a topic of conversation among neighbors when they met, even on Sundays.

We had a Pennsylvania Quaker for a neighbor, a very intelligent man, and one of the best and neatest farmers in the country. He came to see us on business one day, and among other subjects that came up for remark was "the rat nuisance," with which we were all afflicted. To our astonishment this good farmer, unlike anybody else, took the opposite side of the question from us and everybody else, and said the farmers were to blame for the whole flood of rats. He said he had none to speak of about his farm or buildings, because he had no harbors for them; there were no places for them to hide and breed; that his dog and the cats could not follow them. He said the few he had were in the woodpile, and he was ashamed of the fact, because he ought to have had his men pile the wood when it was prepared for the house instead of leaving it in one great, loose pile.

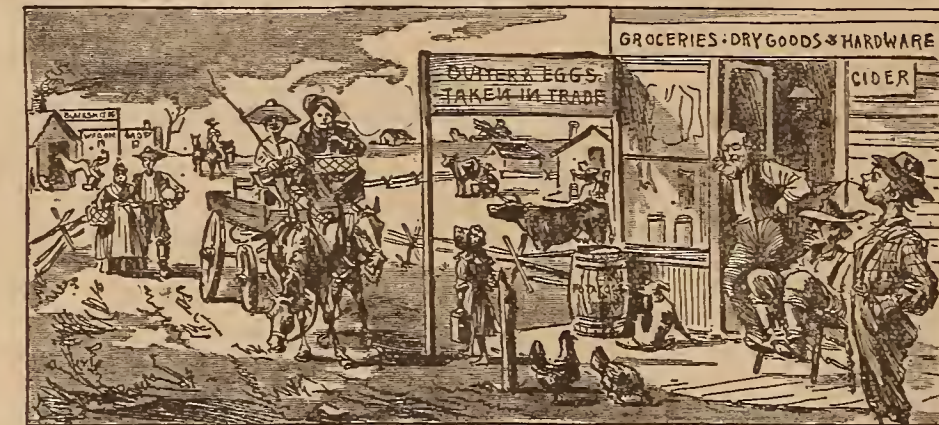
He said, what we called pests were sent to make us more tidy and careful. I thought I could catch him on weeds on the farm, but he took the lead even better than on the former question, by saying weeds made us better farmers, more industrious, more thorough cultivators of the soil. The thought was a new one, and thirty years of observation has confirmed the small impression made by this good man, that pests serve a valuable purpose in farm economy.

R. M. BELL.

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WONDERFUL Is what everyone says when they see our offer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" FREE to any one sending 50 cents for this journal one year. The book contains the same illustrations as the regular \$2.00 edition sold in stores. See our grand offers on other pages.

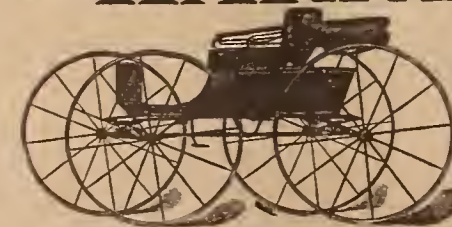


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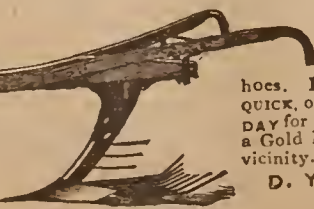
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Our Farm.

GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

LINE UPON LINE.—In all agricultural writings it must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept." This necessitates a great deal of repetition, and while this may be annoying to writers and teachers, and perhaps to the publishers, it cannot be avoided. If, for instance, I bring out a really good idea, and let it appear only once, without repetition it will be lost to the great mass of those whom it was intended to benefit. It is also so with advertising. An advertisement that appears only a single time in a journal has little effect. The reader is apt to overlook it, or if he does see it, it will not stir him up to action. Put the same advertisement in again, and if there is any good in it, it will attract attention, and at last bring in the responses. It is so with the reforms in politics demanded by the people.

Politicians, like average people, are hard of hearing in these things. We may need fractional currency, and simplification of the money order system, and cheap parcel post, and many other such little reforms, ever so bad, but we will not be likely to get them if we ask for them only once and then stop asking. It must be "line upon line." The agricultural press, in this respect, has much to learn from some of our leading political dailies and weeklies. These political papers "drum away" at a certain thing, day after day, week after week, sometimes in a long editorial, and then again in just a little pointed paragraph; but they keep pegging away at it, no matter if it takes all summer. That is the way to stir up a sentiment and accomplish a desired object. Let the agricultural papers once adopt this course in respect to the little favors which the American farmer asks, and for a long time has asked and expected, from our legislators and executives, and see if we will not get them at last.

In a vigorous campaign of this kind there should not be a single issue of the paper but what contains some reference to the desired and desirable measures—fractional currency, a money order system relieved of all red tape and modeled after that of the express companies, or still better, after the money order system of the German empire; a cheap parcel post, which extends the weight limit to at least ten pounds and reduces the postage rate to four cents a pound or less; perhaps, also, postal telephones and telegraphs, and cheap messages, etc.

All these things are well worth making some little effort in getting, and if we do not get them in the end, the agricultural press will be largely to blame, since it has failed to urge these things as persistently and vigorously as the secular press would urge them if their readers were so unanimously favoring them as the rural people do.

These and similar reforms may be small things. But the sum of national prosperity, as well as of individual happiness, is made up of small things. Small things should not be ignored, for the attention to details is just what insures success in national economy as well as in farming and gardening. The "small things" mentioned come into every farmer's daily life, add to his comforts and save him inconvenience and expense. They will make it easier for him to get his supplies—in small implements and conveniences, in seeds, insecticides, fungicides, etc., and therefore lead to better and more successful farming and gardening.

EARLY VEGETABLES.—This principle of "line upon line" applies with equal force to writings on gardening. Changes in taste, in daily life, in customs, no matter how desirable, come slowly, but they come. The first thing is to create a sentiment, and then let off-repeated precept, persuasion and good example do the rest. The American farmer has only in recent years begun to be a home gardener; and he has yet much to learn before he will utilize all his opportunities in this respect. The forcing of vegetables is a modern industry, and seldom resorted to in the home garden. And yet, as I have told at an earlier opportunity, and am bound to urge again upon my readers, it is an easy thing and a very desirable thing, even for those who have only a few square rods of land to work.

There are few people who do not like radishes and lettuce in the spring and early summer. But these vegetables never taste better than when you can get them a week or two ahead of their natural season. Then they become real delicacies and luxuries. Now for once try your luck with them.

Alfred Peats WALL PAPER

Send 5c for postage on 100 beautiful samples and our guide, "How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," will be sent FREE. Handsome Gold Parlor Paper 10, 12 1-2, 15c per roll, all with wide borders and ceilings to match. Good Gold Paper, 5c to 9c. Paperhangers' sample books, \$1.00.

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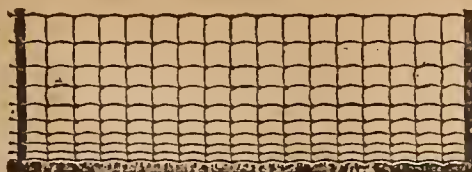
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Four won't go in 1893 but Page Fence will. And it's a leap year with us too. Sales for February leaped to three times the amount sold last year in same month. Nearly every mile went where it has been used for years. No mushroom growth here. PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich. Mention this paper.

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Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture tells all about fruits, their merits and defects, how to plant, prune, cultivate, describes the best novelties, etc. Richly illustrated, several colored plates. Price, 10 cts.

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for variety of marking, beauty of form, large size, and splendid satiny texture, is unexcelled. The quality of our

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is well known, and when planted once are always planted.

A full description of all the leading

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are given in our 1893 Catalogue, which is fully illustrated with honest cuts, and contains colored plates painted from nature. You should see it before purchasing your Seeds. Write now, and it will be sent free if you mention this paper.

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SALZER'S TREE CRANBERRY

THREE RARE, HARDY FRUITS, 50c.

No Dwarf Shrub Fruits ever introduced, created such a sensation as our Buffalo, June and Tree Cranberry. From the time the leaves begin to unfold they are a source of constant beauty, blooming and bearing continuously.

THE BUFFALO BERRY. Hardy, from the lava beds of the Dakotas. Extremely prolific. Each 30 cents; 10 for \$1.25, postpaid.

DWARF JUNE BERRY. A shrub of great beauty. Covers itself with a great mass of pure, white, deliciously fragrant blossoms, followed by large, dark colored berries, excellent for pies, sauce, etc. Each 25c.

TREE CRANBERRY. Everybody is fond of cranberries. Here we have shrub that will flourish and bear prodigiously in every section of America. These 3 Shrubs are hardy as oak. Each 30c.

One plant each of above three novelties for but 50c, postpaid.

For 14c Postpaid (With Catalogue 22c.)

We will mail 4 pkg. Early Vegetables and 5 pkg. Flower Seeds; in all 9 PKG. listed nowhere under 90c. This is done that you may test our choice Northern Grown Seeds for only 14c. Our Seed and Plant catalogue is the finest, largest, most complete catalogue issued in America. It is mailed upon receipt of 8c postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE WIS

A FAIR GOOD BETTER BEST

BUGGY

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— \$55.00
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BUY of the Manufacturers. SAVE Middleman's profit and Traveling man's expenses. Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Wagons and Carts. We are the only manufacturers willing to ship you any vehicle in Catalogue to be returned to us, at our expense, if not found as represented.

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All Vehicles Warranted for two years. Capacity 100 finished vehicles daily.

A little frame, set into a warm, sun-exposed spot, and filled with rich, sandy loam, then covered with a close-fitting sash—that is all. Sow the seed in rows three or four inches apart, cover an inch deep, firm well, water when needed, and keep sash on except in bright days, when it should be partially removed to admit air; and in a few weeks you will have crisp radishes, and later, nice lettuce. Of course, the lettuce-plants should not be allowed to stand too close. You can cut the surplus plants out gradually, using the leaves for salad, until the plants stand six or eight inches apart each way. Thus they will soon make nice heads. Tobacco dust or stems spread around the plants as a mulch will keep greenfly and slugs away. Use Boston Market, Grand Rapids or Denver Market for this purpose.

Other things easily grown, and quickly available for salad purposes, are cresses and mustard. They will produce some "nice, pungent bits of green" in a couple of weeks' time. I like to sow cresses at intervals for succession. It usually goes to seed quite quickly, but can be made to last longer by keeping it cut close. We like cresses, and mustard, too, for mixing with lettuce in our salads, on account of their spicy pungency.

EARLY RUBY TOMATO.—I have frequent inquiries about this sort, and where to get the seed. A large number of our seedsmen catalogue it, and it seems that people who follow the advice so often given them, to send for the catalogues of a number of leading seed dealers, should have no difficulty in discovering the right place to get their supply. I will say, however, that the Ruby was introduced by Peter Henderson & Co., three or four years ago. It is not a good tomato. We have a large number of better ones. But I know none that is as early and as good at the same time. In other words, it is the best tomato for one of its season, and therefore I grow it more largely than any other kind. The money in these vegetables is in that part of the crop which can be marketed before the rush; and as in the case of radishes and lettuce, none taste so good as the specimens secured a few weeks in advance of their regular old-time season, I have the Ruby fully ripe in July, and enjoy it. For a late variety, plant Matchless, Ignotum, or one of a score of other good kinds, new and older. I am also asked occasionally where Early Ohio potatoes can be bought. Well, if none of your neighbors can supply you, it is about time that such a good variety should come into the neighborhood. It will find favor if planted in the garden or a rich field. Just look through seed catalogues. Almost every seedsman offers it for sale at reasonable prices per barrel or bushel, which the intending planter can well afford to pay rather than go without the variety.

THE NEED OF POLLEN.—For years I have called attention to the fact that the barrenness of fruit-trees, grape-vines and other plants, about which we hear so frequent complaints, is due chiefly to the failure of pollination—the want of pollen of the right kind or at the right time. I just come across some new evidence in support of this statement. In the annual report of the Maine state college agricultural experiment station, Professor W. M. Munson has some "Preliminary Notes on the Secondary Effects of Pollination." These notes are interesting in more than one respect. In a general way they show that there is very little positive evidence that the male element (pollen) has a decided immediate influence upon the character of the resulting fruit. There was no difference in specimens of the same tomato whether the blossoms had been fertilized by pollen of one kind or another, most widely differing sorts being selected as males. The same was true of egg-plant, etc.

Professor Munson's researches further show that a common, but by no means universal, law of reproduction by seed requires fertilization of the ovules as a condition necessary to the development of fruit. When pollen is withheld, or results without fertilization, usually the whole flower withers and the pistil fails to develop. In some instances, however, the fruit or other seed-receptacle may grow all right, but the seed will fail to "fill." We have such instances in the egg-plant, in cucumbers (especially of the English forcing kinds), even in beans and peas, etc.

What interested me most in Mr. Munson's report, however, was the discovery that the amount of pollen has often a decided influence on the development of the fruit. When a sufficiency of pollen was supplied to tomato flowers, the fruit grew large and plump; when but a small (insufficient) quantity was applied, the fruit only developed partially, and remained small and imperfect. Herein, I believe, is also an explanation of the fact complained about recently by a southern subscriber, that his tomatoes remained barren. Pollen probably was lacking, although I cannot tell for what reason. What our friend will have to do to remedy the trouble is to find and plant a variety of tomato that will produce pollen more freely.

This subject is of great importance to the fruit grower. Many good varieties of fruits, etc., do not produce pollen, or their pollen fails to fertilize the flowers growing on the same tree or variety; or it does not ripen just when the pistil is receptive. The remedy, in these cases, is to plant a number of different varieties, and if necessary, different species, in close proximity.

JOSEPH.

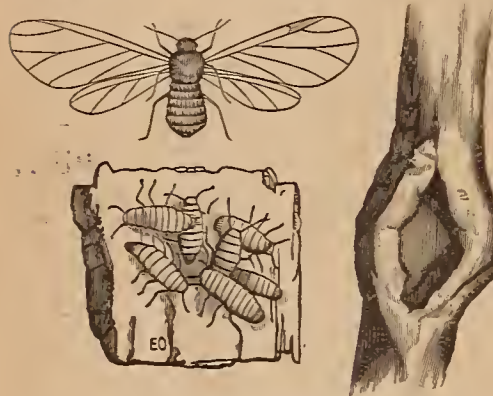
Our Farm.

Orehard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

THE WOOLLY APHIS—HABITS AND METHODS OF EXTERMINATION.

THE woolly aphis affecting apple-trees exists in two forms, one attacking the trunk, usually near the ground, and the other living on the roots. It is stated that they sometimes during autumn cover the under side of the branches, making them appear as if whitewashed. This I have never seen with this species, but an allied species (*Schizoneura crataegi*) occurring on thorn, has at times been extremely abundant in this form at Ames, Iowa, some thorn-trees appearing so white as to attract attention at a distance. The clusters of aphides in autumn usually contain some winged individuals, and it is probable that



WOOLLY APHIS.

they distribute themselves over scattered trees then. In late autumn minute eggs are laid in crevices of the bark, mostly near the ground, and these remain over winter, and are the starting-point for the insects in spring. In summer broods reproduce viviparously (bringing forth the young alive as most mammals), as do other aphides, but just how many broods occur or whether there is any general migration I am not prepared to say. The generally recommended plan of destroying the root-form is to lay bare the uppermost roots and pour boiling hot water upon them. Another plan is to use bisulphide of carbon, pouring two ounces into a hole made near the trunk of the tree. The hole can be made with a sharp stick to the depth of a foot or more, the fluid poured in and the hole packed with earth at the opening. The trunk or branches can be sprayed with kerosene emulsion, or the emulsion used by scrubbing the tree with a sponge, rags or old broom, so as to thoroughly dislodge the lice and bring them in contact with the fluid, their woolly bodies tending to shed the first application. Subject trees that are being transplanted to a dip if suspected of harboring lice, to kill them or the eggs which may be deposited on the bark. In such case, immersing a few times in water at a temperature of about 150 degrees Fahr. will effectually destroy all lice and eggs. Immerse sufficiently to cover all rough places of the lower part of the trunk. —Prof. Herbert Osborn, in *Orange Judd Farmer*.

MANURING STRAWBERRIES.

It seems that some think it best not to manure strawberries much, that it causes them to run too much to foliage and not to fruit. I find this way of growing throws many berries on the market that takes a heap of work to sell, and many of them no amount of labor can sell.

I believe growing strawberries is like all other business, success depends greatly on the start we get, for without a good start, the after care will not produce as satisfactory results. It is just as unreasonable to set strawberry-plants in a poor soil, and expect a good crop of fine berries, as to plant corn and expect a good crop. Any one who will observe the beauty and flavor of the strawberry would surely be convinced that it takes abundance of rich food to produce them, and that few soils contain this food in sufficient quantities, and must be or should be supplied by manure.

It appears that the value of the strawberry-plant lies almost entirely in the roots, and the stronger these are the hardier and more productive the plant. When the young plant begins to send out roots it continues to send out more and stronger ones as they find food in the soil until the plant bears fruit. The aim when setting out a bed of young plants is to have an abundance of strong, well-developed roots that will produce a large, vigorous crown

by winter. Having abundance of roots the sap is carried rapidly up into the crown, producing strong bloom and leaves to shield them, and a good crop of fine berries is the result. But these good points must be obtained by liberal manuring.

In supplying land with the needed manure, we find some seems better and more effective than another. This is due to the amount of plant-food contained in the manure or the proportion the food exists in it. Some manure may be rich in the elements of plant-food, but locked up so that the plants cannot use it; others may not be as rich, but the elements of plant-food exist in a more available form ready for its use.

In my experience in growing strawberries I find no manure better adapted to the wants of the strawberry than stable manure, but the trouble of using it is clover and grass seeds. If such manure has to be used, it is best to apply it heavily to the land and cultivate some hoed crop on it the first year and then set in strawberries.

If manure is free from any seeds, I prefer to apply it the same spring of setting the plants; in this way the plants reap all the strength of the manure.

The most successful crop I have grown, I took a part of my garden and applied the manure just before setting the plants. I put ten tons on one quarter of an acre, and in the early winter I spread over the bed four wagon-loads (or three tons) of tobacco stems. And after all this manuring I found the most and finest berries on the richest places.

On a bed since I applied six tons of tobacco stems on the same amount of land—in good tilth—in the fall, and set the plants the following spring, and then in August I applied six tons of rotted manure from a livery-stable yard. I obtained a fine crop, but I had to do a heap of hard work to keep the clover and grass down. I am satisfied that my crop was injured some by the clover and grass. Still, this crop encourages me to manure without stint.

THOS. D. BAIRD.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Bisulphide of Carbon.—S. B. G. Bisulphide of carbon is quite cheap. It is, however, very inflammable and should be kept away from fire.

Woolly Aphis—Apple Varieties.—J. C. S., Carroll county, Arkansas, writes: "There are insects on the roots of some of my apple-trees. The roots are rough and knotty where they are. Sometimes they appear on the limbs



WOOLLY APHIS.

and body of the tree. What shall I do to get rid of the pest?—What varieties of apples are best suited for this country for market and home use?"

REPLY:—See article on woolly aphis, by Prof. Osborn, on this page.—Shockley, Yates and Romanite for winter, Early Harvest and Oldenburg for summer and Taunton for autumn.

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No Trees of 1st quality can ever be sent by mail. Mayhap you know it. By freight, prepaid if preferred, we ship safely 4, 5, or 6 ft. trees; 2-yr. Roses of rare excellence—everything! You actually pay less than for the puny stuff. 1,000 acres Nurseries. 20,000 acres Orchards. Exact information about trees and fruits. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo. Mention this paper when you write.



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Our Farm.

CLOVER.

A lecturer has said lately that clover is the farmer's strongest hold as a crop and the best prop to agriculture generally. There is much truth in it.

The farmer must wake up to the importance of clover, and when he does, a new agent is in his hands—new to him if he is unacquainted with its merits. A great number do not appear to realize what clover really can do for them, if we may judge by the fact that they raise none, or very little.

As a soiling crop, there is nothing that equals it for all kinds of farm animals. One farmer raises large fields of it, not only for cows, but also for hogs and poultry. They all eat it with great avidity. Clover makes good beef, good milk, good pork and good poultry and eggs. The poultry raiser knows that he gets better and richer eggs when he feeds clover. He puts by in the fall a good quantity of clover for his fowls in the winter—enough to last till clover or grass comes again.

It is the best food, and the more that is given, the less corn and other grain will the fowls consume. In the winter the clover is cut into inch lengths, placed in a barrel and steamed; that is, boiling water is poured over and into it, and it is allowed to stand two or three hours. The clover comes out almost as bright and green as when it was cut. Fowls devour it eagerly.

As plant-food, clover is very valuable. If the land needs nitrogen, the best use to make of a crop of clover is to plow it in. A field of fine clover was treated in this way, and then cabbages were planted in the soil thus enriched by the clover.

The cabbages were remarkable for size, firmness and quality—head compact and solid. When the cabbages were pulled, it was seen that the extraordinary growth was produced by the clover, or the nitrogen in it. The roots of the cabbage run at an angle, usually branching from it. The plants planted over the clover ran straight down into the soil, going down in search of the nitrogen in the clover, the food they wanted the most.

There is another use of clover, which some may not think of much importance; but little things are sometimes worth noticing. Can you think of anything more delightful to sleep on than clover blossoms? In the country, the blossoms have been used for temporary summer beds. If the blossoms are dried slowly, or partly in the shade, they will not crumble so quickly. And there is said to be great healing power in clover blossoms and clover leaves. Whether that be true or not, such beds are cool, and impart for a time an agreeable odor, fragrant and soporific.

Crimson clover is coming into use rapidly. In bloom it is the most beautiful crop ever seen on a farm. In one place, where two acres were planted, people came miles to see it and to pluck a handful. A strange sight—two acres of flaming red, rising and falling with the breeze.

This clover was sowed in July, after a crop of grass had been gathered. Stable (cow) manure, twelve cords to the acre, was spread on and plowed in, and seeded with twenty-five pounds to the acre. The winter was mild, but there were several short drops of the mercury to several degrees below zero. The soil was a sandy loam. There was not, apparently, a stalk winter-killed. It began to grow in the following March. The seeding was too thick; about twenty pounds to the acre is enough; but in spite of the overseeding, the crop was simply wonderful, every stock standing erect till cut, two and a half feet high. Try crimson clover. The seed may be obtained of any dealer.

GEORGE APPLETON.

IMPROVEMENT.

It is a cheering and hopeful fact that farmers of Ohio are certainly farming with greater skill than ever before. Better men and a higher intelligence is now the general caste of the Ohio farmer. It requires the inventive genius to tax his brain to its utmost capacity to meet the requirements of modern farming.

Farm implements that were considered perfection almost a few months ago are superseded by improved machinery. As soon as a demand comes for any advance, manufacturers supply it as if by magic. There is no halt to them, or standstill, or resting secure upon a former reputation. The lawyers' fees for securing a patent are hardly settled before the machine is rendered worthless by a new invention of superior merit. This is a

great redeeming feature of the patent-law monopoly, and about all the reason that farmers become reconciled to it is from its capricious life and usefulness. The manufacturer who is lucky enough to close out his stock of machinery on hand at the end of each season is in paradise, and there are some hopes of his developing fair Christian graces. It has been a constant list of surprises to me for the last thirty years to attempt to keep track of this and deal in them with the retail trade. How soon the dropper had to give way to the side-delivery rake; this to the wire binder and that to the twine binder; the latter resting long enough to breed binder-twine trusts and all manner of corruption to mortal man.

I presume electricity will soon play its part in farm machinery, and end the runaway and kicking horse of the farm. This ago of development and competition requires a different farmer from the pudding-and-milk, johnny-cake farmer of fifty years ago. I am happy to see this advance and to know that I have lived long enough already to see them all born, for I commenced with the flax-brake sickle and scythe, and used the "Little Beauty" diamond-pronged pitchfork, and the old, straight-bladed, heavy-socket hoe that country blacksmiths made when I was a boy, and went barefoot long enough each season to have autumn frosts chill my toes and cause me to hurry up the old cows in the pasture in the mornings, so I could stand on their warm night beds long enough to smile and feel glad that I was born at all.

But from all these changes and privations I never saw a moment of my life that I did not believe agriculture was the noblest and most independent calling of man. Where else in human society can you see the laboring man respected and enjoying the society and wisdom to be gained by close contact and intimate acquaintance with intelligent and wealthy men? Who else but the farmer has got the well-balanced brain and principle enough to build up the young or weak and strive to make the burdens of life easier for them, and is ever ready to give them social recognition, words of encouragement and wisdom? I search in vain for it except at farmer homes.

The terrible struggles between labor and capital that so threaten this republic and cause so much apprehension and distrust, in my judgment, grow largely out of the dwarfed mental and moral power of the rich, or capital, to accord to laboring classes the social standing they so richly deserve. The man who produces should have as many points credited to him in human society as the parasite, or rich one, who simply absorbs.

To avert a future dire calamity to the human race upon this continent and to change this unholy condition, we need a reformation of capital and its attitude toward labor. Its present condition is not the result of superiority or greater intelligence, for daily we witness the changes of fortune, and as soon as the poor make a corner on lard, pork or wheat, or strike oil, they glitter with diamonds and high standing, and are freely accorded all the privileges of the so-called refined, based upon this fictitious measure of the moral worth of man.

As I travel over Ohio, I note with pleasure the advance made by the farmer, and am glad to know he is now multiplying the resources of his farm. Fewer acres, more bushels and less cost is the problem he now seeks to solve upon the farm. He wrestles more successfully with nature and providence every day, adds needed moisture by deeper and better tillage, reduces floods and surplus water with dykes and under-drains, adds fertility to the soil in such ingredients as are lacking, harvests and cures his crops in better condition, caters to the appetites of consumers, furnishes what they desire to buy, and puts all in nice condition and in its most attractive form, tempting the palate and stomach of the rich, and winning, as he justly merits, their patronage and money.

Horticulture and truck farming make him forget his losses on beef and horses, and with an increase of wealth comes a higher education of the farmer's family and a better reputation for the calling, until to-day it occupies a position more powerful and influential than ever before, and is the most honorable calling of man.

H. TALCOTT.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MINNESOTA.—Those in the East who wish a good home will find that southwestern Minnesota is a desirable place. We have good land, good water, good schools, plenty of churches, and good transportation over the C., St. P., M. & O. railroad. Good, improved farms are selling at \$20 to \$30 per acre; wild land, \$10 and upwards per acre. Last winter was cold at times, but there were no hard storms, as in former winters. J. L. G. *Windom, Minn.*

FROM ALABAMA.—The leading crops of Limestone county are corn, wheat, oats, tobacco and cotton. The soils here are the famous red cotton land and dark and light gravelly. The gravelly soil is best for grain. Potatoes (sweet and Irish) and turnips yield immense crops; Irish potatoes are planted the second time on the same land and make good fall crops. Peanuts, or goobers, do well; last year a neighbor raised four hundred bushels on twelve acres. All kinds of fruit grow to perfection. I have never known a fruit failure, and I have been here sixteen years. All kinds of wild fruits and berries are very plentiful. We have good water, and plenty of it. This county should be a health resort, with its pure water and mild climate. Athens, our county-seat, is noted for its schools; a female college and the state agricultural college are located here. Land is cheap and building material plenty. T. U. C. *Athens, Ala.*

FROM OREGON.—The winter of 1892-93 will be a landmark in climatology the world over. It will interest many, perhaps, to know how old Boreas behaved in this corner of the world. The winter in southern Oregon has been cold and, for the most part, rather dry. From October to February we had almost continuous cold weather, the ground freezing more or less for five out of seven nights. The days ruled bright and clear, temperature rising to from 50° to 65°; at no time have we had zero weather. About February 4th we had our first general snow-storm. At this place the snow attained, for one day, a depth of fourteen inches, gradually melting. We are at an elevation of nearly two thousand feet; in the lower and larger valleys the snow disappeared sooner. Stock has done well; many cattle have not come in from the mountain ranges. Owing to a very dry summer, hay is not very plentiful; stockmen are feeling safe, as grass will soon come. Fruit-trees are full of buds, and unless some future mishap befalls us, we will have a large crop of fruit; a larger crop than ever is in order, as many hundreds of acres of new orchards are coming into bearing every season. This county (Jackson) is destined to be a vast orchard. No part of the Pacific coast excels it for apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes and kindred fruits. Quartz mining is promising great things just now; \$100,000 in gold dust for this county alone is expected this year. Josephine county will do as well. The great nickel mine of Douglas county is being rapidly developed. Silver and copper are also found here. From this it is seen that we have the money metals all about us, though money itself is at a premium. We have also fine potter's clay—we need some potters and potteries—some coal, much iron, marble, limestone, granite, asbestos, and many square miles of forests full of potential wealth. This list of resources outlives our industries, actual and possible. The Oregon and California railroad traverses our county. We need a direct road to the sea, and hope ere long to get it. Immigration is not heavy, though our country offers many attractions. People of moderate means seeking a home in an exceptionally fine climate, could do far worse than to investigate our locality. We welcome all such to our borders. Our people nearly all came from the states east of the Rockies, and are at least half civilized. In passing, stop off and see us. S. M. *Spikenard, Oregon.*

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD, CHEAP FENCE.

Among the implements for farm use the fence machine has become one of the necessities, as it affords the best, and by far the cheapest way to make farm fence. Of the various machines on the market for the purpose the Empire Standard Fence Machine is one of the very best. It has been in general use for over eight years, and as a practical fence builder has proved a decided success. It is manufactured by the Empire Machine Co., Richmond, Ind., whose reputation for reliable goods, prompt and fair dealing, is of the very best. They have just issued their ninth annual catalogue, which is full of useful information in regard to fence building, and will be sent free to any address. Persons desiring agencies or wanting a good, cheap fence will do well to write this firm for their catalogue.

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Old Virginia Homestead. ELEGANT DWELLING. Located in handsome grove of forest trees. Well watered and timbered. Near railroad depot. Location noted for health. Farm well adapted to stock. Title perfect. Particulars, address R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

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Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

RAISING YOUNG TURKEYS.

THE main points in raising young turkeys are to keep them dry, and to guard against lice. Not only the mites attack them, but also the large head-lice destroy them. Lice pass from the mother to the young. As soon as they are hatched, dust both the hen and the young with fresh insect-powder, and rub one drop of sweet-oil on the heads. Do this once a week.

Young turkeys should be fed every two hours. They do not eat much at a time, but they eat often. Keep a small box of ground bone where they can reach it, and give water in vessels that will not permit them to get wet. Bear in mind that the least dampness to them will be fatal.

Should they droop, look for lice. Nearly one half of the young turkeys die from lice. Search closely on the skin of the head and neck of each, and use as a remedy one or two drops of sweet-oil. Too much grease of any kind is injurious to them. Have the coops and runs clean.

Do not feed them until they are thirty-six hours old. Then give curds and stale bread, the bread being first dipped in fresh milk. Rolled oats may be kept before them in a box. Finely-chopped, hard-boiled eggs once a day may be given, and an egg, broken, and the contents well beaten into a gill of fresh milk, which may be warmed (not boiled), and thickened with bread, is

HARDINESS.
So many readers ask us which breed lays the most eggs, and which is the best for the table. It is, perhaps, not difficult to select some breeds that will lay more eggs in a year than others, but there is something more important to be considered in the matter than excelling in laying. The most essential requisite in a breed is hardiness. It is useless to attempt to secure good results from any breed unless it can endure the climate to which it is transferred, and the liability to contract diseases exists more in some breeds than in others. It is impossible to secure all that is desirable in a single breed, but if there is one good quality that should never be sacrificed for any consideration, it is hardiness. If a breed is not hardy it will fail either in winter or summer, and should disease appear, the whole flock may be carried off. In raising chicks aim to use hens that have always been healthy, and select males that are strong, active and vigorous, and by so doing each year, the flock will be stronger and hardier.

A COVERED ROOST.

Roup and other diseases are often due to the drafts on the fowls while they are on the roost. An arrangement by which the fowls may be protected at night is shown in the illustration. A is a hinged cover, which can be raised or lowered, as preferred. There is a space between the lower end of the cover and the floor (D) which permits not only of plenty of ventilation, but which serves as an ingress or egress for the fowls when going on or leaving the roosts. B is the roost, C the nests, and E shows the back wall when the cover is raised. This arrangement does not

CHEAP COOPS FOR CHICKS.
A soap-box makes an excellent coop for a hen and brood if a run is attached. The run may be made of lath, and should be four feet long, two feet wide and two feet high. No floor is required to the run, but the box floor should be raised an inch off the ground. The end of the box may be removed and the box placed up against the end of the run, or the run may be placed over the box. Move the box and run to fresh ground every day.

ENEMIES OF CHICKS.

The hawk destroys hundreds of chicks in some sections, but the loss by hawks is small compared with that occasioned by rats and cats. For this reason no hen with a young brood should be turned out to go wherever she desires, unless you expect to lose nearly all of the chicks, but let her be confined near the house where the chicks can be cared for until they are well-feathered and active. It does not pay to hatch out the chicks unless you try to raise them.

GOSLINGS AND WATER.

When a gosling is just hatched it is really naked, as the down is no protection, and it is easily chilled. No doubt it may occasion surprise to claim that goslings are liable to perish in the water, but it is true. When the weather opens and the water is warm, it does no harm if they go on a pond, but the case is different when the water is cold. They will thrive better on dry land until they are feathered, after which they will be able to endure as many hardships as their parents.

WASTING EGGS.

Many eggs are wasted in incubation simply because no attention is given their selection. The use of small eggs from pullets and of eggs of all sizes and shapes, is a daily occurrence, for hens cannot bring out chicks from eggs that are unfit for the purpose. If you wish to secure strong chicks, select a few of the best hens, mate them with an active male and use eggs from them only, instead of going to the egg-basket and taking the first to be seen.

RYE IN SPRING.

Those who have rye will find it excellent for supplying early green food for hens. Do not allow the hens on the rye but an hour at first, as the green rye is very laxative and will do more harm than confer benefit, if the hens are not turned on with judgment. Give a mess of scalded corn-meal to the hens at night, seasoned with salt, and should bowel diseases appear, keep the hens off the rye until the difficulty disappears.

DON'T FAIL TO CULL.

Do not be afraid to cull out your stock, for there are in all flocks some fowls that do not give a profit. It is not profitable to compel one half the flock to support the other half. Whenever a portion of the flock becomes expensive and the other portion is profitable, get rid of all but the good and send them to market. Culling out the flock is like the trimming of an unfruitful tree—it must be done severely.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EGG-EATING HENS.—I will give you my remedy to prevent hens from eating their eggs. I give them all the gravel that they want to eat until the snow goes off, and then they will help themselves to it. I get it in the fall from the bed of a creek or gravel-bank. Since I did that I have no trouble with them eating their eggs. Laying hens must have something to make shell of. Last year my hens averaged 137 eggs each.
Gainesville, N. Y. J. R.

MATING OF PEAFOWL AND TURKEY.—I noticed on the poultry page of January 1st, 1893, an inquiry as to whether a peafowl would breed with a turkey, by C. L. W., St. Louis, Mo. I wish to say to C. L. W. that I have a peafowl that will mate with turkeys, though it is the first time I ever heard of the like, and I know a number who raise peafowls. I find that there is a difference in the dispositions of peafowls. Mine and the gobbler always fought, but the gobbler always commenced it. Finally, one day I was standing close by them and the gobbler showed fight to him, and the peafowl kicked him on the head, and he fell off of the fence as if he had been shot. After that I saw him and the turkey hen mate, but I sold them before I got any more eggs.
Greenville, Ill. S. C. W.

A CHOLERA CURE.—I notice many inquiries for a remedy for chicken cholera. I wish to give a remedy that is or has been a sure cure before the cases are very bad, and it will certainly prevent that most terrible disease. As soon as you see any symptoms of cholera, which are very noticeable in the droppings, they being a bright green and yellow (a sure indication of cholera), give at once a tablespoonful of sulphuric acid, mixed thoroughly with food, twice a day. If the food is grain, put in warm water, soak it, and feed a tablespoonful of the mixture in a gallon of feed. If cases are severe, give one and a half tablespoonfuls to one gallon of food. Those that are almost dead it will not cure, but it certainly will cure those that are not too far gone, and if used occasionally it will prevent the disease. I think at the time Spanish brown in the drinking-water is very good in connection with the sulphuric acid. I am sure you will not be disappointed. Some one should give it a trial and report the result. If any one would like, I will also give a remedy for roup and gapes in young or old chicks, that has always cured for me so far.
Mus. F. J. M. Fabins, Mich.

INQUIRIES.
Leghorns and Hamburgs.—Mrs. S., Sulphur Creek, Cal., writes: "Which are the better, Hamburgs or Leghorns, for laying?"
REPLY:—There is no advantage possessed by either, but the Leghorns are perhaps the hardier.
Turkeys.—Mrs. J. G. W., Katonah, N. Y., writes: "Can you inform me how to be successful with turkeys?"
REPLY:—We have given special articles on turkey raising in the last few issues, and will do so again. It cannot well be given in detail in this column of inquiries.
How Many Chicks?—J. H. C., Dakota, Minn., writes: "How many chicks should I get from twenty-six fertile eggs which have been shipped three hundred miles?"
REPLY:—So many contingencies enter into the matter as to make it difficult to estimate. The rule is that seven chicks from a setting of thirteen eggs is considered a fair hatch.



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excellent. Chopped onions may also be added to the mixture. Give them anything that they will eat. They are very dainty and will not accept all kinds of food. Wheat and cracked corn may also be kept before them.

Until they "shoot the red," which will be when they are about ten or twelve weeks old, they will be tender, but after that time they will be hardy. They may then be allowed to forage and help themselves. The good care at first, in keeping them dry and free of lice, will bring the loss down to a minimum, and though it may be tedious work, yet nothing pays better than a good crop of turkeys.

EGGS AND LOW PRICES.

It is an old maxim that hens always lay when eggs are cheap. We may add that they also begin to lay when food is cheap. The matter of price is always viewed from the highest standpoint, yet it is doubtful if there is a greater profit in winter than in summer. During the winter the hens require care and labor, and all of the food must be supplied; but in the summer they pick up insects, seeds, fallen grain, and have all the green food they desire. If a flock of active hens are placed where they can forage over a large area, it may safely be said that they will need no food from the hands of their owners at all, and the eggs are almost, if not wholly, profit. Then again, a hen will lay two eggs in summer when she may only lay one in winter, and when the proper view is taken of low prices for eggs it may not appear so discouraging as to look at the matter by comparison with winter. It is the profit to be secured, and that depends not on the prices, but on the cost.

differ from that mostly in use except the cover, which may be easily attached to any roost. It may be made of cheap boards, especially of light material, or it may be made by attaching muslin or tarred paper to a frame constructed of lath. The cover should be raised during the day and fastened to the wall, but at night, after the hens are on the roost, it should be lowered to its position. It will greatly assist in protecting the fowls and keeping them warm on severely cold nights.

ORDER EGGS NOW.

Now is the time to order eggs of pure breeds. The cost of the eggs may appear large, but such is not the case. You may suppose it a hardship to sell eggs at ten cents per dozen and then pay a breeder two dollars for the same number, but bear in mind that the cases are not similar. When you buy eggs of pure breeds you are not buying eggs particularly, but stock. You order the eggs because you desire better stock, and the investment will be found but a small one when the advantages of improvement are considered. A difference of one dozen eggs in a year, from fifty hens, is twice as much as the cost of improvement, and the better blood will also give choice poultry for market. Many farmers lose dollars in saving cents by refusing to procure eggs of new and improved breeds, and there is no better time than now to begin.

The Rock Island Hay Loader provides a new way of taking up hay from the field. Its work is satisfactory, doing it quicker and better than the old way. It is a great labor-saver and more than pays for itself in one season. Farmers everywhere are singing songs of praise for this farming implement, and saying it is the best piece of machinery on the farm. See advertisement in this paper.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Queries desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Corn and Cob Meal.—S. J. C., Stanleyville, Ohio. The advantage claimed for grinding the cob with the corn is that the meal is more readily digested. The ground cob prevents the corn-meal from forming into doughy masses in the stomach.

Barley.—K. S., Amboy, Ill. Fall barley is usually sown early in September, and spring barley as soon as the ground can be worked. About two bushels per acre is the usual quantity of seed sown. Get the spring varieties for spring sowing.

Wild Onions.—G. W. W., De Gonia Springs, Ind., writes: "Can you tell me how to get rid of wild onions? They spread over the land from the onions in the ground and from the tops. The tops ripen in June, and if in a wheat-field, they are cut and bound up with the wheat, thereby getting in the threshed wheat, making it bad for selling and sowing."

REPLY:—A judicious rotation of thoroughly cultivated crops will subdue this nuisance.

Feeding Value of Peas.—A. W. H., Miller, Cal., writes: "Please state whether the feeding value of the wrinkled table pea in a dry, ripe state is as great as that of the common field pea, Black-eye Marrowfat, Canada, etc.?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I have no analyses at hand, but believe that there is very little difference, weight for weight, in the feeding values of the two classes of peas. Some one among our readers may be able to help us out.

Cleaning Land—Transplanting Water-melons.—S. M., White Oaks, N. M., writes: "Please tell me how to proceed to clear a piece of land and prepare it for farming. It contains oaks, juniper, pine, etc. What manure, if any, should I use?—Can watermelon-plants be transplanted? If so, how?"

REPLY:—Cut down and remove the timber. Use a good stump-puller for taking out the stumps. If the land is not naturally fertile, use plenty of good stable manure.—Plant watermelon seeds on inverted sods in a warm, sheltered place or in a cold-frame. They can then be safely transplanted when the vines are several inches long.

Soil for Potatoes.—C. W., Wessington, S. D., writes: "I want to raise some prize potatoes this spring. The ground I have selected has been used as a cow-yard for seven years, and was plowed the first time last year. Will it need any more fertilizers, and what kind? How deep should they be planted? We can grow very good potatoes in this country without manure if we get enough rain."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Undoubtedly, your cow-yard will be in shape to give you a fine lot of potatoes without additional manuring. At least, I should not hesitate to risk it. Plant them about four to six inches deep. As the only difficulty you have in potato growing seems to be drouth, you must be careful to keep the surface of the ground well stirred, and protected by the mulch of fine soil. Deep planting affords some protection against drouth, and if you wish to use fertilizers of any kind, apply wood ashes, as they have a tendency to preserve moisture.

Garden Queries.—Mrs. E. G. A., Remington, Ind., writes: "Please tell me (1) what is the best early pea for family garden? (2) What is the best pea for general crop?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—(1) For a first early pea use the Dan O'Rourke, Early Philadelphia, Alaska, Rural New-Yorker, or any other of this class of "first earlies." These smooth peas are a little harder, and therefore can be planted and enjoyed a little earlier than the wrinkled peas. Some of the people like the wrinkled class. I have never been able to grow them successfully. They require very rich soil, and even then they are more dwarf than desirable. I like McLean's Little Gem and Nott's Excelsior. (2) For a general crop I like Bliss' Abundance and Everbearing. Champion of England is one of the best for late use, but rather too vigorous in growth, and requiring support.

Ashes and Stable Manure.—J. J., Cascade, Montana, writes: "Can wood ashes and stable manure be applied together, or at the same time, as a fertilizer? Some say the ashes will spoil the effect of compost. What is the largest quantity of wood ashes per acre that can be beneficially used? I have a large quantity, but have difficulty in getting other manure. Would ashes applied on the surface to crop of onions or potatoes (where irrigation is used) be good?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Ashes and manure go well together, but both are deficient in phosphoric acid, and an addition of bone or other form of phosphoric acid would be good for most crops under average conditions. You can plow the stable manure into the ground and apply the ashes broadcast on top before harrowing. For garden and fruit crops, especially on soils of sandy character that are supposed to be less abundantly provided with potash than clay soils, you can safely apply one hundred bushels of fresh wood ashes (or about two and one quarter tons) per acre. For potatoes, however, it would be better to use not over half that quantity, as they have a tendency to produce scab.

Lactometers.—J. S. R., Canton, Ohio, writes: "Of what practical use is the lactometer as a tester of milk? I tested new milk and skim-milk, and both registered about the same. I would like to understand what it indicates. Is its scale degrees, or what? Does it show adulterations in the milk if it registers low? Then what does it mean when it registers 90? Now, what I want to know is this: Does it measure the amount of fat, and if so, what per cent is indicated on the scale? We have a city milk inspector, who tests the milk on the milk-wagon with a lactometer, and we know as much after he has tested it as we did before."

REPLY:—The instrument to which you refer is not a lactometer, but some form of the hydrometer, an instrument used to determine the amount of water that has been added to milk. The hydrometer or specific-gravity test used alone is not reliable. Water and cream are both lighter than pure milk. The hydrometer may sink below the pure-milk mark either when the milk is richer in fat or when water has been added. The specific gravity of pure milk varies greatly; so the hydrometer, used alone, gives no reliable conclusions. A true lactometer is a glass tube, or

set of tubes, graduated to hundredths. The milk is poured in and allowed to stand until the cream rises. The percentage of cream is then read from the scale.

Irrigating the Garden.—M. I. D., Goodland, Kan., writes: "I think of making ditches in my garden, say two feet deep and one foot wide, and filling with sand six inches and then dirt. How close should they be together? I intend keeping them filled with water, for raising vegetables, berries, etc."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I can hardly base any advice on this meager description. In general, I am not in favor of subirrigation by ditches except in very porous soil, where the water will easily percolate quite a distance, and then it can be done by means of open ditches and flood-gates. The easiest plan of irrigation is by distribution on the surface in shallow marks or furrows. This, of course, presupposes that you can conduct the water to the highest part of the field, and from there let it run down a slight slope. The system of irrigation which its inventor, the late Mr. Cole, named "the new agriculture," is practicable only on hillsides with clay subsoil, and it is expensive, and to my mind, of doubtful practical value. For subirrigation, I prefer tile laid on a dead level ten or twelve inches below the surface—just out of reach of the plow.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers. Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

So-called Piles in Hogs.—M. J. R., Kelly Cross Roads, Pa. The cause consists in constipation, produced by unsuitable food.

A Cannibal Sow.—C. F. B., Whitesburg, Pa. A sow that kills her pigs is not a suitable brood-sow. Convert her into pork.

Horse Washed with Coal-oil.—W. R. S., Arnot, Pa. The hair will grow again unless the roots of the same have been destroyed by the coal-oil.

Wants to Sell Medicines.—J. W. B., Dud, Fla. I have no medicines for sale, do not deal in them, and am not in the drug business. You will have to apply to a druggist.

Enlarged Pastern-joint.—W. F. D., Lakin, Pa. The enlargement of the pastern-joint of your four-year-old horse may be reduced by judicious bandaging, to be commenced at the hoof, and to be renewed twice a day.

Garret.—A. J., Dayton, Wash. It is entirely within your power to keep the udder of your cow in a normal condition by thorough and frequent milking, and by not relying on the calf to do it for you. Cows under domestication are somewhat different from wild animals, which produce no more milk than is needed by their young.

Chokes.—A. T., North Lewisburg, Ohio. If your mare is subject to choking, I advise you to have her examined by a veterinarian to ascertain the cause, and if the latter can be removed, to have the necessary treatment applied. Choking may be due to several causes, and therefore it is utterly impossible to guess what may be the cause in your case.

Collar-boil.—S. G. P., New Harrisburg, Ohio. There is a decided difference in collar-boils. They may be old and callous, or be soft, or inflamed, and of recent origin. Consequently, they cannot be treated all alike. As you give no description, the best advice I can give you is to have your animal treated by a veterinarian. May be that a surgical operation will be required.

Apparent Polyuria in a Cow.—E. S. C., Elgin, Oregon. If your cow is with calf, I can not tell you what ails her, except what is said in the heading; neither do I possess any means of ascertaining even the probable cause, nor can I suggest a remedy. If she were not with calf, I would say she is in heat once every three weeks, and that the proper remedy would be to have her served.

Sheep Disease.—H. E., Morley, Mich. Your sheep suffer from some worm disease or diseases. Make a post-mortem examination of the next one that dies. Examine the head, lungs, liver, fourth stomach and intestines, and report what you find. Maybe the sheep that die are ewes heavy with lamb, which would have a tendency to aggravate the damage caused by the-entozoa.

Spells of Coughing.—D. B. S., Quincy, Mich. The spells of coughing from which your mare is suffering are due to some inveterate morbid changes, either in the respiratory passages or in the lungs, but what the nature of these morbid changes may be, whether they consist in a chronic catarrhal affection or whether they are what is usually called "heaves," or something else, does not appear from your communication. A diagnosis cannot be based upon a single symptom, especially if the same is such a common one as coughing.

Either Distemper or Pyemia.—M. L. M., Minorsville, Ky. What you describe is either horse-distemper of a somewhat irregular course, or pyemia. The best would be to consult a competent veterinarian, if one is available. If not, the best you can do, besides bestowing the best possible care upon the affected animal, is to lance every abscess at the lowest possible point as soon as it shows signs of ripening, and to hasten the ripening of the same, according to location, either by poulticing or by applications of warm oil or lard. When opened or lanced, apply an antiseptic dressing. If the abscess cavity is sufficiently large, the best will be to fill the same twice a day with a bunch of absorbent cotton, saturated with a five-per-cent solution of carbolic acid, until healing sets in. The food given should be nutritious and easy of digestion.

Grubs in the Head.—E. B., West Fairfield, Pa. The "grubs" are the larvæ of a gaddy, called *Cestrus ovis*. The fly swarms on warm days in the summer, especially on sheep pastures surrounded by hedges or shrubbery, or near a body of timber, and then deposit their eggs on or in the nostrils of sheep. Shepherds often try to prevent this by applying tar to the nostrils of the sheep at the time the flies are troublesome. Larvæ, once in the frontal or maxillary sinuses, in the ethmoid bone, or, as in your case, in the brain, cannot be removed, except, perhaps, from the frontal sinuses, and from them only with difficulty; that is, by means of trepanation. Where cases like yours are of frequent occurrence, the chinks

and crevices of the sheep-pen, which often constitute the hiding-place of the flies in the fore part of the summer, should be closely examined and the flies be killed.

Rubs Mane and Tail.—J. L. B., Portland N. Y., writes: "I have a mare that rubs her tail, mane and spots on her head and body. She does not rub in the winter, unless she gets warmed up. She commences to rub as the weather gets warmer, and the hotter it gets the more she rubs. It is about six years since she commenced, and she gets worse each year. The spots that she rubs are scurfy, no matter how much they are cleaned."

ANSWER:—Paint the scurfy and itching spots once a day with tincture of iodine, and if the scabs are rather thick, soften and loosen them first by an application of soft soap; then next day wash off the soap, remove the loosened scabs and apply the iodine tincture. If you prefer, you may use, instead of the latter, a four or five per cent solution of carbolic acid or a creoline ointment once a day. Creoline is not considered as poisonous. If the mare keeps very fleshy, reduce her food or provide more exercise.

Chronic Distemper.—C. C. V. N., Franklin, Ind., writes: "I have a mare that, seven months ago, took the distemper and discharged from the nose very much. Her neck was very stiff; she held it out straight, and couldn't bear to have it raised in the least. She became quite poor, but continued to eat well. She eats well, but coughs a good deal, and her nose runs freely. I do not know the character of the discharge, as a part of her food passes out with the discharge through her nostrils, and resembles whatever she is eating. I had a veterinarian to examine her. He says there are no signs of glanders."

ANSWER:—The best you can do is to call in again the same veterinarian you consulted before, and take his advice as to treatment, etc. His diagnosis undoubtedly is correct. Glanders, at any rate, does not proceed from distemper; neither does your description give any symptom characteristic of glanders.

Watery Discharge from the Nose.—G. H. D., Everett, Mass., writes: "I have a valuable mare. After being driven and warmed up, and then allowed to drop her head, a watery substance runs from her nose. I suppose it to be catarrhal trouble. What is the best treatment? She is heavy with foal; will it affect the colt?"

ANSWER:—If the watery discharge is periodical—takes place only when the head is lowered—it probably has its source either in the frontal sinuses or in the air-sacs. After the source has been ascertained by careful examination, an operation, consisting, as the case may be, in a trepanation of the frontal sinuses or in an opening of the air-sacs, may be necessary before any treatment can be administered. Consequently, you will have to call on a competent veterinarian. If, however, an operation is necessary, it may be best to wait until the colt has been born. The examination, of course, can be made at any time.

Retention of Afterbirth.—C. E. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "What can be done for a cow that has had a calf and retained the heavy part of the afterbirth? She eats well and appears all right. We feed her bran, middlings and hay. Her bowels are in good condition. Her age is about nine years."

ANSWER:—First ascertain by local examination whether there is a retention. If the cow eats good and is all right, you may be mistaken as to the retention. If you are not, it will be too late now to remove the afterbirth by hand, and all you can do is to prevent as much as possible the evil consequences resulting from the dissolution of the decomposing membranes, by making injections of warm, antiseptic fluids into the uterus. A one-per-cent solution of carbolic acid, or a solution of corrosive sublimate, 1 to 1,500, if not too often repeated, will answer. If the cow, however, is yet all right and has no fetid discharge from the vagina, leave well enough alone.

Spinal Meningitis.—J. F. W., Glendora, Cal., writes: "I have just lost a valuable mare with what was pronounced spinal meningitis. The symptoms were stiffness and crippling similar to tender feet, cold sweat under least exertion, when down, unable to get up; pulse weak and heart irregular."

ANSWER:—The symptoms you give may occur in several diseases, and even in diseases in which the membranes (meninges) of the spinal cord are not at all affected. Besides this, the name "spinal meningitis" is, by American veterinarians at least, applied to various affections; for instance, to acute dropsy of the brain, to a not infrequent complication of infectious pneumo-pleuritis, or chest-plague, in form of diffuse spinal meningitis. It also may occur as a complication of cerebral meningitis; and finally, a cerebro-spinal meningitis occurs in new-born colts. Therefore, to comply with your request to state causes and treatment of spinal meningitis would take much more space than is at my disposal. As to treatment, I may say this much: there is no specific treatment—no specific remedy—that can be applied in every case. Moreover, in such a severe disease it is always best to intrust the treatment to a competent veterinarian, or where one is not available, to consult the family physician.

A Seriously Damaged Hock-joint.—H. J., Holbrook, Mich., writes: "I have a mare, five years old, that got frightened and ran away about five months ago. She got her hind leg cut about three inches below the point of the hock-joint, making her so lame she could hardly walk home, one and one half miles. I called in a veterinarian. He said the joint-oil was escaping, which continued to run for about five weeks before he could get it entirely stopped. When the joint-oil stopped, the wound healed up. Then the joint swelled very large, broke, and discharged bloody matter several different times on the inside of joint. It finally healed up entirely, leaving the joint with a large, hard, bony formation on each side. She did not let the foot rest on the floor for about two months; when she walks it is on the toe, never setting the foot flat on the ground. She is still quite lame, the leg being a little stiff. When hurt, she was in fair condition; but inside of a week got very thin, and has remained so ever since. Do you think she will ever be of any service? If so, what can be done for her? When joint-oil escapes in large quantities from a joint, does the animal ever have full use of the joint?"

ANSWER:—I have grave doubts whether your mare will ever sufficiently recover to be of any service, and am inclined to think she will remain a worthless cripple, no matter what may be done. Whether a restoration to usefulness would have been possible when she was hurt, I cannot tell. At any rate, the flow of synovia (what you call joint-oil) ought to have been stopped at once, or as soon as possible, and strict antiseptic treatment ought to have been applied. Still, even then everything depends upon what parts of the hock-joint have been injured and opened.

Two Questions.—P. H., Belle Plaine, Minn., writes: "I have a colt coming two years old and one ten months. There is but one stone down in each of them. In having

them castrated, would it be safe to pull the missing one down by hand?—I have a horse ten years old. The boofs of his front feet break off up to the quick, if he is not kept shod all the time. They grow hardly any. Is there anything I can do to make them tough so they will hold the shoe? What kind of a shoe would you advise putting on him, as he is very sore and wants to get off of hard road onto the side? He is not lame."

ANSWER:—As to your first question, I would advise you to wait with the operation until May or June, and if then the missing testicles can be felt in the inguinal canal, the same may be removed with comparative safety.—As to your second question, the hoofs of your horse are probably made brittle by a wet and dirty floor in the stable, or by frequently stepping. Hoofs are apt to become brittle if repeatedly exposed to excessive degrees of wet, especially wet manure, and then allowed to become dry. Keep your horse on a dry and clean floor, clean the hoofs once a day, perhaps anoint them now and then with a little glycerine, and have your horse shod by a blacksmith who understands his business, and don't use any more nails than are absolutely necessary.

Capped Hock—Chronic Catarrh.—W. M., New Lisbon, Ohio, writes: "A year ago I noticed a thickening of the skin on the point of the hocks of my horse. They were fevered somewhat, too. The skin seemed to loosen from the hock, so it could be pinched up, and has remained loose and is still too thick. There seemed to be no particular tenderness. They were bathed with hot water and the fever left, but otherwise have not improved.—Have a horse very susceptible to cold, and has had one for two weeks. First, he had cold in the head; I gave some tincture of aconite in the water he drank for a few times, and he was much better. After being exposed and warmed up he got more cold, and it causes coughing. His ears are not quite as warm as they should be, and his legs are rather cold. He is kept blanketed and out of the cold as much as possible. There is a little discharge from the head."

ANSWER:—What you first describe is a so-called capped hock. It is usually caused by kicking. When of long standing it is seldom entirely removed, even if the animal stops kicking. Something may be accomplished by applying, say every five or six days, a Spanish blister.—As to your second case, your horse, it seems, suffers from chronic catarrh. All you can do is to not unnecessarily expose the horse, and on the other hand, not to effeminate the horse too much by an unnecessary use of blankets and by keeping the animal in too warm a place in the stable. Good ventilation and fresh air in the stable are essential.

Several Questions.—C. M. D., Marietta, Ohio, writes: "(1) On one of my young horses there is a soft lump, or tumor, about the size of a hulled walnut. It is on the side of his nose, and about four inches above the nostril. It was first noticed several months ago, but does not now seem to be increasing in size. The person of whom I bought him a year ago says that he was once stung there by a bumble-bee, and that a lump just like this one came there then; that they lanced it, and the swelling went away. How can I best remove the lump? (2) One of my horses has a hard lump on his hind leg, about three inches below the hock, caused by a sharp-shod horse stepping on his leg. It has been there for a year; it does not hurt him any, but is unsightly. Can it be removed? (3) Do you think 'Royal Stock Food' worthy of recommendation? (4) What would you give a young horse with 'staring coat' (out of condition)? Probable cause, long, red worms."

ANSWER:—(1) What you describe is a cyst, or cystic tumor. The only way to remove it is to excise it, or to peel it out. If accidentally cut into, and if it is thus caused to collapse, the operator may fill the cavity with gypsum or plaster of Paris, and begin to operate again as soon as the gypsum has hardened. (2) Very likely nothing can be done without aggravating the blemish. Leave well enough alone. (3) I do not know anything about "Royal Stock Food," and have neither time nor inclination to investigate all possible concoctions or mixtures. (4) Would feed plenty of good oats.

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AT SUNSET.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a bother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.
The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.
For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That carries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CONQUEROR CUPID.

CHAPTER V.

THE WAYS OF LOVE.

Hardly caring whether he went, George suffered his horse to turn down a bridle-path leading through the woods to the marshes, and thence to the firm, white sand beach bordering the lagoon. He urged his horse along, remembering painfully that yonder was where he had waded after the white curlew.

He rounded one of the alder clumps, his hat pulled down and his gaze moodily set, when he heard his name called.

"Mr. Luce, aren't you going to speak to me?"

The voice was Ethel's, who was seated on a tussock under an overhanging cabbage-palm. What could he do but get down, shake hands and go through the usual greetings? Ethel was the personification of dignified composure. Only by a slight tremor of the little hand that lay for an instant within his, could he detect any inward emotion. She had burst into young womanhood with all its fragrant and irresistible charm.

"How lovely you have grown, Ethel. It takes one's breath away to look at you and—remember."

"One should forget, and one should say 'Miss' to absolute eighteen."

But her smile and glance were arch and seductive. He plunged at once into absolute and reckless confessions.

"Have you forgotten the times we used to have? Right here is where we ran ashore when the canoe was sinking."

"I remember that I screamed like a ninny."

"And how I waded ashore with you?"

"I think you might have omitted that." "There was where I shot the curlew. Have you ever forgiven me for what I did that day? But of course you did in that delightful summer-house. What an idiot I was then! I didn't half tell you how foolishly and fondly I loved you. Ethel—"

"You are making up for lost time now." He had her hands in his, but she resisted only faintly.

"It is time I did make up. I have heard that Rudolph La Rue is to marry you. Think of that. Then to-day, when I came to see you, your father quarreled with me and used the most insulting words."

"You came—to see me?" She looked at him in dismay.

"What else could I do? But does La Rue really expect to marry you?"

"Papa has so arranged it. I have said nothing."

"Do you say nothing now? Dearest Ethel, I will not give you up. To the devil with prejudice! What are North or South to me, compared with possessing your love? I told the squire as much to his face."

"George!" She had called him "Mr. Luce" before.

He clasped her in his arms and pressed kisses upon her lips, eyes—anywhere that her faint resistance left an available opening.

"You shall not marry that fellow."

"He's very respectable, I'm sure."

"A mere blue-blooded automaton. Dearest, your father has always lived by tradition, and he always will. I could like him if he would let me, but he is down upon me so heavily that we must do without his cousin."

"I—I could never leave papa." Her voice was significant of a coming sob.

"Of course you must always love him; yet I cannot let you blight my life, and perhaps your own, for the sake of mere parental punitilio. Listen. My father is going to take me into his business. Then we will be married. No, you shall not remonstrate now." A kiss. "Give your own true heart time to speak for me." More kisses.

And so, with protestations, avowals and endearments, an hour passed before Ethel tore herself from his detaining clasp and turned homeward. When she reached the Hall, the squire was still fuming.

"That impudent young Luce was here to see you—you! What do you think of that?"

"I see very little harm, papa."

"The deuce you don't! Well, I do. I gave him his walking-papers. As for you, Ethel, you should remember your poor mother when these Yaukees come around."

Ethel did not reply. His rage dwindling, the squire soon missed the little, fond familiarities wherewith she usually greeted him. He dreaded a repetition of their former coolness.

"Do you want to hear good news, child?" he said, taking her in his arms. "Well, it is all arranged. You and Rudolph can be married Christmas, if you like."

She averted her face, yet still said nothing. "We will have a good, old-fashioned wed-

parental decision. Then he became indignant. He had several thousand dollars, left him by his mother's father. He would get on without aid; but as for giving up his heart's idol, he would go through fire and water first.

The major mourned over his son's obstinacy, yet remained firm. George began to make trips to Charleston, without saying anything as to the object that drew him there. Meanwhile, he saw Ethel as often as possible, who, though remonstrating against these secret interviews, was overcome by his impetuous fervor. Milus, true to the almighty dollars wherewith George faithfully crossed his palm, conveyed sundry tri-folded notes to and fro.

Two months passed away, with matters much unchanged. Then the squire picked up a note, carelessly dropped by Milus when bringing up his shaving-water. The old negro's knees smote together as he saw his master place his glasses on his nose and begin to read.

"By the Lord!" roared the squire at length. "Another one—worse than the first, too. Here, you—"

He shook his fist at Milus, who fled to the kitchen and mopped his face with his white apron.

"What de mattuh now?" asked his wife.

"Ole marse dess a raarin' 'nd pitchin' powerful, kase I happen ter drap dat li'l note Marse George sent to missy."

"Well, yo' is a fool!" replied Calline, contemptuously. "What dat po' chile gwine ter do now?"

Here the squire's voice was heard in the upper regions like a lion roaring. Milus, with a groan, attended the summons.

"Saddle up the roan!" growled his master. "Then get out of my sight. D'ye hear?"

seem to agree with me upon the object of my errand here, I will simply say that, if you will keep an eye upon your son, I will see to it that my daughter is placed where she will be exempt from future annoyance, in case the youth gets beyond your control. I had rather see her in her grave, dear as she is to me, than have her marry a northeru man."

Major Luce made no reply, and with ceremonious bows, the two separated.

Then the squire called upon Captain La Rue and held a long consultation. When he returned home his good humor was quite restored. He threw himself into an easy-chair and pulled Ethel upon his knee.

"I've got a crow to pick with you, missy," said he playfully. "I found a note from young Luce to you, which Milus—the scoundrel!—dropped this morning."

Ethel lowered her face and picked at one of his shirt-studs.

"Now, puss, you can imagine its effect upon me. My only child—a Courtney—betrothed to a La Rue—with a secret love affair on hand. D—u it all! What do you think I am made of to stand the like of that?"

He was red and heated now, despite his previous resolve to be patient. Ethel slowly extended an arm about his neck and lay silent, her face partially hidden. The squire gulped down his spleen with an effort, and continued:

"Ethel, you are more than the apple of my eye to me. So I controlled myself and consulted Rudolph's father. Hush—not a word. You are young and giddy, and marriage will settle your mind. You and Rudolph, as I told you before, must be married as soon as possible."

"Papa!" This in a tone of agonized dismay.

"Don't thwart me, Ethel," continued her father. "I had rather see you buried than have you marry Luce. My God! His father is at the very summit of all that we oppose politically and socially. He fought against us here. Haven't I shown you the scars of the Yankee guano on this old horse where you were born?"

Ethel replied not a word. That night Major Luce informed his son of the nature of the squire's visit. George fidgeted, yet said nothing.

"Are you going to give up this affair?" asked his father bluntly.

"No, sir; I cannot."

"Then you must take the consequences," returned the major testily. "What do you expect will come of such a disgraceful affair?"

"I expect to marry Miss Courtney—sometime," said he doggedly, then left the room.

After that he haunted the skirts of forest and marsh that fringed the lagoon, until he saw the flutter of Ethel's skirts as she wandered disconsolately toward the beach. He intercepted her, and notwithstanding some opposition on her part, kept her there for an hour.

Then came hot vows, impassioned caresses, imperious persuasions on his part; on hers, a tearful deprecation, a futile lamentation and a ultimate acquiescence in whatever he urged as best for them both.

During the rest of the day she was restless and absent-minded, though her eyes dwelt long upon her father in a furtive way. As bed-time approached, she went to the piano and sang a little lullaby of which the squire was fond, probably because her mother had hushed Ethel to sleep with it when the girl was an infant. This memory came back to her and her voice choked. The next instant she was hanging about her father's neck and in a flood of tears.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the squire. "The poor child is nervous. Go to bed, my dear."

He kissed her fondly, but she did not go until he conducted her in a quaintly ceremonious way to the door. Ascending the stairs she murmured:

"Poor, poor papa!"

CHAPTER VII.
THE ELOPEMENT.

The night was clear and quiet without. Low down in the northeast a muffled echo of breakers from the distant ocean stole like a continuous sigh over the still pines and across the marshes.

Several hours before daybreak a small boat darted into the little cove nearest Courtney Hall and shot one third of its length upon the yielding sand. The solitary oarsman passed swiftly along the foot-path leading across the marshes and under the pines into the avenue that led to the house.

He struck a match and looked at his watch. It was after one; then he hastened on, muttering:

"She may be waiting for me even now." Meanwhile, within the house, Ethel—her heart fluttering wildly—was making hurried preparations. On a chair was a satchel, touchingly small for a wedding outfit, though crammed to bursting with the few essentials of a fugitive.

This secret leave-taking from all she had hitherto held dear was very trying. Stealing out into the unknown with but a sustaining arm to lean upon. She went over the scenes that would take place when her absence should be discovered in the morning. The squire furious, Milus and Calline, grieving themselves, cowering beneath their sore-stricken master's impotent rage.



"MR. LUCE, AIN'T YOU GOING TO SPEAK TO ME?"

ding, such as your mother had," continued he hilariously. "Yes, honey. If it takes half the crop, your old pappy will give you a good send-off, though what he'll do with himself when you are gone, God 'mighty knows; I don't."

Ethel reached one arm around the old man's neck and began to sob, saying with convulsive energy:

"No, no! I won't marry any one. Let me—always—stay here—with you."

"Bless the girl!" quoth he, much puzzled; but it was long before he quieted her.

George rowed across the lagoon in his dory the following afternoon, and hovered about the little cove. She did not keep him waiting more than hour.

CHAPTER VI.
PARENTS OPPOSE.

To young Luce's vexation, he found his own father as strongly opposed to his matrimonial views as was Squire Courtney.

"I am weary of the insufferable pride of these people," said the major. "What does their blue blood amount to, except to engender bile and prejudice? Courtney is the greatest fool among them all. You must give that girl up, if you expect me to set you up."

George argued the case, after the manner of impulsive lovers, but failed to shake the

Half an hour later, Major Luce, from his office window, saw Squire Courtney entering the factory yard. The latter dismounted and was ushered in by one of the clerks. The major offered a chair, which the squire declined with an impatient gesture.

"This intrusion," said the latter, "is as distasteful to me as it possibly can be to you, but your son's insufferable insolence is the cause. Read that, sir, if you please."

He held forth George's latest note. The major, looking puzzled, took it, and while he read, the squire continued to boil over.

"He has for some time, I think, been persecuting my daughter with his attentions, although I have forbidden him coming about my place. And now, these underhanded methods," pointing to the letter, "are his refuge."

"I am as much opposed to his wish in this case as you can possibly be," returned the major quietly. "I have other views for my son, entirely."

The squire stared as if a new and unexpected view of the subject had been presented. The major continued:

"The exaggerated and fantastic ideas of family importance entertained by so many people here have too airy a basis to be otherwise than distasteful to me."

"Well, sir," replied the squire stiffly, "you are welcome to your opinions. But as you

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORTHERN GIRL.

The stroke of a clock roused her to a thrilling sense that the time was at hand. Tremblingly she donned waterproof and hat, grasped the satchel and stole forth into the uncarpeted hall. Each pressure of her little foot seemed to awake rheumatic creakings in every stair-step. Passing her father's room she impulsively kissed the door, while a sob died away in her throat. In the lower hall the dying firelight gleamed through the transom as she slipped out upon the front piazza, and groped down the steps and along a graveled path to a huge water-oak near by. There a pair of strong arms unfolded her, accompanied by passionate expressions of endearment that caused her tears again to flow.

At length she looked around and saw that it was not firelight alone shining from the sitting-room window, but the bright flame of the squire's lamp. Had he not gone to bed?

"He may be up yet," she whispered. Without waiting for George's answer, she stole toward the window, despite his remonstrances.

"I must see if he is there. Poor, poor papa! He may go to my room," she murmured, as they approached.

The squire's chair was vacant, yet his pipe lay upon the table behind the half-emptied tumbler of hot toddy she was wont to mix for him, but which Milus had brought in to-night. Had he gone out somewhere? Were his suspicions aroused? George began to feel uneasy, as they peered in more boldly.

Near the door opening to the hall was the piano. There, stretched upon the floor, was the body of Squire Courtney, the face upturned and the eyes closed. One hand still grasped the piano-cover, which was half dragged from its place. Ethel turned upon George a horror-stricken gaze.

"I have killed my father!" she cried. "I am punished, George—punished already." She started away, but he attempted to hold her back.

"What would you do?" he asked. "Do!" She turned upon him angrily. "I must go to him. Let me go! He may be dead already."

She ran toward the door and he dumbly followed, satchel in hand, not knowing what else to do. Opening the sitting-room door, she threw herself down by her father's side, quite beside herself with fear and a swiftly-rising repentance.

George noticed a red stain on the side of the old man's head. A pitcher of water was on the table. He bathed the squire's temples, saturated a handkerchief and placed it upon the wound. Then he chafed the stiffened hands, calling upon Ethel to assist. When the squire stirred feebly, she grew yet more excited.

"What had I better do?" whispered George. "Should he see me here? And when—oh, when can I see you again?"

But Ethel seemed, just then, incapable of a reply. George was at his wits' end. Suddenly he kissed her hand.

"Good-by, dearest," said he, a little bitterly. "My remaining here may make matters worse—for you. I will write to you."

As he started to leave her hand detained him.

"Don't go," she exclaimed, trying to compose herself. Let us bear the blame together. I can never leave him in this manner again."

"There'll be the deuce to pay if I stay," said he. "If you were to put away satchel and cloak he would never know. Yet, if you can stand it, so can I."

"Hah, h-m-m!" gasped the squire; then his eyes slowly opened.

"Papa," cried Ethel, "you have more than punished me. Your faithless girl was stealing away like a thief. Then I looked in and saw you. Oh, oh, oh!"

More sobs and tears, while George helped the squire into a chair, where he sat, weakly blinking.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded at length.

Ethel sank down and buried her head on her father's knee. The squire looked at George, then at the satchel and cloak upon the floor. He tried to frown, but only leaned back with a sigh. After a pause he said:

"I remember getting up—then I—grew dizzy. Yes—that was it—one of my old attacks of vertigo."

"Then, as you fell," said George, "you doubtless caught at the piano-cover, striking your head as you went down."

"What are you doing here, sir?" demanded the squire, as if he had noticed George's presence for the first time.

"Why, you see," stammered the young man, "I—that is, we—I mean, Ethel and I—"

"Do you mean Miss Courtney, sir? How dare you speak of her so familiarly?"

The squire was becoming himself once more, and his words aroused George's firmness a little.

"Well, sir, to be plain, I had induced Ethel—Miss Courtney—to agree to marry me. As you would not listen to reason, we resolved to take the only course left, except that of submission. Had it not been for this accident to you we would now have been well on our way to the parson. But, sir, do not reproach her. I alone am to blame. I begged her, pleaded with her—"

"Papa," cried Ethel, clinging to the old man's neck, "George is too generous. It was more my fault than his, for he has not the cause to love you that I have. But I also loved him so that I weakly consented, feeling that you would never give way. But when I saw you lying there, papa, the wrong of it all overwhelmed me. I won't leave you again, but I shall always love George—always—"

"Death of my heart!" The squire was now fully himself, in spirit at least. "This is too much. Leave the house, sir."

He pointed toward the door, glaring at George malevolently. But Ethel bore him down into the chair as he strove to rise.

"No, no, papa," she exclaimed. "George—"

"Will you get out of here?" stormed the old man excitedly. "Or must I send for my servants to kick you out? An elopement! At Courtney Hall! Why, you infernal scamp—if I had my pistols—"

His weak-toned invectives were here overborne by Ethel's frantic entreaties. George opened the door.

"I am going," said he, smarting under a powerless sense of indignity. "You will yet think better of this. I love your daughter, and—so help me God—I'll never give her up as long as she loves me."

The squire, encumbered by Ethel, could only shake his fist impotently, while George, wheeling around, strode rapidly out of the house. For a time, only the squire's thick breathing and an occasional sob from Ethel broke the stillness. As his anger subsided, his weakness reassured itself.

"I am very tired, pet," he sighed at length. "Only say you forgive me, papa," she faltered.

"Yes, yes. But now you must go to bed; Milus will attend to me. Now, mind what I say. You have done very, very wrong; yet you did not abandon your old father when he lay helpless. Take these things with you." He pointed to the satchel and cloak. "This night's disgrace must, for your own sake, be passed over. Say nothing of it to any one. And now, good-night."

George took himself to Charleston after this nocturnal failure, bent upon affairs of his own. Should he succeed in marrying this delicately reared southern girl despite parental opposition on both sides, he felt that he must be able to make a living. Therefore, in his present disappointment he felt a sort of sullen satisfaction in pursuing business schemes.

He returned home late one night, and was introduced to Miss Alice Metcalf, of Providence, Rhode Island, a daughter of one of the major's old army comrades. She was a tall girl, with handsome gray eyes and a fashionable coiffure. Her air of supreme composure rested upon a well-bred conviction of the inferiority of most things outside of New England.

George was polite, but rather indifferent, for he felt that his father would want him to marry this girl. Something was said about boating, when the young man roused himself a little.

"As mother was saying, Miss Metcalf," he remarked, "I am quite fond of boating. We have but few amusements here on this Carolina coast, but perhaps you would like to learn to row."

Miss Metcalf was not certain; however, she would think it over. George did not proceed with his careless notion of offering to teach her, for her indifference was rather discouraging. Breakfast over, he joined his father in the hall, and together they walked down the road. At the boat-landing George turned off, when the major said:

"Come with me. I have something to say to you."

George obeyed without a word, and they walked on toward the factory. The father's face had grown stern as he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to George.

"Read that," said he, briefly. Opening the same, George deciphered the following:

MAJOR LUCE,
DEAR SIR:—The distaste with which I write this is only surpassed by my concern for my daughter's welfare, whom your scapegrace of a son attempted to inveigle from my house last Friday night. Fortunately, her sense of what was due herself and her father prevented the success of so foul a scheme. I have to inform you that the young lady in question is betrothed to and will marry the son of my old friend, Captain La Rue, of Norwood House. I mention this in order to warn you that your son's conduct is becoming absolutely intolerable, and not to be endured. Relying upon the views expressed by you to me in regard to your son, I now expect you to use your parental authority in this affair.
I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
JASPER COURTNEY.

"Well, sir," said the major at length, "What does all this mean?"

"I don't know that we need discuss this, father," returned George, obstinately. "You have already said what I might expect if I persisted in this affair. I will not give Ethel up, so what is the use of further talking?"

"What were you doing Friday night?" demanded the major, ignoring his son's words. "Trying to steal the ridiculous old man's daughter? Come, out with it. Plain words are best between you and I."

"If it is stealing to take that which is self-offered, I suppose I was stealing. Yet what else was I to do?"

"Indeed! Well, suppose you had taken her off with the gossip and enmity of the whole neighborhood following you, what would you have done with the girl?"

"Married her, of course."

"Then live on love and roses in a cottage, I suppose. Such is the stereotyped humbug that is supposed to attend upon impecunious fools who leave common sense behind in a wild goose-chase after happiness. But instead of that, it would, in your case, be corn-bread and bacou in a cabin, with even the negroes laughing at you."

"Well, father, we shall never agree, so I will not argue with you."

"Meanwhile, however, she will marry La Rue, and though she is carrying her ducks to a poor market, I am glad of it for your sake."

"She will not marry him," said George, doggedly.

"Her father will make her do so. He would marry her to a sign-post if it sported armorial bearings. Be reasonable, George. Why, she is only a poor little wax doll. If you want a wife, choose one who can bear her share of your joint burdens."

The major now linked his arm within his son's, as the latter strode moodily on, with his hands in his pockets.

"There is Alice at the house—only daughter of my friend Metcalf. What do you think of her?"

"Have I thought of her at all," returned George, shortly.

"There's a girl for you, my boy. Fifty thousand dollars in her own right, handsome, refined and quite a beauty. Your mother and I saw how you were going, and as you seemed to want a wife, we said amen. You might wait a few years, but the main thing is for you to marry right. You are our only boy, and we want to do the best we can for you. So we wrote for Alice, who has been threatening to winter here for several years. She came, and here she is; make the most of her, my son. She won't be won without an effort, I promise you."

"And so, as the slang phrase goes, I am to size her up, then go in and win her, fifty thousand and all, and let my heart, my pledged word and my honor go to the devil. Oh, sir, do not think so mealy of me. I may be foolish in many things, but I am not such a reprobate as that."

"God bless my soul!" cried the major, feeling quite helpless over George's studied incapacity to see things aright.

They were now at the factory, and George seized this chance to avoid, for the present, further argument.

"I must leave you, father. You have not changed my mind, yet I will do nothing rashly. As to making a living, you know I have several thousand of my own, and I'd rather pick cotton and be independent than live upon you and have you think me ungrateful."

"Rather pick cotton, would he?" thought the major, as he turned into his office. "Lived on me all his life, and now, when he takes obstinacy for independence, remembers that there is such a thing as gratitude. Yet he forgets to show any, however."

CHAPTER IX.

RUDOLPH LA RUE.

The squire was weak and ailing for several days after his mishap. Ethel waited on him assiduously, yet the helpless turmoil of her mind was touchingly reflected in her face and manner. Her very smile was wan and heart-breaking.

Her father grew peevish as the pathos of her uncomplaining silence smote him.

"Why don't you eat more?" he asked at dinner one day. "Haven't we got things good enough for you?"

Ethel averred that she was not hungry, helping him at the same time to a favorite



Some soaps are said to contain an ingredient "good for the skin." Suppose they do. Would such an application have any effect? If the soap is "good" for anything, should it not wash away its own elements, and leave the skin clear?

Is it not more likely that the "good for the skin" ingredient is there to conceal the odor or appearance of a poor soap?

Dr. James C. White, of Harvard University, says:

"There is no positive virtue in carbolic, tar or other medicated soaps for ordinary purposes."

Ivory Soap contains nothing, is nothing but soap—pure soap.

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dish by seizing him around the neck and presenting a morsel to his lips.

"I had rather see you saucy than sad, missy," said he. "But this marriage will set us both right. You and Rudolph shall both live with me, and I'll turn over the plantation to him. You will be your old father's comfort, and have a good husband to look after you when I am gone."

"Papa, how can you?" was all she said, yet the patient apathy of suffering suggested by her tone exasperated him.

"How can I? Why is it that you cannot see things like me? Do you know that this Yankee major declines you for a daughter-in-law? You—a Courtney!"

The squire fairly snorted in excess of indignation at the slight implied, though it coincided with his own determination, while Ethel sat, a mute statue of passive submission. Just then the door-knocker sounded, and presently Rudolph La Rue was ushered in by Milus.

"Ha, Rudolph," exclaimed the squire, heartily. "Ethel here is in the blues, but if you cannot make her smile, I don't know who can—eh, little girl?"

Having delivered this playful falsehood, he glanced meaningly at his daughter, who had received the young man rather listlessly. Milus arranged another plate, and Rudolph sat down, while the squire talked on and helped him to broiled quail. Ethel looked at her plate absorbedly and said but little. Rudolph, after eating about a third of his usual allowance, said he had come over to see if Miss Courtney would do him the pleasure of taking a ride with him.

"Of course she will," said the squire, promptly. "I'll have the pony saddled and brought around."

"Papa," began Ethel, entreatingly, "you know I am hardly well enough—"

But out went the remorseless old fellow, leaving the two young people alone together.

The sense of constraint was strong upon each. In spite of the squire's bluff-nay, almost brutal—assurance, Rudolph did not feel much like an accepted lover. He had heard the rumors connecting young Luce's name with Ethel before his own vicarious courtship had been begun by the high contracting parties on either side. He had entered into the arrangement without much thought either of love or jealousy on his own part, and simply because Ethel was pretty, and the match seemed to be a good one all around. There had been little or no love-making; yet, for all he knew, Ethel was acquiescent and content.

Presently they saw a small darky leading her pony to the horse-block, and she left him to put on her riding-skirt.

In a few minutes they were cauntering down the live-oak avenue and out into the open pine woods, where they drew rein and rode more slowly. Rudolph had been pondering, and it occurred to him that he had not been a very ardent wooer.

"Perhaps that is the reason she says so little," thought he. "Politeness isn't everything. Perhaps she wants me to make love. She is a dear, sweet little thing, and I am a fool for not having sworn eternal devotion and all that from the first."

So he drew closer to her side, and looked upon her fondly; but Ethel sat with lips compressed and gaze fixed upon the road before.

"Miss Courtney," said he, "or rather, my dearest Ethel, you are looking as sweet as a—a pink this morning. How could any one help loving you madly, devotedly?"

Once uttered, this speech struck him with a sense of hollowness that became ludicrous as Ethel, bending her large, mournful eyes upon him, replied:

"You don't mean that, Mr. La Rue, and I believe you are aware that I know you don't."

Rudolph could not help laughing. Yet, he reasoned, all the girls like being made love to, so he straightened his face and huckled to again.

"Of course I mean it!" Here he reached for

her hand, but she deftly avoided his effort. "I've been backward, I know, but things have been so prearranged, as it were, by others that I've hardly had a chance to tell you how I—how I—I love you."

Ethel dropped her rein, clasped her hands, keeping her gaze fixed straight before her the while, and he saw her lips quiver. He leaned forward, scrutinizing her features closely. Then—as if a veil had fallen, revealing the real pathos of a situation he had allowed himself to become jocular over—he spoke out sincerely.

"Have I misapprehended your feelings in this matter? If so, do not heed what I have said. Tell me, Ethel—perhaps I should say Miss Courtney—are my advances distasteful to you?" He paused; she did not speak, though her lips moved silently. "Let us be frank with each other," he continued. "I will marry you, as your father and mine desire, if you don't object; but I won't torture you with a show of devotion which you do not care for, and which I fear I don't more than half feel. There, am I frank enough now?"

Ethel looked her gratitude.

"I have a confession to make to you, papa. It has been on my lips every time you called; yet for papa's sake and out of my own weakness, I have failed to make it known. But I will not deceive you any longer."

"Deceive me? Well, I never thought you cared much for me, but I did think you expected me to make love, because, well, most girls like that sort of thing, and if the right fellow isn't handy, the next best one may do. Then, our marriage, that seemed to settle such behavior on my part as the correct thing."

"Would you marry a girl who does not love you?"

"If she looked as bewitching as you do now, I might."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "Well, then, would you marry a girl who—cared for—another man?" She blushed over this avowal.

"No; frankly speaking, I would not. I might endure your indifference, Ethel, hoping in time to overcome it. But for you to take me, with your heart set on some other fellow—lucky dog—I could hardly stand that. I suppose what I have heard about you and George Luce must be so."

Ethel blushed again and looked away, as she said:

"I hope all this has not caused you pain."

"I ought to swear that I am insolvable; yet what is the use? I'll try to survive. But there will be fine fun when our worshipful fathers get wind of this. Won't the squire turn himself loose?"

Rudolph laughed merrily. But a new fear now took possession of Ethel.

"Papa will never forgive us. He is so dreadfully violent when he is crossed."

"Does he know anything of this—ahem—this prior attachment?"

"Yes; but he is so set on carrying out his plans he will not see things except as he would like to have them be."

"And he would make you marry me, willy-nilly, regardless of your happiness, or even mine. I knew nothing of all this but through vague rumor. Then Luce, being a northerner, did not seem very eligible."

"It has all been very painful; but you have acted so nobly that I can bear a great deal from papa now. Ah, Rudolph, I never liked you half so well before."

Several miles had been traversed by this time, and they were near the ocean beach. The thunder of the surf sounded in their ears. Ethel had talked herself into high spirits, and when La Rue proposed a gallop along the sands before they returned, she at once assented.

But when they left the souging pines, passed over the sand dunes and came out upon the broad, open beach that extended for miles on either hand, two other mounted figures were seen riding towards them.

WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.
[To be continued.]

Our Household.

"MY RUTHERS."

I tell you what I'd ruther do—
 Ef I only had my ruthers—
 I'd ruther work when I wanted to
 Than be bossed 'round by others.
 I'd want to kind o' git the swing
 O' what was needed first, by jing!
 Afore I sweat at anything,
 Ef I only had my ruthers.
 In fact, I'd aim to be the same
 With all men as my brothers,
 And they'd be all the same with me,
 Ef I only had my ruthers.
 The poor 'ud git their dues sometimes—
 Ef I only had my ruthers—
 And be paid dollars 'stid o' dimes,
 Fer children, wives and mothers;
 Their boy 'at stokes, their girl 'at sews—
 Fer others, not herself, God knows!
 The grave her only change of clothes
 Ef I only had my ruthers.
 They'd all have "stuff" and time enough
 To answer one another's
 Appealin' prayer for "lovin' care"—
 Ef I only had my ruthers.
 They'd be few folks 'ud ast fer trust—
 Ef I only had my ruthers—
 And blame few business men to bust
 Theirselves or hearts of others;
 Big guns 'at come here durin' fair
 Week could put up jest anywhere
 And find a-full and plenty there,
 Ef I only had my ruthers;
 The rich and great 'ud 'sociate
 With all their lowly brothers,
 Feelin' we done the honorun—
 Ef I only had my ruthers.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

TABLE-CLOTHS AND NAPKINS.

T stringent economy and "scrimping" must be practiced in some department of house furnishing, let it not be in the supply of table-linen. Let this be of excellent quality and goodly in quantity. It is true that the fashionable styles in damask change from time to time; but that which is of pure linen, heavy in thread and of a rich satin gloss will always be handsome and desirable, in spite of all such changes. For instance, the "all-over" designs in these goods, which have been in favor for many years, are momentarily supplanted by centerpieces and borders.

In some of the new cloths there are two borders above the hem or fringe; one of them narrow, which lies upon the table, and a broader one, which falls over its edge.

Good taste has scored a victory, in the fact that the strips of colored velvet and silk, covered with lace, which were once—and not long ago—so fashionable on the most elegant dinner-tables, are passe now and not considered in good form. Nothing should be used for this purpose that will suffer or lose its beauty in laundering.



GIRL'S HAT.

While upon the subject of table-cloths and napkins, let me ask the readers how they finish the hems of these useful articles. Regulate the tension of the sewing-machine as you may, there is always a drawing and tenseness to one of these hems which is stitched on a machine, especially after washing. In addition to this, it is difficult to stitcl. the hem sufficiently close

to the edge, without running entirely off, so that when washed the piece does not come off the clothes-line with a fine line of fluff, dirt or that which has the appearance of dirt distinctly defined under the edge, beyond the stitching. I had a handsome set, consisting of table-cloth and dinner-napkins, given to me on Christmas, and this is the way I am hemming them: I first crease and fold down a hem of the width desired; then I crease a straight line along the cloth or napkin by bending back



PRETTY STYLE FOR DRESSING YOUNG LADIES' HAIR.

the folded hem. This brings the two edges—that of the hem and that to which it is to be fastened—closely together. You then sew them, each to each, in a fine over-and-over seam. If neatly and carefully done, when the work is finished and the over-and-over sewing is flattened out with the thumb-nail, you can scarcely detect the stitches on the right side, and when it has been washed and ironed, it appears as if the hem was finished in the manufacture. Try this way of hemming, if you have never yet done so, and see if for beauty and neatness it does not commend itself to you above machine stitching, or the ordinary hemming by hand.

MARION LEROY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR REMODELING DRESSES.

When one comes to look over last year's wardrobe there is always so much that is good that with a little new material and remodeling the dresses can take on quite a new appearance.

If you have a quantity of China silk left of a dress that will make a pretty blouse waist, make it like the picture indicates and trim it with bands of black guipure lace overlaid on white, soft ribbon or cashmere bands. A sash the color of the skirt completes this simple and stylish costume.

Beautiful silks come at eighty-five cents, that combine with all colors.

The plaid dress with the rever jacket is a favorite style. The vest can be of a contrasting silk for dark days and of pure white broadcloth or pique for brighter days. The softly folded neck handkerchief is a very comfortable finish. China silk in white, or tulle, can be used for this. The vest-buttons should be white pearl.

All skirts are comparatively plain. Some ruffles are used, but mostly on house-gowns. Many ladies are making their walking-dresses to clear the ground. And right here let me say to those expecting to go to the World's Fair, have your walking-dress clear the ground at least two inches; you will be tired enough sight-seeing without wanting to carry your dress skirt all along the way.

The evening toilet is so simple as not to need description, as it is any harmonious combination of soft, wool goods in light colors with velvet or silk, belt and neck-band, and a small band at the elbow. An old challie would fix over in this way very nicely. Some other good, plain, light color could be used for the body and tops of the sleeves.

The hat given is a very simple style for a young girl, the standing feathers and lace on the brim being all that is necessary.

We give a very pretty style of arranging the hair for a young lady just beginning to put up her hair. The braids should be quite loose, and can then be easily fastened in place.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

MUSHROOMS—WILD AND CULTIVATED.

Out of the more than one thousand mushrooms already catalogued as belong-

they reject all fungi, whereas if they paid a little serious attention to the characteristics of the various sorts, they would soon learn to distinguish them as easily as the different flowers of the same species in their yards, or the great variety of one sort of vegetable to be found in a market garden. No study is more fascinating than fungi, and nothing is so common in everyday life, from the fungous web that fastens the fly to the window-pane, and the fungi of fermentation, on through the multitudes of sorts that attack almost everything in life, on up to *Agaricus campestris*, and the truffle, the king of all fungi.

Nature scatters her gift of fungi impartially. From the tropics to the plains of bleak Siberia almost identically the same species are found.

In Kamtchatka and Siberia is found a fungi of the toadstool family, which, eaten either dried or raw, or steeped in the juice of the native whortleberry, furnishes the natives with the vilest form of intoxication known to man. It is more to them than is opium to the Asiatics. One large fungi will produce intoxication for a whole day, and the debauch may be continued indefinitely. It is asserted that the Ostiaks of Siberia use this fungus to fit them for premeditated assassination. Of course, superstition has claimed for her own anything that has such startlingly uncanny growth and lurid colors as have many forms of mushrooms. In Bohemia red mushrooms are considered diabolical, and they also have a saying that many mushrooms presage a poor harvest. In the "Tempest," Shakespeare alludes to the superstition that sheep will not eat grass that grows near fairy-rings.

The astrologers burned fungi for the cure of cattle thought to have been bewitched by the yellow mushrooms growing at the base of trees.

Mushrooms are called fairy-stools by children whose knowledge of fairies is confined to the name alone, and whose generations of prosaic progenitors would almost preclude the possibility of the parents having taught their children any of the wiles and tricks of the wee folks. Fairy-rings are in some sections of England destroyed wherever found, on the plea that they harbor evil beings.

Of the phenomena connected with fungi, none are more notable than their ability to emit phosphorescent light. Numerous varieties have this quality. The *Agarie* of the olive-tree having it to the luminosity of rotten wood. It is due to the growth of the mycelium of small fungi that have found the moisture of the decaying wood favorable to their sustenance. Scientific men are still undecided as to what causes



EVENING TOILET.

this light, the luminosity in some cases being so great as to almost challenge belief. Fascinating as this part of the subject may be, it is really only the edible fungi which should claim our attention in this paper.

Mr. Palmer divides the mushroom into seven parts, as follows: "The pileus, the expanded disk or cap of the mushroom or toadstool. The gills, thin plates set edge-

ing to America, one hundred and eleven edible varieties are found in the two Carolinas. These two states are the only ones where the search has been in any way thorough, and how many hundreds of varieties may be added to this already long list, would be rash to even hazard. No other country can boast such an array of rich food, given without price, growing without toil, and as yet this great harvest has but few gleaners, and it is in answer to the aroused and growing interest in this great native food supply that this article has been written.

Out of all this great variety there are, possibly, not over one dozen sorts that are universally eaten. In my immediate neighborhood only one kind is ever offered in market; namely, the Morel, an unpleasant-looking, honeycombed variety, but very good eating. The *Agaricus campestris*, or true meadow mushroom, growing too sparsely to be even offered for sale. It has been truthfully said that if the peasants of continental Europe were to see our forests during the rainy seasons, they would feast on the rich food that our people crush under foot as toadstools. In England mushrooms proper are eaten everywhere, yet the fungi-eaters (that is, the experimenters in strange varieties) are a small clique who give annual dinners at the season most favorable to the growth of their favorite fungi. Each member of the club is pledged to study each new variety he may come across and report on its quality. If palatable, it is classed with the edible varieties, and if nauseous, a most minute description of its appearance and its effect on the stomach are given as a guide to other experimenters.

The aim of these gentlemen is to find out and bring to the attention of all classes the food which nature so lavishly provides for those of her children who are wise enough to accept it.

In America the fungi-eaters are few in number, experimenting alone for the furtherance of knowledge, or simply the gratification of the palate.

Mushrooms provide in a lighter form nearly the same sustenance for the body as does the various meats. They absorb the same constituents from the soil and air that animals do, and when decaying give off the same odors as putrid meat.

Mr. Julius Palmer, Jr., who has done so much to draw the attention of Americans to the food going to waste in our forests, declares there are as many different tastes and flavors among esculent fungi as are found in any other varieties of diet; and to those prejudiced people who will only eat one variety of mushroom, that they might as well select one fish from the sea and reject all others as possibly poisonous. Many people are so fearful of being poisoned that

wise under the pileus, running to a common center at the stem. Tubes, the spongy collection of pores which take the place of gills under the pileus of a boletus. Veil, a web or membrane which extends from the margin of the pileus to the stem when the mushroom is young, and thus incloses the gills. Ring, a part of the veil adherent to the stem and forming a collar around it. Volva, the sheath, or wrapper, inclosing the young mushroom when below or just above ground, the remains of which are to be found in the ring, the veil, at the base of the stem, and in the warty pileus of some varieties. Spores, the reproductive bodies, analogons to seeds in other plants, found under the caps of the mushrooms, and appearing like fine dust when the cap is left lying gills downward."

It is on account of these last-mentioned spores that you must never lay a mushroom that you expect to eat gills downward. These spores contain much of the flavor of the mushroom, which is soon lost if left in the position above mentioned.

When examining a variety new to you look first that the pileus is not warty; next look at the base of the stem, and if you find a little ragged wall through which the mushroom appears to have burst, avoid it; it is the volva found in all poisonous toadstools of the deadly Amanita family, absent in all edible mushrooms. Avoid all fungi that have lurid red gills; not all of them are poisonous, but an amateur would better avoid them until he is confident of his powers to discriminate.

No deaths are known to have occurred from any variety but the deadly Amanita (toadstool) family. A few other sorts might cause nausea or be found indigestible to some stomachs; but if you follow the simple rule to taste every one you cook, and if you find any that are hot or unpleasantly flavored, reject them, even if they should look like all the others you have before eaten with impunity.

If in your rash ignorance you have hit upon the deadly toadstool, at the very first symptom of illness send for a physician, and in the meantime drink copious draughts of sweet milk.

Remember, the men who are experimenting on untried sorts are scientific inquirers who are familiar with the nature and structure of all fungi, and when trying a new variety are governed first by the taste of the raw mushroom. It may not be poisonous, but simply unpleasant; if so, it is rejected; but if the raw fungi is palatable, then they are cooked and partaken of sparingly, until its effect be noted, and you may be sure they have remedies at hand to counteract any ill results.

I emphasize all caution, for I do not wish to send heedless, careless people on a search after death-dealing food, but I do wish to attract the attention of a multitude of people wise enough to examine varieties and enjoy this delicate food, fresh from nature's hand. I would advise everyone who contemplates hunting wild mushrooms to send for a copy of Mr. Julius Palmer's "Mushrooms of America." It is inexpensive, and has Prang's best colored plates, giving the best types of the edible and poisonous mushrooms common to nearly all localities. These plates are exactly true to life, and no more profitable day could be spent than to take this beautiful pamphlet to the woods in the spring and make a study of fungi. You will know more about fungi in an hour than in all your life before.

During our late civil war the southern people learned their indebtedness to the mushrooms of their fields and forests. Cut off from supplies, markets exhausted, they found substitutes for meat as well as coffee. One gentleman went over a forest, already well picked over, and reports that he found thirteen different sorts; after tasting each one he had them all cooked together, ate a hearty supper and suffered no inconvenience.

All know puff-balls are edible, being delicate and creamy when young. They have not the high odor and flavor of the mushroom proper, but are excellent cooked alone, or with mushrooms.

I have found Pennsylvania much richer in all fungi and lichens than either Ohio or West Virginia. There seems a peculiar moisture favorable to them in the former state. In West Virginia, owing to the steepness of the hills the soil becomes dry too early in the season, and from the same cause, steepness, the leafy loam of the hills is cleaned off in the spring freshets until often only gravel remains, poor food for mushrooms.

While at Chautauqua a year or two ago I joined a party on a picnic to Pauama

Rocks, a favorite excursion place about a dozen miles from Chautauqua, and in less than half an hour I found fourteen varieties in less than an acre, and that without intentionally looking for them. But the mushroom par excellence is the *Agaricus campestris*, the true meadow mushroom, the mushroom that is cultivated, the mushroom of commerce; the mushroom that adds so many, many hundreds of thousands of francs to the income of France.

In France, where the cultivation of the mushroom has reached such great and valuable proportions, much of the cultivation is done under ground, the excavated and abandoned stone quarries being utilized for the purpose. One man owns twenty-five miles of these "caves," as they are called, another man having seventeen miles. Some of these caves are one hundred and sixty feet deep, and all the enormous amount of soil for the beds is let down by windlasses. To keep the crop in rotation it of course requires that some portion of the beds must be in constant renewal, so that in the larger caverns there

artificial cave on the grounds at Jackson park.

It is not a difficult matter to grow mushrooms, and in my next paper will give you my experience and the simplest method of cultivating them.

JESSIE M. STEWART GOOD.

HOME TOPICS.

BROWN PUDDING.—Two cupfuls of Graham flour, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one cupful of raisins. Seed the raisins, dust them with a little flour and add them the last thing. Put the pudding into a buttered tin pail that will hold twice as much as the mixture, cover it tightly and set it into a pot of boiling water. Don't have water enough in the pot to come to the top of the pail, but add more from the teakettle as it boils away. Keep it boiling constantly for three hours. Serve with cream and sugar or any sauce desired.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One cupful of corn-meal, three cupfuls of rye-meal, one

cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one cupful of raisins. Seed the raisins, dust them with a little flour and add them the last thing. Put the pudding into a buttered tin pail that will hold twice as much as the mixture, cover it tightly and set it into a pot of boiling water. Don't have water enough in the pot to come to the top of the pail, but add more from the teakettle as it boils away. Keep it boiling constantly for three hours. Serve with cream and sugar or any sauce desired.

MAIDA McL.

HUNGERING HEARTS.

Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
Any yet beneath them, all the while,
The hungry heart be pining still.

Oh, eager eyes which gaze afar!
Oh, arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips, so proudly dumb;
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
Oh, hearts that hunger through the world!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

JUSTICE OR CHARITY, WHICH?

"To whom is woman to look for justice except to her sister woman?" publicly asked an enthusiastic advocate of the equal rights of the sexes not long ago.

Among the listeners was a young girl who had copied on the typewriter the brilliant speech of the fair apostle of justice, and been refused payment for the last page of the manuscript upon the ground that it was not quite covered. It is also a matter of history that when previous last pages held but a few lines the lecturer thought as little of paying for them as the little typewriter did of charging. Sometimes a ticket to the meetings of the relief association was presented to the wage-earner as a kind of bonus.

A very earnest worker among factory girls repeatedly keeps the messengers of her modiste and milliner waiting for at least a half hour while she talks to some idle friends of infinite leisure of the wrongs of the working classes.

It is an authenticated fact that a seamstress employed by a notably charitable woman renowned for her generosity called six times to collect \$2.50 due her for work already finished, and which was needed for the payment of house rent. Neither time could she gain audience with her patroness. One morning the busy philanthropist was engaged with her music teacher, and could not be disturbed. In the afternoon she was at a hyacinth tea for the benefit of the inmates of our prisons. The next day she was reading a paper in behalf of establishing a bed in some hospital for the use of over-taxed sewing-women. A missionary meeting and history class claimed her attention for the afternoons following, and at the sixth call she was reported to be in bed with nervous prostration.

There have been women so pre-occupied by the claims of foreign missions that they have failed to see the grief written on the pallid face of the maid-servant within their gates, whom they expect to work for them over hours without any extra remuneration. It is one thing, they argue, to be the underpaid slave of a brutal shop-keeper, and quite another to be the underpaid employee of a refined philanthropist.

The matron of a charitable institution, even if she is a widow with children, is sometimes asked to take a smaller salary for the sake of the cause. Especially is this the case when the finances are a trifle strained owing to the price paid for elaborate printed reports of the year's work.

Struggling tradesmen have been threatened with a loss of custom if they did not contribute a portion of their wares to fair tables.

Zealous women visit prisons, lavishing sympathy upon the inmates, and through ignorance of the criminal classes formulate injurious charges against the officials, and the sigh of the "poor Indian" is made the reproaches of the army officer by those who have never been west of the Mississippi.

Is not the quality of mercy sometimes strained?—*Harper's Bazar*.



PLAIN DRESSES.

is on an average twenty-five hundred yards of fresh beds made every month. Imagine the toil of hoisting the exhausted earth and lowering the fresh soil.

These clean, rock-lined caverns, with their equable temperature, are highly favorable to their culture, and while the expense is enormous, the revenue is great—so great that these mines are under government inspection and are regularly examined like the mines.

America imports many thousand dollars worth of canned mushrooms, considered a luxury for the wealthy alone, while we have all the materials at home to satisfy a large demand if the people would only take hold of the matter. Much interest is being aroused in this country on the cultivation of mushrooms that many men are answering in a manner interesting to their bank accounts. One man in New Jersey is growing rich from their culture.

Mr. John Thorpe, president of the Association of American Florists, and head of the floral department of the world's fair, has a fine bed of them growing in an

heaping teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of molasses, one fourth of a teaspoonful of ginger. Grease the tin pail and steam, as the pudding, for three and one half hours. Tin cans make very good dishes to steam either the pudding or the bread in. Melt the tops off the cans and cover with a small pail cover or a piece of tin. The bread may be set in the oven for fifteen minutes after removing it from the steam.

These recipes were sent me by a young lady who is at school in Cambridge, with the recommendation that they were "simply delicious," and I think any one who tries them will agree with her.

HEALTHFUL CHILDREN.—Constant care is the price to be paid for good and healthful children. First, care for your own health and disposition, from the very beginning of the child's life; then systematic care of the child. Study his physical, mental and moral temperament as a good farmer studies the needs of his soil and plants. The treatment that has been suc-

Our Household.

BE NOT CONTENT.

Be not content; contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest;
Satiety is twin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots, deep in the dark mold hiding,
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower

Were it not an inborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled,

And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;
There is a healthful restlessness of soul,
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve;
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you to achieve, achieve.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HANDSOME HOME-MADE FRAMES.

A VERY artistic and new frame is made of rope and bamboo. Doubtless all know how to cover a photograph with suitable glass, using heavy pasteboard at the back of the picture, and binding it together with a narrow, smoothly-pasted frame of paper or cloth. In the same way prepare your photograph, picture or mirror for this rope frame, only the pasteboard piece at the back must project an inch and a half all around, and more if the frame be large; after being bound with strong cloth, the corners should be rounded off and a strip of three-and-a-half-inch ribbon should be folded over the edge all around, and laid in little plaits and gathers at the corners, and tacked to fit tightly. Over this ribbon frame tack a four-strand braid of small rope, or larger-sized rope if the picture demands it. Soak the rope in water until it becomes pliable. On both the outer and inner edge tack bamboo, or corn stalks, if the bamboo cannot be obtained. Join the corners smoothly and varnish the whole. The effect is remarkably pleasing.

Another very handsome frame is made in the following manner: If a photograph is to be framed, pasteboard will do for the back piece; if something larger, use heavy, manila board—that which is used by book-binders—and allow it to project three or four inches. The corners are to be covered with plush, the renewed magenta color, being new, is especially appropriate. Measure carefully and mark diagonally across the corners as far down as you desire the plush to extend. The space between these corners, in fact, the remaining pasteboard, should be covered thickly with mucilage, and then thickly sprinkled with barley grains. When thoroughly dry, if the barley does not entirely cover it, repeat the process. Then gild these barley grains with the gilding prepared for such purposes. The triangular corner-pieces must next be covered with cotton batting, pasting it on with mucilage. Cut the plush one half inch larger than the batting, that the side next to the picture may be turned in, and the other sides gilded to the outer edge of the frame. If heavy silk cord can be obtained the exact shade of the plush, fasten it around the outside edge of the frame; or, take rope, securing it in place with brads; then gild it, being careful not to touch the plush with the gilding.

A Jack-Frost frame is one of the late novelties. Prepare the frame as before, painting the projecting piece with several coats of tube-paint, ivory-white. While the last coat is still damp, sprinkle it thoroughly with an abundance of diamond-dust, previously heated, that it will adhere more closely. Finish with white silk or gold cord.

A unique frame has the foundation of puffed surah silk, edged on either side with bronzed spools. These are cut in halves, glued on a tape, then bronzed and tacked on the pasteboard. This is something entirely new, and if neatly done, presents a very effective appearance. They can be finished like ebony by using carriage-gloss paint.

But one of the handsomest frames I ever saw was the unconscious gift of the Phoenix Insurance company. Not only was the narrow walnut frame made use of, but the stretcher also, upon which the advertisement of the company had been. The

stretcher was painted white after the canvas had been completely removed from it. The frame was freed from the dust of ages, the words "Phoenix Insurance Company" were filled in with putty; then the whole was dead-coated with yellow ochre. After the stretcher was thoroughly dry, a coat of white enamel paint furnished a beautiful gloss. The molding was gilded and placed around it. Within this frame was placed a delicately-tinted mat, which surrounded a marine view of pastel painting. The effect was strikingly artistic.

A companion piece was a pastel in warm, autumn colors, surrounded by a mat of pale blue, the frame of which was simply one of plain, three-inch pine, enameled with pure white enamel. Both of these frames were indeed beautiful, and had nothing of the home-made look, which always detracts from a truly artistic effect.

In addition to the beautiful gloss which the enamel possesses, it can readily be washed without injury, both of which qualities render it superior to ordinary white paint. An old wicker or cane rocking-chair can be transformed into a thing of beauty by enameled paint and ribbons.
ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

KNITTED SAW-TOOTH LACE.

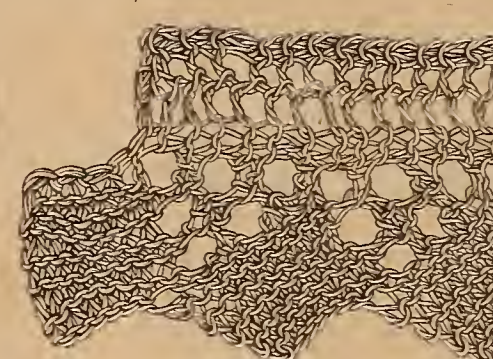
Cast on 16 stitches and knit across plain. First row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over twice and purl 2 together; knit 2, thread over twice and narrow, knit 8.

Second row—Slip 1, knit all until the made stitches or loops are reached; of these knit the first and purl the second; knit 2; thread over twice and purl 2 together, knit 2.

Third row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over twice and purl 2 together, knit the rest.

Fourth row—Slip 1, knit until only 4 stitches remain, then thread over twice and purl 2 together, knit 2.

Fifth row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over twice and purl 2 together, knit 2, thread over twice and narrow, thread over twice and narrow, knit 7.



KNITTED SAW-TOOTH LACE.

Sixth row—Like the second row, except one more set of made stitches must be knit before commencing at the star.

Seventh row—Like the third row.

Eighth row—Like the fourth row.

Ninth row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over twice and purl 2 together, knit 2, thread over twice and narrow, thread over twice and narrow, thread over twice and narrow, knit 7.

Tenth row—Like the second row, except two more sets of made stitches must be knit before commencing at the star.

Eleventh row—Like the third.

Twelfth row—Bind off 6, knit 11, thread over twice and purl 2 together, knit 2; repeat from the first row.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PIES OR PUDDINGS.

"A man thinks he hasn't had his dinner if he doesn't have pie," some one said, and I guess there's a deal of truth in it; but some way, I always feel a little guilty when I think that all the lard which is worked into a pie-crust must go into some poor stomach for digestion. If pies are in demand, have them, but not every day; once or twice a week is enough. Then let the other dinners be represented by puddings. They can be made harmless and palatable. Here is one we like:

CHERRY PUDDING.—Take a can of cherries, pour off a cupful of juice; put a lump of butter into a pan, mix with it a tablespoonful of corn-starch or flour, add half a cupful of sugar and half a pint of boiling water and the cupful of juice; cook all together and this will make the sauce. Take a cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, sweeten the cherries and stir them into the mixture, with flour enough to thicken; steam two hours.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CURTAINS.—Holland shades, if badly soiled, can be cleaned by detaching from the rollers and washing, starching and ironing, after which they can be again fastened to the rollers.

If holland shades let through too much light, painting them will remedy this.

To wash lace curtains, take down, shake thoroughly; then baste a two-inch strip all around them. Fold them small, and place in a tub with enough lukewarm suds to cover them. After most of the smoke is soaked out, remove from tub and drain in a clothes-basket. Next, put the curtains in a tubful of lukewarm water, in which has been placed half a pound of borax, dissolved in hot water. Set the tub in the sun; the curtains will soon bleach. After taking from this water, if not yet clear, put in another tubful of suds and press and squeeze gently; don't rub lace. Take from this water, rinse, put through weak starch-water, and if a blue tint is desired, blue; after which stretch in proper shape, and pin every two inches to sheets spread down on the carpet. They do not require ironing; but if one prefers them ironed, before removing from floor, pass a moderately hot iron over them; don't sprinkle them.

PAPERING.—Both from a sanitary standpoint and to insure a neat job, old wall-paper should be removed before putting on new. This can be scraped off if wet with hot soda-water. Before papering, painted walls must be washed with ammonia-water—one part ammonia to six parts water.

Whitewashed or calcimined walls must be thoroughly swept off with a stub broom to remove, as much of the whitewash as possible, then sized. All walls ought to be sized before painting. A good size is made of one pound of glue, dissolved in a bucketful of hot water. If the glue is mangled, it must be soaked in cold water over night to soften it.

A good paste is made as follows: Take cheap wheat or rye flour (as these contain more gluten), stir enough lukewarm water with the flour to make a stiff batter, taking half a teaspoonful of powdered alum to every quart of flour used. Pour slowly on the batter enough boiling water to make a thick, sticky paste, stirring constantly to prevent lumps forming. When the paste is cool, thin with cold water. By using alum with paste paper will not peel from the walls, as it is so apt to do if stoves are too near the walls.

Two long, ten-inch boards, whose ends are supported by barrels, make a good table to use in applying paste to paper.

After matching and cutting paper, lay on this board table with the wrong side of the paper up, and with a whitewash brush, cover well with paste. Fold both ends of the paper toward the middle of the strip, keeping the edges even; then trim off the right edge.

The paper is taken to the wall folded, one end opened and pasted to the wall, beginning at the top, and the paper is opened as needed.

Ceilings are first papered, side walls next, and borders are applied last.

WHITEWASH AND CALCIMINE.—Air-slaked lime does not make good whitewash. It ought to be slaked with boiling water. To slake lime, put it in a box or barrel, and pour over it about half as much boiling water as there is lime; cover closely.

To make whitewash, after the lime is well slaked, add to half a bucketful of the slaked lime enough boiling water to make it of cream-like consistency. Add salt to whitewash to keep it from rubbing off the walls, a gallon to a bushel of lime.

Diamond dyes, added to whitewash or calcimine, will give any desired tint.

If whitewash is mixed with sweet milk, instead of water, it makes the whitewash more like paint.

Enough copperas ought to be added to whitewash with which cellars are washed to make the whitewash a deep yellow in color. The copperas will rid the cellar of mice, and make it purer.

To whitewash a smoked ceiling, for the first coat, mix with every two quarts of whitewash one cupful of fine, sifted ashes; this prevents the smoke coming through. For the second coat, use ordinary whitewash.

Calcimine is made as follows: For a good-sized room, take two pounds of white glue, dissolved thoroughly, and fourteen pounds of Spanish whiting. Dissolve the whiting in hot water, then add the glue. Keep the calcimine on the stove and apply hot.

MISCELLANEOUS.—To make furniture-

polish, mix three parts of linseed-oil and one part of turpentine.

To remove white spots from varnished furniture, rub with spirits of turpentine or camphor.

To remove the odor from a newly painted room, place in the room a bucketful of water.
SOPHIA N. R. JENKINS.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

I have been a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, and as I have found many useful recipes in it, I thought I would add one or two to your list.

VINEGAR PIE.—I have a way of making vinegar pie I don't think I have ever saw in print. We think it very good and cheap. Take one egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and enough weakened vinegar to make two pies, add a little butter and nutmeg, cover with strips of pie-crust and bake.

COOKIES.—As a great many of your readers are farmers' wives, I will tell you how to make cookies in very few minutes, which I make for my little boys' lunches at school. If you have pie-crust left for another pie when baking, spread the crust on your bread-board, take three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of baking-powder and wash it in the dough with as little flour as you can use; after it is all worked in good, repeat it again, then roll out and bake. Now don't say they would not be fit to eat because there is no butter and eggs in them, as some of my sisters say, but give them a trial, and I think you will find them almost as fine as those you buy at the bake-shop, with very little work or cost.
MRS. M. J. B.

SNOW CAKE.—A cake that I have never failed in getting good.

- ¾ cupful of butter,
- 2 cupfuls of white suga.,
- 1 cupful of milk,
- 1 cupful of corn-starch,
- 2 cupfuls of flour,
- 1½ teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

Mix corn-starch, flour and baking-powder, add butter and sugar alternately with milk. Lastly add whites of seven eggs. Flavor to taste. It never fails to be good. I have had several to say it was the best they ever tasted.
EMMA H.

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SUGGESTIONS.

Ravelings from gingham is a good substitute for wash silks in outlining on cotton or linen; the work is very pretty, and the colors are fast.

If those who have soda biscuits with the soda in yellow spots, will heat the butter-milk slightly, then put the soda in and beat until the milk foams, they will have the gratification of seeing the yellow spots disappear.

Old sunbonnet crowns and old corsets make good stove-holders. Have two or three covers for each one; they can be washed and used again. Asbestos makes a good iron-holder, as only a thin layer of it is necessary; this avoids a clumsy thickness which will tire the hand.

Old tin cans are not usually satisfactory for reuse. If the trial is made, line them with writing-paper. You will save time when the canning season arrives if you will remove the wax thoroughly from each can as it is opened. Have a box on purpose for this wax. On emptying a can, wash it at once and dry it immediately, thereby preventing rust.

Use plenty of newspapers about the stove for rubbing greasy cooking utensils. They make good kindlings.

Tack a piece of cotton flannel or bed-ticking on the outside of the heels of men's hose. It can be removed when washed. This will save much darning.

When making mush to fry, mold it in cups; then slice it in circles when cold. Fried mush is very good with oysters; stir the oysters into the mush as it is being made.

BAKED LIMA BEANS.—Soak a pint of Lima beans for half an hour in tepid water, boil for a half hour; then turn off the water and boil in fresh water until the beans are very tender; turn the beans and water in which they have been boiled into a baking-pan, put in half a teaspoonful of salt; if not enough liquor, add until the beans are covered; bake until the water is consumed, add the same amount of water, and bake as before. About five minutes before serving pour half a cupful of cream and half a cupful of sugar over them. Other varieties may be baked in the same way, but the Limas are especially delicious.

CARE OF TABLE-LINEN.—Quite an outlay of time and strength is necessary to "do up" a table-cloth. With a little care and trouble the best table-cloth (or any other, for that matter) may be made to look well for some time. A carving-cloth for the host's end of the table, and a tea-cloth for the hostess, are essential to the welfare of the table-cloth, for when soiled they are much easier laundered than the whole cloth.

In spite of these precautions, stains and "slop-overs" will occur. If, after each meal, the one in charge of the table will take the trouble to remove these stains, she will gain much. The following treatment is recommended: Remove everything from the table excepting the cloth, brush it neatly; then take a cup level full of boiling water, place it under the stain to be removed; then, with a silver spoon (it will not turn anything black), rub the spot, being careful that the dampened surface does not spread. Place a napkin or towel under and above the wet spot, place a slight weight on it. Then treat the next soiled place in a like manner. In an hour or less your table-cloth will show no trace of the treatment. Sometimes a little salt, in addition to the hot water, is necessary to remove an obstinate stain.

COLD STORAGE FOR MEAT.—It is not necessary to salt meat to keep it fresh during the winter, if one will take a little trouble and time to put the meat away in the following manner: Get a molasses barrel at the grocer's. If there is snow on the ground, so much the better, but it is not necessary. Pack the meat in the barrel with snow. Place this within the hog-head. Fill the space between the barrels with ice. Set them in the corner of some outbuilding, and build around them a tight framework, leaving a space of about twenty inches between the framework and hog-head. Fill this space with sawdust. Make the framework six or eight inches higher than the barrels, and cover the whole top with straw. Meat kept in this way is much better than that put away in brine.

M. D. S.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry; a few drops of clear aqua ammonia poured on the under side of diamonds will clear them immediately, making them very brilliant.

AN INDIANA MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT HAS ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION.

A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN WHOSE LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF IS AGAIN ENJOYING HEALTH AND STRENGTH—THE PARTICULARS OF HIS REMARKABLE CURE AS RELATED TO A REPORTER OF THE CRAWFORDSVILLE JOURNAL.

(Crawfordsville, Ind., Journal.)

There is probably no man better known in this city than G. M. Johnson, or "Mit," as he is familiarly called by everybody. Six months ago it was the common remark that "poor Mit had but a few more days of his life," his physical condition being such that not one of his hundreds of friends had the slightest hope of his surviving the summer. He had about abandoned all hope himself, evidently, and was confined to his room and bed, unable to walk or to attend to any business whatever. A representative of this paper who has enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Johnson for a long number of years, met him walking briskly up street to-day, and in astonishment inquired of him what had brought so wonderful a change in his appearance and condition.

"What has done all this, Mr. Johnson?" was the question put to him.

"Well, sir, four p's did it, and what I mean by four p's is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a remedy which I consider invaluable."

Our reporter was at once interested, and asked Mr. Johnson to give him briefly the particulars of his illness and his wonderful cure.

"Well," said Mr. Johnson, "for a number of years I have had a complication of troubles, the most serious being spinal and nervous trouble, which as you know brought me pretty near death's gate. My friends despaired of my recovery, and I had but little hope myself of ever being about actively again. My health kept going from bad to worse until I became perfectly helpless. I was unable to walk a step; could not sleep, had no appetite, I just lived and suffered and could not die to get relief. Physicians did me no good; neither did all the other remedies I tried, and I believe I have taken enough medicine in the last few years to stock a drug store. I was in this miserable, hopeless and helpless condition when a friend called my attention to a remarkable cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to try them. I felt that perhaps it was a last chance, and procured a supply of Pink Pills from Messrs. Nye & Booe, the well-known druggists. That was about six months ago, and you see what they have done for me. I am a new man now. I had not been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills long when I began to find an improvement. I saw that I had at last hit upon a remedy that had virtue in it; hope returned and I continued to use the Pills and continued to improve in health and strength, and while I am not the stoutest man in the city I am a new man altogether. I feel well, eat heartily, sleep soundly, the dizzy, nervous trouble has entirely left. I can walk briskly and am enjoying life as of yore. I consider this Pink Pill remedy a wonderful one, and have recommended it to a number of my friends who have been similarly afflicted. Why, I cannot recommend the remedy too highly. Just think, for nearly a year I could not stand up to take a drink of water without getting blind from dizziness, and the most excruciating pains would seize me, and during these paroxysms I suffered untold agony. I am now entirely free from these pains, and I really have faith that I will soon be as sound as a dollar."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, your friends are gratified to see you so much better, and we hope that others may be benefited by the same means."

"Just say to any one who may want information that I will freely give them any information they may desire on the subject, and will only be too glad to see some of my friends benefited in the same way. I know some who are in need of something right now, and will urge them to try the four p's. There is nothing in my opinion to equal them, and as I said in the start, I have tried all the remedies advertised."

Mr. Johnson can be seen any day at his place of business on Green street, and any one desiring further information in regard to his case should call on him. It is surely almost a miraculous case, and one which attracts a great deal of attention.

Our reporter then called upon Messrs. Nye & Booe, the well-known druggists,

who said they consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful remedy. It is less than a year since they began to sell Pink Pills, and in that time the sale has grown to such an extent as to be remarkable. Messrs. Nye & Booe said there were many in Crawfordsville besides Mr. Johnson, who had reason to be grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for restored health and strength. Indeed, everyone who uses Pink Pills speaks of them in the highest terms.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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is warranted to wash collars and wristbands clean.
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Butter Workers, Dog Powers, etc. Special terms to introduce.
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A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you one free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only.
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A FULL SET OF SIX
Elegant Teaspoons

Will be mailed **FREE** to any person

Sending 50 cents for this journal one year, and 5 cents additional to cover postage and packing on spoons.

Or to any one sending two new yearly subscribers, and each new subscriber will also be entitled to the choice of one of the Free Gifts offered in this issue.

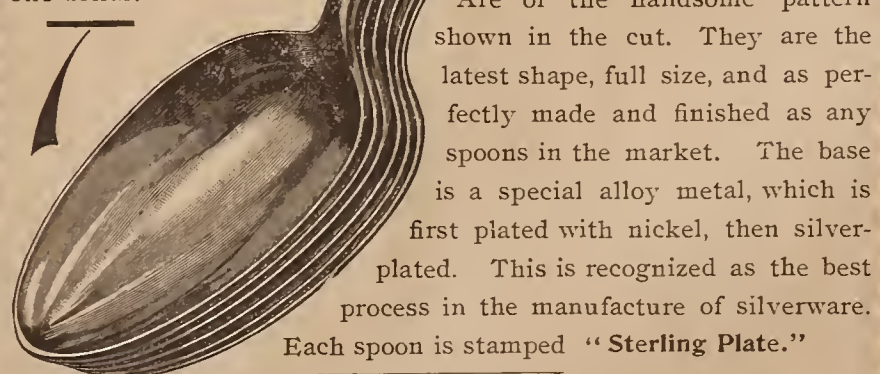
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Two Sets, 12 Spoons

And this journal one year, will be mailed, postpaid, to any one sending only one dollar.

These Spoons

Are of the handsome pattern shown in the cut. They are the latest shape, full size, and as perfectly made and finished as any spoons in the market. The base is a special alloy metal, which is first plated with nickel, then silver-plated. This is recognized as the best process in the manufacture of silverware. Each spoon is stamped "Sterling Plate."



What the Ladies Say of These Spoons:

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I received the set of spoons and they fully justify their recommendation. I think they are equal in appearance to any Rogers ware. Many thanks.
MRS. J. H. WALKER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—Please accept my thanks for the teaspoons. Am just delighted with them. Had no idea they would be so handsome.
LIZZIE MATTERN.

Give Free Gift number and address all orders to **FARM AND FIRESIDE**, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

"WAITING FOR CHRIST."

Hark! a strain of heavenly music Floating on the air Like a distant trumpet echo, Greets my listening ear. Christian, can thy soul interpret What that music saith to thee? Listen! "Lo, the Bridegroom cometh! Trim thy lamp and watchful be."

A LEGEND ABOUT CHOLERA.

HERE is an eastern legend that is timely. One day the angel of death visited a country in Asia. The king of the country asked him what plague he brought under his sable wings. "The cholera," answered the messenger. "And how many victims will the plague claim?" "Six thousand."

THE FARMER'S BUSY WIFE.

Where in all the world is there a woman like the farmer's wife? You haven't a servant in your house that works as she does. She is the corner-stone of the nation's prosperity. There is nothing very exciting about being the corner-stone, and there is a good deal of weight on it besides.

THE REAL REASON FOR GOING TO CHURCH.

A lady said in the hearing of the writer the other day, "I don't go to church now, because in no church in my neighborhood can I get any comfort." This lady seems to have thought that the only reason for going to church was in order to get something. Another and a better reason for going would be to give something and to do something.

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.

- 1. The careless way: To give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits. 2. The impulsive way: To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.

VALUE OF A COUCH.

A room without a couch of some sort is only half furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune-fighter is the periodical good cry and momentary loss of consciousness on the up-stairs lounge, or the old sofa in the sitting-room.

WATCH THE CHILDREN'S EARS.

The hideous, out-flapping ears which we often see can be so easily prevented in childhood, that it is a wonder mothers do not give more thought to the matter. Children should be carefully watched, and never allowed to sleep without having the ears closely pressed to the head.

CHRISTIANITY AND MASTER MINDS.

Mr. Gladstone is probably the greatest statesman now living. For nearly fifty years he has been connected with the English cabinet. In speaking of religion among great men not long since, he said: "During my forty-seven years of official life in England, I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

HONEST MEDICAL ADVICE.

It is worth a great deal to a sick person to get an honest medical opinion. It is not always easy to do this, but there is a way in which such may be obtained, and that without any cost whatever. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, the discoverers and sole dispensers of that remarkable medical agent, Compound Oxygen, have never, during the twenty-three years of their wide practice, charged anything for consultation.

We offer a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that contains the same illustrations as the \$2.00 books, together with this journal one year, for 50 cents. Read the big offer on page 23. Thousands upon thousands of our readers will accept this offer. It is the most for the money ever given by any paper.



Now and Then. Now and then I fall to dreaming Of the good old days again; But the times somehow are seeming Better now than they were then. Daughter tells me, Gold Dust Powder Cleans and washes with such ease, Making restful times like these.

That it lightens household labor, making restful times like these. Every day her praise grows louder; Even I admit at last, That the Gold Dust Washing Powder Has improved upon the past. What the steam car is to the traveler, and the mowing machine is to the farmer, GOLD DUST is to the housekeeper—a modern means of saving time, strength and money. Sold everywhere. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal.

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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAF OF STEWART HARTSHORN ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

A Powerful Flesh Maker. A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more. Scott's Emulsion stands alone in the field of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partially digested before taken. Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

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NOTHING NEW. BUT the old and RELIABLE ELGIN or WALTHAM Dust-proof Watch—Silverine, Stem Wind, Open Face Case, Screw front and back, absolutely dust-proof. Looks better and wears longer than Solid Silver. Your choice of genuine Waltham or Elgin well-jeweled works, full top plate, cut expansion balance jeweled top and bottom, fitted with patent dust band, quick train, 18,000 beats an hour, pat. hair spring, safety pinion, well tempered main spring, polished enamel dial, extra heavy beveled glass, every part carefully fitted by hand, guaranteed accurate, reliable timekeeper. OUR PRICE OPEN FACE, \$5.75 HUNTING CASE \$6.75 Sent C. O. D. subject to full examination without any expense to you. If found satisfactory pay express agent our price and express charges one way. Send for free catalogue. Honest Watches at Honest Prices. QUEEN CITY WATCH COMPANY, 85 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Selections.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or matter and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice,
Boil it down.

If you go to spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So, when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you want a little renown.
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

—Home Guardian.

CHRYSANTHEMUM SALAD.

French culinary artists have decreed that in the future the chrysanthemum is to be eaten as a salad. The Japanese long ago discovered that boiled with a clove and then mixed with truffles, chrysanthemums are very palatable; but the leading Parisian chefs now serve them either raw with mayonnaise sauce or boil them and send them up to the table in the guise of vegetables. It appears that they are, thus arranged, perfectly delicious, and why should they not be so?—for, with the exception of a few directly poisonous plants, most flowers are edible. In Russia, for instance, exquisite salads are prepared of violets, and in Turkey fresh rose leaves are served as a dessert, with powdered sugar and vanilla custard. Hop buds are eaten in Belgium, and thistles are not alone liked by those quadrupeds who, from time immemorial, have been exposed to unjust derision because their ears are ungracefully long and their voices somewhat the reverse of melodious, for when carefully freed from their asperities the thistle can be cooked like spinach and is the joy of epicures.

At a dinner given in November, by the Duchess de la Torre, whose chef is a Parisian celebrity, a salad was sent up to the table which aroused the admiration and unqualified praise of the great lady's distinguished guests. It was all the colors of the rainbow, being arranged in layers of multi-colored chrysanthemums, intermingled with dark and light violets, forget-me-nots and rose petals. In the center was a mound of pale green mayonnaise dotted over with tiny orange blossoms, and the edge of the great crystal dish wherein this edible bouquet was disposed was lined with small white lettuce leaves and nasturtiums. This salad, it is stated, was the greatest triumph which has been achieved by cookery since the day when the pleasure of the eye has begun to be as carefully studied by true gourmets as that of the palate.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE SMALLEST PAINTING.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.

The most skilful chefs use lemon juice instead of vinegar in all their culinary processes, modern science having discovered that the eels of vinegar sometimes take up their abode in the alimentary canal as parasites and become a source of irritation to the digestive organs.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 220 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A BARREL CLOTHES-HAMPER.

A very satisfactory receptacle for soiled clothes can be made, says the *Country Gentleman*, by covering a barrel with what used to be called furniture calico, but is now sold under the name of comfortable print. The barrels that pulverized sugar comes in are of good size for this purpose. Carefully break off all nails that project, both on the inside and outside. Line the inside of the barrel with smooth, brown paper, or remnants of wall-paper can be used, using flour paste to fasten the paper in. Measure four pieces of print the depth of the barrel, allowing four inches extra for the frill at the top. Join the pieces and run a strong thread around the lower edge to draw it on; fold over two inches at the top, and gather at the bottom. Draw this cover over the barrel, even the fullness, and secure it in place with small tacks. Place a two-inch band of silesia around the top and bottom to hide the tacks. Cover the lid of the barrel, inside and out, with the print. Make a knob in the center of this lid by putting a screw through the hole in a medium-sized spool and screwing it firmly in place. Cover the spool with silesia like the bands on the hamper. This makes a neat and handy place to keep soiled articles, and each week when they are removed the hamper should be given a few hours' exposure to the sun and air.

BUFFALO-BUGS AGAIN.

Although it is nearly time for these pests to make their exodus, allow me to add my method to those already given in *Housekeeper's Weekly*, as it may help some tormented sister. It was recommended by an Indian woman who was assisting me during house cleaning. On taking up a carpet, we found a "little million" of these bugs, but when we relaid it, we sprinkled dried tansy and pennyroyal under. That was two years ago, and I have had very little trouble since. I had known tansy was objectionable to animal fleas, as father always used it in dogs' kennels, and we seldom saw a flea on the dogs; but this was a new use for it. It is very inexpensive, even if one must buy the herbs; also perfectly harmless to have around, which cannot be said of many of the insect exterminators. Perhaps some bright country girl could earn pin money by preparing this mixture for sale at some friendly drug store. Dry the herbs, powder and pack in neat packages and label with some "catchy" name.—*Housekeeper's Weekly*.

AT A FEAST.

There is a new shape for the dinner-table—a triangle. The host is seated in the middle of the shortest side and the hostess at the meeting of the two longer ones. This arrangement brings the entertainers and entertained nearer together than at the ordinary square or round tables. A single cloth is not used on these triangular tables, but rather narrow scarfs of heavy open-work. Between the scarf and the centerpiece the space is filled with bonbon and salted-almond dishes.

PULLED BREAD.

Put a loaf of light, flaky bread between two pans, and let it heat through in a moderate oven. It will take about twenty-five minutes for this. Take from the oven and with a fork tear the soft part into thin, ragged pieces. Spread these in a pan and put them in a hot oven to brown. It will take about fifteen minutes to make them brown and crisp. Serve at once on a napkin. Always serve cheese with pulled bread.—*Baker's Helper*.

AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

Much amusement is afforded to small children by running a stick through an orange and putting it into the neck of a wine bottle; then a face is cut out from the peel of the orange, more or less funny, according to the skill of the maker. From a piece of brown paper a cloak and hood are improvised, and behold! a yellow-faced, little bottle-bodied woman.

To judge of an oven's heat, "try the oven every ten minutes with a piece of white paper. If too hot, the paper will blaze up or blacken; when the paper becomes dark brown (that is, rather darker than ordinary meat pie crust), the oven is fit for small pastry. When light brown (that is, the color of really nice pastry), it is ready for vol au vent, tarts, etc. When the paper turns dark yellow (that is, the color of tea), you can bake bread, large meat pies, or large pound-cakes; while if it is just tinged, the oven is just fit for sponge-cake, meringues, etc."

GLEANINGS.

Mme. Bertha de Colonne, the famous poet and author, is both blind and deaf. She is a young and beautiful woman and is happily married to an architect of European fame.

Muffs are growing larger and larger, and if the winter of '93-4 does not see us booming out in poke bonnets, hoop skirts, and the tremendous sable affairs our mothers used to carry to keep their hands warm, then signs count for nothing.

The ink with which all the government paper money is printed is made only by James Eddy, of Troy, N. Y., who alone has the secret of its composition, the formula having been given to him by his father, the inventor of the ink, on his death-bed. The making of it results in a profit of \$50,000 a year.

Miss Ollie Bull, daughter of the late Ole Bull, the great violinist, is, it is reported, going on the stage. Miss Bull's home is in Cambridge, Mass. She has been carefully educated, is tall, dark, slender, of attractive appearance and strong individuality. It is reported that her plans have displeased some of her relatives, but it is said that her mother sustains her.

In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending. In certain parts of Asia Minor it is nothing unusual for a pair of shoes to be handed down from generation to generation, being worn only on state occasions, and carried in the hand by the proud possessor on Sunday.

"VENUS."—To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be 5 feet 4 1/4 inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the bust, 26 1/2 about the waist, 35 over the hips, 11 1/2 inches around the ball of the arm and 6 1/2 inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small.

The woman who finds that the lacing in the back of her corsets will show through her bodice, finds the remedy in choosing another lace; the chances are that she has a round cord, or else somebody has convinced her that a rubber lace is desirable. What she wants to do is to pay fifty cents for a long, flat, silk lace which will outwear any of the others, and will never announce its existence except by being easy to pull when she wishes to tighten her stays.

Australian wool production is now the great factor in determining the world's supply and market values in other countries, and the indications are that competition from this source will continue to grow more serious. Previous to 1830 Australia had no place among the wool-producing countries of the world, her total clip in that year amounting to only 2,860,000 pounds. In 1890 the product had increased to 400,879,240 pounds—a growth which under ordinary circumstances would have effectually swamped any competing production. No wonder the world's prices have declined under this enormous expansion.—*Colman's Rural World*.

There is a rumor among the most fashionable young men that it is the correct thing nowadays to be measured—not only for their hats and their coats and their shoes and their gloves, but measured for their umbrellas. Men have discovered—men have a genius for discovering things that add to the comfort of the world—that it makes a great deal of difference in the ease of carrying an umbrella whether the stick is short or long. A long stick brings a man's lower arm and hand up too high, crooks his elbow at an awkward angle and makes him generally unhappy. In order to remedy this, these careful individuals have their umbrellas made to order and cut to exactly the right length to suit the height of its possessor. While women are happy in the possession of umbrellas of dark blue or red silk, men must still content themselves with black. And many men prefer a taffeta or plain silk to a twilled one, because it packs closer and hence is more compact.

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COMPLETE, 4 alphabets rubber type, type holder, bottle Intelligible Ink, Ink Pad and Trencher. Put up in neat box with directions for use. Satisfaction guaranteed. Worth 50¢. Best Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Sets names in 1 minute, prints 600 cards an hour. Sent postpaid 15¢; 2 for 25¢. Cat. free. R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 85 Cortland St. N. Y. City.

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IT WILL CERTAINLY RELIEVE AND MAY CURE YOU, WHEN MOST EVERY OTHER REMEDY HAS FAILED.



Miss Estella Kiersey.

A YOUNG LIFE

DARKENED BY SUFFERING, BRIGHTENED AND RESTORED TO HEALTH BY THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Jan. 26, '93.
DR. A. OWEN—Dear Sir: I received one of the Owen Electric Belts the 16th day of December, 1892, about six o'clock in the evening, and I have been using it every day since. I thank you for the good it has done me, for I am nearly restored to my usual health. God alone can tell my sufferings better than pen can write or tongue can tell. It was by reading Mrs. Hattie H. McGowan's letter, of Keelersville, Mich., that I first heard of the Owen Electric Belt, and she said that it had done her so much good that she would not do without one, and, as my complaint was nearly like hers, and as it had done her so much good, I thought I would send and get me one. I don't regret the day that I sent for one, for it has done me so much good that I would not do without one. I am glad to recommend the Owen Electric Belt to any sufferer. Last evening I went to a concert, rode about four miles, the first I have rode for seven or eight months. I am glad to think that your belt has done me so much good, for life is now worth living, as I am in good health—better than I have been for over two years.
Yours respectfully,
MISS ESTELLA KIERSEY.

The Owen Electric Belt is the Best Electric Belt in the World. No Exceptions.

Persons making inquiries of the writers of testimonials, will please inclose self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.



[Trade Mark.] DR. A. OWEN.

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If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our enlarged life-like GRAYON PORTRAIT absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to us. (Established in 1876.) References: all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn, P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture Free of charge. Address all letters to **TANQUEREY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 741 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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Providing Entertainment and Instruction for Our Subscribers, with Suitable Rewards for Successful Contestants.

A GEOGRAPHICAL CONTEST. TEN DOLLARS

will be divided among the three Farm and Fireside subscribers who make up from letters found in the words

"THE FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,"

lists containing the greatest number of names of Cities and Towns of the United States, with population of more than 5,000, according to the census of 1890.

\$5.00 of the above amount will be given to the Farm and Fireside subscriber sending the largest list.

\$3.00 will be given to the Farm and Fireside subscriber sending the second largest list.

\$2.00 will be given to the Farm and Fireside subscriber sending the third largest list.

Should there be a tie for the first reward, the first of the largest lists received will be entitled to the five dollars, and the second received will be given the three dollars, and so on.

This contest will close April 15th, the result to be announced in our issue of May 1st. All lists in this contest should be mailed to Springfield, Ohio, addressed as follows:

FARM AND FIRESIDE,
GEOGRAPHICAL CONTEST,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

POETICAL CONTEST.

To each of the five Farm and Fireside subscribers sending in the largest lists of words of not more than two syllables that rhyme with the word "FARM," will be mailed free a copy of the Peerless Atlas of the World.

This contest will close April 15th, the result to be announced in our issue of May 1st.

Mail all lists in this contest to

FARM AND FIRESIDE,
RHYME CONTEST,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Our Miscellany.

LIFE'S INCONSISTENCIES.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

He vows his wife's extravagance
Alarms him and annoys;
Then "sets them up" at every chance
For crowds of thirsty boys.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN.

She says, "I thoroughly despise
Miss Smith—what! is she here?"
Then greets her with a kiss and cries,
"So glad to see you, dear!"

THE PREACHER.

He praises Christian charity
As far above all cost,
But all who don't with him agree
Forevermore are lost!

THE POET.

He signs the sunrise hues of red,
The joys of early dawn,
And yet he never leaves his bed
Till twelve o'clock each morn.

—New York Herald.

To take out paint, mix equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap-suds; or cover the spot with olive-oil or butter, and apply chloroform chloric ether or benzine. Paint can often be rubbed out of woolen goods after it has dried.

"Much for Little" Halcyon Pills, 165 Broadway, N. Y. 25c. prepaid.

THERE are two or three small, longitudinal furrows in the forehead which are sure indications of an eager, anxious mind. These constitute what is called the knitting of the brow, and are never absent from the American face. They are too deep for any filling up, and the only remedy for them is to take life easier.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by a persistent cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

TANGERINE oranges differ from an ordinary mandarin, though they are of the same variety, in their thinner skin and deep red orange color, being almost as bright in hue as a tomato. The skin of the true tangerine is separated clearly from the pulp, and it is almost as thin as paper. It has also a more delicate flavor than any other variety of mandarin. This orange has a finer epidermis on

the outside of its lobes, and is therefore especially well adapted for glace fruit, when it may be used for decorating an ice or any other dessert, or be served by itself as a confection.

"I NEVER write a letter which I am not willing that any one should read," is the rule which a lady adopted early in life for her correspondence. It is an extension of the old proverb: "Conduct yourselves with your friends as if they may one day become your enemies." Letters and print are you as you are when writing. You may change, but what is written is written.—Interior.

To make a room artistic in effect, the first thing to do is to cover the white walls. If painting or kalsomining or papering is impossible, then hang the wall with sateen or silesia. A wooden molding can be put up at a distance from the ceiling varying from six to sixteen inches. Brass rings sewed to the material will make it possible to put up and take down this wall-drapery quickly. Picture-hooks may be placed on the wooden molding.—Demorest.

BOOK-MARKS are easily made, and if pretty ribbons are chosen, they are appreciated, even though little labor is required to make them. Ribbon is used, that is from half an inch to three quarters of an inch wide, and four or five lengths, from six to ten inches long, are fastened together at one end and sewed to a crocheted ring, the same shade of the ribbon. On each ribbon is some bookish legend, painted. Lavender ribbon with gold lettering is among the choice colors.—Fashions.

If you want your asparagus to be "real nice," take pains to cut the stalks of equal length, tie in a firm bunch and stand upright in a deep saucepan, leaving nearly two inches of the heads out of water. The steam will cook the heads sufficiently while the hard, starchy parts, which may thus be cooked longer, will be rendered soft and succulent, and fully a third more will be eatable. If placed in the pan horizontally the delicate tips are cooked to a mash, while the ends of the stalks are underdone.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of the amaryllis family of fragrant flowers.

Dogwood is a small tree, and was not named for any of the canine family. It is common to all parts of the United States, and is sometimes called boxwood. Its botanical name is Cornus florida.

Pompey's pillar has no historical connection with Pompey, the celebrated Roman.

Spanish bayonet does not grow in Spain, but is a native of the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts. It is a beautiful flowering shrub, eight to ten feet high, and its botanical name is Yucca aloifolia.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen of that name, nor in her honor.

Whalebone is not bone at all, neither does it possess a single property of bone. It is the horny laminated plate in the mouth of the right whale.

Sandalwood is not used for making either sandals or slippers. The East India sandalwood is a tree twenty to thirty feet high, but most of the sandalwood known in the American market is made from an exogenous aromatic shrub that grows in the Hawaiian and Fiji islands.

Ironwood has no more iron in its composition than other wood. It is a tree about thirty feet in height, and is sometimes called born-beam.

Turkish baths are unknown in Turkey, and are not baths, but heated air-chambers.

FOR CLEANING MARBLE.

Common dry salt is said to be one of the best agents for cleaning marble, such as wash-basins, sink fixtures and the like. It requires no preparation, and may be rubbed directly upon the tarnished surface, removing any incrustations or deposits at once, leaving the marble shining and clean. This is well worthy of remembrance, as it is often found to be provokingly hard to clean the marble thoroughly without injuring the surface.

WHAT OLD MAIDS ARE.

A recent writer thus gracefully defines maiden ladies: "The undelivered packages at the express office. They were originally intended for somebody; but the parties to whom they were addressed have never appeared, or else they had the wrong address, or the address somehow got obliterated. Often very valuable parcels, which would have given great joy if they had been delivered to the proper consignee."

HOW TO MAKE A PROPOSAL.

Don't write unless distance makes it necessary. Don't get down on your knees or indulge in silly romantics, for honest love has sense about it as well as sentiment. Meet the lady of your choice face to face, explain to her your worldly prospects, ask her to share your fortunes, and if she says yes, well and good; but if her answer is a negative, don't blow your brains out, get drunk or become a misanthrope.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering, from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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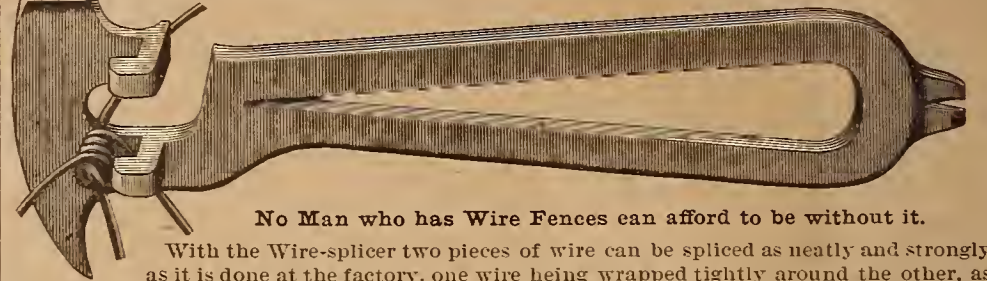
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With the Wire-splicer two pieces of wire can be spliced as neatly and strongly as it is done at the factory, one wire being wrapped tightly around the other, as shown in the cut. This is the only tool of the kind on the market. In combination with the Wire-splicer is a Staple-puller. Everyone knows how hard it is to get the staples out of a fence post. With this little tool and a hammer they can be taken out as fast as the puller can be placed in position. The same tool also has a claw for drawing light nails or tacks, a hammer head for driving tacks, and the handle is in shape to use for a light wrench; the hook is very useful for banding barbed wire and protecting the bands from injury. Thus there is combined in this one tool half a dozen that would cost separately one or two dollars. Directions for use go with each tool.

Order by Free Gift No. 489 and address all letters to

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

WOMEN IN HOSPITALS.

It would pay any one who is interested to take a trip to any one of the large free hospitals of Chicago. There the entire business is conducted by women, in a good measure. A woman runs the dispensing establishment; women patrol the wards and soothe the sufferings of patients.

Women are, by general consent, known to be the best of nurses, and far excel men in patience, tenderness and care. In the hospitals of Cook county they are trained and drilled to the point of perfection. These nurses make of this experience a foundation for their future. They learn to nurse, how to take the temperature, and become gradually accustomed to all of the sights and sounds of the sick-ward. They are then prepared to become professional nurses, and frequently receive large salaries as attendants on rich invalids, and have opportunities to travel in foreign countries. For many young women this work offers better chances and more money than almost any other profession.

One young lady, who had served eleven months in the county hospital, accepted an offer to travel with a rich lady—a confirmed invalid—at a salary which would enable her in a short time to pursue her studies in medicine, and realize her dream of becoming a doctor. Another young lady in a Chicago hospital attracted such notice and general esteem for the excellence of her work that she was offered the position she now holds, of matron to one of the largest insane asylums in Maryland. These are but a few of the instances which could be cited by which young women have raised themselves to places of trust and confidence by intelligent work as nurses. No department of woman's work offers more, or more desirable, chances for future success and emolument.

An emergency ward, fully equipped with women surgeons, physicians and nurses, regular graduates of the medical and training schools, will be shown by the woman's exposition board of Illinois. Notable among the physicians is Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago. This exhibit will occupy three rooms, will be thoroughly equipped in every way with the most approved appliances for the care of the sick, and will practically demonstrate the most approved methods of nursing.—Good Form.

FOOLED THE DENTIST.

Mother—"Mercy me! The dentist has pulled the wrong tooth."

Little Dick (gleefully)—"I fooled him bully."

Mother—"Fooled him?"

Little Dick—"Yes'm. I told him that was the one. I knew if he touched th'achin' one it 'ud hurt awful."—Good News.

WHICH?

Some of the portraits which appear in the newspapers are unflattering to the originals. "I see they had your picture in the paper." "I don't know," replied the victim, "whether the picture was mine, or whether the name under it was a misprint."—Washington Star.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

I will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. H. W. Gardner, 22 East Second Street, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED SALESMEN To sell a special line of Lubricating Oils on Commission. Address No. 743 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS, Cleveland, Ohio.

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A FITTING SUGGESTION.

Once in a famous old jewelry establishment of Maiden Lane, New York, in which the senior partner prided himself on the cutting of his cameos, he said, fingering lovingly a marvelously cut portrait of Mary of Modena, resplendent in jewels and ruff:

"I have often wondered why women do not learn the art of jewel-setting. I have a fancy they could do it much more suitably than men. Here, for example, is a cameo I am very anxious shall be set not only artistically, but that shall reflect the age and time of the subject. This means not only an intelligent conception of the period, but a certain feeling of sympathy with the work—a sublimated sense of duty, we may say, that nothing else would be fitting. It is almost impossible to find this in the class of men we are obliged to employ, who, with a general sense of what is harmonious, have a more detailed sense of the mechanical necessities of the work. It seems to me I could much more readily make a woman understand, for, in addition to the degree of intelligence she might bring to the work, she has a love for jewelry, and small things would not seem unimportant."

There is no reason, indeed, why women should not design the setting of jewels, or even jewelry and silverware, since both make special appeal to her by virtue of the fact that she is a woman and mistress of home. For this, as for all the kindred industrial arts, general artistic training is necessary. The special training, which includes the knowledge of metals and the tools which are to be employed, is in fact the least part of the essential information.—Domestic Monthly.

REFORMING A PARROT.

A Pittsburger who spent a part of last summer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals:

"I wish the old lady would die."

This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I have also a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked:

"I wish the old lady would die."

Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes, and in solemn accent, added:

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the Litany at the church services.—Boston Gazette.

Farm Cleanings.

WHEAT GROWING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The condition of wheat growing in England is pictured in an extract made by FARM AND FIRESIDE from an English journal. The outlook appears gloomy, and one reason assigned is that the climate of the United States renders heavy soils tillable, while the same class of soils in England are nearly intractable on account of lack of heat and excess of moisture. The cost of preparation of these soils for the seed is so great that the English farmer finds no profit from them.

A little study of the situation in this country suffices to show that our wheat crops do not bring us any profit, and that continued seeding of land to wheat is due to other causes than that of any profit obtained by preceding crops. About 40,000,000 acres are devoted to wheat in the United States, and our average annual yield is a fraction over twelve bushels per acre, being exactly twelve bushels for the decade ending with 1890. When 500,000,000 bushels are harvested we are accustomed to point to this amount as an evidence of accumulating wealth, but when we view it from the standpoint of an average farmer, it appears only as evidence of a vast amount of poorly paid labor. The average value per acre of wheat for the decade ending with 1890 was \$9.91. This is the average amount of money received for each acre of wheat grown.

Now, in order to learn just how we stand with this cereal crop, let us first determine the amount of plant-food removed from our land by the grain. According to Prof. Armsby's table, estimating the nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash at the same rate we pay for these elements in commercial fertilizers, a bushel of wheat removes thirty-eight and three fourth cents worth of this plant-food. An average crop of twelve bushels therefore removes \$4.65 worth. If, then, the average gross income from an acre of wheat in this country is \$9.91, and in the crops we remove \$4.65 worth of plant-food, there remains in reality only \$5.26 for seed, labor, interest on land, etc. I have not taken the straw into account, as it should be returned to the land. The truth is that we are swapping dollars when raising wheat, only the dollars we receive are a little light-weight.

Then why does the farmer continue to sow wheat? asks the business man of the town. There are several reasons, though not necessarily good ones. Wheat is the best grain to sow when seeding land to grass. Millions of acres are sown every year merely as an incident in getting meadows started. Then if the grass fails to catch, the plowing and seeding to wheat is repeated. The acreage is thus kept much larger than the price of wheat justifies.

Another reason is found in the old idea that it looks more thrifty to be plowing and getting a crop than to let any fields lie idle, and so millions of acres that are too thin for corn or potatoes are sown to wheat. If they could lie in clover, or if clover will not grow, then in timothy or weeds, all to be turned under for reseeding to timothy and clover without grain, they would in time approach the profit-paying point in the production of corn, grass or other fairly good, paying crops. But instead of this the land is plowed for wheat year after year before a catch of timothy is secured, and each crop removes \$4.65 more of the scant stock of available plant-food in the soil.

The cash from a wheat crop comes in a lump, and farmers get the impression that they would fall badly behind if this spot cash did not come in every year. It is much as if we would place a dollar each day in bank and accustom ourselves to the expectation of drawing out \$300 in a lump sum each fall. The average farmer, as we have seen, does not get back a full equivalent of all invested. He is evidently losing. The land grows poorer with this continued raising of wheat, thus unfitting it for better paying crops. This seeding of wheat has become a sort of habit, and like many other habits, it does not make us any the richer. Not one whit.

It is the surplus of any crop that depresses prices, and it is this unnecessary seeding that makes the surplus. By "unnecessary" I mean all seeding not done as a sure means of getting a good catch of grass, or that not done because the land is fitted for growing a good, paying crop of wheat. Those who can raise from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per acre with certainty have cause for seeding. So

with those who can get wheat and timothy or clover with one preparation of the soil. There is good reason for this much seeding, and for no more.

The half of our wheat acreage that is growing less than twelve bushels per acre is an incumbrance to any farmer unless it can be increased in fertility. It makes its owners poorer year by year, and yet it produces enough to make the surplus that deadens prices. The continued plowing for wheat can only impoverish it still more, and can only impoverish its owner. If these men could be led to practice continued green manuring and chemical fertilization until this land would grow hay profitably, it would be money in their pockets, and would take off our wheat market the burden of overproduction. We must cease raising wheat because it is a good crop in a rotation, or because it can be grown on land too thin to produce aught else, and grow it only for profit. Then will the acreage decrease fully one half, and all will be the richer thereby. DAVID.

SOME EXPERIENCE WITH THE SOJA BEAN.

A most valuable and exhaustive article has just been given in the *Rural New-Yorker* on Soja beans. Experiments with some one or more of the several varieties are reported from the experiment stations of Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, North Carolina and Kansas, all very interesting and likely to be useful to farmers. To summarize these different reports: "Vermont too far north for it;" "not much use for New York;" "not much chance in Connecticut;" "good where clover won't catch" in Rhode Island; "good for a Massachusetts silo;" "a valuable plant for North Carolina;" "clover needs a nurse; Soja bean doesn't" in Kansas.

The testimony, on the whole, is very strongly in favor of this family of leguminous plants, and the farmer who has need of some forage plant to supplement or to supersede clover would run no risk in taking up the Soja bean in almost any one of the six varieties so carefully described in the article.

Frank E. Emery, of the North Carolina station, gives an analysis of this legume by Mr. Kilgore, and the composition and digestibility of clover hay from "Stewart's Feeding Animals," which we copy herewith for the benefit of those who are looking around for a valuable, reliable forage plant:

PRODUCT OF ONE ACRE.	Dry matter	Ash.	Protein.
10,000 lbs. Soja bean ensilage.....	2.580	285.	405
3,000 lbs. clover hay.....	2.623	183.	378
Digestible in 3,000 lbs. clover hay.....			235
10,000 lbs. Soja bean ensilage.....	1.522	161.6 N. free	307 Crude
	Fat.	Ext.	Fiber
10,000 lbs. Soja bean ensilage.....	223.	696.	971
3,000 lbs. clover hay.....	74.4	1.189	799
	Ratio.		
Digestible in 3,000 lbs. clover hay.....	45.	1.207	5.6
10,000 lbs. Soja bean ensilage.....	169.	8.87	4.1

"This difference is not very great, but is in favor of the Soja bean as a little more cheap carbohydrate, straw or corn stover, could be fed with it to advantage to bring up the "ratio" to the "standard." Also, if "fat" be regarded as worth two and a half times as much as carbohydrates, these would then be the value of more pounds of feed from the beans, and this, too, after an allowance of twenty-three per cent for the loss on the bean crop. Soja beans can be ensilaged more easily than cured for hay. They will grow in favor with stockmen, without doubt."

In this connection it will be admissible, perhaps, to give an experience with the Soja bean, undoubtedly the yellow Soja bean, *Glycine hispida*. This experiment, for such it finally became, was during my stay down in southern Missouri, where I ran my farm, and still do, on the experiment station plan. Like all south Missouri farmers who go there from other agricultural regions, and they are numerous down there, the great question is to find something that can beat corn as a stock food. I tried nearly everything, with sometimes more and sometimes less success, sorghum, cow-peas, millet, Hungarian grass, all the clovers, etc. I kept an eye out for forage plants all the time. In a neighbor's truck-patch was growing my ideal forage plant in the most perfect luxuriance. They called it the "Aunt Perniece bean." It was indeed a promising plant, growing some three feet high on the poor-

est kind of soil on a dry hillside in a drouthy season. This plant seemed to be the thing I was looking for. That it was excellent food was evident from the fact that all kinds of stock, including the rabbits, were crazy to get at it. The small number of plants found gave very few seed, and it took another year and some perseverance to get enough to plant perhaps an eighth of an acre. Nothing could have given more satisfaction than this small plot of ground planted to this strange, nameless plant. The season was too dry for corn; even sorghum wilted and curled up every day and nearly died for lack of moisture.

The Soja bean, for such it was, grew and flourished to the amazement of all who passed by the farm. It was not unusual for strangers to stop and go down into the field to see what that "Yankee fellow," as some called me, was growing. They often inquired what I raised so many of them for, and laughed at the idea of feeding anything to cattle, horses and sheep except corn. The amount of foliage given was wonderful, and the seed-pods exceeded all I had ever seen on anything of the bean family. It was estimated that seventy bushels of beans would have been a fair yield per acre. The curing of the stuff was against the best success of this crop, since by the time the tops were dry enough to go into the barn the leaves were dropping off badly. Had we used them in silos it would have been perfectly satisfactory.

The plant grows with a tap-root, and the harvesting should be done with a mowing-machine, and not by hand. Unfortunately for the further experiment with the Soja bean with me, a change was made in the farm management, and clover was finally adopted as quite sufficient for the purposes of the farm with its live-stock industries.

The testimonies given by the widely separated experiment stations and my own observations convince me that Soja beans are suited to soils and localities where Indian corn, or maize, is not a pronounced and reliable success. On thin soils in a drouthy region, where corn is uncertain, Soja beans should be tried, and can be made a success. I do not hesitate to recommend them as food for any and all kinds of stock. They are not more difficult to cure than sorghum, cow-peas or other sorts of beans or peas, and as ensilage, especially when mixed in the silo with corn or sorghum, would be a valuable stock food, never to be abandoned after a trial.

I desire to thank the directors of the experiment stations who have tried this forage plant so carefully, and hope farmers may be induced to adopt their suggestions and give this bean a permanent place in the list of farm crops. Though from Japan, it deserves to be made an American farm crop. R. M. BELL.

Recent Publications.

EXPERIMENT STATION BULLETINS.

Sent free, on application, to residents of the state in which the station is located. Address Agricultural Experiment Station.

- ALABAMA.—(Auburn) Bulletin No. 40, January, 1893. Cotton experiments.
- ARIZONA.—(Tucson) Annual report for 1892.
- CALIFORNIA.—(Berkeley) Bulletin No. 100. Investigation of the cattle foods of California.
- COLORADO.—(Fort Collins) Bulletin No. 21, October, 1892. Sugar-beets. Irish potatoes. Fruit raising.
- GEORGIA.—(Experiment) Bulletin No. 20, February, 1893. Fertilizer, culture and variety experiments with corn and cotton.
- IOWA.—(Ames) Bulletin No. 19, November, 1892. Experiments with new orchard fruits, root crop, corn, wheat, and soiling crops, depth of covering grass seed, feeding calves and hogs, hints on cheese making.
- KENTUCKY.—(Lexington) Bulletin No. 43, Analyses of commercial fertilizers. Bulletin No. 44. Bordeaux mixture for apple pests.
- MISSISSIPPI.—(Agricultural College P. O.) Fifth annual report, for 1892.
- NEW JERSEY.—(New Brunswick) Fifth annual report, for 1892.
- NEW MEXICO.—(Les Cruces) Third annual report, for 1892.
- NEW YORK.—(State Station, Geneva) Bulletin No. 48. Some bean diseases. Bulletin No. 49. Treatment of potato scab. Use of Bordeaux mixture for potato blight. Special bulletin. Leaf spot of chrysanthemums.
- NEW YORK.—(Cornell Station, Ithaca) Bulletin No. 47. Feeding lambs and pigs. Bulletin No. 48. Spraying apple orchards in a wet season. Bulletin No. 49. Sundry investigations of the year.
- NORTH CAROLINA.—(Raleigh) Meteorological summary for December, 1892.
- OHIO.—(Wooster) Bulletin No. 45. Insects affecting the blackberry and raspberry.
- ONTARIO.—(Agricultural College Station, Guelph) Bulletin No. 85. Roots, potatoes and fodder-corn. Special bulletin. The making of roads.

RHODE ISLAND.—(Kingston) Bulletin No. 20. Capons—production, prices, etc. Caponizing tools and their use.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—(Fort Hill) Bulletin No. 7. Experiments with oats and wheat. Bulletin No. 8. Chemical investigations concerning phosphoric acid.

TEXAS.—(College Station) Bulletin No. 23. Black rot of the grape. Bulletin No. 24. The cattle tick; biology and preventive measures.

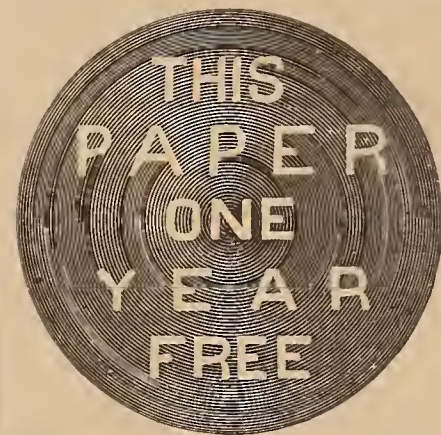
VIRGINIA.—(Blacksburg) Annual report for 1892.

WEST VIRGINIA.—(Morgantown) Bulletin No. 27. Notes on pruning.

WISCONSIN.—(Madison) Bulletin No. 31. Preventive treatment of the apple scab, downy mildew and brown rot of the grape, potato blight and the smut of wheat and oats.

WYOMING.—(Laramie) Bulletin No. 9. Sugar-beets in 1892. Bulletin No. 10. Meteorology for 1892.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.—(Washington D. C.) Office of experiment stations: Experiment station record, Vol. IV, Nos. 5 and 6. Division of Chemistry: Proceedings of the ninth annual convention of the association of official agricultural chemists. Division of statistics: Report on numbers and values of farm animals, and on cotton distribution. Special report of the statistician on agriculture in France; Hungarian milling; the canning industry; tobacco experiments in Texas; European crops; farm animals of the world and freight rates of transportation companies.



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FARM AND FIRESIDE, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

Gleanings.

THE LITTLE OLD STORE.

Oh, the little old store with the bell on the door, That rang as you went out or in, With a ting-a-ling-ling, as it swung on the spring...

WOMEN AS COMPOSERS.

PARAGRAPH in the Elite News appeared as follows: "Women as a sex have to face the fact that while, as compared with men, greater numbers, probably, have received musical instruction during the past century, they have not shown the creative talent that men have."

OATMEAL AND ORANGES.

No sort of food is better for the complexion than oatmeal and oranges. The finest complexions in the world are those of the Italian and Spanish ladies, who live largely on coarse-grained food and fruit, like the orange or banana.

WHAT COLOR TO WEAR.

An artist's rule as to color is: Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes or the complexion. A woman with blue-gray eyes, and a thin, neutral-tinted complexion, is never more becomingly dressed than in the blue shades in which gray is mixed, for in these complexions there is a certain delicate blueness.

sallowness there are tints of gray, and in the dark woman's pallor there are always yellowish tones, the same as predominate in the cream-colored dress.

Women who have rather florid complexions look well in various shades of plum and heliotrope, also in certain shades of dove gray, for to a trained eye this color has a tinge of pink which harmonizes with the flesh of the face.

TO CURE WARTS.

Pass a clean, bright, new pin through the wart, and then hold it so you can apply one end of the pin to the flame of a lamp; hold it there until the wart fries under the action of the heat.

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is the title of a little book just received, which tells all about NO-TO-BAC, the wonderful, harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. Sold at drug stores.

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IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down;
From all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frowns.

Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.

It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays, with sympathy and love,
Men's confidence to win,
To open wide all humane hearts
And let the sunshine in!

HELPS TO HEALTH.

An eminent physician has said that if the following three movements are executed vigorously every day for twenty minutes the effect in a year's time will be very apparent.

Before going down to breakfast open wide the window and for ten minutes go through the following exercises: First, stand perfectly straight, with heels together, and inflate the lungs with pure morning air, drawing in the breath while fifteen is being counted and expelling it in the same way; repeat this eight or ten times. Then bring the arms forward at full length with the palms together, and then throw them vigorously back, trying to touch the backs; at first it will seem impossible, but after a few days' practice it can be done.

Do this from twenty-five to fifty times. Then raise the arms above the head to the utmost, with the palms outward; and then lean slowly forward, keeping the knees perfectly straight and try to touch the ground with the fingers. This, too, requires practice at first, but can be done after awhile. Then raise the arms gradually to the first position and repeat the movement twenty-five to fifty times. At night go through the same movements. This simple little exercise, if persisted in, will prove to be of incalculable benefit.—*New York World.*

TAKING THE HUSBAND'S NAME.

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, it is said, originated from a Roman custom, and became the common custom after the Roman occupation.

Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of."

Against this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth, and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catherine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stuart (not Seymour).

Some persons think that the custom originated from the scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one.

It was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband.

MAKING SHOES WATERPROOF.

Shoes can easily be made waterproof and snow-resisting by the aid of a little paraffin dissolved in benzine. A very little paraffin is needed, and only enough benzine to dissolve it and make it flow easily. The preparation can be brushed over the uppers and even the soles, and as it dries almost as fast as put on, the shoes are ready for wear without any delay. The paraffin presents a firm waterproof surface, and does not look amiss, although it will not take a shine like unprepared leather. But it will resist any amount of wet, and is very convenient in snowy weather. The preparation differs from the bulk of waterproofers, in that instead of making the leather stiff and hard, it makes it very soft and pliable. The mixture can be applied to patent-leather tips and to uppers composed entirely of that material, but it takes off the brilliancy of these stylish articles completely to be used very extensively for the purpose, although when the paraffin has worn off, the polish appears as brilliant as ever.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*



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FACTS ABOUT NEEDLES.

As a matter of fact, the art of needle-making was kept secret until about 1650, when it was revealed by Christopher Greening. In the little town of Redditch, a few miles from Birmingham, the needle-makers still ply their trade for all the world. Twenty thousand people make over a hundred millions of needles a year. From the ugly pig of iron to the fairy-like needle are manifold processes, but probably the drilling of the eye is the most interesting of all. The experts can perforate a hair, and thread it with its own end. The steel wire is cut into the length of a bristle, and the needles are born as twins, heads together, feet farthest apart. In the old days the ends were sharpened at a cost of life that made this industry more deadly than war. The "grinders' asthma," by which strong men's lungs were inwardly ground to pieces by inhaled particles of steel, slew tens of thousands of strong men. Now, a blast of air away from the grindstone makes a grinder's life a first-class risk for insurance companies. Tempering, annealing and polishing are all worth seeing in the process.

So easily and cheaply can English needles be made and exported that on our American tariff needles stand on the free list. We have no hand-needle industry to be protected. We still depend on John Bull and the gentleman who wears the spiked helmet.

But do not our Yankees, who invent, who harness the rivers, the lightning and the child of wedded fire and water to do their work, make any needles?

Yes; for it was the Yankee who made the needle turn a somersault. All the world since the first fig-leaf sewers threaded the needle in one fashion. It was the Yankee who discovered that it was threaded at the wrong end. He declared the business end of the needle to be, like that of the bee, farthest from its head. Either Elias Howe or the other man who did not win the lawsuit was the first man who, like the hero in Greek mythology, held the "eye" in his hands, and put it where he would. He drilled the needle and inserted the thread at the other end, and set in arms of steel, multiplying its potency.

As Americans gave the world the sewing-machine and a new kind of needle, so they manufacture this sort, and this only. The National Needle Company make and finish every year 30,000,000 machine needles. Prussia, the great war power, put a spike on her helm and a needle in her gun, and with the latter humbled Austria. The United States, which, as President Arthur declared, is the great Pacific power, put her needle in frame and treadle to lighten toil and clothe the naked. Probably there is a true parable here.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SHORT VISITS MAKE LONG FRIENDS.

Hospitality is a precious jewel to be prized but not abused. To be privileged to spend a brief period in the home of another is a joy both to the entertainer and entertained, but to wear out one's welcome is an entirely different matter, and one which too frequently happens, where guests stop on and on long after a sensible visit has been made by them. Just a hint to these social nomads who seldom or never are in the bosom of their families for any longer time than it takes to get fixed up for another jaunt—learn when to go home.

"Short visits make long friends," is an adage as truthful as it appears inhospitable, and when you have skimmed off the cream of your welcome, depart, bag and baggage, before you get a taste of the cold shoulder which will be served you if you stay too long.

It is no fancy picture, and one that many a worried little housekeeper will readily recognize when we state that there are beings so selfish in this world that, like the "old man of the sea," they come and saddle themselves on some poor, unprotected friend, and remain until patience ceases to be a virtue, and the irate head of the family actually has to tell them to go.

They stay so long that they cease to act as visitors, and quite usurp the rights and privileges of the proper mistress of the household, descending to the kitchen to give orders to the servants, and monopolizing the morning paper to the exclusion of everyone else; remaining up until midnight, using the gas, either to read by or to curl their hair, and persistently refusing to take any hints intended for them regarding the delight their departure would occasion.

You may love your friends to distraction, says the *Philadelphia Times*, but there are times when one wants to be alone, and to feel that some outsider, no matter how well

you know her, has settled herself indefinitely in your midst is enough to make families break up housekeeping, just to rid themselves of company that is not only an expense, but a decided bore as well.

Remember these words of caution, and no matter how pleasant it may be in your friends' home, know enough to leave before they have reason to regret that you ever came at all.

A NATIONAL GALLERY OF HISTORY AND ART.

A movement set on foot by Franklin W. Smith, of Boston, and supported by many influential persons, is in progress to establish a great national gallery of history and art at Washington. A bill has been framed, and is to be put before Congress at the coming session, for a grant of land in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, which could well spare fifty or sixty acres for the purpose. Thus far eight galleries are projected, aside from the American galleries; namely, an Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Medieval, Saracenic and East Indian. The total cost will be about ten millions of dollars; and the projectors and supporters feel confident that the whole amount will be contributed without delay. It is a grand scheme, and should receive the approbation and support of every educated and patriotic person. It will create a wonderfully fine field for study and investigation, and will be a boon to every student and artist, not only in this country, but in Europe as well. The present plan is liberal and comprehensive; but as the work goes on, new features will be added by natural accretion.

WHAT BICYCLE RIDING HAS DONE.

What a lesson of to-day was taught the world by the appearance of the wheelwomen at the late L. A. W. meet. The languid airs and graces of a few years ago found no place with them. The dainty bit of femininity that was afraid of a cow and looked at you with appealing eyes if a spider crossed her path, has vanished, and in her place stands a sturdy, magnificently developed wheelwoman, who has perfected her muscles by a course of riding. Her shoulders are broad, her cheeks sunburned and her grasp strong and firm. She doesn't care for anything, defies dampness, and laughs at ailments that she cannot realize, as her frame, strengthened by life in the open air induced by riding, knows no ache or pain. She is not sentimental, yet she is fond of admiration, proving that she is, after all, only a woman, despite the health and hardihood cycling has conferred upon her.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

HARMLESS COLORINGS.

Sliced beets make a lovely pink coloring matter for any article of food. A bit of saffron will produce a pretty yellow, and is as harmless as the beets. Spinach leaves make a very good green, and the yolks of eggs will give a gold tint.—*Housekeeper's Weekly.*

THIS AND THAT.

Miss Lillian C. Rogers, who has been for seven years an attache of the office in which two of her sisters are also employed, has been offered the place of deputy clerk of the United States circuit court of New England, to which a salary of \$2,000 is attached, but she declined on the ground that she may not be capable of filling it.

"Don't bite your thread; it is silk," was the warning a man gave a young woman the other day, who, intent on her fancy work, was nipping off with her teeth the frequent ends of silk her work produced. Serious cases of lead poisoning have resulted from the practice, as silk thread is soaked in acetate of lead to increase its weight.

As a cure for a felon we find the following, among other remedies, given in *Practical Housekeeping*: "Roast or bake thoroughly a large onion; mix the soft inner pulp with two heaping tablespoonfuls of table salt, and apply the mixture to the affected part as a poultice, keeping the parts well covered. Make fresh applications at least twice a day, morning and evening, and a cure will follow in at least a week."

Women find it better and cheaper and vastly more comfortable to substitute for the heavy felt or quilted petticoat the fine black wool equestrienne tights, costing from \$1.75 to \$2.75 a pair, and now coming so rapidly into favor. They do away with the bulkiness of the heavy skirts, the dress sets smoother and with prettier effect over the hips, and walking even against the wind becomes quite a different and altogether easier matter.—*Examiner.*

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WE'VE OUR FIGHTING CLOTHES ON! and from now and henceforth the war will be more bitter than ever. The support we have received from all parts of the country fully warrants us in saying that we have friends by the Hundreds of Thousands, and with their support, we will the coming season make a record that will even eclipse our past glorious success. All people except fools have enemies—we have ours; they are the Factories, Dealers, Agents and Imitators, who are sore at our unprecedented success, and the loss of the "soft snaps" which they previously had, and they now spend their many idle hours in talking against the "Murray" Buggies and Harness. We like to have them talk, for they only advertise our work that much more—as any person easily sees, and were we not a most dangerous rival, they would not spend so much of their valuable (?) time in "grunting" against us. To these so-called "croakers" we can only say, that they have our sympathy, while we have the trade. If saving "Dollars" amounts to anything whatever to you, we're entitled to your support and trade. Write us for the GRANDEST CATALOGUE ever published; it contains about one hundred and fifty pages of illustrations and prices, which will be of great interest to you. Will mail you this Catalogue FREE OF CHARGE if you'll simply drop us a line asking for it. THE WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, ANNIHILATORS OF HIGH PRICES AND EXORBITANT PROFITS.

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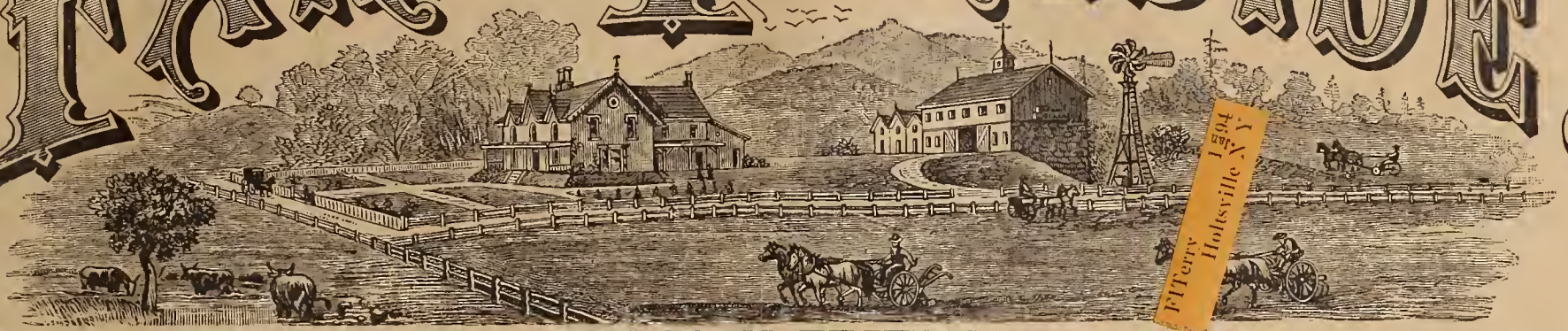
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Current Comment.

MANY who are attracted by specious
arguments in its favor, do not
clearly understand the real purpose
of the single tax on land values.

It is only a means to an end. The end is
the abolishment of private ownership in
land. There are certain theorists who claim
that poverty can be abolished by making
land common property. Since, under our
laws, property cannot be taken from its
owners for public use without compensa-
tion, these theorists propose to confiscate
rent by taxation. Confiscation of land is
too strong a doctrine to give to the people,
so the shallow subterfuge of single tax was
invented. Shallow as it is, it has deceived
many who are far from being real com-
munists. There are disciples of Henry
George who do not know that he wants the
government to take land without any com-
pensation to the present owners, and that
he proposes to accomplish this indirectly
by making taxes on land so high that no
one can afford to own it.

But that is what he teaches in "Progress
and Poverty." In book VI, chapter II, he
says:

"To extirpate poverty, to make wages
what justice commands they should be—
the full earnings of the laborer—we must
therefore substitute for the individual
ownership of land a common ownership.
Nothing else will go to the cause of the
evil; in nothing else is there the slightest
hope. This, then, is the remedy for the
unjust and unequal distribution of wealth
apparent in modern civilization, and for
the evils which flow from it. We must
make land common property."

In book VII, chapter III, he says:

"And by the time the people of any such
country as England or the United States
are sufficiently aroused to the injustice and
the disadvantages of individual ownership
of land to induce them to attempt its na-
tionalization, they will be sufficiently
aroused to nationalize it in a much more
easy and direct way than by purchasing.
They will not trouble themselves about com-
pensating the owners."

In book VIII, chapter II, he says:

"We should satisfy the law of justice, we
should meet all economic requirements, by
at one stroke abolishing all private titles,
declaring all land public property, and let-
ting it out to the highest bidders in lots to
suit, under such conditions as would
sacredly guard the private right to im-
provements. * * * * *
Let the individuals who now hold it still
retain, if they want to, possession of what
they are pleased to call their land. Let
them continue to call it their land. Let
them buy and sell, and bequeath and de-

visit it. We may safely leave them the
shell if we take the kernel. It is not neces-
sary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to
confiscate rent. * * * * *

Now, inasmuch as the taxation of rent or
land values must necessarily be increased
just as we abolish other taxes, we may put
the proposition into practical form by pro-
posing—to abolish all taxation save that upon
land values."

The object and the plan of operations are
boldly set forth.

All other taxes are to be abolished in
order to make the tax on land as high as
possible. Rent is to be confiscated, and thus
by taking the kernel of ownership in land,
poverty is to be abolished.

Single tax is the chosen weapon of a class
of communists in their warfare against the
right of private property. It is well to
understand clearly what it is.

Presumably because they do not consider
the representatives chosen by the people
competent to do the work it is their busi-
ness to do, some experts are at work fram-
ing tariff bills for the next Congress. The
single taxer is specially interested in this
work, as every reduction of duties on im-
ports is in accordance with his theory. The
single taxer is a simon-pure free-trader,
not merely a tariff reformer, but a tariff
abolitionist. He wants all duties on im-
ports and all revenue duties abolished, for
he wants all the funds necessary for the
expenses for government to be raised by a
tax on land values alone.

Everything is to be done to get the tax
on land values as high as possible. The
scheme is confiscation without compen-
sation.

WHEN the pure-food bill was re-
ported to the house by the com-
mittee to which it had been
referred, efforts were made to
amend it to death. There was an all-day's
fight on the measure, and over sixty
amendments were offered. To save the
bill its friends had it postponed for two
weeks. The indications are that no im-
provements in Ohio's pure-food laws will
be made this year. Adulterators of food
and their allies are making desperate efforts
to save the nefarious and profitable business
of defrauding consumers, and consumers
will have to look out for themselves.

The department of agriculture, Wash-
ington, D. C., has published a series of
pamphlets on food adulterants. Send for
them. They contain full information on
the subject, and give a complete expose
of many methods of adulteration. Nearly
one sixth of the entire food product of the
country is adulterated in one form or
another, and the loss to consumers is con-
servatively estimated at \$700,000,000 an-
nually.

Consider some of the methods of adul-
terating one article in common use—coffee.
It is a common practice to put a facing or
coloring on damaged and inferior grades
and give them the appearance of the su-
perior grades. In the imitation processes,
Prussian blue, indigo, lead chromate,
arsenic, clays, etc., are used. Coffees are
glazed with cheap starch-sugar syrups to
retain moisture in the roasting process
and make them weigh heavy. Some of
the common substitutes used for mixing
with the genuine article are chicory and
beet roots, wheat, corn, rye, barley, peas,
beans, acorns, cocoa husks, etc. Ground
coffees afford such a good field for adulter-
ation that it has been overworked. Very
little pure ground coffee is now sold. Con-
sumers have attempted to save themselves

from being defrauded by buying only
whole coffees. But the art of sophisticati-
on is up to the times and the demands of the
trade. Imitation coffees, both green and
roasted, are on the market. Some of these
imitations are made of inferior wheat flour
paste molded by machines into beans of the
same sizes and shapes of genuine coffee.
Some are colored and sold as green coffee;
some are roasted. The roasted imitations,
costing about five cents a pound, are to be
mixed with genuine roasted coffees in any
proportion the trade will stand. By using
these imitations the retailer can make more
profit on a pound of a cheap grade than on
the highest grade of the genuine article.

How can the consumer protect himself?
By purchasing only of an honest retail
grocer. Let the ground coffees alone, be
careful of the roasted coffees in packages,
and after careful examination, buy the
coffees kept in bulk by your grocer and
guaranteed by him to be pure.

THE decision of Judge Ricks, virtually
declaring the boycott against the
Ann Arbor railroad, ordered by Chief
Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive
Engineers, to be a conspiracy against the
public welfare, has attracted wide attention.
Of even greater importance are his judicial
opinions regarding the right to quit work.
If sustained by superior courts his decisions
mean that in the future the right of the
employer to discharge as well as the right
of the employee to quit work, will be lim-
ited as they never have been. To the men
who had quit work in defiance of his man-
date and had been brought before him for
contempt of court, he said:

"You are engaged in a service of a public
character, and the public are not only inter-
ested in the manner in which you perform
your duties while you continue in that ser-
vice, but are quite as much interested in the
time and circumstances under which you
quit that employment. You cannot always
choose your own time and place for termi-
nating the relations. If you were permitted
to do so you might quit work at a time
and place and under circumstances
which would involve irreparable damage
to your employer and jeopardize the lives
of the traveling public. Your employers
owe a high duty to the public which they
are compelled to perform under severe
penalty, the law, and they have, in turn,
a higher claim upon you and your service
than that due from the ordinary employee.
This court does not assume the power to
compel you to continue your service to
your employer against your will, but it
does undertake to compel you to perform
your whole duty while such relations con-
tinue, and does further claim, for the pur-
poses of ascertaining whether its orders
have been violated, the right to determine
when your relation to your employer
legally terminated and when your obliga-
tions to observe this order ceased."

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY has issued the
following Arbor day proclamation:
"A beautiful and commendable
custom, supported by legislative resolu-
tion, has grown up in our state, of an-
nually setting apart a day for the planting
of forest trees and the indulgence in exer-
cises calculated to foster a love of arboricul-
ture.

"Therefore, I, William McKinley, Jr.,
governor of Ohio, do hereby designate
Tuesday, the 25th of April, 1893, as Arbor
day. Heretofore the principal feature of
the observance of Arbor day has been con-
tributed by the school children. It is

found, however, that as a rule the date,
while the best for tree planting, is too early
to permit, with safety to health, partici-
pation in the outdoor exercises by school
children. It is therefore recommended
that, unless the weather be exceptionally
fine, the customary exercises by the school
children be held indoors, the trees being
planted by adults. And I also recommend
that Arbor day be devoted to the planting
by villages and townships, improvement
associations, and agricultural societies, ac-
companied by exercises appropriate to the
occasion, in which the attention of the peo-
ple should be drawn to ever-increasing
damage to the material interests of our
country by the wholesale destruction of
forest trees."

THE secretary of the treasury has made
an important addition to the regula-
tions under which animals are
admitted free of duty when imported for
breeding purposes. No animal is to be
admitted free of duty for breeding purposes
unless the importer furnishes a certificate
of record and pedigree showing that the
animal is pure-bred and registered; that its
sire and dam and grandsires and granddams
were registered; together with the affidavit
of the owner, agent or importer that such
animal is the identical animal described in
such certificate of record and pedigree.

Under this restriction the importation of
unregistered animals will be checked, to
the advantage of the live-stock interests of
the country. There has been too much
magic in the word "imported." Thousands
of animals, not pure-bred or entitled to
registry, have been sold at high prices and
used for breeding purposes because they
were imported.

A NEW fodder plant, introduced from
Europe, that is being tested by sev-
eral agricultural experiment sta-
tions, is the wood vetch, *Lathyrus sylvestris*.
It is a relative of peas and clover, and like
them, has the power of fixing atmospheric
nitrogen in the tubercles on its roots, mak-
ing it specially valuable for improving
poor soils. It is a long-lived perennial, and
produces large crops after taking a year's
time to get a fair start. It is said to be
much more nutritious than clover. How-
ever valuable it may be, farmers can well
afford to wait for the final verdict of the
experiment stations that are now testing
it. The testing of all such promising
novelties is part of their work, and they
can save the farmers considerable expense.

AFTER the first of July next, South
Carolina will sell all the liquor and
beer sold in the state. Under an
act passed by the legislature the state will
take full control of the wholesale and retail
liquor business. The objects are the raising
of revenues for the state and the regulation
of the traffic to decrease intemperance.
How the scheme will work is problematical,
but it is worth a fair trial. The operation
of the law will be watched with interest by
people in every state in the Union. That
the state will sell nothing at its bar-rooms
but "straight goods" may be some con-
solation to the customers, no matter how
long may be the time between drinks.

THE eighteenth annual meeting of the
American association of nurserymen
will be opened June 7, 1893, at
Chicago, Ill. For programs and informa-
tion about the meeting apply to the secre-
tary of the association, Chas. A. Green,
Rochester, N. Y.

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Silver, when sent through the mail, should be carefully wrapped in cloth or strong paper, so as not to wear a hole through the envelope and get lost. Postage stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid.

When money is received the date will be changed, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all of our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also, give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Our Farm.

MARKET WAGON ATTACHMENTS.

MARKET wagons are a very important part of every gardener's outfit, yet few of them are as light, convenient and well adapted to their loads as they might be. I have for many years made it a practice to visit the markets of such cities as I am in, and not

the least interesting part is the wagons that convey the gardeners' wares. Where the produce is to be displayed in stalls, it is of little consequence how it is brought, so it gets there in good condition. Boxes and barrels of a convenient size may contain the rougher and coarser articles in the wagon-bed, while lighter articles are carried in baskets and crates on top.

If the wagon is covered it merely becomes a question of piling up and the capacity of the cover. The ingenuity displayed by some of the long-time market women in Pittsburg, in packing a miscellaneous load of everything, from potatoes to bonny clabber, in a covered wagon is wonderful, and one must see the contents of a stall unloaded before he can believe that it all came out of one wagon.

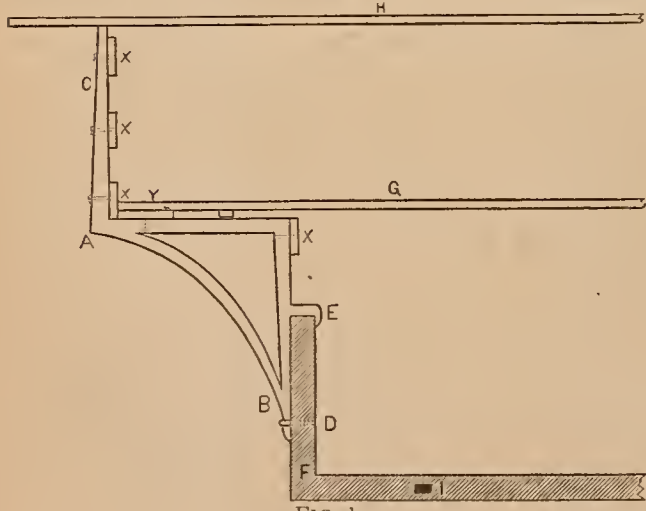


FIG. 1.

In some cities the matter of marketing produce is greatly simplified by the character of the packages used. In Boston, Massachusetts, pears, apples, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, most everything, in fact, is brought in shallow hushel boxes not more than six inches high and about eighteen inches square. The contents are faced very carefully by placing the fruit or vegetables all one way, and the most attractive side up. I suppose practice makes perfect, but it must take a great deal of time to pack these boxes which have so great a surface in proportion to their depth. I suppose the secret of the shallowness of these boxes is so as to discourage hiding inferior stuff beyond the reach of

inspection. The large surface makes the boxes easy to pile up, and they fit the wagons used to transport them, but they are clumsy and heavy, and would not be tolerated by the gardeners of an Ohio city more than fifteen minutes. The market wagons and horses of Boston are marvels of strength and size. The shafts are as strong as the pole of a lumber wagon, and I have counted on one one-horse wagon, fifty-eight bushel boxes of tomatoes, equaling more than thirty-five hundred pounds in weight. A simple platform, with a slight ledge, is the attachment used for extending the capacity of the platform spring wagons, and the boxes are piled in tiers and lashed with a rope.

The most advanced ideas in connection with market wagons are to be seen in Cleveland, Ohio. Large quantities of grapes are marketed and shipped from there, and many forms of racks are used to carry the small, heavy and inconvenient packages. Peaches, pears, tomatoes and many other things are marketed in cross-handled baskets of sizes from four quarts to half a bushel, and these like the grapes require a system of decks, light, movable and get-at-able.

The best system of racks I have ever seen (out of over a hundred different styles that I have noticed, scarcely two being alike), the one sketched in Fig. 1 is the lightest, and is worthy of being put into practical use by every gardener or farmer needing such an extension to the capacity of his "carry-all." In the figure, CAB represents an iron bracket with a curved brace. This is hung to the top of the side of the wagon-box (F) by the hook (E), and the lower end passes into the staple (D), which is fastened in the side about two thirds the distance from the top.

If the length of rack is not more than six feet, two of these brackets on each side will be enough. The forward one on each side should have no staple, as it is often convenient to draw the rack half way back to unload, especially when bags or broad boxes are carried in the bottom. This can be done if there is no staple forward, by simply lifting the rack at the back out of the back staples. Two slats four inches wide connect the horizontal part of the two brackets, and three slats the perpendicular parts; Y and XXX show the ends of these slats. The X slats need be but three inches wide, and if grapes and grapes only are to be carried, then there need be but two slats. If there is to be but one deck—that resting directly on the brackets—then but one slat on each side is needed. The deck is formed by slats running across the wagon.

In a six-foot rack the two middle ones are fastened in groups of three, by riveting to pieces of half round iron such as is used for the edges of lumber-wagon boxes. Fig. 2 shows the slat rack. Slats five eighths of an inch thick and three inches wide are heavy enough for the lower deck. The slats are put three inches apart, and each group of three makes eighteen inches of deck. The three back slats are not movable, but are bolted down on the longitudinal slat, Y, Fig. 1. The stuff in the back end of the wagon-bed below is easily got at by letting down the tail-board, which is not shown in the drawing, excepting one of the hinges, at I. As the hind bracket does not come within a foot or more of the back end of the slats, it is necessary to have a thin piece of iron riveted to the back end, and on the lower end of this a hook is formed, to which is hung the slats forming the back of the lower deck, which let down just as the back end-gate does.

This hinged end is not necessary unless there is a second deck (H). On the forward end of the lower deck, instead of slats there should be a board sixteen or eighteen inches wide. This answers for a seat, and enables the driver to leave the wagon-seat at home, dispensing with its weight and bulk.

If there is to be a second deck, as at H, the driver's seat should have sideboards of the same height of the sides of the lower deck, and then short racks on either side may be used to carry additional baskets.

The upper deck may project over the wheels and be six or more feet wide. Both decks may project backward beyond the end of the box, according to the strength of the back springs. The top deck should be

entirely of movable slats, as there will be times when they will not be needed and may all be left at home. They are retained in place by dropping into slight notches in the top slats. The height between decks depends upon the size of packages to be carried. In the markets of northern Ohio, the principal package is the cross-handled half-bushel basket, known under different names, according to method of manufacture, Acme and Diamond being the most common brands. These require head-room of twelve and one half inches, and I would not make the distance between the wagon bottom and the under side of the lower deck less than this for any kind of marketing, except where grapes was the only kind of produce to be carried.

I need scarcely add, after this description, that the movable slat decks and the hinged end-gates make it possible to get at the major portion of the load without moving very many baskets, and a very little experience in loading and selling from a three-decker constructed after the plans given, will enable one to so place the load in tiers of the same grade as to avoid any shifting, unless the load contains almost as many varieties and grades as there are baskets. A single deck three feet ten inches wide and six feet long, on a wagon-box seven feet six inches long and three feet wide, will accommodate twenty-eight half-bushel baskets, of the Diamond or Acme type, and if a second deck six feet square is carried above this, twenty-eight baskets more can be carried, and a projection of the upper deck eighteen inches backward will give

six more, making a total carrying capacity of thirty-one bushels, the rack and load, exclusive of driver, weighing from 1,600 to 1,800 pounds, if the load is fruit.

A single-deck rack can be very cheaply constructed of wood entirely. Take two pieces of inch boards of a width to raise the sides of the wagon-box to a height of twelve and one half inches. To the inside of these fasten dowels or protections just like those that hold the seats to the box, and place these pieces on edge on the edge of the box, the dowels entering the holes or staples, just as those in the seats do. On top of these sides nail a broad board at the front end, and three or four slats at the back end, and make movable slat frames for the center of the rack, just like Fig. 2. A rim two or three inches wide on the sides and back complete the deck. A board six feet long and twelve inches wide will make the bed pieces and edges if the wagon-box is eight or nine inches high, and I have made the deck of two such racks out of a packing-box costing fifteen cents, four feet long and two feet square, the lumber being one half inch thick.

This single deck just doubles the capacity of my wagon where the load is half-bushel baskets. If I wish, I can set the bed of the wagon full of berry-crates, place the deck on top and carry a load of stuff in baskets or bags on top.

I recently saw at my friend Farnsworth's, near Toledo, an ingenious arrangement of a practical character, for attaching a spring platform to the gear of an ordinary lumber wagon. It is represented in Fig. 3.

It consists of a hard-wood bed-piece, four inches wide and notched at the ends so as to slip down between the stakes and rest upon the bolster. On this are bolted three springs—two entire elliptic springs, and a half spring, as shown in the drawing. The half spring projects under the others, and arrests or catches them when they are compressed by a jolt or too much load. This is a very ingenious way of reinforcing springs, and can be easily added to any three-spring wagon where it is desirable to strengthen the back springs for a deck-load. The beauty of the arrangement is that the half spring doesn't do anything until it is really needed, and then it is there ready to lend a helping hand.

The triple spring arrangement shown in Fig. 3 is attached to both bolsters, and each pair of elliptic springs carries a spring bar,

which is mortised to allow the stakes to go through when the springs are compressed. Resting on top of the spring bars and running fore and aft are sills of pine two by six inches and twelve feet long, placed on edge. On these are nailed a platform of light, matched flooring six feet wide. Fig. 4 shows this platform, the dotted lines showing the sills and spring bars, while the black lines indicate the position of the springs. A slight ledge on the edge retains the load. Mr. Farnsworth puts on this platform thirty hushel crates of berries and then sets as many more on top. The upper tier is fastened to the lower by two strips of light boards, one on each side, connected

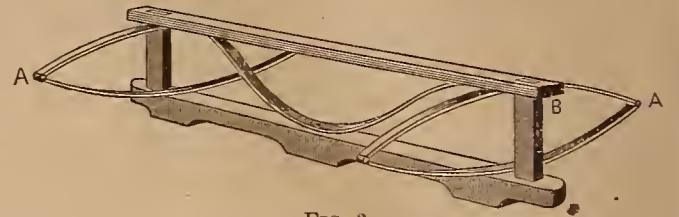


FIG. 3.

by three small iron rods with handle nuts on one end.

The boards are so placed as to engage the tops of the lower crates and the bottom of the upper ones, and then the screws are tightened, clamping top and bottom securely together. Such a platform placed on the gear of a light farm wagon, would be excellent for marketing winter apples in bushel boxes.

Fig. 5 shows how I strengthened the hack spring of a piano-box buggy, by placing a smaller spring inside, so I was enabled with a light rack behind the seat, to draw eight bushels of berries, and other loads of equal bulk and weight.

L. B. PIERCE.

THINGS THAT INTEREST THE FARMERS.

POLITICAL POT-PIE.—There are many things that touch the farmer's welfare and well-being besides the mere tilling of the soil. Many of them have an important, direct bearing upon his pocket-book; others effect his health, and others his ease and temper. The farmer, as much as any other man, is interested in good government, local as well as state and national. The stealings of dishonest officials, the waste of money by extravagant ones, have to be provided for, and the farmer will have to reach into his pocket to make them good in the end.

Many of the extortions practiced upon the mass of the people, such as extravagant prices of coal, of school-books, of telegraph and telephone service, could be prevented by good government, and many of the stealings and wastes practiced by town and county officials could be avoided by greater care in the use of the ballot. To attend party caucuses for the purpose of controlling nominations, and making good ones, instead of delegating this power to a corrupt gang of professional politicians who usually make poor ones (because they almost invariably give them to "the gang"), is just as important as to plow, harrow or cultivate.

In many cases farmers could make their work at the caucuses the most profitable work they might do on that day, yet they almost always neglect to do it. Now, friends, just look into your own town, and into the towns around you, and then tell me who and what are the men who control your party matters and receive the cut-and-dried nominations? Are they worthy of your confidence? If you, by vote or by neglect and silence, entrust note-shavers and others who live by devices of extortion, with responsible positions, you must expect that they will milk the cow that is full of the creamy liquid and so willing to be milked. That is what they are there for and waiting for. Now, will you not help to spoil their little game in the future?

I am glad to see the old intense partisan feeling subsiding, and party lines breaking up. A political party is a means, not an aim, a device by which we should try to secure good government, and which should be cast aside if it fails to accomplish this purpose. The president of my country is my president, no matter which party elected him. If he conducts the affairs of state to the glory of the country and to the prosperity of the people, I rejoice and feel proud. If he makes blunders or makes my country the laughing-stock of other nations, I feel ashamed. So with the mayor of my city or the supervisor of my town. We should glory in their glory or hide our faces in shame for their shortcomings.

People are learning more and more to look at things in this light. It is a good sign where we see political revolutions in so many towns as occurred this spring—Democratic towns electing Republican

officers, and Republican towns electing Democratic officers. It shows that the people are wide awake and on the watch. In a New Jersey city a few days ago an independent "citizens' party," being against gambling at races and on the side of good morals, polled more votes than the two regular parties together, both of the latter being in favor of the gambling iniquity. Surely, the old-school politicians are given some pretty hard lessons, and the people will again come to the top. Right must triumph in the end.

THE ROAD PROBLEM.—Then there are the public highways. They are things of very great interest to the farmer, and have a very decided influence on his pocket-book. As a rule, our country roads are bad—mere make-shifts, mortar-beds in spring and fall, dust heaps in summer, and really good only when covered with snow or ice enough to make good sleighing. The necessary trips to and from market, hauling wood and produce, etc., consumes twice as much of the farmer's time that would be required on good roads, and instead of two tons per load, only one can be taken at a trip. These roads wear out horses and wagons in double-quick time, and they are anything but a credit to a nation of the wealth, resources and advanced civilization of the United States.

Changes will have to come. The trouble is chiefly in the prevailing systems of road making. A material advance could be made by a change from the work system to the money system of road tax. Let the tax be collected in money, and this money expended under the supervision of competent road engineers. Usually the occasion of "working the road" is made one of a regular picnic, which may be a pleasant neighborhood affair, but far from serving to produce good results in road making. There may be a possibility, also, of making good roads by tramp and convict power. This matter must be pressed upon the attention of town, city and state authorities.

In the meantime every farmer can do something toward bettering road conditions himself, and without outside interference or aid. This point has often been touched upon. But here, as in many other cases, it must be "line upon line." Our narrow-tired wagons are largely to blame for the cut-up condition of the road-bed. Four-inch tires on farm wagons would help much toward better wheeling. Let some good farmers in each town set the fashion, and others will follow. This is a reform which could easily be introduced in this way. But if it is not brought about voluntarily, there is a prospect that it will soon be enforced by law. The narrow tire on heavy wagons must go, and it is only a question of time when it will be prohibited by statute.

CONVENIENCES OF DAILY LIFE.—Small items make up the sum of human happiness, and small items help to intensify human misery. Surely, there are troubles and trials enough in our lives. The great misfortunes of life we seldom have the power to avoid. They come like a thief in the night, and we have to stand and grin and bear. It is therefore only right and wise to try to dodge the small troubles and inconveniences, the pin-pricks of life, and to make things as comfortable for us as we can. Many discomforts—annoying, if small—of life are easily avoidable by a little foresight, and yet how seldom people will take even slight pains to avoid them.

I will mention only one instance, although of a somewhat delicate nature—the usual absence of public water-closets in our villages. Farmers and farmer's wives, sons and daughters, who are visiting in the villages on errands, often suffer much inconvenience, if not permanent injury to their health, just from this very cause. And the remedy is so simple. Let farmers see to it that their families will find proper conveniences in the town by making the town authorities, board of health, etc., provide them, or by doing this on their own account. **JOSEPH.**

THE IRRIGATION PROBLEM.

In your issue of February 15th last are two articles on the above by Joseph and E. C. Green. They are of especial interest to all of us who live in a country that has to depend almost wholly on irrigation and where each year, in consequence of the larger amount of land being brought into cultivation, water is getting scarcer.

The flooding system, which is mostly practiced here, is extremely wasteful, and also unsatisfactory, for several reasons. First, when there is, as here, a large amount of alkali in the soil after flooding it, before

it can be worked again it literally bakes as hard as brick, and in some cases, as in grain raising, it is impossible to go over it with a harrow every time it is irrigated, and in consequence, between floodings the ground remains crusted.

Again, some garden crops, such as onions, are not at all benefited by the water touching the bulbs, and it is apt to cause rust on the leaves of others, and it is naturally the roots which require the water, so that any system that places the water there with the least loss, without these drawbacks, would seem to be the best.

Mr. Green mentions that in his experiments the lower end of the ground he experimented on was wet, while the upper end was dry, and it seems to me that if he had thought over the matter a little while before commencing, he would have seen that this result was inevitable because of the greater amount of pressure in the lower end of the pipe, causing the water there to flow out of the joints of the pipe and permeate the ground more quickly than at the upper end, where there was less pressure. If you place a line of pipe level on the ground and just fill it, the water, not having any pressure, would simply leak out and soak down into the ground; but directly you begin raising one end of the line, then directly pressure is exerted on the water in the lower end of the same, which pressure decreases from the maximum at the lowest point to a minimum at the highest end of the line. And also, the greater the elevation of the upper end of the pipe over the lower end, the greater, relatively, will the pressure on the lower end become, and wherever there is a leak at the lower end, with the greater force will the water there be forced out. It would therefore seem to me that for an even and uniform irrigation of a piece of land by a line of pipes two things, at least, are requisite and absolutely necessary, namely:

First, the line of pipe to be on a level throughout its entire length, or, at any rate, the least possible fall necessary to keep the same clear of sediment.

Second, means whereby an even pressure may be exerted throughout the whole length of pipe, in order that water may be forced out through the joints thereof, and I think the greater the pressure within the limits of what the pipe used will naturally bear, the greater the distance between the lines of pipe laid down and the deeper the line of pipe can be laid, and in consequence of the greater distance between the lines of pipes, the less will be the cost per acre for preparing the same for irrigation.

Now the question of getting the pressure

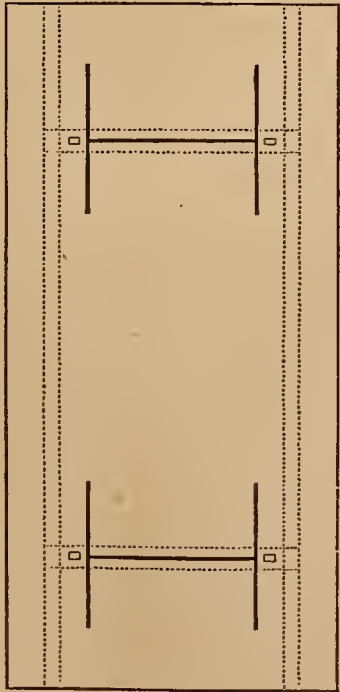


FIG. 4.

arises, and I think that if, after getting the tiles laid on a level as above, right connection could be made with an elevated cistern, such as the tanks which are kept filled by windmills along a railroad, or are in use on many eastern farms, and so arranged that the water could be turned on or off by means of a stop-cock, the question would be within a reasonable distance of being solved.

It does not take any great amount of water to fill a line of pipe 3,000 feet long—pipe 4 inches diameter—which is about the length required to lay an acre at 15 feet apart, which, in sandy ground at least, and laid 1½ and 2 feet deep, is, I should think, too near. A pipe four inches in diameter has an area of 12.5654 inches, or a cubic capacity of 150.7848 inches to each running

foot, or 261.20 cubic feet for the 3,000 running feet. A cubic foot of water being 7.48 gallons, the whole length holds just about 1,955 gallons. A tank to hold about 6,600 gallons would, I believe, cost about \$70 at the factory, and would supply water for several acres of land. A windmill and pump of sufficient capacity to offset the leakage required for irrigation would also be required, but I do not know what their cost would be.

Should the above suggestions not be in themselves of practical value, yet they may give an idea to those who are experimenting which would be of value, or bring out ideas from others not yet heard



FIG. 5.

from. If any one can make it succeed, I believe Joseph's perseverance will go a long way towards doing it, especially when he has helps like the Ohio station to compare results with. **J. M. Wyoming.**

THE BASIS OF PROFITABLE SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

A marked change has taken place within the past five years among flock owners as to requisites to profitable sheep farming. The sheep industry has been heretofore almost wholly based upon wool production. For that reason the industry has never been a very stable one. Fluctuating with the market price of wool the industry has flourished or languished, and its ups and downs have been on the extremes. This fact has been the bone of the industry. When wool has commanded a good price men have rushed into sheep raising, and the inevitable results which follow in the line of concentration of capital and labor upon a single industry are among the vicissitudes of this branch of farming.

The introduction of the Merino sheep into this country marked an era in American sheep husbandry. While sheep were bred for their wool product, it made less difference as to the size of the carcass, if the sheep was hardy and yielded a large fleece of good wool.

The vicissitude which environed the industry at the close of the civil war called into use other qualities of wool and raised the value of the coarser combing staple nearly equal to the finer grades of wool. This was an era of one extreme of the sheep industry.

Woolen factories increased their capacity, and the demand for the coarser grades of wool was met by the introduction and breeding of different races of sheep. The Southdown became popular in some sections, but was thought by many breeders not to have size enough, so the Cotswold and several other large breeds grew rapidly into favor. But following the depression at the close of the war, Congress came to the rescue and passed the tariff of 1867, which had the effect to temporarily re-instate the Merino.

Up to 1880, in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, in New England, and from the widespread popularity of Merino rams to cross upon the "native" and mixed races of the flocks of Ohio and the western ranches, this breed continued to be the favorite fine-wooled sheep.

For reasons it is not necessary to discuss now, wool declined to twenty cents per pound, and even lower. It is evident there was no money in flocks almost exclusively wool producers at the price for the fleece. With the great mass of farmers, on the decline in price of wool there came a falling off in the quality of stock. When wool declined to these low figures there was no profit in keeping sheep which would shear but three or four pounds of wool per head and bring up a lamb which the farmer had to keep till September to realize a couple of dollars for. Hence, disaster came upon the sheep interest and a consequence diminution of flocks throughout the country, but in those flocks which were retained, excellence counted for more than numbers, so the weeding-out process was an advantage.

For the past few years flocks have been appreciating in numbers and quality. The industry is placed upon a somewhat different basis, from the fact that wool as an article of commerce no longer brings such remunerative returns as warrants basing a branch of industry upon that staple alone, or nearly so. Hence, flock owners, both east and west, in their endeavors to solve the

problem of profitable sheep husbandry subject to present environments, have sought to unite the two great fundamentals for which sheep are kept—wool and meat—by keeping those breeds whose characteristics carry the highest qualifications to that end.

Western competition in beef is one of the things which makes the eastern farmer tired just now; and predict and prognosticate as we will upon future higher prices, the obvious fact still remains, and must remain indefinitely—judging from an all-around look at the subject—that New England farmers must let the steers go, mainly, and make dairying and sheep raising the chief end and object of the meat-stock industry.

The question of sheep husbandry in the line of producing mutton and choice lambs for eastern markets bids for careful consideration by those farmers so situated as to successfully feed large numbers of sheep.

As I have intimated, it is apparent to everyone conversant with the state of the markets, that wool growing must be a secondary consideration at present prices, and the more remunerative one of meat production from the mutton breeds be the basis of operations.

The agriculture of the East—more so for the two or three past decades—is, and must be in the future, based upon the live-stock industry, in connection with the growing of large amounts of hay and other forage crops. For this reason, with our increasing population, with a growing proclivity for choice mutton, sheep may be made to fill a large place on many farms to the great enhancement of the fertility of the same, and give very remunerative returns to the owners.

In the older states, where sheep husbandry has long been one of the settled industries of the farm, the utility of sheep as ameliorators of the soil is shown to an eminent degree. Farms where large numbers of sheep have been kept and fed, retain their original fertility and productivity.

The farms on which Merino sheep have been kept from the time of their first introduction into the country are valuable and productive, notwithstanding that many of these were composed of thin and rocky soil.

In Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, northern Ohio, southern Michigan and Wisconsin, the farms on which sheep have been kept continue to produce large crops, which is not true of those farms which have been devoted to raising grain for market.

This is also true of the older-farmed sections of the Dominion of Canada, where the mutton breeds of sheep have mainly been kept, and the same will become true in the present generation on American farms if our people will heed the admonitions of the markets. **L. F. ABBOTT.**

Hood's Cures
Even When Called Incurable

Terrible Siege—Sciatic Rheumatism



Mr. Arthur Simon
Of Galatea, Ohio.

"They said I was incurable, the doctors did, but the result has proven that Hood's Sarsaparilla was able to cure. I had Sciatic Rheumatism and was confined to my bed six months. Three physicians did not help me and

I Was Given Up to Die

When I was in this terrible condition, unable to move hand or foot, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle had a little effect, and while taking the second, I gained so rapidly that I could sit up in my chair. My system had been so run down by other medicine, that it took me quite a while to recuperate. By the time I had taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I could walk around, and now, as I have taken six bottles, I am cured and can do a good day's work. I do not feel I can praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla
enough." **ARTHUR SIMON, Galatea, Ohio.**

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Our Farm.

GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

EARLY TOMATOES.—In a warm climate you can raise tomatoes early and late without much trouble. All you have to do is to raise plants, by simply sowing seed in seed-bed at various times of the year, under glass, under muslin, or even in open ground, and transplant as you would cabbage-plants. At the North people are less fortunately situated. The season of ripe tomatoes is short, even with all the pains we can take with the plants. Our first aim must be to have good plants at the earliest possible time that it is safe to set them outdoors, and to be able to set them in such a way that they will receive the least possible check from the transplanting process. Here is where most people, especially home growers, fail. They usually set plants grown thickly together, and that have only few roots and no soil adhering to the roots. This will do well enough where the summers are long, but not for us. Moving to a new place made it necessary to build a greenhouse late in winter on account of bad season, instead of early in the fall, and prevented the starting of early tomato-plants in proper season—here in February and early March.

The gardener has to be full of resources. My neighbor, Mr. Ch. WeKesser, had his greenhouses in running order, and all I had to do was to get a flat or two of Early Ruby seedlings, just right for the first transplanting, and then set them in flats two or three inches apart each way, and keep them growing right along. April 1st will do well enough for this, although I would have preferred to do this job a week earlier at least.

But now comes the chief point; namely, to get the plants in shape for growing right along when set in open ground. Tomato-plants grow rapidly and large under glass when warm weather sets in, even if kept in cold-frame, and they need plenty of room. They also must be pretty well hardened off. There is no better place for tomato-plants, for the last three weeks before they are to go out, than a cold-frame. Put in it at least five inches of good, strong loam—not loose, sandy or mucky stuff, unless full of long fibers which bind it together. It wants soil that you can cut in squares with a spade, and that will not let the squares fall to pieces. In this kind of soil set your plants at least four inches apart each way, and keep them in good growing condition, but give all the air they will stand, finally removing the sashes altogether, first in daytime and then in warmer nights also. Just as soon as the outdoor soil has become a little warm, and even if the possibility of some slight night frosts may not yet be excluded, cut the plants out in squares and take up the plants, all with the spade. Carefully set them in boxes, flats or baskets, and remove them to the spot where they are to be planted. Make a hole six inches deep and wide enough for each plant, by taking up a spadeful of soil, and set the plants, carefully firming them. If very dry, pour some water about each plant, although this is seldom necessary.

Now, these plants when thus set, may already have small fruits on them, and certainly they should be in bloom. If you do this work right you can take my word for it that the plants will keep on growing and blooming, and setting and maturing fruit, as if they had never been disturbed. Should an unusually cold night occur, and frost be threatening, haul a little hay and throw a handful over each plant, or bend over the plants and cover them lightly with soil. A light frost at this time will seldom do much damage, and the merest trifle of covering is sure to protect them.

GUANO FOR GARDEN STUFF.—A reader in Tennessee asks whether "guano" is good for Irish potatoes and cabbages, and how it is to be applied. Now, who can tell what "guano" is? Certainly, I do not know what kind of guano my friend refers to. Guano is an uncertain quantity. In "Manures, How to Make and How to Use Them" (a useful work of over 200 pages, written by Frank W. Semper. I find analyses of the following guanos: Caribbean guano, total phosphoric acid, 18.90; Cuba guano, nitrogen, 1.67, total phosphoric acid, 13.35; Mona island guano, nitrogen, 0.76, total phosphoric acid, 21.88; Orchilla guano, total phosphoric acid, 26.77; Peruvian guano, nitrogen, 7.85, potash, 2.61, total phosphoric acid, 15.28, over half of it available.

It will be seen that the Peruvian guano is a high-grade, complete fertilizer, indeed,

richer in nitrogen than almost any complete fertilizer on the market. If I had it, I would not hesitate to use it quite liberally, for certainly with its large percentage of nitrogen it is an admirable manure for garden crops, and among them, especially for cabbages. It would undoubtedly, in most cases, have good effect on potatoes also, but I would prefer a manure having more potash, or apply potash in other forms besides.

The difficulty, however, is to get this Peruvian guano. Formerly it was kept in stock by all fertilizer dealers. The supply now is nearly exhausted and the cheaper, less valuable guanos are offered in its place. On some soils these "phosphatic" guanos (fertilizers having almost no other plant-food but phosphoric acid) may give good effects, especially if applied in alternation with other manures or in addition to them. Where the soil contains plenty of potash—as many of our old grain farms do—and lacks mostly phosphoric acid, the application of phosphatic guano will be advisable; but you should not imagine that you can always rely on them alone for good crops. An excess of phosphoric acid usually tends to early maturity.

Grains, when manured with phosphatic manures, usually ripen a number of days in advance of fields planted at the same time, but not thus manured. Tomatoes and other fruits can also be advanced in earliness by the same means. That is the reason I like to use such fertilizers on all such crops, and phosphatic guanos are as good as any other, although I usually apply acid phosphate or sometimes slag-meal. But when the soil is only scantily supplied with potash, potash must be applied, and the guanos alone will not do. Wood ashes can be had in many places, and in the southern states often cotton-seed hull ashes are available for this purpose, and if neither of them can be had, try tobacco dust and stems. Tobacco refuse, any way, is quite a useful thing in the garden, and if you can get it at a nominal cost or for the hauling, by all means use it with a free hand.

JOSEPH.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

FRUITS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE APPLE.

Few crops pay a larger per cent on the labor and capital invested than the apple. Good fruit cannot be grown without an abundant supply of plant-food in the soil. An acre often yields two hundred dollars' worth of fruit, yet it is seldom that one tenth of its value is returned to the soil in fertilizing elements. Fifteen hundred pounds of fine-ground bone and three hundred pounds of muriate of potash, or one ton of unleached, hard-wood ashes, with the same quantity of bone, make a good fertilizer for an acre of apple-trees.

Spray the trees before the leaves unfold with copper sulphate (blue vitriol), one pound dissolved in twenty-five gallons of water. Then, after the leaves have unfolded, use the Bordeaux mixture until July 15th, then the ammoniacal carbonate for the apple-scab. For the codling-moth, the teut-caterpillar and the canker-worm, add Paris green to the Bordeaux mixture, one pound to two hundred gallons.

Only such fruit as is carefully picked, sorted and packed will bring fancy prices.

The best varieties for general home use and the market in this locality are Red Astrachan, Gravenstein, Haas, Hubbards-ton, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin and Roxbury Russet.

THE PEAR.

The pear comes into bearing younger than the apple, and is generally more profitable; although, as it is not shipped abroad, but is dependent upon local consumption, it is sometimes sold at very low prices.

To secure the best results, a rich soil and close attention to thinning the fruit are required. The leaf-blight and the cracking of the fruit, caused by the same fungus, are almost if not wholly controlled by the copper solutions, used as for the apple.

The so-called fire-blight is caused by the rapid growth, during extreme hot, moist weather, of a minute bacterial plant. No certain remedy is known, but trees making a moderately rapid growth and not allowed to overbear are less subject to its attack than those in a rich, moist soil, growing rapidly with the fruit not thinned.

The quality of all varieties is much improved if the fruit is picked from one to three weeks before it would naturally ripen on the trees.

The best varieties for market and home use are Giffard, Clapp, Bartlett, Sheldon, Bose, Anjou, Lawrence and Dana's Hovey.

THE PEACH.

This fruit can only be successfully grown on elevated land with a western exposure. Young trees should not be forced into a too rapid growth. The best fertilizer is fine-ground bone and muriate of potash or wood ashes. If the land is to be cultivated, corn is one of the best crops to grow among the trees for the first three or four years. When the trees have set a large crop of fruit, it is safe to apply manure or fertilizers very liberally, to enable the tree to mature it without injury.

When a full crop has been set, thinning must be done, leaving at least four inches between any two specimens. One hundred peaches from trees which have been thinned will often measure more than three times that number from unthinned trees, and will bring two or three times the price.

Peach-trees can easily be kept in good condition for about fifteen years, with good treatment, but will not last much longer. The only practical method of protecting the peach buds from winter-killing is to loosen the roots on the south side and bend the top to the ground, covering it with mats, straw or coarse litter of any kind. To prevent injury by mice, spray the trees, before bending over, with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green.

No distinct fungous or bacterial growth has thus far been found which causes the disease known as the yellows. Heading back the trees one fourth of the new growth each fall or winter, using fertilizers containing all the elements of plant-food—especially potash—in liberal quantities, and thinning the fruit when the trees are overloaded, will generally prevent this disease in New England.

The peach-borer is best destroyed by the knife.

Best varieties for New England are Amsden, Mountain Rose, Old Mixon, Crawford's Early, Crawford's Late, Crosby (Excelsior) and Stump.

The fruit rot can be largely prevented by frequent applications of very dilute Bordeaux mixture (dilute to one hundred gallons of the mixture) about the time the fruit is ripening.

THE PLUM.

If planted a good distance apart, in a rich, well-drained soil, with a free circulation of air around and among them, plum-trees can be successfully grown.

The black wart or knot, so destructive to the plum and sour cherry trees throughout the country, can be prevented by cutting off, by painting with kerosene paste and by spraying with the Bordeaux mixture. If the trees are badly infected, they should be severely headed back and a new head formed, upon which, with the above treatment, few, if any, warts will grow.

The plum-curello, the fruit rot and the blight or shot-hole fungus are largely prevented by the use of the Bordeaux mixture and Paris green.

Best varieties, Lombard, Bradshaw, Imperial Gage and McLaughlin.

THE GRAPE.

On the higher hills in almost all sections of Massachusetts, frosts do but little injury until the first or middle of October, and on many of these hills grapes can be as successfully and cheaply grown as in the noted lake-shore regions of New York and Ohio.

Native-grown grapes put on the market in a fresh condition, with the bloom uninjured, sell for from three to five cents per pound more than those coming from the West.

The powdery mildew and the black rot of the grape are not so injurious in New England as in the more western sections, but they seem to be increasing. They are controlled by the Bordeaux mixture and the ammoniacal copper carbonate.

Prune the vines any time when convenient, from the time the leaves fall until March 1st, never later if it can be avoided.

Girdling the vines about July 1st hastens the ripening of the grape and increases the size of the berries. Observations of vines thus treated for ten years and even longer have shown their vigor to be generally unimpaired. By the use of the Bordeaux mixture, and girdling, some valuable late varieties and those much subject to the attack of the mildew or rot can now be successfully grown.

Best varieties for general purposes, Concord, Worden, Moore's Early and Winchel (Green Mountain).

BLACKBERRIES.

Plant on rather light land, and mulch if the season is dry. To prevent the winter-killing, the canes must be bent over and partly covered with soil.

To destroy the rust, spray, before the leaves unfold, with copper sulphate, one pound to twenty-five gallons of water, and with the Bordeaux mixture after unfolding. The best varieties are Agawan, Snyder and Taylor's Prolific.

RASPBERRIES.

The red raspberry requires the same treatment as the blackberry, but should be planted on richer ground.

Varieties of red raspberries most successful in field culture are Hansel, Marlborough, Cuthbert; black caps, Souhegan, Gregg, Crawford and Nemaha.

The Bordeaux mixture and copper sulphate applied as described for the blackberry will destroy the anthracnose on the black caps.

STRAWBERRIES.

A deep, rich, well-drained loam gives the largest crop.

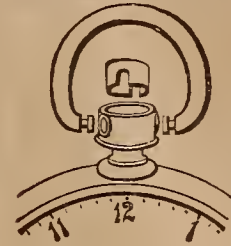
Spray with the Bordeaux mixture and Paris green as soon as the plants start into growth in the spring, for the spotted panicle and the leaf-blight.

Best varieties are Beder Wood (S), Bubach (P), Haverland (P), Belmont (S) and Sharpless (S).—Prof. S. T. Maynard, in Report of Massachusetts Agricultural College.

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INQUIRIES ANSWERED
BY SAMUEL E. GREEN.

Strawberries on Sod Ground.—A. R. H., Gaines, N. Y. The only objection to using well-prepared sod land is that it is liable to have in it white grubs, which will feed on the roots of the strawberries and perhaps destroy the plants. It is not considered good practice to plant on such land. The best prolific shipping strawberry that I know of is the Warfield. It has more friends than any other among fruit growers.

Cerculio on Cherry-trees.—W. J. B., Garrison's, N. Y. I think your best plan will be to jar the trees early in the morning, commencing when they are in blossom and continuing for four or five weeks. Spread sheets around under the trees to catch the cerculios as they fall. This I think the simplest and best plan when so very few trees are to be treated. If you want to use a spray, use Paris green at the rate of one pound to two hundred gallons of water. Spray this on the trees shortly after the blossoms fall and once a week for five or six weeks. After rains, renew at once. Some seasons spraying is very satisfactory, but in seasons of frequent rains it often fails.

Buffalo-berry.—J. C. S., Hamburg, N. Y. The buffalo-berry is not worth cultivating for its fruit in any section where currants will do well. The plant is a thorny shrub with very pretty foliage and habit, but the flowers are small and inconspicuous. It grows and fruits prodigiously in parts of Montana and Wyoming. The plants are either pistillate or staminate, and one will not produce fruit when standing alone. The staminate kinds I think sucker more freely than the pistillate, for out of twenty-six plants sent me from Dakota and elsewhere, all were staminate. There is one large seed in the center of each berry, and consequently they do not make good sauce, but make a nice, hard jelly. They are generally red in color, but some plants bear yellow fruit. As an ornamental shrub it is a success, but as a fruit-producing plant there is no room for it in your section.

Ashes for Strawberry Fertilizer.—Strawberries in Rows or Hills. —A. A., Chatham, Ontario, writes: "I want to plant half an acre of strawberries. My land is light, sandy loam. It was plowed and manured last fall with stable manure. Will it be good to spread twenty bushels of unleached ashes on it in the spring.—In planting strawberries, what distance in the rows is best? Do they do best in matted rows or in hills?"

REPLY.—It would undoubtedly be a good plan to put on the ashes and harrow it in. I like to put the rows four feet apart and the plants from two to three feet apart in the rows, according to whether they are strong or only moderate growers, and also on the condition of the land. Warfield and Crescent and other strong-growing kinds I make it a practice to put three feet apart in the rows, and on my land at that distance they make a heavy matted row by fall. Strawberries are most productive when grown in matted rows.

Propagating the Huckleberry.—J. A. M. The only way known is by division of the plants, by suckers and by layers. They do not come true from seed, and it takes several years to get the seedlings large enough to transplant. I have been successful in growing them from seed by mashing up the berries when ripe, adding enough water from time to time to keep the whole mass rotting for at least a month. I then sowed them very shallow in boxes and covered with fine, swamp moss, and kept them moist. The seeds started fairly well. When large enough, the seedlings should be transplanted from the box to a carefully-prepared bed, and finally to a permanent location. I think for your purpose it would be best to dig as good plants as you can find and transplant. It will, however, be much of an experiment, as it is seldom attempted, yet they transplant quite readily. It will probably be several years before you can work up much of a stock of your white variety.

Strawberry Varieties.—F. N. Co., Tadmor, Ohio, writes: "Will you kindly give us the benefit of your experience and observation as to their value for market and home use of the following berries: Greenville, Bubach, Haverland, Warfield No. 2, Timbrell?"

REPLY.—For the purposes you mention I should rank the Bubach and Greenville about the same. They are both good varieties. The first is now very popular in some sections, and I think the second will be also. In my opinion, neither of them will ever be as popular as either Haverland or Warfield. I think the Warfield will continue a popular market berry for many years to come. It holds up well when shipped, which, together with its bright color and great productiveness, makes it a general favorite. It seems to be adapted to almost any location, and yet I know of a few reports against it. The Haverland I regard with much favor, especially for home use and the near market, but it needs careful mulching and high cultivation for best results. The Timbrell I have never grown and know nothing about it, as it has never been offered for sale previous to this season.

Propagating Fruits for Home Planting.—H. L. S., Rosston, Pa., writes: "I have a hilly farm of sixty-five acres of thin soil. Have wanted to try fruit raising for some time, both large and small fruits. The cost of improving the condition of the soil takes all the spare money I have, thus leaving nothing to invest in fruit-trees and plants. So I have thought of propagating my own stock, but before starting would like your advice on a few points: (1) How shall I proceed to graft on apple-roots? (2) What stock is best for grafting pears and plums on? (3) How is grafting-wax made? (4) Would you advise setting fruit on side hill facing southwest?"

REPLY.—(1 and 2) I think it would be very foolish for you to attempt to grow your own stock of apples, plums and pears. If you feel too poor to buy trees of full planting size, you had better buy root-grafts of apples and pears, and dormant buds or grafts of plums. These can be bought very cheap of the large nursery-men. Take good care of them, and in a few years you will have a stock of each kind large enough to set out in orchards. If you want to learn how to propagate these fruits, commence with the apple and learn how to graft and bud it before trying the others on a large scale. If you were to go into the propagation of these fruits without experience, it would cost you much more than the price of the stock in nurseries. The pear is grafted or budded on French pear-stocks, which are imported; the plum is budded on myrobalan. The quince is most easily increased by layers, but also grows from cuttings. (3) For ordinary farm purposes, a very good wax is made of resin, four parts by weight, beeswax, two parts, and tallow, one part. Grease the hands and pull well until nearly white. (4) It is not so desirable as a northerly slope, but if the soil is good it will do very well for fruit.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM NEBRASKA.—The general characteristics of this section of the state are somewhat peculiar. In Custer county, one of the finest agricultural counties in the state, you commence in what is known as the "sand-hills," which extend about one hundred and seventy miles in a northwesterly direction, with a width varying perhaps from fifty to seventy-five miles. In this particular locality, near the dividing line between the counties of Sheridan and Deuel, we have sand-bills from the Niobrara river to the valley of the North Platte. As a general thing, the hills are not big, and between them are productive valleys; lakes of various sizes are interspersed, embracing from five to sixty acres of ground. Many of these lakes contain water impregnated with alkali, and many furnish water for the herds of stock that roam the hills. The soil is sandy on the hills, and in the valleys is found a rich, dark, sandy loam, and often on what is called the upland, also. Lakeside is located in a very pleasant valley about two miles long and from a half to three quarters wide, with roads leading to it from almost any direction, through connecting valleys which avoid the crossing of the hills. The oldest settlers here are a few persons who located when the railroad was being built, and they say the drought has not interfered with them to any injurious extent. The numerous lakes seem to supply moisture to the surrounding sections. Up to the past season but little attention has been paid to agriculture, as the hills and valleys furnish the best facilities for stock raising, and nearly all the settlers have devoted their attention to this branch of business. The past season many have engaged in experimenting in farming, being induced to do so by the success of some farmers west of us. The result has been most favorable. Vegetables are easily cultivated, owing to the nature of the soil; potatoes, particularly, produce abundantly and are of as fine a quality as can be found anywhere. Wheat, rye and oats have proven a success, and by next year it is contemplated to extend the cultivation of cereals, as well as vegetables. Our high altitude has prevented, through fear, the cultivation of corn, yet I have seen some very fair corn raised in this section by using the early kind and giving it attention. After the wild soil becomes fully cultivated and tamed, I have full faith in its success. One farmer has introduced the past season the planting of artichokes for hog feed, and he reports they are doing finely. By them hogs can be raised as cheaply here as any other place. The low price of cattle has induced some of our ranchmen to change their practice, and hence, horse ranches are becoming numerous, and sheep raising is adopted by some. So far, the raising of sheep has proven advantageous. Our country is young yet, and we are in an experimental condition, but I have heard of no failures where proper attention has been given. Drive-wells seem to be best adapted to this soil. Good water in inexhaustible quantities is reached at a depth of from ten to thirty feet. Opportunities are offered here for the stockman, agriculturist or mechanic. There is now one of the best openings for mercantile business at this point that I know of anywhere. A smith and wagon-maker are also wanted. Any man with energy and perseverance could, in my opinion, build himself a comfortable home in this vicinity. By reference to the map it will be observed that Sheridan county is some seventy miles north and south, and Deuel county over that, and each thirty-six miles wide, thus showing that it is a matter of a very short time when a new county will be cut from the two, making settlement in this section very desirable. From present indications, this will probably be accomplished next fall.

Lakeside, Neb. J. H. P.

FROM NEBRASKA.—Box Butte county should have an important place in the history of Nebraska, for it is a part of the once so-called great American desert. To view this land is enough to convince the most skeptical that the name "desert" is only a myth. The county has been organized only a few years. Alliance sprang into existence four or five years ago, when the first railroad was constructed through here, but it is now in size a city of the second class, is a division station on the east and north lines of the B. O. M. railroad. A west line is partially graded, which, when completed, will give the city three roads. We have a very delightful climate; winters are so mild that stock can graze most of the time. The country is a gently rolling prairie. We have beautiful scenery, the purest of water and good health. Fever and ague are unknown here. Destructive blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones do not pass this way; some say it is on account of the Black hills on the northwest. Towns can be seen five, ten and twenty miles distant. Wheat and potatoes are of the very best quality. Every year we ship choice seed potatoes to the East and South, receiving special prices for them. There is at present quite an immigration here, owing to the cheapness of land. One hundred and sixty acres of good soil, without a hill or rock, can be purchased for \$1,000. Some may wonder why it is so cheap, so I will say that three years ago the drought struck here, as well as some of the most prosperous farming localities in the East. Now, just before that time loan companies were anxious to let \$500 to \$800 on one hundred and sixty acres of land. Many tried it, thinking thereby to be able to farm more extensively; but when the adverse circumstances came, they went east, only to find themselves out of the pan into the fire. Some, who did not get away with their money, came back again, but the others could not get back. So now their land can be purchased for about what the mortgage and interest amounts to. Much land is sold on time, but I would not advise any one to come here unless he has a few hundred dollars, and in that case I do not believe one could find a better locality. Land is advancing and will never be so cheap again.

Alliance, Neb. J. J. P.

FROM LOUISIANA.—Franklin parish lies about twenty-five miles west of the Mississippi river, on Bayou Meacon. This water is navigable for small steamboats about five months in each year. Boeuffriver, the western boundary of the parish, is navigable for small boats for about the same length of time each year, and the water in it also runs continually. A railway runs centrally through the parish

from southeast to north west. Another passes east and west but a short distance from its northern line, and another is to pass through it from southwest to northeast. A large proportion of its area is entirely above any overflow. The lands are gently rolling and quite fertile. Corn and cotton are our principal crops, but we also cultivate successfully oats, rye, sorghum, Irish potatoes two crops a year, sweet potatoes, peanuts, cow-peas and almost all varieties of vegetables. Lands are cheap, but are enhancing in value very rapidly. Good well water may be obtained anywhere at a short distance beneath the surface. Health is good. As a law-biding people, we rank as well as any in the state.

Winnsboro, La. C. J. E.

FROM NEW YORK.—Jefferson county, with a population of 6,800 and one hundred and fifty miles of railroad and fifty miles of water front, lies in the northwestern part of New York. Good land, with streams of water near, can be purchased at from \$20 to \$60 per acre. In the southern part of the county is situated a range of hills varying in height from three hundred to four hundred feet above the level of the sea. On these hills are found the best land in the state for farming purposes. The northern part of the county is noted for its fine farming districts, where are found large and flourishing dairy farms. Wages are high in this section; laboring men receive \$1.50 to \$2 per day and board, or from \$25 to \$30 per month. Very large crops were harvested last year, with the exception of potatoes, which rotted in great numbers, and which now bring \$1 per bushel; hay is bringing \$12 per ton; pork, \$10.50 per hundred weight; eggs, 30 cents per dozen, and veal, 6 cents per pound. The climate is mild in winter, while in the summer the days are sultry and the nights cool. Work can be obtained very easily at any time of the year, principally along the St. Lawrence river.

Theresa, N. Y. C. S. S.

FROM WEST VIRGINIA.—Gilmer county is situated in the central part of this state. It is a broken, hilly country, well adapted to various grasses. We raise very good crops of corn and wheat, but it takes hard labor to do it owing to the broken condition of the country. Farmers are now paying much attention to growing early lambs for the eastern markets.

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Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

PROLIFICACY OF FOWLS.

WE wish to call attention to one point in raising poultry that is perhaps not thoroughly understood by some readers, and that is the fact that in aiming to secure a "general-purpose" breed you really get nothing at all.

To present the matter plainly, let us take the Leghorn, a breed that is considered one of the best for laying. It is an egg-producer in the truest sense, and yet it has its faults. It can fly over the highest fence and does not grow very large. Now, let us look at the Brahma, which is just the opposite of the Leghorn, except that the Brahma hens are good layers if properly managed. The Brahma cannot fly at all, and it grows to a very large size, being considered an excellent breed for market.

Some enterprising farmer will endeavor to combine the qualities of the Leghorn and Brahma by crossing them. What is the result? Simply mongrels, for the offspring will be able to fly, and they will not be equal to either parent in any respect. The uniformity of the flocks will have been destroyed and the tendency will be on the down grade instead of improvement. The object in crossing is supposed to give greater hardiness, as the "new blood" will be an advantage. It is just as easy to procure "new blood" by breeding pure breeds as by crossing. If the breeders of Jersey cattle should attempt to secure size and hardiness, with larger yields of milk, by crossing with the Holsteins, the result would be that the Jerseys would soon be extinct, and yet this is just what results with poultry when two breeds are used for crossing.

To secure greater prolificacy keep the birds pure, and select the eggs for hatching from the most prolific hens. If possible, aim to use a male that is the son of a prolific hen. In this manner, by careful selection, the number of eggs will be increased each year, and if the "new blood" is necessary, aim to get it from a flock of prolific fowls. Never attempt to increase the production of eggs by any method of crossing. It has been tried hundreds of times, and always ended in the destruction of the flocks.

HOUSE FOR ONE FLOCK.

One of the cheapest poultry-houses we have shown is presented in this issue, it being designed by Mr. R. W. J. Stewart, of Georgia. It is 6x10 feet, the south side and west end being seen at Fig. 1. It is 7 feet high at the front end and 5½ feet at the rear, having upper and lower stories, the lower story being used for coops and nests only,

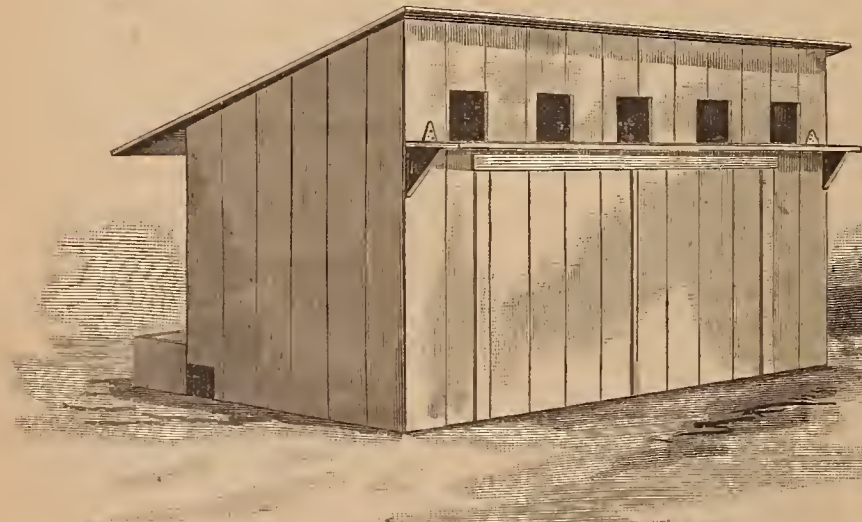


FIG. 1.—HOUSE FOR ONE FLOCK.

and the upper story for roosts, the roost-poles being five feet from the ground, running across the short way, one being in the center of each doorway above the shelf. The shelf is hinged to the house so as to close the doorways by turning it up against the house. It is supported by a bracket at each end.

The ground is used as a floor for the lower story, and there is an inclined floor, 7 feet square, leading to the upper story. The droppings fall to this floor and are raked from thence into a box at the rear, the roof extending so as to cover the box. Fig. 2 is the plan of house. In No. 1 the roost-poles are shown at A, and B is the inclined floor. C shows the nests, D the coops, E the box for droppings, and F the shelf. No. 2 shows a section of the house

from the south side. The dots above the line are the ends of the roost-poles. AAAAA are the coops, and the small compartments above them are the nests. No. 3 is the ground plan, showing the coops and box for droppings. The coops are two feet square and the nests one foot square.

Build the coops to the house on the inside. There are nine coops, seven for hens and chicks and for fattening poultry for market, the two corner coops being used to break up sitting hens. The entrance to these corner coops are on the outside of the house next to the dropping-box. The doors to the house are left open during the day. A door the full length of the house, and 7 feet deep, is left above the floor on the back side for raking the inclined floor, and it should have a drop-shutter hinged at the

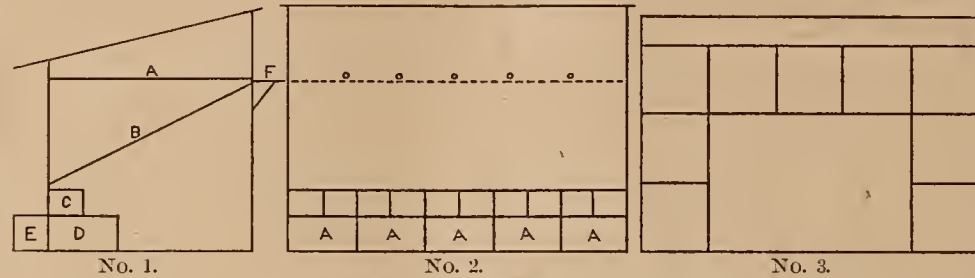


FIG. 2.—PLAN OF HOUSE FOR ONE FLOCK.

top. The cost of this house should not exceed five dollars for the materials, and it can be made by any one who can use tools. It will accommodate a flock of twelve or fifteen fowls.

PULLETS IN MAY.

There are a great many chicks hatched in May, and there is also a temptation to retain some of them for next year's layers. Such pullets will hardly mature before the winter sets in, unless they are of the small breeds, such as Leghorn or Hamburg. They will, however, be among the first to begin laying in the spring. It is best to sell all chicks hatched from now to the end of the year if you have any early pullets well under way, as it does not pay to retain those that are hatched late.

SOAP-SUDS AND LICE.

There are times when soap-suds are plentiful, especially on wash-days, and as it will do no harm in the summer to drench the poultry-house, and as lice should be fought from the beginning of mild weather, no better use can be made of the suds than to use them for destroying lice. If you have a sprayer, so much the better, but if not, you may use a watering-pot with a rose nozzle. The soap-suds will be all the better if you have them very strong. It is a good plan to dissolve a pound of concentrated lye in a tub of suds. Apply the suds hot if you can, but apply them, at all events, hot or cold. Do not miss a single square inch of surface. Do it on a dry, warm day. Saturate the floor, walls, roosts and even the roof, and have it get into every crack and crevice. Remove the nest-boxes, saturate the boxes, let them dry and add new

BEGIN TO CLEAN.

In winter the frost destroys the odors and also seals up the droppings so that they cannot be removed, but now that the weather is warmer it will be necessary to keep the poultry-house clean, and such work must begin early in the year, and must not be neglected. Like all other operations, there are easy methods and difficult modes, according to how the work is done, but cleaning out the poultry-house should not require more than a few minutes' work, and it should be done every morning. First, give the floor a good scraping and thorough cleaning. Then scatter dry dirt over the floor and use it freely under the roosts. The next morning bring a broom and sweep the floor; before leaving apply another dusting of dry dirt.

Once a week give a thorough dusting to the floor, roof, walls, etc., with fine, air-slaked lime. By using a broom and plenty of dry dirt, or sifted coal ashes, you will find the matter of cleaning out the poultry-house one of the easiest jobs connected with the keeping of poultry.

FEED FOR YOUNG CHICKS.

To feed young chicks, give nothing for thirty-six hours. Then feed bread, crumbled, made of corn-meal, three parts, middlings, one part, ground meat, one part. Cook well and feed every two hours, cleaning away all that is left over. Mix the materials with milk, if convenient, but if not, mix with hot water before cooking. Feed no eggs, as they cause bowel disease. As soon as they are old enough keep cracked corn and wheat before them. When two weeks old feed on a mixture of ground corn and oats, three parts, bran, one part, ground meat, one part, with a little salt and ground bone. The whole well scalded and fed four times a day. Give all the drinking water they wish, but only the beaks must get wet. Give milk and also chopped fresh meat three times a week. Chopped onions, mashed potatoes, finely-chopped clover (scalded) or any variety may also be fed.

PIGEONS AND DISEASE.

Diseases among poultry are carried over a whole community by pigeons, as they are subject to the same diseases as fowls, and if permitted their liberty the pigeons are sure to visit those yards in which food is placed for the hens. Those who do keep pigeons should keep them confined or not keep them at all, as they have no right to turn them loose on the community to forage. Those who have flocks of fowls should see that pigeons are not permitted in their yards.

HENS EATING EGGS.

There is no way of curing hens from eating eggs, but there is a way to prevent it. Make a nest one foot from the ground, such as a soap-box on legs. Have a top to the nest and make the opening at one end. The nest-box should be just deep enough to prevent the hen from standing in the nest. As the hen cannot stand on the ground and reach the eggs in the nest, or stand in the nest to eat them, she will be baffled. The box should be placed in a dark location.

OATS AS FOOD.

Oats should be used entirely in the summer season, instead of wheat or corn. If a change of grain should be necessary, use buckwheat. Sunflower seed may also be given as a change once or twice a week. If the hens have a range, they will need but little help. One quart of oats to twenty hens in the summer is all the food that they will need, and if ground bone or fresh bone and meat are allowed, omit the oats when such food is given.

CAPONS IN MARKET.

The season for capons is about March, April and May. They bring as high as twenty-five cents per pound, the best prices being in April. Those of large size sell best, hence no small breeds should be used for raising capons. Those who do not understand all about capons should go to the expense of learning from an expert, as it will pay to do so. There is a good demand for capons at this season in all of the large cities.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LARGE PROFIT.—In an issue of the FARM AND FIRESIDE last spring, a sister reader suggested that some of the farmers' wives give their experience for a year in poultry-raising. With an eye on the waste-basket, I will try to give mine as briefly as possible. March 1, 1892, I started with 12 hens—4 Brown Leghorns, the rest mixed, and a pure-bred Brown Leghorn, male, paying \$4. During the summer I lost 4 hens. In July I bought 6 Buff Cochins and a White Brahma for \$4.50. In January I bought 12 hens, mixed breed, for \$4. I bought one sack of feed, \$1, and bought 30 Plymouth Rock eggs for \$1, the total cost being \$14.50. I got 120 dozen eggs, which averaged 18 cents per dozen, \$21.60; in December I sold 19 chicks, at 35 cents each, \$6.65; the amount realized from them being \$28.25, and used 27 chickens for our table. I have \$5 to start with another year. I did not give them much extra care. We raise our own grain, and all the care I gave them I consider as so much gain to myself, as it took me out in the open air and diverted my mind from household cares. MRS. C. B.

Willamette Valley, Oregon.

INQUIRIES.

Perches.—W. B. F., Richmond, Ind., writes: "What kind of perches are best in a poultry-house?"

REPLY:—A piece of 3x4 scantling, smooth, slightly rounded on the edges, the narrow side turned up, is perhaps equal to anything for the purpose.

Vaccine Virus.—C. C., Pea Ridge, Ark., writes: "Can you inform me where I can procure vaccine virus for vaccinating chickens against cholera?"

REPLY:—There is no such article. It was offered some years ago by a party who proved to be a fraud. In France, M. Pasteur has made some experiments in that direction, but nothing of the kind has been done here.

Dried Beef Scraps.—C. W. K., East Taunton, Mass., writes: "I would like your opinion of the merits of dried beef scraps. They can be purchased for \$2.25 per 100 pounds."

REPLY:—The low cost should be an inducement for farmers to use them. Any of the dried ground meat on the market will answer the same purpose. They are excellent for laying hens.

Breeds.—"Subscriber" writes: "Which breed is best for table and also as layers? Is the Leghorn and Dark Brahma a good cross?"

REPLY:—No breed combines within its qualifications superiority for both the market and as layers. It destroys the prolificacy of a breed to attempt to adapt it to the table or for market, as fat is detrimental to egg production. The cross of Brown Leghorn and Dark Brahma is probably as good as any, but it is better to keep the breeds pure.

Incubators.—Mrs. J. C., North Sydney, Nova Scotia, writes: "1. What is the proper temperature for an incubator? 2. If the lamp goes out, how high or low would the temperature be required for injuring the eggs? 3. Will chicks live in the incubator while the other eggs are hatching, or should they be removed?"

REPLY:—1. The temperature should be 103 degrees. 2. It may be as cool as 70 degrees or as high as 112, for a short time only. 3. The chicks should not be removed until all are hatched, as removal suddenly changes the temperature of the incubator.

EGGS, \$1.50 per 15. Six Leading Varieties. W. & B. P. Rocks a specialty. Address NEWTON FALLS POULTRY YARDS NEWTON FALLS, O.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Wind-gage.—N. R., Aberdeen, S. D. The velocity of wind is ascertained by means of an instrument made specially for that purpose. It is called an anemometer.

Universities and Colleges.—J. W. P., Rochelle, Ill. Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio; Purdue University, La Fayette, Ind.; Illinois State University, Champaign, Ill.; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; Yale University, New Haven, Conn.; University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.; Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; St. Mary's College, North East, Pa.

Whitewash.—J. W. H., Pleasant Plains, Ill. Take fresh-burned lime, one half of a bushel; slake it with boiling rain-water, keeping it covered during the process to retain the steam. Add to this one peck of salt dissolved in water, then add five gallons more of hot rain-water and stir the mixture well. Cover it and let it stand a few days. Apply it hot. Some tbin it with skim-milk. The secret of making it stick well is to have good lime well mixed with salt and applied hot.

Concrete Floors—Cattle Fastenings.—R. M. R., Sandusky, Ohio. To one part of the best Portland cement add three parts of clean, sharp sand, perfectly free from clay or loam. Thoroughly mix dry, then add water and make a mortar of the sand and cement. Pour this mortar over a foundation of clean gravel, ram it down solid and finish with a surface of the cement mortar.—For fastenings, use one of the swinging stanchions, which hold the cattle to their place and yet allow some freedom of movement.

Remedy for Cabbage-worm.—W. H. S., Oklahoma.

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Good, fresh insect-powder dusted on the cabbages, or a solution sprinkled on, will kill all worms that it touches. Tobacco dust and many other dusty substances, thrown into the heat or over the plants, will also clear them of worms. I have also used solutions of muriate of potash and of kainite, applied in spray, with deadly effect to the worms.

Improving Pasture Land.—C. C. V., Lucerne, Mo., writes: "I have a pasture that had a great deal of hazel-brush on it. I cut it off and destroyed the hazel-brush, but there is not grass enough to satisfy me. I have no other pasture to put my stock in. What kind of grass-seed should I sow on it to make good pasture?"

REPLY:—If not practicable for you to plow the land and reseed it with a mixture of good grasses, your best plan is to harrow and cross-harrow with a sharp, slaut-toothed harrow and sow some blue-grass and orchard-grass seed on the thin places. A top dressing of well-composted barn-yard manure will improve it very much.

To Destroy Gophers.—R. W. F., Harper, Kan. Saturate small balls of cotton with bisulphide of carbon. With a rolling motion throw them into the burrows and close the openings with sods or earth. Bisulphide of carbon is very volatile, and its fumes are sure death to small animals and insects. The vapor being heavier than air, penetrates to the lowest parts of the burrows. Make the application about sundown, when the gophers are all at home. Bisulphide of carbon is a poison, and must be handled with care. It is not corrosive and will not hurt the hands, but it is highly inflammable and must be kept away from fire. A pound, costing about ten cents, is sufficient for fifteen or twenty burrows. Druggists can obtain it for you. One of the best brands on the market for this purpose is the "Fuma."

Sweet Potato Plants.—Mrs. O. C., Oklahoma, writes: "How should a bed be prepared to raise sweet potato plants, and what time should they be put in?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—About six or seven weeks before you can set the plants in open ground (here June 1st), make a strong hotbed, putting a light layer of sand on the heating manure. On this spread a layer of sweet potatoes, the smaller ones left whole and the larger ones cut into halves, the cut sides placed down. Lay them so that the seed pieces will almost or quite touch one another. Then cover with four inches of sand and put on the sashes. Ventilate and water as needed. When the plants are about four inches high they can be pulled, like cabbage-plants, and set on top of ridges in open ground. Let the ridges be about four feet apart, and the plants about eighteen inches apart in the ridges.

Fertilizers for Tomatoes.—L. F. B., Florida, writes: "On land in which there is considerable limestone, what is the best fertilizer to use to produce tomatoes, onions and cabbage and make them grow rapidly, in central Florida?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I would try to get fish compost if I were living anywhere within the reach of the sea-shore. My next choice would be a high-grade complete manure. You probably need potash as well as phosphoric acid, and you may have use for some nitrogen. The choice, of course, depends on what you can get nearest by. You may be able to get cotton-seed meal, or dried blood, or dried fish, all good sources of nitrogen; and wood ashes, or cotton-seed-hull ashes, or tobacco ashes, all good sources of potash. Then use some hone or other phosphatic manure in addition, and you are all right. Don't be afraid of using too much, either.

Sage Growing.—J. M. M., Kentucky, writes: "Please tell me the best method of raising sage and preparing it for market, the kind of bed to sow seed in, when to transplant, how to cultivate and what kind of soil to grow it on."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Sage is an easy thing to grow. Seed grows as readily as cabbage-seed, and consequently plants are easily started in this way. You can also propagate from old plants, by spreading them flat on the ground and covering heart with soil, so that only the tips of the branches are exposed. This is a kind of layering process. The stalks soon strike root, and can then be separated from the parent plant and planted. You can set the plants a foot apart in ordinary soil or two feet and more apart in rich soil. Pick the leaves and ends of branches two or three times during the season and dry in the sun, or better, in a kiln. Sage will grow in almost any kind of soil.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers, Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Chronic Distemper.—C. C. P., Russell, Pa. If your stallion is otherwise a valuable horse, I most decidedly advise you to have him examined by a competent veterinarian.

Wants to Buy a Book.—T. W., Oldenburg, Ind. You can get the book you want through any bookseller. If he has not got it in stock, as he probably has not, he can get it for you, and can also tell you its price.

Probably Lung-worms.—O. D., Odum, Tenn. Your pigs probably have lung-worms (Strongylus paradoxus) in the bronchial tubes. You cannot do anything except give nutritious food, and otherwise bestowing good care upon the afflicted animals, so as to enable them to pull through.

Lice on Pigs.—J. M. B., Grassy Cove, Tenn. A thorough wash with a good tobacco decoction is perhaps as good as anything, but after it has been applied, the animals, for a time at least, must be kept in dry and clean quarters. If the tobacco decoction is applied one day, a good wash with soap and warm water should be used the next.

An Ugly Wart on a Cow's Teat.—W. C., Oliphant Furnace, Pa. If the wart is rather thick, make repeated applications of nitric acid, or if the same is not so thick, and there is danger that the nitric acid may burn too deep, use acetic acid instead. Either acid is best applied by means of a small piece of "surgeon's sponge" fastened to a stick of convenient length.

Want of Appetite.—B. Van B., Stockport, N. Y. Want of appetite is a symptom of almost every disease in cattle as well as in other animals. Consequently, if you don't tell me any more than that your cow does not eat much and ceases to ruminate, I cannot tell you what ails her. May be that she simply suffers from indigestion. Have her examined by a veterinarian.

A Lame Horse.—J. D. K., Mendon, Ohio. It is impossible for me to locate the lameness of your horse upon the simple statement that the horse has been lame seven months, that the feet look all right, and that the lameness gets worse when the horse is worked. A shrinking of the muscles (atrophy), or sweeney, as you call it, is the consequence and not the cause of lameness.

Probably a Roarer.—C. P., Marquam, Oreg. What you describe seems to be a roarer. In most cases roaring is due to paralysis of one of the arytenoid cartilages of the larynx, caused by some damage to, or inability to act of, the recurrent nerve of the same side. There is no remedy, except by a surgical operation, which not only is rather difficult, but also by no means sure of effecting the desired result. It can only be performed by a very competent veterinarian, and therefore it will be superfluous to describe it.

An Old Wound.—M. G., Rochester, Ohio, writes: "I have a horse that received a wound between the fore-legs two inches wide and seven or eight inches deep. The wound discharged a good deal, but I succeeded in healing it up in about two months. It remained so about six weeks, and then broke out again and continued to discharge more or less all winter. What can I do for it?"

ANSWER:—The wound you describe never healed from the bottom. Some deleterious matter remained, and the healing was only superficial. Employ a veterinarian to conduct the treatment.

Sheep-dips.—A. W. S., Fair Haven, Ohio. There are several sheep-dips in the market, and some of them probably are advertised in the FARM AND FIRESIDE, or, if not, they ought to be. The best ones consist principally of a concentrated tobacco decoction, and the manufacturers, as a rule, give the directions for its use. If you prefer to make one yourself, you may use tobacco (cheap tobacco will do), 20 pounds to 100 gallons of water, and then let it boil down to 50 gallons. Either some potash and lime, say 5 pounds of the former and 2½ or 3 pounds of the latter, may be added, or a separate bath composed of water, 50 gallons, potash, 10 pounds, and lime, 5 pounds, may precede as a preliminary dip on the day before.

Wheat-meal.—W. L., Calhoun, Mo., writes: "I have been feeding forty-five ewes fodder, corn, hay, etc.; their lambs are one to four weeks old. Three days ago I had fifty bushels of good wheat ground about fine enough for Graham flour. I fed it to them both wet and dry. Two ewes and one lamb died. Was it the wheat flour that caused it? My sheep have been healthy and have done well all winter."

ANSWER:—I cannot answer your question. Wheat-meal, I should say, is a rather uncommo food for sheep, and it is possible that some of the animals have eaten too much of it, or have eaten it too hastily. Still, you could easily have ascertained the true state of affairs if you had made a post-mortem examination.

Distemper.—L. L., Precept, Neb. What you describe is a case of distemper with multiple abscess formations. Keep the mare in a clean and dry stall in the stable. Have the latter well ventilated, but so that the animal is not exposed to drafts. Whenever an abscess is forming, open it at the lowest point, so that the abscess has perfect drainage. Probe the abscess to the bottom, so that you may learn its exact direction and extent. Be careful, though, in probing, so that you may not extend the abscess formation, and make canals, etc., where there are none, or do injury to adjoining parts. This done, inject with a clean syringe twice a day a four-percent solution of carbolic acid, and keep the surroundings of the abscess clean.

Cribber.—J. M. T., Fairfax, Mo. If your colt, although only two years old, is a confirmed cribber and windsucker, it will be difficult to break him of that habit. You may temporarily prevent the exercise of the habit by buckling a strap around the animal's neck; but when the strap is removed, which must be done when the animal is feed, the animal is apt to make up for lost time. Some time since somebody proposed to break a cribber of his ugly habit by electricity; that is, by arrangements by which each time the animal takes hold of the manger, an electric circuit, one pole of which is connected with the animal, and the other with the manger, will be closed. Where such an arrangement is not too expensive, it may, possibly, work with a cribber, but will have no effect on a windsucker. Be-

sides this, the circuit must be broken when the animal is fed, and therefore, even this remedy, very likely, will prove to be impractical, if applied, and may not be any superior to the old-fashioned strap. At any rate, it would require an electrician to make the arrangements.

Edematous Swellings.—D. J. S., Quillayute, Wash. What you describe is an edematous swelling. The same may have different causes. They may be due to local causes, and also to general hydremia, and be combined with dropsical effusions in the cavities of the body. If the latter, treatment will have but very little effect, if any. If due to local causes, morbid changes, such as pimples, scabs and small ulcers, will be found in the skin, and in that case, good, dry food, a dry and clean stable, and thorough grooming at least once a day, constitute the principal remedy. At the same time, the small sores, etc., must be brought to healing by antiseptic and astringent remedies. If the affected skin is not too extensive, a mixture composed of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts, to be applied once a day, will answer.

A Lame Horse.—W. S. R., Huron, S. Dak. You give me the history of the horse, which is very well and somewhat aids in forming an opinion, but I would have very much preferred if you had given a more exact description of the lameness itself. The description, as far as given, points toward a severe straining of the suspensory ligaments, caused by overexertion, or to a diseased condition of the sesamoid bones (two small bones situated on the posterior surface of the lower end of the shank-bone, and serving to steady the pastern-joint, and to act as pulleys for the flexor tendons. As the lameness was contracted fully a year ago, the prospect of effecting a cure is very slim. Absolute rest for a long time may effect improvement, but hardly a restoration to a normal condition, and blistering usually resorted to in such cases, is of very doubtful value.

Probably Garget.—R. L. A., Cray's Mills, N. Y., writes: "I have two cows that have each lost a teat. One dropped her calf the seventeenth, the other a week later; causes seem to be the same. I let the calves suck, as soon as able to stand, what they wanted. They stripped them, but failed to get any milk from one back teat in each. Can just start a few drops that are quite bloody. That quarter of udder is swollen quite badly with some heat. I washed one's udder in salt-water, and the other I rubbed with lard; but either fail to do any good."

ANSWER:—You probably ceased your efforts to draw milk too early, or have not been persistent enough. Your external applications were injurious. None should be made in such a case, unless it is the intention to make a quarter dry. In that case an ointment composed of soft soap and gum camphor, four or six to one, is indicated, and then, of course, no milking should be attempted.

Periodical Ophthalmia—Filaria Papillosa.—D. G., Franklin, Ill. What you describe appears to be a case of periodical ophthalmia, vulgo moon blindness.—Filaria papillosa, Rud. is a viviparous nematode, or round-worm, tapering at both ends, but backward more than forward. The male reaches a length of two to four inches, and the female of five to seven inches. Its thickness is from one fortieth to one twenty-fifth of an inch. It occurs in the abdominal cavity (most frequently), in the chest, in the subserous and intermuscular connective tissue, in the intestinal canal (rarely), in the arachnoid membrane of the brain, and in the vitreous body, and in the interior chamber of the eye of horses, asses, mules and cattle. If in the anterior chamber of the eye, it can be easily seen, but be removed only by a very dexterous operator, because the worm is very active, and will escape out of reach into the posterior chamber of the eye, if not immediately caught as soon as the instrument of the surgeon is inserted into the anterior chamber.

A Hard Swelling.—G. A. B., Brandou, Wis., writes: "I have a colt, three years old this spring, that has a lump about the size of a goose-egg half way between his nostril and his eye. It is hard as a bone. It has been there four months. Can I get anything to take it off? He is also an original. Is there any danger in castrating him?"

ANSWER:—Your brief description does not indicate the nature of the swelling. Have the teeth of the animal, but especially the third and fourth molars in the upper jaw, carefully examined, because it may be that the swelling originated from a diseased or injured tooth. If such is not the case, you may try external applications, once every four days, of an oint-

ment composed of biniodide of mercury, one part, to lard, twenty parts, but I doubt whether it will have the desired effect. The best you can do is to have the animal examined by a competent veterinarian. There is always danger in castrating a rldgling, or cryptorchid, if that is what you mean. There is no special danger if one testicle is not down in the scrotum, but is in the Annulus inguinalis, or external canal, because then the operation don't necessitate the opening of the abdominal cavity.

Bots.—P. E. T., Nubia, Texas, writes: "Please tell me what to do for a severe case of the bots. Will the water in which Irish potatoes are boiled kill them? Will mullein tea kill them? What are the simplest and best remedies for ordinary colic?"

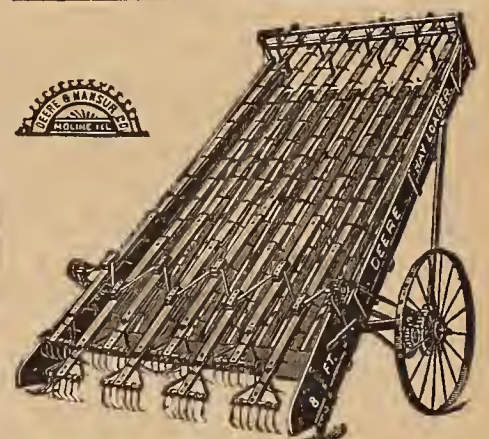
ANSWER:—The best you can do against bots is to leave them alone. You can neither kill nor dislodge them while in the horse's stomach. In your second question you ask for much more than I or anybody else can answer in a short article. Most cases of colic are produced by the presence of an aneurism in the anterior mesenteric artery, and such an aneurism and its secondary effect, embolism, in one or more of the testinal arteries, cannot be removed by any medicine. Hence, I can only say, there is not, and there never will be, a specific remedy for colic. The treatment in all cases can only be a symptomatic one, and in all cases in which the peristaltic motion of the intestines is retarded, as is usually the case, a physic, an injection into the rectum carefully made (warm soap-suds will answer, in most cases at least), and unless the horse is very unruly, friction applied to the walls of the abdominal cavity by rubbing them with a woolen rag, perhaps, will be indicated. Opium and anything that has a tendency to retard the peristaltic motion must be avoided. Drenching a colic horse, especially with oil and with fluids which contain undissolved powders, is exceedingly dangerous, and has killed many a patient that would have recovered if nothing whatever had been done. Space forbids to go further into details.

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Our Fireside.

A LITTLE SONG FOR BED-TIME.

A little song for bed-time,
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy,
And the heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown:
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the ferry-men are calling
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland,
And the dipping of the oar
In the sea of sleep makes music
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me,
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one,
And then away you go,
A-sailing into Dreamland
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

—The Household.

CONQUEROR CUPID.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE BEACH.

Ethel soon recognized George Luce's handsome figure, but the lady at his side she did not know.

"Here's a queer to-do," thought La Rue. "I wonder which one of them will be jealous?"

When the four met, George shook hands with Ethel and La Rue, then introduced Miss Alice Metcalf, who soon made herself very agreeable.

Somehow, in the pairing off that ensued, Rudolph found his way to her side, and he soon owned to himself that if this northern girl had as much sense as beauty, she was certainly well endowed.

This was the first meeting of George and Ethel since the attempted elopement. He had borne his disappointment well, yet the feeling that another man was securely coming and going where he dared not show himself, was terribly irritating.

Only that morning he had risen two hours before day, lashed by ungovernable longings. He had slipped across the lagoon in his dory in a hope of meeting Milus, but Milus had been terrified out of his neutrality.

"I hain't gwine ter resk ole marse no mo'," he averred. "Ketch me a takin' dem slips of paper agin, he'll natally bre'k ev'ry bone in dish yere nigger's body."

George had returned, despondent, but after dinner he cheered up and took Miss Metcalf out riding. Now, finding himself at Ethel's side, he was puzzled at her vivacity of manner and tone. She was undeniably in the best of spirits. He glanced scowlingly at Rudolph, whose broad back was disappearing over the sand hills ahead. Could he be the cause of this joyful overflow of good spirits?

"Well, sir," said Ethel, after they had ridden together for some distance in silence, "what has become of your tongue?"

"I was wondering what ails you. Here am I, in a very young of despond and you as merry as though your happiness were fully assured."

"Perhaps it is."

"Not through La Rue I hope."

"Why not through him? Don't he little him, George, for he is the best young man I know of except—" here she eyed her lover archly, "except perhaps one."

"Really, your opinions seem to change. How long has it been since he was perfectly unbearable to you?"

"That was because I did not know him as I do now. Oh, George! He is just splendid."

She burst into a merry peal of laughter, then reining close to his side she pulled his head down by the ear and gave him a kiss as light as thistle-down, while he submitted, looking pleased yet puzzled.

"There! I won't torment you any longer.

You must know that Rudolph and I have just had a general explanation. He knows who loves me and whom I love, and he does not care one bit."

"Did you tell him all?"

"Well, not exactly all, but enough. And he—why he gives me the grand bounce. Says he won't have me. I may go; I'm deserted and forlorn and that horrid marriage will not take place. Papa will be furious, and I am so happy and frightened, that if you don't at once say what you think of it all I, I'll—"

Here George interrupted by returning Ethel's kiss, with interest; then he declared that Rudolph was a trump, a very right bower of hearts. Euchre was La Rue's favorite game.

After that came an hour of blissful converse as they slowly rode through the pine. The sun was sinking as they came to the road leading to Courtney House. Rudolph and Alice were waiting for them there, apparently well pleased with each others' society.

"Papa will be perfectly awful," said Ethel, looking wistfully at George. "I almost dread going home."

"I wish I could face the lion in your place," he exclaimed earnestly.

"Dear me! You would only make matters worse. But as it is, wish me well."

"When can I see you again? Milus will no longer carry notes, and you will make no more appointments."

"No, George. This secrecy was all wrong. We must be patient and endure; papa's not made of stone."

"He is all fire and tow, however, and one of these days, while I dangle afar off, he'll marry you to some one else yet."

"We cannot help these things."

When he came down to breakfast the squire was in high spirits. His witticism, sharpened for a condition of affairs that no longer existed except in the paternal imagination, were embarrassing enough. Yet Ethel and Rudolph weathered the hour without betraying themselves or arousing the old man's suspicions.

When La Rue's horse was brought around Ethel accompanied him a short distance down the avenue, a proceeding the squire chuckled to himself over from the sitting-room window.

"They'll make a fine-looking couple," he thought. "I'm glad the girl has found out there is more than one man in the world, after all."

Meanwhile Ethel, watching Rudolph preparing to mount, at length asked:

"How shall I ever, ever tell papa?"

"Let him alone," returned Rudolph. "I am going to speak to my governor. He will thunder at me for awhile, then I'll make him face the squire."

"That will be lovely," cried Ethel. "Then I won't have to say a word?"

"No, not until he asks you. Then refer him to me—or rather my governor and me."

"Oh, thank you! How delightful not to have to say anything."

"Don't mention it," said he, but as he rode off he thought to himself: "The poor little thing will have to face music enough when the old catamaran does find out, I fear."

Meanwhile the squire, at the window, again congratulated himself.

"Bead! I really believe she likes him," he said, as he saw her look after Rudolph's retreating form.

CHAPTER XI.

RUDOLPH AND HIS FATHER.

Norwood House, where the La Rues had re-

turn over everything to your management, and though I have other children to look after, I must try and do my part as well."

Rudolph had risen from his chair and leaned against a pillar. He took out a plug of tobacco, cut himself a chew and passed it to his father, who sniffed suspiciously and returned it without helping himself.

"I can't chew it, son," said he. "Their store tobacco is not what it used to be. It's full of stems and licorice. But after dinner we will saddle up, and I think you had better ride over with me. You can talk to Ethel while we old men complete the business."

"You and the squire seem to have overlooked one thing, father," said Rudolph firmly.

"I think I hardly understand you, my son," returned the captain a little pompously.

Rudolph girded himself for a great plunge. "I mean just this. You have not asked what Miss Courtney or myself might think of all this elderly match-making. Don't you suppose, now, that we ought to have something to say in the matter?"

The captain stared solemnly at his son.

"What are you trying to get at?" he asked at length.

"I find," returned Rudolph, throwing one leg over the piazza railing and letting it dangle loosely, "on consulting Miss Courtney, that she is at heart quite opposed to marrying me upon any terms. I also find that I feel somewhat that way myself as regards this match."

"God bless me!" ejaculated the father, more surprised than he had been since that far-away morning when the news flew by that Lee had surrendered. "Do you know what you are talking about, boy?"

"I surely hope so. At any rate I know now that in placing myself entirely in your hands, I have acted cruelly towards an estimable young lady, who thinks so little of me as a future husband that, I pledge you, I wouldn't marry her now to save the credit of all the old families on the islands."

"Well, well! To be sure! This is the result of all your fine professions of duty and respect, is it? What will your mother and sisters

say? It will be a terrible shock to them, I fear."

"Now, father, don't you and mother be silly."

Rudolph, after the first plunge, began to feel complacent and even patronizing.

"I blame myself for not telling you sooner, but I had got used to drifting. You and Squire Courtney were so bent upon doing it all yourselves. But Ethel has knocked my artificial legs from under me with a vengeance. Besides this—"

Here the self-sufficient youth hesitated a little. "Besides this, I have now another reason for not a-marrying Ethel. The other day I saw a lady—well—really, there's another girl whom I think I could like better, if she will only give me a chance."

The captain's jaw slightly dropped.

"Who is this new paragon?" he demanded gloomily.

"She is a Miss Metcalf, from Rhode Island, and is visiting the Luce's."

"H-how? Can I believe my ears?" The captain rose and began to pace hurriedly to and fro.

"This is worse and worse. A stranger, and a Yankee, too. Have you anything else to say?"

"Now, father, I know you will say that as a La Rue and a southerner and all that, I ought not to marry a northern girl. But, my dear sir, the war ended six years ago, and we young folks don't wish to keep up the farce of continuing it any longer."

"Have the results of our training come at last to this?" The captain took snuff, spilling it nervously upon his shirt front. "But I perceive that comment will be useless—useless. This will break your poor mother's heart, I fear. Oh, these new leveling tendencies! The very newspapers breed sedition in our families."

The captain flung himself into a chair again and gazed dejectedly upon a wagon-load of cotton swaying along the road to the gin-house.

"Come, father," said Rudolph, reassuringly, "I am not married yet and may never be. I only spoke of this New England girl to show you that I could use my own eyes as well as yours. I don't suppose she would have me if I asked her, anyhow."

The captain looked shocked. A La Rue refused by any such girl in her right mind? Never!

"But," continued his son, "I do lay claim to a little common sense. I wouldn't hurt mother's feelings if I could help it, and I am reasonably proud of our family name and honor. I will never knowingly disgrace either. But it is all over between Miss Courtney and I, and the quicker you let the squire know, the less money he will spend on a wedding that will never take place."

This last suggestion entirely destroyed Captain La Rue's patience.

"I have read of what the papers call 'cheek,'" he said in cold, cutting accents. "It used to be known as effrontery—effrontery, sir! You certainly have your share of it, sir. But as long as you have taken yourself out of this affair, regardless of my feelings or the obligations which your previous silence encouraged me to enter into for you—by gad, sir! you can see Courtney yourself. I wash my hands of the whole affair, unless—"

the captain in his desperation made a last appeal, "unless you will reconsider. I offer you this on chance."

"Now, father, didn't I manage the crop pretty well this year?"



ON THE BEACH.

"Promise me one thing, dearest. No matter how you are urged or constrained, promise that you will marry no one but me. Then I can hear to wait. I must feel sure, not of your love alone, but of your determination."

"I promise," she whispered, then they rode around a screen of bushes to where the other two were waiting.

Rudolph took Ethel home, and in response to the frightened appeal in her eyes remained all night. She dared not at once face the old man unaided and alone, so the three spent the evening together.

Rudolph had thought of explaining to the squire the actual state of affairs between Ethel and himself, but in the morning things looked unpropitious. The squire's voice as he roared down the hall for Milus was not reassuring. What if the old man, blindly furious, were to challenge him? More improbable things had happened upon the Sea Islands than that.

Rudolph was not cowardly by any means; he was, in fact, conventionally brave; yet to undergo a chance of being horsewhipped by a man old enough to be his grandfather, or shooting the same venerable adversary, seemed to be more unendurable in cold daylight than under the glamor of stars and candles, with Ethel's beaming gratitude fresh upon him.

Why not let his own father face the music of explanation? The captain had primarily drawn him into this fix by negotiating the match. He had lured carelessly consented, but now the aspect of things had entirely changed. There was his new acquaintance, Miss Metcalf—but Rudolph, for the present, closed up that charming avenue of reflection. It was too entrancing, in view of his present straits.

sided for a century or two, was a typical southern plantation dwelling-house.

There were double piazzas, broad and lofty, ranging around a square, two-storied frame building that capped a gentle swell of land and overlooked miles of corn and cotton fields. There were wide halls, spacious rooms, broad doors and windows ever open, and a patriarchal amplitude of space everywhere. The house was cool in summer, chilly in winter, and resonant to every echo.

It was the home of unstinted hospitality and of a pride at once omnipotent and narrow. Its former elegance was now somewhat patched and threadbare, yet the social influences were of the same refined, reserved, ambiguous type.

The captain, short, stout, prosy and depreciative, was still a pillar—somewhat niched and undermined, perhaps—of the old regime. He mingled with, yet was not of the present. His family were nearly as unmitigable. The wife tall, lean, precise and elegant; the two daughters plumper, yet singularly gifted in manners and prejudice. Rudolph, the one vision of plain common sense among them, went his way commiserated and not wholly understood.

Several days after the events related in the last chapter, both son and father were seated in one of the piazzas watching the distant cotton-pickers.

Rudolph had hesitated about exposing his matrimonial recreancy, from a partial dread of the task rather than the father. But the captain had just announced his intention of riding over to see Courtney about the "final settlement."

"We have not either of us," said the captain, "got much to give you two, but we will do the best we can. I find that Courtney wants to

"Excellently, my boy; saved me the expense of an overseer, though it is hardly the thing for a La Rue to supervise his own plantation." "I know, but haven't I, since I took hold, brought things through with fewer debts than ever, despite high taxes, free labor and the carpet-baggers?" "I must say, my son, I hardly see how we could go on without your management. Yet what has this to do with—"

"Excuse my interruption, father; but if you are willing to acknowledge my good judgment in these affairs, how can you expect me to throw it away in deciding upon a wife?" "Then, sir, I am to regard your present decision as final, I suppose?" "As far as my marrying Ethel Courtney—yes."

The captain stalked indignantly into the house.

CHAPTER XII.
THE SQUIRE APPEARS.

For a week or more Squire Courtney was kept busy wondering what would happen next. The sudden return of Ethel's good spirits almost startled him by the contrast presented as regarded her previous sad demeanor. Merry laughs and gay snatches of familiar songs continually surprised him now, accompanied by a gleam of dancing eyes and a whirling vision of vanishing skirts as she flitted airily about.

Then he remembered that Rudolph had not been back, yet Ethel did not seem to mind, and if not she, why should her father? La Rue was not coming to Courtney Hall to see him. The squire grinned over such a ridiculous supposition.

One day he met Captain La Rue riding by in his buggy, but instead of stopping to chat, as usual, the captain seemed hurried and ill at ease, passing on after a brief salutation.

Still later on, the squire ran across Rudolph snipe shooting on the marshes. He was about to rally the young man for staying away so long, when that very objectionable George Luce emerged from a clump of palmetto and raised his hat to Squire Courtney. The latter rode grimly off, after telling La Rue he should look for him to come over to dinner next day. But La Rue did not appear the next day, nor for many thereafter. The squire began to be vaguely disturbed, though Ethel was still the impersonation of joyous serenity.

"What is the matter with Rudolph?" asked her father one night, as she was mixing his toddy.

"Nothing that I know of, papa. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wish to know." The squire began to ruffle his brow.

"Well, I don't see how I can make him come if he don't want to." Ethel tasted the toddy critically and made a pretty grimace. "Perhaps he is tired of his bargain."

"Not he; he knows he is a lucky dog. Hark you, Ethel. This matter has gone too far for mere sentiment to run away with reason. You have not only your own, but my honor in your keeping. I asked him to dinner the other day, and he did not come."

Ethel trembled inwardly; her father evidently did not yet understand. She managed to escape to bed without saying anything definite, but lay awake, dreading the revelation which must soon be made.

Shortly after this, Captain La Rue and his family were sunning themselves in the piazza at Norwood House, when they saw Squire Courtney riding up the driveway toward their door. There was a flutter of mild dismay among the group, and a general assault upon Rudolph, led by the captain.

"Now, sir," said the latter, "I reckon you will face the music; it is of your own ordering."

"Rudolph," sighed Mrs. La Rue, "your sisters and myself had better retire. This interview will be painful, and I fear humiliating to all of us."

But Rudolph, after a glance at the squire's approaching figure, rose from his chair and pushed with alacrity for the dining-room.

"Don't leave," said he, "until I light my cigar and return. Won't he be gone but a minute?"

"He is not likely to come back, unless we send for him," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders. "We must do the best we can."

The squire, having dismounted, entered the piazza, looking tall, grim and ceremonious. He saluted the family with stately courtesy, seated himself and remarked upon the favorable weather for cotton picking. The ladies presently withdrew, but Rudolph did not reappear. The squire, sniffing constraint in the air, girded himself for the battle.

"H-m-m-m!" He cleared his throat in a preparatory way. The captain hastened to delay the eruption by continuing the remarks he was offering upon plantation work before the war.

"As I was saying, squire, Leatherwood told the hands it would not do, and Leatherwood used to be a number one overseer. He could get more cotton picked to the hand than any man I ever had."

"Well, yes," returned the squire; "but he whipped too much. I didn't much like those knock-down-and-drag-out fellows. They used up the negroes, sir. I used to cuff the rascals now and then—do you yet when they make me mad—but I didn't hurt 'em, and those d—d overseers did. It was not their own property they abused. But—to the object of my visit here to-day. I thought it was high time the final settlements on our two youngsters were fixed up, so I—er—I—b-r-r-m!"

The squire was seized with a convenient touch of his asthma just here.

"You are very good." The captain looked around in a despairing way for Rudolph. "But I regret to state that since our last interview on the subject things seem to be going all wrong."

"How, sir?" The squire's huge, white eyebrows contracted and his eyes began to glow. "My good old friend," faltered the captain, "I fear that all our hopes are dissipated. My son has proved refractory, and absolutely declines to proceed further in this affair. He has intimated to me that your daughter is even more disinclined to this marriage than—than himself."

"What the devil! Say that again, will you?"

The squire threw himself back and scowled at his old-time friend in a savage yet uncomprehending way.

"I mean, my dear sir—heaven help us, why don't that boy come back?—Rudolph has said that, as Miss Courtney does not care for him, he fails to see why the marriage should take place."

"In plain English," roared the squire, "you decline my daughter's hand for your son, and this, too, in the teeth of all that has recently passed."

"My dear friend," said the captain pathetically, "do not blame me. Up to a few days ago I accounted the affair as absolutely settled. My son's announcement came upon me like a thunder-clap. What could I do? Rudolph is of age and his own master. All my remonstrances, and even threats, seem to have no effect whatever."

of mine," shouted the squire. "I'd cowhide him, sir. I—I—"

Here Rudolph appeared, with his cigar alight, and regarded the squire calmly, who shook his fist at the young man as he reiterated:

"Yes, sir; I'd cowhide him, were he as tall as Goliath and as old as Methuselah."

The squire paused. Though he was seething with anger, a dim idea that he must not make himself ridiculous floated cloudily through his brain. He stared frowningly at the young offender, who sat down upon the piazza railing and smoked quietly. The captain hastened to wash his hands of the whole business.

"Here he is, my dear Courtney," said he; "I deliver him up for punishment. He is an abandoned reprobate, and if you can wool him more effectually than I, I bid you God-speed."

"Squire Courtney," said Rudolph, "I am more than sorry to have so offended you, but no other course was open to me after my last interview with Miss Ethel."

"The devil you say!" The squire drew himself up rigidly. "But, sir, though you are the son of my old friend, I will not be trifled with. I will sift this matter, let it hurt whom it may."

"By all means, squire; but I may as well state that my determination is immovable."

"Perhaps, sir, you will be movable enough to fight. I am an old man, but where the honor of my name is concerned I can still, if necessary, snuff a candle at twelve paces. I warn you to be very explicit in your explanation."

"Let the time-honored friendship our families bear to each other be a warrant of my sincerity. Rudolph made a gentle gesture of appeal. "When I last went riding with Miss Courtney, something—her manner, perhaps—led me to inquire and her to explain. Sir, stern and rigid as you are, I believe your daughter's happiness is dearer to you than your pride. I was wrong for me, a man grown to suffer myself to be led blindly by my father's good intentions and your own. I should have not only examined myself, but ascertained how Miss Ethel felt, before either of us assented to this bother about betrothal and settlements. But a late remedy is better than none at all. Your daughter, sir, was willing to take me, not because she cared for me, but to please you—willing to make her life miserable because she loved and feared her father. I wrung from her, at length, an acknowledgment that she did not and never could love me, for reasons which I cannot now divulge. Reasons as good as gold, sir. Then, what did I find in my own heart? I found that I, myself, actually felt relieved; I felt that we might be the best of friends, but as for love, there was little to lose between us. What else could I do than release her from her engagement to me? I released her as I hope and pray my own sisters might be released, if under a like fear and restraint. And, sir—speaking with all respect—I regard that little maneuver as about the best thing that could have been done for all and sundry concerned in this unfortunate affair."

"You say, sir," said the squire, still frowning, "that there were good reasons, which you might not explain, for all this quixotic conduct. You will tell me those reasons, young man."

"Yes, my son," interjected the captain, anxious for peace at any price. "Out with your reasons; you seem to need them all."

"Am I to betray a young lady's confidence?" returned Rudolph mildly.

"Confidence!" roared the squire, lashed into fury again. "To the devil with such confidence as a father may not share in! When I think of the gossip which this move of yours will create, you may thank your stars that I refrain from giving just expression to my wrath."

"One moment, squire," cried Rudolph, entirely unoffended. "Do not think that I underestimate matters. I have weighed both sides of the case, and I say, let all the blame rest upon me. Let folks think that I have been discarded—as indeed I have—by the lady in question. Not one of us here will attempt to contradict anything of that nature."

Such frankness and good humor were contagious. Something like a smile hovered upon the squire's lips, but his mind reverted to George Luce.

"That fellow," thought he, "is somehow at the bottom of all this."

It was impossible, however, to wholly resist Rudolph's manly surrender or the captain's conciliatory efforts.

"Believe me, squire," continued the young man. "As I have borne the brunt of all this match-making, I will also bear the unpleasant consequences. It shall not be my fault if any unpleasant rumors visit Miss Ethel's ears or your own."

The finger of love is sometimes more fateful than wise. In this case it seemed to point more persistently than ever in the wrong direction; that is, toward the North, as personified by young Luce.

But while the squire's dissatisfaction spent itself in captious murmurs, the captain intercepted a housemaid with a whispered command. Presently she reappeared with a tray, in which was a decanter of wine and some glasses. With the wine also reappeared the ladies.

"Come, squire," said Captain La Rue, filling the glasses. "Our sovereignty is slipping by; Young America rules since the war. Our own children have caught the infection; but if we submit to them it is under protest. Therefore, let us old fogies stick to each other the closer."

The squire joined them in a friendly bumper, and told Rudolph that he was, after all, too fine a fellow to lose for a son-in-law. Then he paid his adieu to the ladies and finally rode off, with an indistinct idea that the La Rues had been too many for him, after all.

CHAPTER XIII.
RUDOLPH AND ALICE.

The mellow autumn weather sharpened itself by night for the coming onslaught of winter. Over the marshes the water-fowl winged southward; the moccasin denned beneath his tussock, while the wind swept lustier and more northward.

The gray sky swooned and shivered, as if pregnant with, yet withholding, the dread secret of winter, while the ranged and yellow earth, surfeited with its summer gorge and revelry, stripped slowly for the coming combat, like a sleepy giant, gross and overfed, yet brave and lusty.

"Ah, what an autumn," thought Alice Metcalf, realizing the season's kindness as she had never done in her Rhode Island home.

Meanwhile George Luce went his ways. There was no further talk of going into partnership. Father and son, when together, endured each other's society with an aspect of mutual foredoom gently repressed.

The major had said nothing more to George about the latter's love affair or Miss Metcalf, but had, apparently, left him to choose for himself. Yet George understood that if he continued to disregard his father's wishes, he must shift for himself.

Young Luce's relations with Ethel were not very encouraging. Though relieved of any



"My son, I am proud of your industry, but it is not necessary for you to carry a sign of your trade in begrimed hands. I would as soon expect an undertaker to wear a crape necktie as for you to wear ten little half rings of iron dust and oil under your nails."

"But, mother, the soap at the shop roughens and cracks my hands."

"Then I will put a cake of Ivory Soap into the package with your overalls; wash with it as often as necessary. Your hands will be softer and easier to keep clean after you have used it awhile."

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CHAPTER XIV.
A SPECULATIVE PLUNGE.

fear of rivalry, yet it was tacitly understood that he was not—for a while, at least—to communicate with or see her clandestinely. There were no more furtively slipped notes nor stolen interviews. Take it altogether, he was fairly miserable, and was not sorry to be away a good deal of the time in Charleston upon business affairs of his own.

Meanwhile the squire nursed his wrath against the Luces, as the primary cause of his defeat at the hands of young La Rue. Reports also reached him that Rudolph and Miss Metcalf were occasionally to be seen together. One day he himself met them riding together alone, actually alone.

"There goes a fine representative of the old regime," said Rudolph, after the squire had passed them with a ceremonious bow. "Yet he neither forgives nor forgets. Father, now, is willing enough to make a show of forgetting if he sees a chance to make anything by so doing."

"Well," said Alice, drawing rein before a bunch of flaming smach, "I used to think dreadfully hard things of all of you when at home; but now I, too, am always forgetting."

She attempted to break off a branch, but Rudolph, springing down, gathered an armful of the crimson leaves and blossoms.

"I must say that if all the Yankees are like you," said he, "I should be more than willing to let by-gones be by-gones. I used to think the New England girls nothing if not prim, practical and prejudiced."

"I must confess," said she, "that I did detest everything southern, unless it was the climate and the negroes. One I had never felt, and the last I had only read of, and—such reading!"

Miss Metcalf suffered her really fine eyes to rest upon Rudolph in a peculiarly humorous way, as if quizzing him, while she continued, jocularly:

"I look in the almanac, and it should be winter; yet I am wearing a straw hat and carry a parasol. I find that you plasters, instead of being clad in fine raiment, with obsequious dinkies doing all the work for next to nothing—I find you up to your eyes in debt and responsibilities, while the negro is the only really independent creature in the land. He has no mule, one is furnished him; he has no food, it is provided; his crop fails, it is already taken up at the store on the planter's account, who has to take his chance of ever getting it back again. Winter comes on. Lo, he is found for another year upon the same happy-go-lucky principles. And so it goes on, the negro still afloat, the planter more hopelessly behind than ever."

"Oh, we usually get even with them somehow," returned Rudolph carelessly.

"Yes, when they leave you in debt and vote some sealawag into office. I fear you are not so sharp as we folks at the North think you are. You see, I have been looking around a little since I came."

"Well, and so have I," replied he, gazing at her admiringly. "My opinion is that you were born wrong. Your hirtplace should have been in Dixie; no one would take you for a New Englander."

"Neither would any one mistake you," laughed she. "Such hucolic simplicity as yours would hardly thrive in our town."

Apparently, the suspicions of Squire Courtney were not entirely unfounded. These two young people seemed to endure each other's society very well.

As Rudolph assisted Miss Metcalf to dismount at Major Luce's door, George watched them moodily from an upper window of the house.

"La Rue is a cursed lucky fellow," thought he. "He's more than welcome at Courtney Hall, where I hardly dare show my nose. And now here he is, at my father's house, laying siege to a thorough-going daughter of the Puritans. I believe Alice half likes him, too. Heigh-ho! Hang me if I can stand the sight! Ethel might as well be at the North pole, so far as I am concerned. Believe I'll go up to the city to-night."

It has been said that George Luce had several thousand dollars of his own by inheritance. This sum had begun to burn a very large-sized hole in his pocket.

Ordinarily, Major Luce would have handled it; but now, George's desire for independence being keener than ever, he was managing it himself. He haunted the cotton exchanges and dabbled in futures, options and the like. We all know what this is apt to lead to, but George thought differently. Advisers were not wanting when they saw such an amount of cash awaiting an improved mode of evaporation into thin air.

Among these was a crisp, lively broker named Tunstal, with a hawk-beak of a nose and an eye like a ferret. He worked a stool-pigeon or two on the street and about the bucket-shops, where novices most do congregate.

Tunstal made George's acquaintance, and one or two small deals under his auspices decided the young man. He made that alert gentleman a confidant of his financial hopes and schemes, or rather, lack of schemes.

This vacuum Mr. Tunstal filled up with a variety of glowing projects, all equally fascinating, yet all requiring a certain amount of ready lucre to set things going.

For a time the results—upon paper—were always gratifying, and George found himself growing hypothetically rich, although his cash supply was steadily diminishing.

But after a time Mr. Tunstal became less reassuring. Such a shifting of values he had not seen for years. The most astute calculations were being upset everywhere. He hinted mysteriously of large interests of his own hopelessly involved with George's small investments.

The poor boy, alternately hoping or despairing, hung helplessly about the broker's office until Mr. Tunstal assumed an injured air.

"Haven't I done the best I could all around?" he exclaimed. "D—n it all! If it hadn't been for my anxiety to help you out, would I have hung another cool five thousand of my own in to save yours? And now, because the market slumped and it's all gone, you want to jump on me. Come, now! Does Dick Tunstal make or break these values?"

"Well, no," urged George, in a complaining way; "but you said that by entering into certain combinations, certain good results might take place."

"Might take place. Well, I should smile; you are a daisy. I didn't say that stocks and cotton would or should go so and so; I said they might; then, again, they might not. Well, the might-nots won the toss, and I'm out more than you. There, what's the use of talking? Let's go and take something."

They drank, and Tunstal glared frigidly over the crushed ice in his glass at George. He seemed to be so coldly superior to all sense of responsibility that young Luce, before he was well aware of it, was walking toward the steamboat pier, sensible that of all his inheritance, only some three or four hundred dollars was the most he could now call his own.

The helplessness of his present situation was maddening, yet what could he do but return and live upon his father again? He leaned over the rails of the steamboat that was ploughing its way past the ruins of Fort Sumter, and thought of the time when he would have to confess his financial folly.

"I can hardly dare to marry Ethel now," thought he, despondently.

WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

[To be continued.]

Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Cures

Dyspepsia and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, through a newly discovered principle, cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, by its action upon the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2c. stamp. Address Box B.

Our Household.

THE SUM OF LIFE.

Nothing to do but work;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breath but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off.
Nowhere to stand but ou.

Nothing to comb but hair;
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears;
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs.
Ah, well! alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out;
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights;
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common seuse
Can ever withstand these woes.

-New York Journalist.

IN APRIL.

IT sometimes happens to the young as to the birds in April-time.

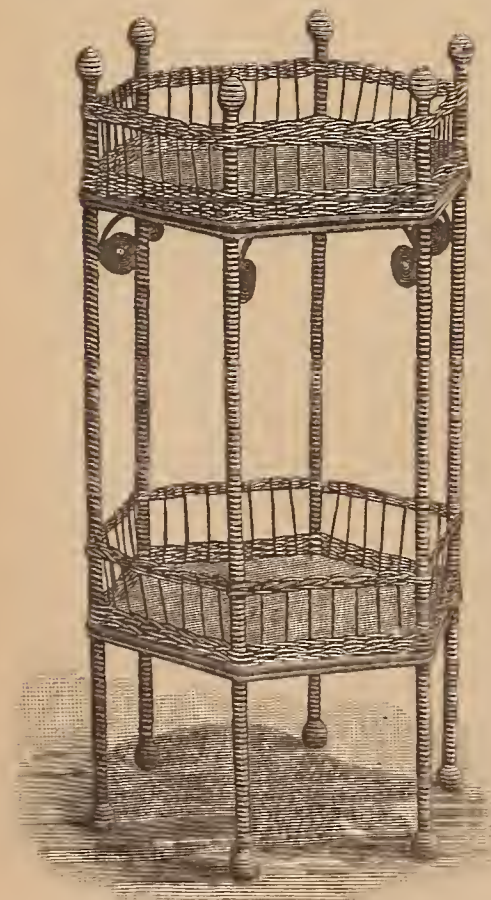
Before their success in life is fairly assured, the skies are suddenly overcast, cold winds shake them roughly, and a storm of sleet and ice sweeps past, cutting them to the very heart, and chilling every bright, warm hope of fruit and blossom.

The daughter of a poor clergyman in a little western town, wishing to make her own way in the world, went to Boston, where she secured a position as teacher. At the same time she began to study vocal music, for she cherished in her heart the hope of becoming a great singer.

One day her music-teacher, a faithful, conscientious woman, told Annie she could not encourage her to go any further. There was no promise in her voice.

Can you imagine how these words clasped the young girl's heart like ice? But somehow, she had the feeling, deep down within herself, that she could sing, and bending her whole mind and heart afresh to her work, she went on, determined to do her best.

Her teacher, seeing Annie's patience and courage, and willingness to work, became day by day more interested, and gave all the help that lay in her power. After awhile, to the joy of both, Annie's voice began to grow. She could render the most



SEWING-STAND.

difficult exercises with clear, round, brilliant tones, and at last—very slowly—came the warmth, glow and feeling, which are to the voice as color and perfume to the flower.

By working constantly and using the greatest economy Annie was able to study abroad. On her return, through the influence of her old teacher, she secured favorable engagements, and one night she appeared as a soloist at a symphony concert.

The audience, which had never heard of

this young singer, listened breathlessly till she had finished, then there came a storm of applause. The men in the orchestra, wild with excitement, threw down their instruments and applauded with the rest. She was recalled again and again. Her friends wept for very joy. That night Annie was assured of a great future—her young life had come to bloom. How sweet is success when it comes to the young, after patient striving and hard toil.

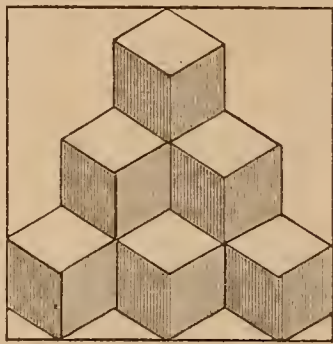
It sometimes happens that some bitter reproach or stinging injustice is itself the very means of working out the brightest happiness in life.

The story is told of a young Quakeress, who had grown up in comfort and ease, but sudden reverses swept away her father's fortune, and he died soon after, leaving the entire support of the family to fall upon her young shoulders.

Meeting her duty bravely, she secured a position as teacher in a public school; but her work was constantly embittered by the steady dislike of the principal.

As she had no money to buy new clothes, she had to make over and mend her old ones until the time came when she had but one decent dress. This she wore every day, but one night when she and her sister attempted to mend it, they found the cloth so worn it would not hold the needle; the task was hopeless.

What was to be done? There was no money to buy new cloth, and she must go to school the next morning. Looking over the remnants of her wardrobe left from happier days, she found a wrapper which



QUILT PATTERN.

with much planning she was able to cut over into a dress; and she and her sister sat up all night to make it.

The next morning, white and worn from her night's toil, she appeared with her pupils in the large hall, where the school gathered for its opening exercises. The principal, passing her by, gave her one look of scorn, and said in a whisper loud enough for all the pupils around to hear:

"How dare you come to school in such a dress?"

The young girl's face crimsoned as if she had been struck; but controlling her indignation, she arose and said in a clear, trembling voice:

"My dress is clean and whole, and I can do my work in it."

With this she fled to her own room, and dropping her head on her desk, gave way to a passion of tears.

On the following Saturday, a rich woman, who had never before paid this teacher the slightest attention, invited her to go out for a drive.

After the drive the lady took her home to tea, and introduced the young girl to her husband. During the evening they told her that their daughter, although not one of her own pupils, had overheard the cruel words of the principal, and filled with indignation, had repeated them to her parents.

These kind friends—for friends they proved to be—gave the brave young girl the advantage of a fine musical education, and she is now a successful voice teacher, doing a noble work, and earning thousands of dollars every year.

Young heart, lonely and helpless, overwhelmed for the first time with pain and disappointment, there is a thought that may enfold you as with the comforting wings of an angel this April-time.

He who cares for the humblest little wood-flower and unfolds its delicate petals in storm and rain, is just as tenderly mindful of you, and will just as surely bring your life to perfect bloom.

FRANCES BENNETT CALLAWAY.

TOBACCO USERS SMILE SOMETIMES

When told how tobacco hurts them; sometimes they don't, because shattered nerves, weak eyes, chronic catarrh, lost manhood tell the story. If you are a tobacco user, want to quit, post yourself about NO-TO-BAC, the wonderful, harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure, by sending for book titled, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed free. Druggists sell NO-TO-BAC.—Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 763, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

NOVELTIES.

After house cleaning, every housekeeper feels like making a new addition to some rooms to give the appearance of a change. I think if we would clear out more old things, sell, give them away or burn them, it would make our housekeeping easier during the rest of the year.

The illustration we give of a newspaper-rack is very useful and ornamental, and it is always better to have a proper place for newspapers, so that when one is wanted it can be found.

A very cozy addition to the sitting-room is an ornamental sewing-stand. Every mother knows how many stitches there are to be taken in a family, and how one can harvest the minutes if the article to be mended is at hand. Such things can be laid in the lower basket, and dropping down by it in a cozy rocking-chair, a rent in baby's dress or Johnny's coat can be repaired while resting. The only way to keep abreast with the necessary work of any family is to "harvest the minutes"—and if things are conveniently arranged, one can accomplish so much more.

These articles are made of cane and finished in cherry, or gold and white. The racks are \$1.75 and \$2, and the sewing-stands \$1.50 and \$2.50, according to the finish.

The novelties in bric-a-brac this year are very enticing. Where there are stores which make a specialty of such things the variety is bewildering. For the cost and durability of these things, it is often better to buy them ready made. I noticed such lovely painted bolting-cloth squares suitable for bottle-mats or cushion tops, for forty-eight cents. It would hardly pay to try to make them for that, for when they are badly soiled you can only burn them. Some very beautiful pieces of hand-painted china are offered for sale. It is about as cheap, too, to buy it as to try to do it yourself, and nothing makes a more delicate gift than something of this kind.

A very pretty device in silver was shown me—a small, silver band upon which a name could be engraved, and an arrangement to fasten it in a hat or cloak. It is called a hat-marker, and sells for a dollar.

The millinery stores open with a wilderness of purples, all shades. Hats are trimmed with three and four vivid colors, as green, brown and yellow on the same hat. The combinations were never prettier than this season, and Easter coming so early will give the milliners two seasons.

In looking through the put-away things, weed out all accumulations of years, piece up into quilts what you need, and get rid of the rest. There are things you would hate to have people handle after your death; destroy them now.

The quilt patterns we give may help you to get together a very pretty quilt. There are some mothers who like to preserve the children's dresses in this way. If the pieces are kept in a box by themselves, you will be surprised how soon a quilt will get itself together. L. L. C.

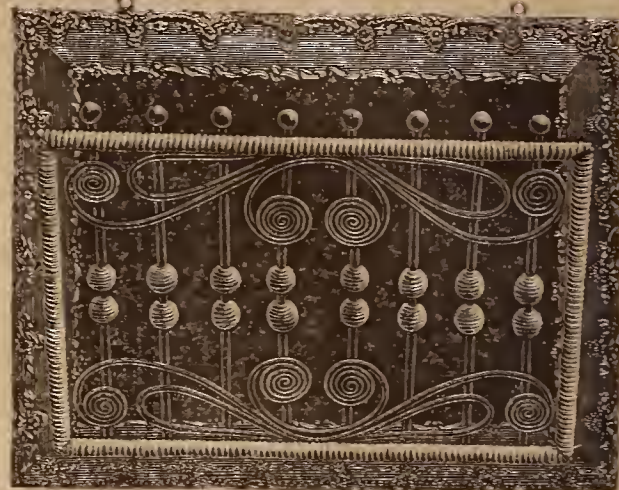
HOME TOPICS.

CORN-FRITTERS.—If you are tired of plain canned corn, try these corn-fritters. They are nice for breakfast, for lunch, or as a side dish for dinner, now when the variety of vegetables is small. To one can of corn add one teacupful of sweet milk, two eggs, a half teaspoonful of salt, and flour, prepared with baking-powder, enough to make a very stiff batter. Drop this batter by spoonfuls into boiling lard or drippings, and fry the same as doughnuts.

LEMON JELLY.—There was so little fruit last year that no doubt many housekeepers find their supply of canned fruit and jellies giving out. One can partly supply their place with custards, but when warm spring days come, the appetite craves acids. To supply this want use the following recipe: Soak one half box of gelatine in one cupful of cold water for an hour, or until it is dissolved. Add one cupful of sugar, stir it together and pour it into two cupfuls of boiling water, and then add the juice of three lemons. Have the boiling water in a vessel on the back of the stove; let it be boiling, but do not let it boil after the gelatine is put in. After adding the lemon juice, strain and pour into a mold, and put it in a cold place until ready to use.

CHANGING CLOTHING.—Many people, as soon as the first pleasant days of spring come, hasten to lay aside their warm win-

ter garments and put on much lighter ones. After they have made this change, nothing can persuade them to resume any of their warm clothing. If there comes, as there almost certainly will, a week at a time of cold, wet weather, they will shiver and grumble and sneeze, but they have put on spring clothing and they will not change. It is never safe to change suddenly from very warm to very thin clothing, but put on a medium weight between, and in our changeable climate it is best to take off and add clothing again as the temperature varies. Another mistake is to make the



NEWSPAPER-RACK.

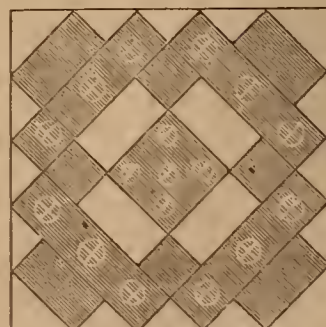
change on rising in the morning and shiver through the early morning hours, to be dressed for the heat of the middle of the day. Never change when heated by exertion, unless that exertion is to be continued immediately, and then one ought to put on an extra garment when sitting down after active exercise, until the body has cooled gradually.

Little children often suffer from the careless manner in which they are dressed. Maybe they have outgrown their winter clothing or it is worn out, and the mother thinks it is not worth while to make more when it is so near summer, but this is a mistake. There are days frequently during the summer when a light wool dress is needed, or at least a little wool jacket to slip on, an extra skirt and warm stockings. That dreaded disease, summer complaint, is often caused by cold feet and legs. It is a good plan to take the little one's flannel shirts, if well worn, cut off the tops and put broad linen or cotton shoulder-straps to them and keep them on all summer. Make them so that they will be little more than a band over the bowels.

The busy mother, because hard at work, does not feel the chill of the morning or evening air, and perhaps only finds the cool wind that accompanies a shower on a hot day refreshing; but baby will feel the chill, and if you neglect to guard him from it his life may pay the forfeit. Eternal vigilance is the mother's watchword; but no care, however great, is to her a "trouble," if by it she may guard the precious lives of her children or add to their comfort and happiness. MAIDA McL.

HOW TO GROW MUSHROOMS.

First, you must have a suitable place in which to grow them. That secured, the labor to a man or strong woman is not severe. If you have had no previous knowledge of the nature of hotbeds and the action of manure in fermentation, your task will be more difficult, as you will have everything to learn, but the material for hotbeds is so cheap, that if you fail several times in getting the proper conditions for



QUILT PATTERN.

spawning, your expense will not be great in anything but patience.

Mushrooms can be grown in close sheds in the early spring and autumn months, but grown thus, profitable results are precarious, as climatic changes are often quite severe through these months in some latitudes. If you have a clean-floored shed under which you can run a common brick flue capable of keeping the temperature of the bed up to sixty degrees, you have a mushroom-house ready to hand, with very few dollars' outlay. Trying to grow mush-

rooms without bottom heat to keep the temperature up to the required degree after the bed itself ceases to supply it, it is necessary to heap so much straw on top of the bed as to crush or misshape the growing buttons. Then, too, if a bed gets chilled and lifeless, your labor is wasted, and that, too, at the season of highest prices.

Many an one has concluded they could not grow mushrooms, when perhaps only a single condition of success is lacking. In nine cases out of ten, the failure to grow mushrooms arises from two causes. First, of spawning the bed while it is too hot, and second, a continued low temperature after the spawn has "taken" and before the mushroom has had time to perfect. A mushroom bed is not a thing "any child can run," but requires intelligent care and native common sense.

Where houses are erected for the especial growth of mushrooms, they are built and arranged the same as an ordinary greenhouse, with the exception that as mushrooms require darkness instead of light for their growth, they are not roofed with glass, but ordinary boards with the cracks stripped with narrow boards. The mushroom-house I shall describe is the cheapest sort. You may, after your success is assured, build as elaborate houses as you desire, with double walls, partially underground, steam heaters, brick or slate floors to the benches; but when you get that far along you will not want my advice, anyway. My effort is intended to arouse families and small growers to the gastronomical and pecuniary reward to be obtained from small outlay. Even if your first bed is a failure, the profit on a successful bed is so great as to cover the loss, many times over, of one failure.

Besides being roofed with boards, the mushroom-house differs from the greenhouse in having from two to four tiers of beds, or benches, as they are known in greenhouse parlance. Where land is very valuable, it is economical to build your house so that you have two benches; more, I think, is too hard to work among. A house fifty feet long and nine feet wide, with a double row of benches three feet wide on each side of the walk, will give you, not counting the bench across one end of the house, as much growing space as two fifty-foot houses where only one bench is used. The side wall must be carried up two feet for every tier of benches you expect to build. These benches must be very solid, to bear the weight of soil and stand the pounding of the beds into shape. The posts should be of locust or cedar boiled in oil. The bottom of the bench can be of heavy pine, as no matter what lumber is used, owing to the heat and moisture they decay rapidly, and require frequent renewal. On the front of the bed or bench nail a board an inch and a quarter thick and eight inches wide, to hold the dirt in.

A ventilator in the form of a shutter with very wide slats must be in either end

of the fire rests. From the fireplace the flue branch, going under the benches on each side of the house, uniting again in the chimney at the far end of the house. This fireplace and flue must be lined with fire-brick, but ordinary brick will do for the outer layer. An iron door, hung on staples fastened in the brick, guards the fireplace. This is the cheapest way of heating a small mushroom-house or greenhouse that I know, and you will find this same plan in operation at almost any small, local greenhouse you may visit.

A mushroom-house set several feet deep in the ground, with the excavated soil banked up about the exterior, double walls lined with heavy builder's paper, and roof heavily thatched with sods, straw or even fodder, would require fire only in severe weather. And if you find your first venture successful and an increasing demand for the product, would advise this style of house. Very often a bank or side hill can be used advantageously.

Let us hope that while the building is in preparation you have stacks of material on hand for your hotbeds. If you live near a livery stable, you can easily make arrangements to have all the manure saved under shelter; nothing but horse manure is used. It is not necessary that all the manure be fresh, but it must have been kept dry, and then mixed with fresh manure gives it all the life and heat necessary. When brought home let it lie in a heap under shelter until it begins to heat violently, when turn it all over and let it lay until the next day. In turning it over, if you come to places that appear dry and white, sprinkle it, or the intense heat will destroy the vitality. If very fresh, you may have to turn this manure the second or even third time before the heat is subdued enough to allow of mixing. If all the manure is fresh, you must mix more than a fourth of good, friable loam with it. Any good garden soil will do, but well-rotted sod is the ideal soil for mushrooms, for the mushroom of cultivation is simply the meadow mushroom, known to some people as pink-gill.

When the soil and manure are mixed, let remain over night in the spot where mixed. Next morning thrust a thermometer into the mass, and if the temperature instantly runs up to more than one hundred, turn it again, and by the next morning it will be ready to carry into the benches, where it must be pounded compactly with the back of the spade. Some growers think the harder a bed is pounded the longer it will bear, and there is some truth in the assertion, although it is not necessary to pound the bed with a mallet, as do some of the devotees of this theory.

There is no royal road to mushroom growing, more than anything else in this world, and nothing but dear experience and observation will help you much at this stage of the process. Mushroom beds must, like the great artist's paints, be mixed "with brains, sir." It is the easiest

thing in the world, once learned. Sometimes when the manure is very fresh, the beds will heat so terrifically after the pounding on the benches that it will have to be turned again; but if possible, have it right before putting on the benches, as it is both tiresome and awkward handling spade and fork in the house. Do not carry the soil out of doors, but turn it over on the benches, leave the ventilators open, and the next day pound down as before.

Have your spawn from a reliable dealer, and the best you can obtain, and when the temperature of the bed has lowered to between seventy, and seventy-five degrees, it is ready for spawning. There is a difference of opinion as to

the best method of inserting the spawn, some growers putting it in in lumps the size of a walnut, eight to ten inches apart; others crumbling it up and raking aside a few inches of soil, sow it broadcast. There is something to be said in favor of both ways, although I prefer the broadcast sowing. If you use the French spawn, which is exactly like the English, except that it is dried in loose flakes instead of being pressed into bricks, it is well to insert pieces as large as your hand in the bed edgewise, as in that way you get varying degrees of temperature. Where the brick spawn is inserted in lumps, the mushrooms have a tendency to

come up in thick clusters, so that it is difficult to extract the ripe mushrooms without seriously disturbing those half ripe and the tiny ones just showing. By broadcast sowing I find this trouble obviated.

In eight to ten days, sometimes longer, the spawn ought to show whether it is "taking" or not. This you can tell by lifting up a few inches of the top, or by running a dibble down in the ground. If growing, the mycelium will show in a network of white filaments. Whenever this condition appears, immediately earth the bed over with three or four inches of fine, rich soil, damp enough to be pressed firmly into shape with the back of a spade. The material from which mushroom beds are made is naturally so moist that but little watering is required, but when the bed is dry, water copiously with soft water heated to a temperature of eighty degrees, and

scalding, being careful, of course, not to harm the vital part of the bed. Wood-lice harbor chiefly in crevices along the edge. Watch their lairs and scald, then fill the cracks with dry soil.

Every summer, when the weather is hottest and the market price lowest, you must thoroughly clean by scraping, sweeping and whitewashing the whole interior of the house or houses. Every particle of soil must be taken out and the air and sunlight admitted until it is all dry and sweet. Neglect this, and some fine day you will find that mushrooms cease to grow, and they will never grow until the house goes through a thorough process of purifying. Miles of the mushroom caves of France lie fallow several years at a time, mushrooms refusing to grow until their insidious enemy has died out.

Right here I wish to say, never eat or offer for sale a mushroom the stem and cap of which is ragged or eaten full of holes; it has been attacked by worms, and must be destroyed.

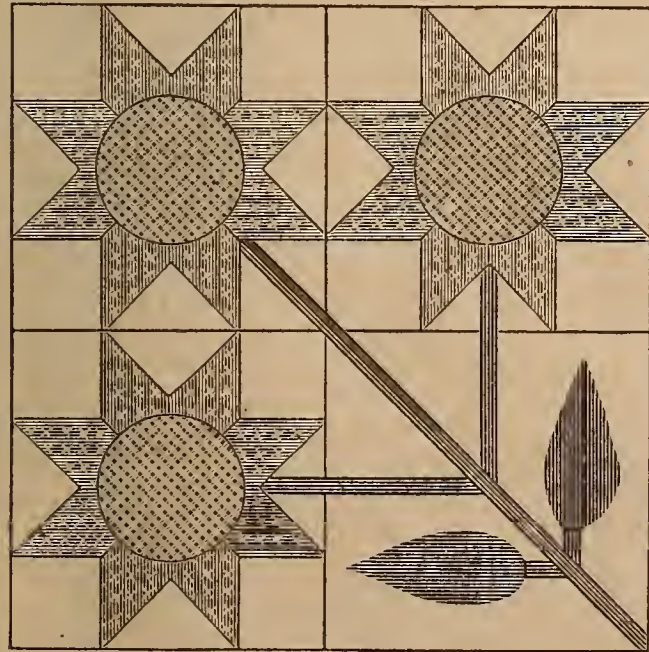
I have been asked a number of times what mushroom spawn is and how it is obtained. It is made by mixing one part each rich soil and cow manure to two parts of fresh horse droppings. This is thoroughly mixed, and either pressed into bricks or left in loose flakes to partially dry. Then a piece of virgin spawn as large as a hazelnut is placed in the middle of each brick and plastered over with the composition of which the bricks were made. When nearly dry, the bricks are piled loosely on a thin hotbed and covered with litter. The temperature is kept at sixty. They are examined frequently, and when the spawn shows like a white mold through them, they are removed to a cool, dry shed and kept till wanted. If the bricks are allowed to remain in the hotbed until the mycelium shows thread-like, it is too far advanced towards mushrooms to be useful as spawn. Hardly a barn-yard but has plenty of spawn, or virgin spawn, as this is called. In turning over a manure heap you will often find places that show the moldy conditions spoken of in the bricks; this is the desired spawn, and if large pieces of it are inserted under the sod of your yards or meadows, you can raise many fine messes of mushrooms.

Mushrooms can be grown in cellars very successfully and in many other ways, but to grow them profitably and certainly you must have the proper conditions. By having a man to do the heavy part of the work, there is no reason why women should not take this up as a business; after the beds are made, there is no work for weeks that a woman cannot do.

We import annually from France many thousand dollars' worth of mushrooms, or rather the half-developed buttons the French call mushrooms, and like any other half-ripe vegetable, lacking its full, fine flavor. There is no reason why all this money should not be kept at home to swell our own coffers, and mushroom culture as a business is being adopted by many with great enthusiasm, and each succeeding year will see more money invested in it.

China and Japan also export canned and dried mushrooms, but their market is India and the islands adjacent to Asia.

There are other methods of growing mushrooms founded on the principle shown above, all substantially the same, but the method I have given is the simplest and that adopted by the largest growers. JESSIE M. STEWART GOOD.



QUILT PATTERN.

of the house; have these ventilators turn on pivots, so that when desired, the ventilation may be of the freest. Also, in the roof have a few boards hinged at intervals of ten feet—not opposite each other, but hit and miss—so when the house needs cleaning, or when it may be empty in summer, these ventilators may be thrown open to the sunlight. A simple hasp and staple secures them on the under side.

At one end of the mushroom-house have a shed to work in and keep your material in. The flue must start from this shed. To get the proper elevation and draft, it is necessary to dig a hole about two feet deep, from which to start the platform on which

after the bed has been in bearing some time, add plenty of liquid manure to the water and it will give it new lease of life.

In six to eight weeks your bed ought to be dotted with the "pearl of the fields," and will keep you busy several hours each morning in cutting the mushrooms for market. Cut the mushroom with a stem at least one inch long, and lay in the tray or basket upside down, for the reason that much of the flavor of the mushroom is contained in the delicate spores held in the gills. These spores ripen soon after cutting, and drop out if left in their natural position. By pulling up stem and all you cannot avoid getting dirt in the gills, which will require washing out, and this process also carries the spores with the water. Cut the mushrooms first, and then go along and gently pull the stem and roots up and fill the cavity with fine, loose soil, of which a quantity must always be at hand.

As soon as the lower bench gets to bearing, fill the upper bench and proceed the same as with the lower one; and thus, by the double tier of benches you are enabled to keep up an indefinite succession of mushrooms.

Mice and wood-lice are natural enemies of mushrooms. The first you must poison or trap, and the last, you can kill many by

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Our Household.

CULINARY CALAMITIES.

At some time in her career they beset every housekeeper, from the little girl who, once upon a time, put butter in the gravy to make it thicker to the experienced cook who prided herself upon her culinary accomplishments, but who, nevertheless, succumbed to the inevitable when she had served to a particular guest her famous cherry pie, which, alas, was generously salted with would-be sugar!

By the way, a company of housekeepers met not long since, and each related some mistake of the hand, not the heart, which had made a visitation upon her household. One of them told of what a potion in the way of coffee she served to her family one morning.

"It was horrible stuff," she said, "and all the time I kept wondering what bad fate had had her finger in my coffee-pot. After breakfast I investigated and found that the contents comprised, in addition to the other ingredients, an old dish-rag, which my helpful five-year-old daughter confessed to have put there."

"That reminds me," said another, of a mistake I made. We like for supper chocolate thickened with corn-starch. One evening, as my husband had been out all day on a long, cold ride, I determined that the chocolate should be of extra quality. Never did the gods take greater pains to hrew their nectar than I did with that chocolate. On pouring it into the cups I remarked that it looked queer. "Taste it!" and a member of the family looked at me as though I had poured for him of the baneful cup of hemlock that sent poor Socrates to the grave. I tasted as I was bid, and, O ye gods and little fishes! nothing short of doing the same thing yourself could awaken your comprehension of the taste thereof. It wasn't bitter, it wasn't nauseating, it wasn't delicious by any means; it was utterly indefinable. I had used soda instead of corn-starch."

"Soda is a good thing in its place," said a sweet-faced old lady. "I remember that a friend of mine once used tartar emetic in her soda biscuits."

Then a young lady told how she used peppermint essence for lemon in a corn-starch pudding.

"One of the funniest mistakes that I made," confessed an old housekeeper, was

keeping, what a world of trouble they brought me! Even now I recall them with a painful remembrance. How I wished I might barter all I had learned of other things for some of the intricacies of the culinary art. Not a thing went on the stove to be cooked that I did not invoke the aid of Vesta, that household goddess whose mission it is to temper or increase the flames, that they may do the greatest good. Not a thing came off the stove but I asked myself, "Will it be eatable?" As often as a meal went on the table, so often did I wish I might run away to the Utopia where people did not eat to live. But I started to tell you of that pie-crust. I mixed the dough, then I kneaded it. Lack of energy should not be wanting, for this was to be a famous pie. So I industriously rolled it until it must have been like leather. Somewhere I had heard that

his race asserted themselves, and nail as well as tooth came to the rescue; he put his great paw upon it and pulled vigorously. I fled in dismay, and the thought that the poor fellow might not die encouraged me to try again."

"Yes, yes," quoth an old dame, "it's a fiery trial for any young housekeeper. She can never be too well equipped for the conflict; but after all, if she is earnest and perseveres, the crooked paths will be made straight, and in time she, too, may become famous with those who boast the title of a good cook. She must not be too easily discouraged."

"Browning says," spoke up the literary housekeeper,

"What I aspired to be and was not, comforts me.

'Tis not what man does that exalts him, But what man would do."

MARY D. SIBLEY.

THE IMPROVED DIVIDED SKIRT.

Miss Anne E. Tabor, a trained nurse of the Battle Creek sanitarium, has recently remodeled and greatly improved the always popular divided skirt, and has thus rendered it a still more convenient and comfortable garment. A cut showing ordinary proportions, and a description of its many excellencies, are given herewith.

In this style of divided skirt, the waist, yoke and skirt are united in one garment, and the divide does not show even through the thinnest of dress fabrics. The waist has six seams and two darts, and is allowed to run down over the hips, thus giving a better form and also reducing the weight of the garment. The skirt is simply straight breadths, and in order to hang well must have five widths of goods that is one yard wide. It is in two parts, the upper portion of each being shaped like drawers, and as short in the body as can be worn with comfort, for if cut too long here the skirt has a tendency to wrap about the limbs. Leave the skirt open down the front only so far as is necessary for convenience in getting on and off. The inner side of the leg must be about one and one half inches longer than the outer, to make it hang properly. The divide is hidden in this way: When the skirt is sewed on the yoke, there are three inches left out on each side of the front and back; this is folded back on the inside, and being gathered a little, is caught to the yoke with the

rest. Thus two folds meet in front and two in the back, and being gathered quite full, they hang closely together, while the inside of the leg fits exactly like a pair of drawers. An ordinary stocking-supporter with two attachments at the top will fasten to the waist of the skirt at the first dart, and the second seam. Six and one half yards of thirty-six-inch goods makes this garment for an adult.

This convenient garment answers the purpose of waist, skirt and drawers, and when made of woolen material and worn over a union suit, is warm and comfortable

for winter, and when made of summer skirting and worn over gauze underwear, it is correspondingly light and cool in the summer season.

To those who have been in the habit of wearing the old-style divided skirt, we feel sure that the improvements named will commend themselves as comfortable, hygienic and economical.—*Home Culture.*

FERN-LEAF LACE.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch means chain or chains; st, stitch or stitches; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; tr, treble or trebles; * or **, repeat.

Make a chain of 70 stitches and turn.

First row—1 d c in twelfth st of ch, ch 7, miss 4, 1 d c in next st, * ch 3, miss 4, 1 leaf (4 tr, ch 1, 1 d c) in next st; (ch 7, miss 4, 1 d c in next st) twice; ch 13, miss 8, 1 d c in next st; repeat from * twice; ch 7, 1 d c in last st of foundation ch, ch 4; turn.

Second row—1 tr, ch 1, nine times, under first 3 st and 1 tr in fourth st of 7 ch, ch 4, * 1 s c in fourth st of 13 ch, ch 5, 1 s c in tenth st of 13 ch; ch 7, 1 s c in fourth st of next loop (of 7 ch); ch 3, 1 leaf in fourth st of next loop; ch 7, 1 s c in third st of leaf; ch 7, repeat from * twice; 1 s c in next loop; ch 15; turn.

Third row—1 s c in twelfth st of ch; ch 7, * 1 s c in fourth st of next loop; ch 3, 1 leaf in fourth st of next loop; ch 7, 1 s c in third st of leaf; ch 7, 1 s c in fourth st of next loop; ch 13, miss the 5 ch and 1 s c each side of 5 ch. Repeat from * twice, 1 s c in next loop, **. The last s c will be in the fourth st of 4 ch (ch 7, miss 2 tr, 1 d c under ch 1). Repeat this till you have 5 loops; turu.

Fourth row—* ch 7, 1 s c in fourth st of 7 ch; repeat from * five times, ch 7; repeat second row from first *.

Fifth row—Repeat third row to **; ch 7 and 1 leaf in fourth st of each loop of 7 ch (5 leaves); turn.

Sixth row—* ch 7, 1 s c in third st of leaf; ch 3, 1 leaf in fourth st of 7 ch; repeat from * five times; ch 7. Repeat second row from first *.

Seventh row—Repeat third row to **; * ch 7, 1 s c in third st of leaf; ch 3, 1 leaf in fourth st of 7 ch; repeat from * five times; turn.

Eighth row—Repeat same as the sixth row.

Ninth row—Repeat third row to **; * ch 7, 1 s c in third st of leaf; ch 7, 1 s c in fourth st of 7 ch; repeat from * five times; turu.

Tenth row—* ch 7, 1 s c in fourth st of 7 ch; repeat from * ten times; ch 7. Repeat second row from first *.

Eleventh row—Repeat third row to **; ch 9 and 1 s c in fourth st of each loop (ten loops of 9 ch); turn.

Twelfth row—* 1 shell (3 tr, ch 5, 1 s c in first st of 5 ch, 3 tr) in s c between loops of 9 ch; 1 d c in fifth st of 9 ch; repeat from * ten times; ch 7. Repeat second row from first *.

Thirteenth row—To join one scallop to another, repeat third row to **; ch 7, 1 s c in picot of first shell, ch 4; turn. Repeat from second row for the length required. At the end of third row, ch 3, 1 d c in d c between first and second shells. At the end of fifth row, ch 3, 1 s c in picot of second shell. At the end of seventh row, ch 3, 1 tr in d c between second and third shells. At the end of ninth row, ch 3, 1 s c in picot of third shell. At the end of eleventh row, ch 4, 1 d c in picot of fourth shell.

FOR THE HEADING.

First row—1 d c in sixth st of ch at end of loop, ch 5; repeat.

Second row—1 tr in d c, ch 1, miss 1, 1 tr. Repeat for length. ELLA McCOWEN.

SALT FISH.

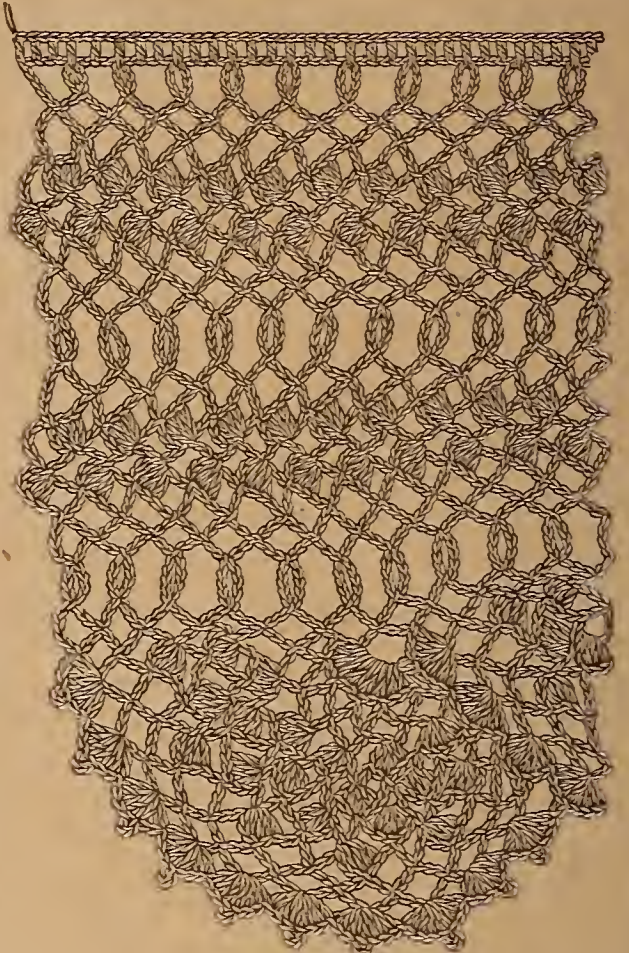
To the country housekeepers remote from city markets, and many times even the village grocery, spring is a very trying season to serve her table with variety. In such emergencies salt fish will be found very useful, as it has the merit of being cheap and keeping well through all weather and seasons; but if always served in the same way is soon left on the table without being eaten.

Mackerel can be bought by the barrel,

codfish, herrings and other dried fish by the quantity, and if prepared by the following recipes, will furnish variety for the breakfast, dinner and tea table until the garden begins to grow and the spring chickens are in season.

BROILED MACKEREL.—Wash and scrape mackerel from the inside, and soak in cold water over night. In the morning, wash in fresh water and wipe dry. Rub with melted butter, dredge lightly with pepper, lay on a greased broiler, and broil the flesh side down; turn until done, take up, lay on a hot dish and spread with butter. Garnish with cross.

FRIED MACKEREL.—Soak as for broiling, cut in two, dip first in beaten egg, then in grated cracker and fry in boiling fat; take



FERN-LEAF LACE.

up, dredge with pepper, lay on a hot dish, and serve with tomato sauce.

BOILED MACKEREL.—Put in a shallow saucepan, pour over boiling water, and set on the fire for ten minutes; drain, take up carefully on a heated dish, and serve with maitre d' hotel sauce.

MACKEREL A LA FLAMANDE.—Take large, fat mackerel. Butter the bottom of a baking-pan, sprinkle with finely-chopped onion and cayenne, lay the fish on top, brush over with the yolk of an egg, and sprinkle with more chopped onion, minced parsley, cayenne and hits of butter, squeeze over the juice of a lemon, and set in the stove to bake. Serve on a heated dish with Bechamel sauce, and garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

MACKEREL SALAD.—Boil two large, salt mackerel for twenty minutes, drain and let cool; remove the skin and bone, and pick the flesh in pieces, put in a salad-bowl, with the leaves from a head of lettuce, pour over a plain salad dressing, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

BOILED CODFISH.—Wash with cold water, put in a pan and cover with fresh, cold water, let soak over night. In the morning, wash, put in a kettle, cover with water, set over the fire and bring to a boil; let stand over a moderate fire for four hours. Take up and serve with drawn butter.

STEWED CODFISH.—Pick a pint of codfish in pieces, cover with cold water and soak two hours. Pare and cut up three potatoes, put them in a saucepan and cover with boiling water, and cook until tender; drain, add a quart of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of stale bread crumbs. Drain the fish and scald it, add to the milk, let boil up once, season with salt and pepper and serve.

CREAMED CODFISH.—Take two cupfuls of pickled codfish and soak in cold water two hours; drain, cover with warm water and stand on the back of the stove where it will keep very hot for one hour. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, let melt and mix in two tablespoonfuls of flour, thin with a cupful of sweet milk; drain the fish and add with salt and pepper. Take from the fire, and beat in the yolk of an egg and serve hot.

CODFISH BALLS.—Pick a pound of codfish into pieces, soak in cold water half an hour; drain and pour over boiling water to cover, and cook for fifteen minutes. Drain and mix with a pint of mashed potatoes, half a cupful of milk, a little salt and pepper. Form into balls, roll first in beaten eggs and then in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat.

HERRING SANDWICHES.—Take smoked herrings, remove the skin and fins; split the fish in two and remove as much of the bone as possible; cut the halves in square pieces and squeeze a little lemon juice over; let stand half an hour. Butter slices of bread, arrange the fish on them, add a drop of French mustard to each, cover with a top slice and serve on a bed of fresh lettuce leaves. ELIZA R. PARKER.



THE IMPROVED DIVIDED SKIRT.

in making a pie. I determined to have a pumpkin pie—just such a one as one reads of in Thanksgiving stories. For aught I know, it might have been a delicious pie, if I had known enough to cook the pumpkin instead of putting in the raw slices."

"There," laughed another, "if the crust of your pie could have been put with the filling of mine, we together might have done credit to the profession. My pie, like yours, was pumpkin. It was made during those early, ignorant days of my house-keeping. Those first few weeks of house-

PEELING AN ORANGE.

It is said that a small instrument has been invented by which an orange may be neatly peeled without soiling the hands. This good result can be readily obtained without anything special if one only knows how. The fibers of plants, including the fibers of oranges, all fork from the bottom upwards, and it is the attempt to split anything against the grain which makes splitting difficult. If one wants to peel an orange without soiling the hands, all that is necessary to be done is to cut with a knife a very small circle around the stem end, and then mark dividing lines from the stem to the summit at points on the surface of the orange. The skin can then be drawn off just as easily as one may draw a finger from a glove. This suggestion may not only apply to the peeling of an orange, but also in the splitting of a stick. Those who make hoops for barrels split the hoop in order to make them, but they do not commence with the top or slender portion of the pole and split downwards. They could not do this; but by taking the thicker end and working from the thick to the thin, no trouble is found—the pole splits easily.—*Mechanics Monthly.*

SPECIALTIES.

It seems possible nowadays to buy almost any service of knowledge in almost any department of life. It is an age of "specialties" and "trained" functions. The woman who found a dozen years ago that her skill in making a certain pudding could be utilized to buy bread for her family when misfortune came, was the pioneer of a long line of specific workers, chiefly women, many of whom have found fame and fortune. There are professional movers and house-cleaners; brie-a-brac dusters and gray hair pullers' vocabulary of small talk can be secured for dollars, and the art of conversation is on sale; whilst teachers are a late entry into the field of "particulars," and a professional glove-mender does not exactly cry her trade through the streets like the umbrella-mender, but she may be had for the asking and the paying. As says Carlyle: "Blessed is he (and she) who hath found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it."—*Detroit Journal.*

CULTIVATE REFINEMENT.

Do not draw into your shell. So much is to be gained by contact with the outside world. The influence of the social current has the same effect upon human nature as that produced by the constant friction of the sea upon the pebbles on the beach. Rough corners are polished and sharp angles smoothed down into symmetrical proportions. But it is not enough to be simply in the swim. One must, to be happy, cultivate that society which elevates and ennobles. Seek relaxation for mind and body among a set of people who hold broad views of living. Narrow-minded men and women, and the world is full of them, will only give you distorted ideas of life—ideas that will change the sunniest and most healthful disposition into one morose, churlish and ill-natured. Be careful, then, whom you choose for your companions.

THE COLD BATH.

The cold bath is going out of favor. There was, indeed, an element of humbug in the noisy enjoyment of the man who in the dead of winter broke thin ice to gain ablution. The ghastly smile and the chattering of teeth gave the lie to his protestations of delight. The Japanese, whose civilization may well excite envy, shun cold water as neither refreshing nor cleansing. The poorest inhabitant has a fire of charcoal lighted under a movable tub. And just as hot tea in summer is more cooling than the iced drink, so is hot water to be preferred to cold; nor need the advocate of this principle be necessarily a disciple of Hahnemann.—*Boston Journal.*

HOME-MADE ICE-CREAM.

Anybody can make his own ice-cream in five minutes, and for an expenditure of two or three cents, says a correspondent. If the preparation desired to be frozen is placed in a tin bucket or other receptacle it can be readily congealed by putting it in a pail containing a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this throw a handful of common Glauber salts, and the resulting cold is so great that a bottle of wine immersed in the mixture will be frozen solid in a few minutes, and ice-cream or ices may be quickly and easily prepared.

SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS AND RESTORATION OF PHILANDER HYDE.

HE SUFFERS INTENSE AGONY

HELPLESS AND BED-RIDDEN, AND LONGS FOR DEATH—HIS RECOVERY FROM THIS PITIFUL CONDITION—A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

(From the Syracuse Standard.)

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the *Standard* the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the *Albany Journal*, the *Detroit News*, *Albany Express* and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical scientists, but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home with the verdict that there was no hope for him, and that only death could intervene to relieve his sufferings. When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced, it is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of the *Standard*:

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 25, 1892.

Five weeks ago father, Philander Hyde, was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father longed for death as being the only certain relief from his sufferings. One day he saw in the *Albany Journal* an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father, with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefited and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent \$2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance, and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around out of doors. He has a good, hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terribly has left him. He has no more creeping chills, and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis, and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed, they have done wonders, yes, even a miracle for him. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and the *Standard* determined to place the facts, if correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded, to let the public know it. With this end in view a reporter was sent to Solsville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solsville, and on Tuesday, August 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde and learned from him and from his relatives and neighbors and friends the whole story of his sickness and his terrible suffering, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solsville is a post-office village in Madison county, N. Y., about thirty miles from Utica, on the line of the New York, Ontario & Western railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching Solsville the reporter inquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde and where he lived,

and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson.

"Yes," said he, "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that white house over there on the side hill; that's him sitting on the piazza."

When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said:

"That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it."

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who were playing about the piazza) are my twins, and this is my father, Philander Hyde."

Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting-room, and taking a seat, said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objection to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows:

"My name is Philander Hyde. I am nearly 70 years old—will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his home, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and the stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip-joints, and to the bowels and stomach, and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor-oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my back-bone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours, and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"While in this condition I was treated by a number of prominent physicians. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"On the 24th of February last," said Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, "we had him brought to our home. He had to be carried all the way in a bed. He was so helpless and such a sufferer the doctors gave him up. They said he had locomotor ataxia and that he could not be cured. They stopped giving him medicine and said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whisky a day for three months and morphine in great quantities.

"It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the *Albany Journal* the story of the miraculous cure of a Mr. Quant, in Galway, Saratoga county, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We hadn't much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, in Schenectady, and got six boxes of the pills. We read the directions carefully, and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the Pills he could get out of bed and walk without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite." And then, after a pause, "But, ah me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days, and cannot hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solsville confirm the ac-

counts of the sickness of Mr. Hyde and of his most remarkable recovery, and a number of others, for various ailments, are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them, with satisfactory effects, for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using the Pills, with much benefit, for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these Pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

WHENCE THE WHISKS?

Whisks, or wisks, a word originally applied to a light dust-brush made of feathers or very light twigs, is of very ancient date, being derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wisch*, a word used to designate a similar contrivance. A feather whisk made of a dried goose wing was called in those days a *fleder-wisch*.

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE GOLDEN SCEPTER.

"The King held out to Esther the golden scepter that was in his hand. So Esther drew near and touched the top of the scepter." Esther 5:2.

The King holds out the golden scepter; And this its language seems to be: "Fear not! My hand has royal power, And I will use that power for thee!"

She rightly understands its meaning, And with a beating heart draws nigh. "Queen Esther, what is thy petition? Fear not! it cannot rise too high."

Encouraged thus, her sad heart's burden She wholly casts upon her Lord; The multitude of thoughts within her Before that throne of grace are poured.

Come, Bride of Christ, her footsteps follow! Jesus himself is on the throne, His scepter graciously extendeth, And bids thee call his power thine own.

Then touch the scepter night and morning, And many times throughout the day; He loves thee, and he cares to listen To everything thou hast to say.

Is there a thought thou hast not uttered To any friend beneath the sun— A thought that cannot find expression, A thought that seems but just begun?

Oh, go and tell it all to Jesus! Jesus is sure to understand! Pour out thy burdened heart before him, And touch the scepter with thy hand.

Be not afraid, and be not slothful, For he hath said, "Seek ye my face;" Draw near, and every time draw nearer; "Come boldly to the throne of grace!"

The Watchword.

HAGAR WORE EAR-RINGS.

ACCORDING to the Moslem creed, says an exchange, the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings is attributed to the following curious legend:

Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar, that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain.

At length, however, she relented and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection, she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of ear-rings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself.

BY THEIR FRUITS.

True religion teaches us to live in the faithful discharge of duty. A religion without fruits is no religion at all. A discharge of the duties that we owe to man, self and God are the fruits of true religion. Paul and James each had correct views of faith. Although they seem to differ, the difference is only seeming. Paul had just as high an appreciation of works as James, and James esteemed faith just as highly as Paul did. It is unfortunate that many persons seem to be content—indeed, they are content—with a faith that is not faith in the true sense; and it is this kind of faith, in contrast with works, that St. James discounts. He says that "faith without works is dead," and he means just what he says. In this Paul agrees with him. When Paul said, "Without faith it is impossible to please God," he was speaking of that faith which is the gift of God; when James said, "Faith without works is dead," he had reference to assent.—Christian Advocate.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

We need to-day more men and women who can say with John, "We know." A positive Christianity belonged to the apostolic times. The religion of Jesus Christ made progress because the early Christians believed it and lived it. No countenance was given to a limping, halting, hesitating order of faith. God's truth was to them an accepted faith. They knew by personal experience its worth and power. So those who can say, "We know what we believe, and have in our hearts and lives the evidence that God exists, that the Bible is true, that the gospel is no myth, that Christ is an actual Savior, and that the holy spirit is a transforming power," are the vitalizing,

moving and telling forces in the church and community.

Those who speak with an "if," who deal in suppositions and qualifications, and who are uncertain in their beliefs and experiences, are mere negative agents, who bring religion into disrepute.

Our age, for its religious regeneration and noblest realization, demands not the agnostic who says, "We don't know," but the Christian positivists who declare, "We know."

WHO?

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" Who? A significant question. Number the agnostic forces of the universe, and they are lighter than the dust of the balance against the one infinite, eternal God. History tells us that when Antigonus was ready to engage in a sea fight with Ptolemy's armada, and the pilot cried out, "How many more they are than we!" the courageous king replied, "'Tis true, if you count their numbers. But for how many do you value me?" Our God is sufficient against all the combined forces of earth. We are, therefore, commanded to cast our care on him, for "he careth for us."

What, then, are you troubled about, O ye fearful saints? Look not at the numberless hosts encompassing you, but at the infinite and eternal God. Look at him—at him only!

We need to come to the place in which the disciples were on the mount, when, amid the overshadowing glory of their Lord's transfiguration, "they saw no man save Jesus only." He is to fill the whole compass of our vision; "the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." We must count on his infinite and exhaustless resources. And if difficulties tower up before us like a mountain, let us stand in the confidence which his presence inspires.—Christian Standard.

WHERE "AMEN" FAILS.

An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer-meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls."

"Amen," was responded by many voices.

"Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies."

"Amen" was responded with as much warmth as ever.

"Lord, help us to trust thee with our money."

But to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming.

Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardor at once and seals their lips? We often hear men talk of the "peace of God in the heart," and to the phrase we raise no objection; but it has often occurred to us that if the "peace of God" could only get in some people's pockets it would be a blessed thing.—Christian Giver.

WAIT.

Do not expect immediate results. Immediate results are not worth working for. History is long, and it is slow; but the clock keeps ticking, and the brook keeps flowing. Do something, and do it in a straight line; if you do not last to finish it, God will top it out or get somebody to do it. Very likely your own inspired lips and inspiring activity will be just the influence that will create the discipleship that will take up the work when, at death, you lay it down, and carry toward completion the enterprise which you inaugurated; something as the quickening spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ endowed the twelve with the power and wisdom to complete what their ascended Lord but begun.—C. H. Parkhurst.

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls upon the heart, when all the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries true friendship. They who run from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend that loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated and that his love was not thrown away.

THE COMING MAN.

"Will the coming man ever come?" inquired the New York Mail years ago. The "coming man" of the first four thousand years has come, and he is still the coming man who eighteen hundred years ago said, "Behold, I come quickly." Are we "looking for and hasting unto the coming" of the coming man?—Evangelical Messenger.

Protect Against Cold.

Hot houses are a prolific source of colds. The way to avoid the danger is to secure some efficient protection for the more sensitive parts of the body when one goes out into the cold air.

Allcock's Porous Plasters supply this need exactly. They protect the skin, which becomes weakened by excessive heat. They also strengthen it by keeping the pores open and thus assist Nature to overcome the congestion which so often attends exposure. As a result the skin is kept in a perfectly healthy condition and is enabled to perform its necessary functions in a normal way.

This, remember, is not true of all plasters. If you would be certain as to the results, you must make sure and get the genuine

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Advertisement for Martha Washington Cook Book, featuring an illustration of the book. Text: THE CELEBRATED Martha Washington Cook Book FREE For 10 Cents in Stamps SENT POSTPAID Fully Illustrated. 12 mo. 320 Pages.

The largest and best Cook Book ever published. Portrait of Martha Washington on outside. A perfect index by which reference may be instantly made to any recipe or cooking in all its departments. It contains also a medical department which is invaluable. Toilet recipes. A complete department devoted to personal dress and etiquette. Advice to mothers and daughters, as well as to young men. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, whose dining-car service between Cincinnati and Chicago is famous for the superb cooking and excellency of the menu, have published a special edition of this Cook Book, which will be sent free, to any address, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address, E. O. McCormick, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., H. & D. R. R. Cincinnati, O.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large fish. Text: Easily Taken Up Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

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Selections.

A TURKEY'S CURIOSITY.

HAT mental instinct which searches and inquires is one of the most useful human motives. It is only when it shows itself in impertinent prying, or a habit of peeping and meddling in matters forbidden or dangerous, that this trait of nature becomes a fault. We call it "curiosity" then, though to confine that ignoble meaning to it is more than the word deserves.

Mr. J. M. Richardson, in the Church Union, suggests that curiosity is, more frequently than we think, the means of leading both men and beasts into the jaws of death, and may largely explain the power of serpents and other destroyers to "charm" their victims. He illustrates this by the following story of "The Panther and the Wild Turkey."

We were talking in Henderson, Rusk county, Texas, one day, of wild animals, reptiles, hunting, snake-charming, etc. when Mr. J. G. Watkins, who was present, spoke up and said:

"My father, a Presbyterian preacher, was one of the first settlers of Rusk. He moved from Tennessee, and was soon joined by several of his younger brothers. Among my uncles was one very fond of hunting, and he told me that one day while riding along a cow trail, near the site of Henderson, his attention was attracted by the cries and singular movements of a wild turkey.

"He had heard all his life that snakes could and did charm birds and small animals, and he supposed that he was about to witness something of the kind. He stopped, therefore, to look, so that he could say that he, with his own eyes, had seen what he had often heard of.

"The charmer, whatever it was, was evidently up a tree, as he soon discovered from the actions of the bird. My uncle began then to examine the trees for the snake. The movement of the turkey aided him in the search, and he soon discovered a waving body, glaucing in the sunlight, as it moved to and fro from the nearly horizontal trunk of a leaning tree. He had now found, as he supposed, the charmer—a monstrous snake. Changing his position so as to get a better view of the reptile, he was surprised to discover that the moving object was the tail—not of a snake, but of a huge panther, whose body was flattened out and lying prone upon the trunk of the tree!

"It was curiosity, and not the fascination of a basilisk, that was drawing the turkey to its death.

"My uncle was not prepared, or not in the mood, to encounter the beast, and so he went on, leaving the turkey to its fate.

"Neither beast nor bird had paid the least attention to him; or had not, perhaps, observed him."

The poor turkey had simply stood and looked too long—as too many foolish human beings do in the presence of glittering danger. Temptation never destroys those who crush it at once, or get out of its way.

SELECTING A CHILD'S LIBRARY.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, in an interesting letter to Woman's Journal, tells of his selection of a library for three little folks at the West. We copy the list for the benefit of any of our readers whose little folks agree with some we know who have "about concluded that books are about the best Christmas presents 'Sauts' leaves."

LIST OF BOOKS.

Snow-bound, illustrated; Whittier. Life of Longfellow; Kenedy. A Summer in the Azores; Baker. Among the Isles of Shoals; Celia Thaxter. The Boys of '76; Coffin. The Boys of '61; Coffin. The Story of Our Country; Richardson. Book of American Explorers; Higginson. Sir Walter Raleigh; Towle. Child's History of England; Dickens. Tales from Shakespeare; Lamb. Tales from Homer; Church. The Wonder-book, illustrated; Hawthorne. Young Folks' Book of Poetry; Campbell. Poetry for Children; Eliot. Bits of Talk About Home Matters; H. H. The Seven Little Sisters; Andrews. Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates; Dodge. Room for One More; Mary T. Higginson. King Arthur, for boys; Lanier. Doings of the Bodly Family; Scudder. Mother-play and Nursery Rhymes. Children's Robinson Crusoe. The-Four-footed Lovers. Mammy Tittleback and Her Family; H. H. The Little Prudy Books; six volumes.

It would have been easy to add to this list or to modify it. I think, on mature re-

lection, that were the thing to be done over again, the list would be nearly the same. Most of the books here named are among what may be regarded as children's classics. Homer and Shakespeare and King Arthur and Robinson Crusoe, for instance—all these are immortal, and they have been most successfully rendered for the young. "Little Women" would certainly have been included, had it not been assumed, perhaps mistakenly, that no household was without it. Mrs. Diaz's "William Henry" should have been included, and Mrs. Woolsey's "What Katy Did." The list, as it stands, was purchased at a discount varying from one third to one fifth from the retail prices, so that the whole thirty-one volumes, including twenty-six separate books, cost just \$30. This included several large books, as those of Mrs. Richardson and Mr. Coffin, which brought up the average. All of the books were new and nicely bound, and many of them profusely illustrated.

It would be a violation of private confidence to follow the books to the Indiana farm-house; I can only hint how the children danced about and rolled on the floor with delight and sent the most amazing messages to grandpapa; and how the clerical father declared that there was absolutely "no trash" in the collection, and the prudent mother discovered them to be "admirably suited to the children." On the whole, though I should not want to go largely into the business of selecting small libraries for remote families of unsee children, yet I am well pleased to have had a part, however secondary, in putting this invoice of sunshine into a far-off home; and it may be that the list of books will give useful hints to somebody else.

INDIAN JUGGLERY.

A man is now in Calcutta, hailing from Delhi, of the name of Burah Khan, who has attained a simply wonderful excellence in the magical art. We ourselves had the pleasure of witnessing some astonishing feats achieved by this man a short time ago at the hospitable residence of the Dutt family, of Wellington square. We shall mention only one out of several feats performed by Burah Khan and his company, which consists of three females. One of these, a young woman, was tied most securely. Her hands, feet and body were so fastened that she could only stir, and no more. She was, in fact, deprived entirely of the power to turn her limbs to any use. She was then placed under a conical-shaped cover. People sat close around the skirts of the cloth which had been thrown over the cover. No means of escape was left to the young woman. But yet, after the lapse of five or ten minutes the cover was removed and the woman was found to have disappeared altogether. When her name, however, was called out by Burah Khan, her voice was heard from the veranda above. This performance took place in the compound of the family residence of our friends, the Dutt, and the veranda is in the lofty second story, forming a part of the female apartments. She was there found responding to the call of Burah Khan, to the surprise of everybody present. The woman did not and could not know the topography of the house. But how she extricated herself and made her way high above to the veranda from within the cover, surprises us to such a degree that we cannot account for the feat on any natural grounds. Even if she were furnished with wings, it is inexplicable how she got out of the cover, unsee and unperceived, except on the supposition that some supernatural agency had been employed. But she herself asserted that she worked the feat by *ilum*. We are sure that if Burah Khan gives a few performances at the town hall in Calcutta, he will draw bumper houses, and astonish the whole Calcutta public, especially the European community. But these people do not, unfortunately, know how to make money, still less how to make themselves acceptable to the European community of the city. Burah Khan holds very valuable certificates from the Prince of Wales, Earl de Grey, the editor of *The Pioneer*, and many European noblemen and gentlemen who have witnessed his feats in different parts of India.

The silk hat did not come in until 1803. It was the invention of an Englishman named John Wilson, residing at Bordeaux, in France. Wilson did not succeed in bringing out this new style of hat until the Paris exhibition of 1823. Since that time this favorite article of head-gear has undergone a great variety of changes.

"Much for Little" Halcyon Pills, 165 Broadway, N. Y. 25c. prepaid.

You Dye in 30 minutes Turkey red on cotton that won't freeze, boil or wash out. No other will do it. Package to color 2 lbs., by mail, 10 cts.; 6, any color—for wool or cotton, 40c. Big pay Agents. Write quick. Mention this paper. FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.

GOVERNOR CHASE, OF INDIANA, SAYS:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 22, 1892. } MESSRS. RAMEY & CO., Gentlemen:—I have used your Mediator with entire satisfaction for colds and slight catarrhal trouble. When used according to directions its effect is immediate and a cure seems certain. I shall not travel without it. Very respectfully yours, IRA J. CHASE.

We guarantee that our Mediator and accompanying treatment will cure catarrh and all head and throat troubles. Instrument and four month's treatment \$2.00. Send for testimonials. Agents wanted. Large profits. No experience required. RAMEY & CO., Prop'rs, 85 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

All who suffer from a hacking Cough, or any trouble with the Throat or Lungs, will find relief by using BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A safe and simple remedy, long held in the highest esteem by clergymen, singers and public speakers.

PATENTS LEHMAN, PATTISON & NESBIT, Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circulars.

WALL PAPERS The handsomest designs at lowest prices. From 35c. to 50c. a roll. 100 samples for 8c. Window shades, spring rollers, all colors, 35c. H. THOMAS & BRO., 927 Market St., Philada., Pa.

ALUMINUM THIMBLE For 25c The beautiful new metal. Whiter than silver. Harder than steel. Never tarnishes. Lasts a life time. Sizes 5 to 12. Send 5c. or money. H. A. ROGERS & Co., Cadiz, O.

WASH DAY Made easy. The World's Washer saves time, labor, clothes. Sent anywhere in U. S. Price reasonable. Circulars free. Agents wanted. C. E. ROSS, Lincoln, Ill.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH" We are curing Cancers—Can cure you without knife or pain. Write for true testimonials explaining Drok Method. All skin diseases except cancers cured by mail. Plin-gree & Treacle, 241 Wabash Av., Chic go

STUDY LAW AT HOME. Take a Course in the SPRAGUE Correspondence School of Law. (Incorporated.) Send 10c. stamps for particulars to J. COTNER, JR., Sec'y, DETROIT, MICH. No. 45 TELEPHONE BLDG.

WHY PAY DEALER'S PROFIT? buys a \$9 White Reed Baby Carriage, freight prepaid, shipped on 10 days' trial. Latest design and style. Perfect, reliable and finely finished. Nothing but the best material used and warranted for 3 YEARS. We have been in the manufacturing business many years, and are reliable and responsible; make and sell nothing but what we can guarantee as represented. Lowest factory prices. Write to-day for our large free catalogue, which is one of the most complete ever published. OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THIS \$11 TO \$17 SEWING MACHINE to examine in any where without a cent. Warranted the BEST made. Our terms and things far more liberal ever offered. For full advt. out and send to Alvah Mfg. Co., Dept. 223, Chicago, Ill. home. Sent anywhere in advance. Sewing machine ever conditions and every than any other house particulars, call this us to-day. Address Dept. 223, Chicago, Ill. attention Farm and Fireside.

There's A Difference in WALL PAPER Some of it isn't worth putting on your walls. Not so with ours. Our cheapest grades are made of good material, and can be put on by any novice. Our samples (sent for 10c postage) show fine serviceable papers from 5c per roll up. Our booklet "Pointers on Paper and Papering" should be in every household. It'll tell you much you never knew before, and is sent free. C. E. CROZET & CO., 223 N. Clark St. Chicago

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS. Send for 96 page Catalogue of Sights and Rifles. ADDRESS, WM. LYMAN, MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

MENDING TISSUE Repairs clothing better than needle and thread; Silk, Satin, Cotton and Woolen, Kid Gloves, Macintosh, Umbrellas, etc., all colors. Sample yard, 10c. Three yards, 25c. Twelve yards, 65c. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. Address STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

14K GOLD PLATED! Warranted for 20 years. Equal in appearance to a \$25 gold watch. Case silverine (open face, comes in full size, beautifully engraved, over which is placed 2 plates of gold, making a composition of metals. Unexcelled for durability, and warranted for 20 years. Fitted with a jeweled quick-train hair spring oil tempered movement. An excellent time-keeper. No key required. Absolutely no risk; we give printed agreement, if not satisfactory, you may return it within one year. Our former price was \$7, but for the next 60 days we will send out samples for \$3.38. Cut this out and send with your address and we will send watch C. O. D. for examination. If a bargain pay \$3.38 for gents or \$3.93 ladies, otherwise return. Watch strictly as represented. Organized 1875. PIRrung MAN'G CO., Chicago, Ill.

PRINTING OUTFIT 15c COMPLETE. 4 alphabets rubber type, type holder, bottle In-ellible Ink, Ink Pad and Trestles. Put up in neat box with directions for use. Satisfaction guaranteed. Worth 50c. Best Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Sets names in 1 minute, prints 500 cards an hour. Sent postpaid 15c; 2 for 25c, Cat. free. E. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortland St. N. Y. City.

WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. \$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, body finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 2 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention paper. OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. 24, CHICAGO, ILL.

JEWELRY FREE To introduce our lovely Cards, Novelties, Jewelry, &c., into every home in the land and secure new agents, we make this liberal offer. Any one sending 25c for our new sample book of Cards, we will send a lovely box containing 10 different articles of Jewelry. Sample Cards without Jewelry, 2c. STEAM CARD WORKS, No. Branford, Conn.

A DOLLAR RING For 12 Cts! The Picture does not show one half its beauty. It always passes for a \$10 Ring, as it is elegantly chased and engraved. People are wearing this Ring on the same hand with diamonds. It is now ALL THE RAGE in New York for either Lady or Gent. They are always sold for \$1 or \$2. But you can get this Ring from us for only 12 Cents. Cut this Out, and send it to us with 12 cents in money or stamps, and the Names and Address of 2 Agents, 1 Hotel Keeper, 1 Teacher, 1 Store Keeper, 5 Young Women and 5 Young Men, no 2 from same family, and you will get this Elegant Ring. Return all the above Names with 12 Cents or this Ring will be \$1. Send your own Name also. Address M. Young 44 East 10th St. New York

DUEBER \$3.50 SOLID SILVERINE. Genuine Duober, solid silverine watch, dust and damp proof; guaranteed for 20 years. Fitted complete with our very highest grade imported movement, magnificently jeweled and guaranteed to run and keep correct time for ten years. It's a heavy 3 oz. full gents' size watch and a beauty. Our former price was \$1.00, but for the next 60 days we offer them for \$3.50 each. CUT THIS OUT, send it to us with your name, post office address and name of your nearest express office, and we will ship it there for your examination. If, after examination you are convinced that it is a bargain, pay the express agent \$3.50 and express charges and it is yours. Otherwise you pay nothing and it will be returned at our expense. THE CHICAGO WATCH CO., 281 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.

EVERYBODY NEEDS A TELESCOPE! An all Brass Mammoth 4 Draw FIELD TELESCOPE SENT FREE! Everybody needs to have a nice Telescope, they are a household necessity and a travelers companion. We have a new style all brass powerful glass, from Berlin. Will send out 1000 free on inspection in order to advertise. Remember they wont cost you one cent only for postal you send your address on. MORSE & CO., Box 1527 Augusta, Maine. Write today

99 PATTERNS AND MANUAL FREE OF INSTRUCTIONS FREE LATEST STAMPING OUTFIT BEAUTIFUL PROFITABLE WORK. KENSINGTON STAMPING was never more popular than to-day. Many ladies making big wages working at home, odd hours. Besides beautifying your own home you can make 15c. every 5 minutes you stamp for others. If you only devote 3 hours a day to it, the snug little sum of \$3 and over comes in, as the prices range from 5c. to \$1 for each pattern you stamp. An inventive genius has lately modernized machinery for turning out these patterns by the hundred yards as fast as you can reel off a ball of yarn, so their cost is barely nothing to what it was last year. We send the patterns on strips about two feet long and seven inches wide. Nearly as good as many 2c. and \$1 ones now being sold. We buy so many of this one kind that we can lead every other dealer on price. Our beautiful combined outfit consisting of nearly 100 of the largest variety of patterns, each from about a foot long down to single alphabet letters. We cannot describe them, not having room to go into detail, but in order to introduce our magazine, "Comfort," with its great improved departments, we will send the above outfit, Free, postpaid, to all three months' (12c.) subscribers, and also send a new book or Manual of Instruction in the art of stamping. Just printed. It describes how to make all colors of powder, and instructs you in every manner of working the patterns. If you enclose 12c. at once, we will make you a present of above. MORSE & CO., Box 55 Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL PROFITABLE WORK. KENSINGTON STAMPING was never more popular than to-day. Many ladies making big wages working at home, odd hours. Besides beautifying your own home you can make 15c. every 5 minutes you stamp for others. If you only devote 3 hours a day to it, the snug little sum of \$3 and over comes in, as the prices range from 5c. to \$1 for each pattern you stamp. An inventive genius has lately modernized machinery for turning out these patterns by the hundred yards as fast as you can reel off a ball of yarn, so their cost is barely nothing to what it was last year. We send the patterns on strips about two feet long and seven inches wide. Nearly as good as many 2c. and \$1 ones now being sold. We buy so many of this one kind that we can lead every other dealer on price. Our beautiful combined outfit consisting of nearly 100 of the largest variety of patterns, each from about a foot long down to single alphabet letters. We cannot describe them, not having room to go into detail, but in order to introduce our magazine, "Comfort," with its great improved departments, we will send the above outfit, Free, postpaid, to all three months' (12c.) subscribers, and also send a new book or Manual of Instruction in the art of stamping. Just printed. It describes how to make all colors of powder, and instructs you in every manner of working the patterns. If you enclose 12c. at once, we will make you a present of above. MORSE & CO., Box 55 Augusta, Maine.

Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water If afflicted with sore eyes use

Our Amusement Corner.

Providing Entertainment and Instruction for Our Subscribers, with Suitable Rewards for Successful Contestants.

WHO IS HE?



The above picture represents the name of one of the greatest living statesmen of this wonderful age. He is more than 60 years old and has attained very high honors in the political world.

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

\$5.00 will be divided among the first four Farm and Fireside subscribers who send in the correct name of the man represented by the above picture.

This contest will close May 2nd, the result to be announced in our issue of May 15th.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, STATESMAN CONTEST, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CONTEST.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be divided among the first four Farm and Fireside subscribers who correctly arrange the letters in the following Bill of Fare.

The first two numbers are the usual menu headings, while each of the other numbers represent a dish or article in the Bill of Fare.

- 1. BALL OF FIRE. 2. RED INN. 3. Your Posset. 4. Cold Ham Crew. 5. One Solid Lamb. 6. La! spy cool dessert. 7. Try our Steak. 8. Burn Sara Cercey. 9. Datt sweet moose. 10. Paste too sweet. 11. Ripest dun Hams. 12. Grease pen. 13. In Lake C. Shad C. 14. Pim Pike Pun. 15. Open Lime. 16. A Green Coka. 17. Go-neck Peas. 18. Live Clam near Cha. 19. Its Ruf. 20. Fef E Co. 21. U. S. S. S. Arid Tannin.

This contest will close May 2nd, the result to be announced in our issue of May 15th.

Mail all lists in this contest to FARM AND FIRESIDE, BILL OF FARE CONTEST, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Our Miscellany.

THE term "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuff called atabi or taffety.

Indigestion. Dizziness. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

REALIZING as we do the comfort of sympathy for ourselves, it is strange that we are not more ready to bestow it upon children. Their sorrows seem so trivial to us we forget that they are very real to them.

It is said that Dr. J. H. Moore, of Cincinnati, O., has discovered a positive cure for deafness and catarrh, and to introduce it, is sending medicine for three months' treatment, free to those who send him their address.

"WHAT a comfort it is occasionally to slam a door," confessed one woman to another in a confidential chat.

"A little hard on the latch and hinges, wasn't it?" she said. "I knew a woman who showed me in a closet an old calico gown, secured to a hook. She said to me, 'Whenever I am irritated to the verge of giving way, I rush in here and give this gown a vigorous twist.'"

THE days of patchwork quilts seem pretty far distant when we read that Mrs. Garrett Fawcett is "one of the ablest platform speakers in England," that "Caroline Eschard, of Ohio, is director of a bank and prominently connected with several other business enterprises," that "during the reign of cholera in Tabriz, Persia, Dr. Mary Bradford, an American Presbyterian missionary, was the only physician who remained in the city;" that "Mme. Carnot, wife of the French president, acts as his private secretary, and during his absence can at any time transact ordinary affairs with a perfect knowledge of the business routine;" that "Mrs. Draper, widow of Prof. Draper, the astronomer, regularly pursues the scientific work that her husband made a specialty—the photographing of stellar spectra, and the preparation of a descriptive catalogue of the explorations," and that the Paris academy of inventors conferred the title of member de honneur on C. M. Westover, who invented a machine for carrying dirt out of mines and tunnels, to the great saving of animal labor, unaware that they were giving the title, with a first-class diploma and a big gold medal, to an American woman!—Detroit Free Press.

STRANGE SOUNDS AND VOICES.

It is a matter of common observation that the loudest sounds are not always made by the largest animals. The roar of the lion exceeds in sonorosity the cry of the elephant.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that related by a recent traveler in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by natives that they had heard a tiger roaring in the neighborhood.

An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family.

That the natives should not have recognized the true source of the sound shows that the existence of such toads was either unknown to them, or that, at any rate, they had never discovered the remarkable vocal capabilities of the animals.

This recalls a story in Mr. Bates' account of his travels along the Amazon. Among the many sounds heard in the dense Brazilian forests was a kind of loud, metallic clanking, that sometimes rang through the trees, and the origin of which Mr. Bates was unable to discover.

Said the Owl

to himself, "If the moon I could get, whenever I'm dry my throat I could wet; The moon is a

quarter—with a quarter I hear; you can purchase five gallons of



Hires' Root Beer."

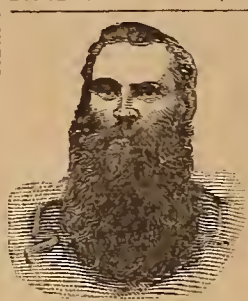
A Delicious, Temperance, Thirst-quenching, Health-Giving Drink. Good for any time of year.

A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get Hires'.

\$3. MARY JANE DISH WASHER Works to perfection and suits everybody. Send for one. Purinton & Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

LOWEST PRICES. Outfit FREE. Good Salary Write to-day and secure general agency. Catlg. FREE. ROBT. JOHNS, Mfr. Dept. 13, 51 & 53 S. May St., CHICAGO

Dr. Chase's New and Complete Receipt Book AND HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN. The "Crowning Life Work" of the Great Old Doctor. Nearly 900 pages. NEWLY ILLUSTRATED. The greatest selling book in the world to-day. Big terms to agents. Printed in English and German. Address F. B. DICKERSON CO., Department E, Detroit, Mich.



[Trade Mark.] DR. A. OWEN.

PERFECT HEALTH

AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '52,

A GOLD MINER DISCOVERS SOMETHING MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

A REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM AND KIDNEY TROUBLE WHICH WORKED WONDERS, AFTER EVERY OTHER REMEDY, INCLUDING A "SWEAT" TREATMENT WITH THE INDIANS FOR A YEAR, HAD FAILED TO RELIEVE.

A STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

CROOK CITY, S. D., Jan. 22, 1892.

The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co., Chicago, Ill.: GENTLEMEN—I have been for some time considering the propriety of writing to you a few lines, relative to my experience with the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance obtained from you about eighteen (18) months ago.

I am a gold miner by occupation, and have been for many years. I crossed the plains to California in 1852, and since then have been in most of the prominent mining camps in the then territories of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and at present in Dakota.

Since that time I have been a chronic sufferer—suffering pain and torture indescribable almost continually. It would be useless to attempt to describe my sufferings. It must be sufficient to state that I suffered from rheumatism in its worst form.

At last I sent for one of your belts, and applied it carefully, according to the printed directions accompanying the same, and can now truthfully say, as I now do to you, that I am no longer troubled with my kidneys, that I am entirely free from rheumatism, and I consider my health as perfect.

Persons making inquiries from the writers of testimonials will please inclose self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Contains fullest information, list of diseases, cut of belts and appliances, prices, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, etc. Published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This valuable catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY,

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING, 201-211 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.,

THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

When writing mention this paper.

WALL PAPERS

The most complete set of samples and instructions how to paper sent FREE for 8 cts. to pay postage. We have the largest and best selected stock in the U. S. It will pay you to see our samples before purchasing. CHAS. M. N. KILLEN, 614 & 616 So. 20th St. Phila.

ANTI-FRECKLE LOTION Warranted to remove Freckles, Tan, Moth Patches, 3 packages 50 cts. Anti Freckle Lotion Co., Springfield, Ohio.

PLAY "COLUMBUS, or how America was Discovered." Amateur Actors and SCHOOLS send 30c. for copy and terms to Albert Lewis, Box 123, Collinsville, Conn.

CRAZY WORK 60 assorted beautiful silk and satin pieces enough to cover 500 sq. in. 25c. a pack; 5 packs \$1. Silk, plush & velvet. 40 large pieces, ass't'd colors, 50c. Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, N.J.

Wanted BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS. New or 2nd hand, lowest prices largest stock; makers & oldest dealers in U. S. We sell everywhere. Cata. Free. House, Hazard & Co. 32 E. St. Peoria, Ill.

WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY Has the Largest Circulation of any Magazine of Music published in the world. One Dollar per year. AGENTS wanted in every city, town and hamlet at liberal salary. For a sample copy with five complete pieces of the latest vocal and instrumental music, full sheet music size, send four cents in stamps. These pieces sell for \$2.00 at Music Stores. WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., Cor. B'way & 13th St., New York.

Advertisement for a solid gold watch. \$7.35. Filled with gold. Guaranteed 20 years. THE NATIONAL M.F.C. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

WASHBURN Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers in volume & quality of tone are the best in the world. Warranted to wear in any climate. Sold by all leading dealers. Beautifully illustrated, descriptive catalogue with portraits of FAMOUS ARTISTS MAILED FREE. LYON & HEALY, 57 Monroe St., Chicago.

LYON & HEALY, 57 Monroe St., Chicago Will Mail Free their newly cataloged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations, describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps. Contains instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

Farm Gleanings.

AGRICULTURAL RAMBLES AND REVIEWS.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—The department of agriculture has favored me with a copy of "Special Report on the Sheep Industry of the United States," issued by the bureau of animal industry, and containing no less than one thousand pages and a score or two of page illustrations. Although this is more a historical review of the sheep and wool business in the United States than anything else, and certainly not a handbook or guide to sheep husbandry, I think it will be of interest to every sheep owner. There is in it an occasional reference to the tariff, but on the whole it appears that the protection which, more than any other, is needed for the success of sheep growing, is protection against worthless curs. What was said in "Sheep Husbandry of Tennessee" in reference to the period of 1850 to 1860, applies quite strongly yet to our own time, and the business in various parts of the states. Let me quote a sentence or two:

"The very few who did engage in the business of sheep industry, even on a small scale, became discouraged and disheartened by the destruction of their sheep by dogs. 'Almost every family raised dogs, many of the well-to-do farmers owning packs of hounds, and no negro considered his outfit complete without one or more worthless curs. Being half fed in many instances, they naturally sought to provide for themselves, and the sheep being a remarkably timid animal, running from the sight of a dog, they fell an easy prey.' Under such circumstances many abandoned the business."

In regard to the Missouri sheep industry, the report speaks of the disastrous depredations of dogs as the greatest hindrance to sheep husbandry ever known in the state.

"This worthless animal has been a constant menace to the business, and has done more toward retarding the growth of the industry and decimating the flocks than all other sources combined. A Wisconsin flockmaster has well said that the sheep industry in thickly-settled states is profitable in proportion to the quantity and quality of the dogs kept in the community. And the intelligence of a community is rated according to the conspicuous absence of dogs."

It is true that dogs are now generally recognized by sheep owners as their greatest enemies, and nobody dares to deny that they are the chief cause of sheep growing in many sections being unprofitable and having to be abandoned. There has been a great cry for stringent laws against the dog nuisance. Why are such wholesome laws not enacted? Here we have simply an instance of the unwillingness of people to do by others as they would wish to be done by. "Every poor man keeps a dog; and if he is very poor he keeps two." Some people would rather whip their children than hurt their dogs. I think if average humankind had a little less love for their worthless dogs and a little more for their fellow-men, it would be a great improvement all around. There are people in my own vicinity who will allow their vicious brutes to bark and snap at everyone who passes the house; to run after, jump at and frighten passing teams, etc. And the neighbors suffer all this patiently, either because they do not wish to have trouble with a neighbor, or because they think of their own dogs at home that are allowed just the same senseless liberties. Some of the people who suffer from dog depredations have dogs themselves, and while they are willing that everybody else should kill their dogs, they will insist that their own goody-goody brutes are entirely harmless and should be saved.

The great problem before sheep owners is how to find practicable means of protection against the prowling curs. Properly drawn-up laws might do much to remedy the evil; but usually, all laws are less effective than self-help. "Help thyself" is a good motto. I believe in it, and would not hesitate to use shot-guns, traps and poisons very freely. The sheep owner is justified, I believe, in using every available means to protect his flocks, and pretty harsh means, too, in dealing with trespassers. A kennel-trap is easily constructed. Just as soon as a sheep has been killed, leave the carcass where found, and build a high pen of long rails around it, drawing in gradually toward the top, so that the sides slant

toward the inside. The dogs and wolves can get in quite easily, but not out again. In the morning deal with the brutes caught in the trap as prudence, unhampered by sentiment, will dictate. An experienced writer (in *American Agriculturist*) says:

"One of the best means for protecting the flock against the attacks of dogs is by using a liberal number of bells. If the flock numbers forty or fifty, at least a quarter of them should have each a small bell, and as noisy a one as possible, attached to her neck. If the flock is small, a greater proportion should possess bells. The reason why bells are a good protection is because sheep-killing dogs are naturally sneaks. They are afraid of detection, and the noise created by a flock of sheep wearing bells will cause them to desist. I have never known a flock of sheep wearing bells to be injured by dogs."

A California device, described in the report of the department, is as follows:

"With a view to keeping out dogs and coyotes, the field is fenced with split red-wood pickets five feet long, one and one half inches thick and three to four inches wide, driven into the ground at the lower end about two inches apart, spaced the same distance apart at top and woven into strands of wire by the machine made for the purpose. At intervals of ten feet a post is set securely, standing five feet out of the ground, and to these posts the wires sustaining the pickets are secured by staples. A barbed wire is stretched eight inches above the top of the pickets to make it dog-proof, and another is stretched two feet from the ground to make it bull-proof. Either a dog or coyote getting into the field has an experience which deters future attempts. They are generally found seeking an easy way to get out. Two greyhounds are kept for the purpose of finishing them when necessary. The catch on this farm during the year 1891 was eighteen dogs and ten coyotes."

On page 280 the report speaks of the Horned Dorsets, of which breed a fine, full-page illustration is given. The first owned in the United States were brought from Canada to Lockport, N. Y., in 1887. My personal acquaintance with this excellent breed dates from 1889 or '90, when I bought a small flock in Canada. Quite recently I have seen some controversy in regard to the question whether the Horned Dorset is dog-proof or not. I think they are partially, but perhaps not absolutely so. In spite of their horns I found the Dorsets exceedingly docile and tractable. Even the large-bodied, heavy old ram, with his ugly-looking, spiral horns, never showed fight. Yet I have often been amused when seeing how quickly they were aroused to the fighting point when a poor dog happened to come in the lot. Every sheep or lamb that spied the unhappy creature would at once start for him on a run, and the poor canine would invariably put his tail between his legs and run for dear life, feeling safe only when outside the fence. Even then the spot in the fence where the dog had crawled through would usually receive a hard knock from the Dorset horn. Perhaps not all Dorset flocks are so valiant, and perhaps real savage dogs will not be so easily driven off; but I fear very little for the safety of this flock from dog depredations. Other sheep running with this flock I also consider reasonably safe. **JOSEPH.**

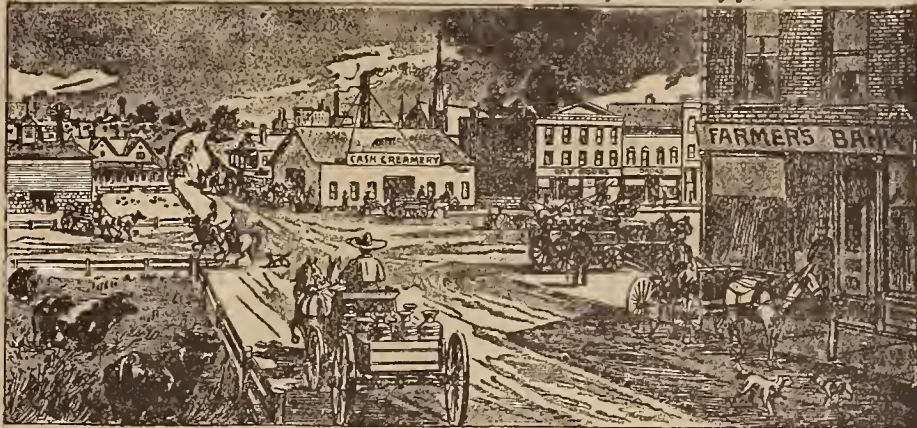
IMPORTANCE OF GOOD DRAINAGE.

Thorough surface drainage and under-drainage are not essential, especially where the winters are open and alternate freezing and thawing and frequent rain-showers are the rule, instead of the exception. The durability of the road depends almost entirely upon it. The thorough drainage and the thorough packing of either rock or gravel are two important items that are frequently neglected. While surface drainage is a matter of first consideration, under-drainage is not secondary in importance. Without thorough drainage, a good road is impossible. With a dry, hard surface, the road-bed need be only wide enough for teams to pass, and still answer the purpose.

Either drain-tile or stone may be used to form the drains. In all flat parts of the road, or where the water collects on the slopes, a four-inch tile, laid from two to three feet deep, lengthwise along each side of the traveled track, discharging into the side ditches at convenient places, is necessary. With perfect sub-drainage, the winter's frost having no water to act upon within the body of the road, is robbed of its great power to destroy the same, and it also prevents the road surface from being



Farming is a Failure. We have tried it in this community for twenty years.



Farming is a grand success. We have a Butter and Cheese Factory that was built five years ago and has made our community what it is now. Should you need a Butter and Cheese Factory in your community correspond with **DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO., 240-252 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.** Also Manufacturers of Dairy Machinery and Supplies. Mention this paper when you write.

as muddy in spring and summer as it otherwise would be.

The time has passed when the under-drainage of our country roads can be consistently ignored. To-day we have no cheaper or more practical method of road improvement than the free use of drain-tile. It is now a well-settled fact that a four or five inch tile, placed at a depth of three to four feet on both sides of the traveled road-bed, must precede the making of good gravel or stone roads. It takes less gravel or stone to make a good road on a well under-drained bed, and costs very much less afterward to keep the road in good repair.

The grading of the road-bed, so that the center will be higher than the land on either side, except in cuts, is important; but it is hardly less important to have good ditches with free outlets. It has been found that dry soil will take up from thirty-eight to forty per cent, or nearly one half its weight of water, by capillary attraction, elevating the water to a height of nearly three feet. This means that there must be no standing water left by the road-side.

Good drainage is a vital subject, because when the clay subsoil becomes saturated with water immediately after a winter's freeze, the travel works it quickly into a mortar-like condition, and whatever gravel has been put upon it will be swallowed up in a sea of mud.

Experienced road supervisors agree that the difference in favor of the under-drained roads will pay for the expense of under drainage in two years, to say nothing of furnishing a good road the year around, regardless of the amount of rainfall.

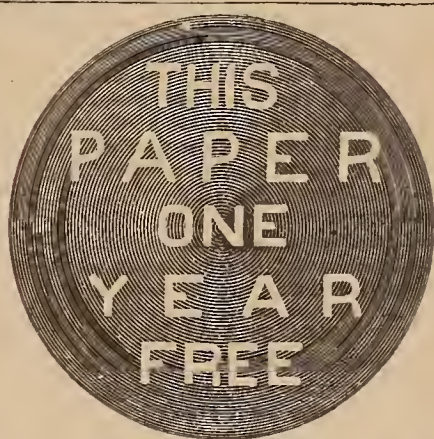
An instance in point is that of a graveled road east of Terre Haute, Indiana. This road was tiled in the manner suggested before the gravel was put on. The tile extended a mile beyond the gravel for over a year. All this time the tiled, or ungraveled, road was good and hard, while the road beyond the tile was almost impassable at times. In some parts of the West new prairie roads are first tiled with four, five or six inch tile, and with little or no elevation in the center to carry off surface water; they are found to be much better than roads elevated and not under-drained.

Where roads are built along hill-sides, with a high bank on one side and a decline from the other, a row of tile on the upper side only is needed. With good drainage, an even grade as to the slopes of the sides, and a soil that will pack solid, the question of making good roads is practically solved. In grading ditches for laying the tile, it is desirable that the descent should not be less than one inch to the hundred feet. Where the outlets are a quarter of a mile apart, three-inch tile will answer; but for half a mile four-inch will be required. If the tiles are covered to a depth of six inches with round stones or large gravel, which is so common here, it would be all the better. **W. M. K.**

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Smiles.

HANNAH'S WAY.

She has a kind of a sort of a way, A sort of a kind of a manner, A kind of a sort of an every day, Yet a pooty way has Hannah. The way she tangles and tosses her head And shakes her bangles out, While her mouth puts on a comperimize Betwixt a smile an' a pout! No other girl I'd druther have, No other girl I'd druther, Ou account, an' because er things er this sort, An' one thing an' another.

She has a sort of a kind of a way, A sort of a kind of a manner, A sort of a way that you can't say, But a way you can feel, has Hannah. An' her laugh is so sweet, an' her eyes is so bright, An' her ways an' her talk so cute, An' she has such a way thet you can't say, But a kind of a way to suit. I hain't got no flow er langwidge to tell, But she beats ev'ry girl—ev'ry other— On account, an' because er things er this sort, An' one thing an' another.

—Sam Walter Foss, in the Yankee Blade.

METHOD IN HER MADNESS.

She called him birdy, lovey, dove, And then his eye bedimmed, She said, "Don't buy those trousers, dear, My ball-dress needs retrimming."

WILLIAM'S SHARP PRACTICE.

SYLVIO ZALETI, the banana man, explains to his friend, Luigi Spaghetti, the organ man, how the state of Pennsylvania was founded.

"You see it coma deesa way, Luigi. Willa da Penn, he whata call Quaker man. He wanta dosa land. He looka like vera simple man, buta he noa foola. He vera quiet, noa fighta, noa drinka, nor chewa, noa carra da gun or da stillet. He leava off dosa crazy pants, dosa plug hatta, an' weara broada-brimma hatta, an' hees pan's reacha only to da knee, an' he carra da brancha da tree.

"Da Indiano chief taka Willa da Penn to hees camp, an' Willa he smoka peaca da pipe with Indiano. Da all smoka da pipe 'cept one younga dude with Willa, who lighta da cigretto. Indiano chief smella da air an' say, 'Data dog stew musta be burna,' an' Willa da Penn winka young mau trow way da cigretto.

"Den all eata da stew, an' afta da refreshamento Willa da Penn maka da speechim to peop' rounda da table, justa lika Mista Depew. He say, 'I giva you mora ten caska fire-wat, for alla da lan' I cover up wid a bulla da skiu.' Indiano chief say, 'Giva da fire-wat,' taka da lan'." Willa da Penn he cutta da bulla skin in stripa an' take in da whole stata, an' calla dat stata after him own selfa. Indiano mad as hornetto, but do noa good. Drinka fire-wat" goa to sleepa, everybody in stata; peop' in da Philadelph' not waka up yet."

REASON ENOUGH.

"Pardon me, Standoff, but I can't for the life of me understand why you always allude to Skidmore as your hated rival?" "Well, Bunting, it is simply because he was my rival and I hate him." "What do you hate him for?" "Don't you know we were both aspirants for the hand of the same woman?" "Yes, I know that, but you won her and married her at least five years ago." "Exactly," growled Standoff. "Isn't that reason enough?"

ENVY.

Chicago tramp—"Please, mum, me fut's on the ground, and if ye could spare me an old pair of shoes I'd—"

Mrs. McGone—"There is a wedding going on in that big house across the street. Just you go over there and wait. When the couple come out the family will throw a lot of the bride's old shoes after her."

Chicago tramp—"But, mum, they'd be too small."

A SOURCE OF SUPPLY.

Young wife—"Oh, dear! this recipe for chicken salad says four cloves, and I haven't one in the house. What shall I do?"

Cook—"Didn't you go to the theater last night, mum?"

ALARMING, IF TRUE.

Justice—"How do you explain your being found inside Colonel Ginger's chicken-coop last night?"

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Prospective father-in-law—"Oh, what is that wedding-check ink, young lady?" Young lady—"Why, that's a new patent. You write a check at night, present it to the bride, and it fades out in daylight."

THE ONLY CHANCE HE HAD.

Mrs. McCordle—"It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night." McCordle—"I agree with you, my dear; but I have to improve my opportunity, you know."

IN GOOD HANDS.

Consumptive—"So you make a specialty of caring for invalids?" Landlady—"Yes, indeed. I let out furnished rooms, my husband is a doctor, and I have a brother here in the undertaking business."

A BUSINESS LOSS.

He—"Even the undertaker was overcome with grief." She—"Was he a relative?" He—"No; but the deceased was the only doctor in the town."—Life.

PRECAUTION.

Goldrich—"I've fixed it so there will be no contest over my will." Silvercash—"Impossible?" Goldrich—"Not at all. I've left everything to the lawyers."

DIFFERENT THEN.

Clara—"He has told me that he loves me." Maude—"A month ago he told me the same thing." Clara—"Ah, but that was before he met me."

A NEW READING.

Fitz—"What does R. S. V. P. stand for?" Mac—"Well, to judge by the conduct of some society people, I should say it means Rush in, Shake hands, Virtual up and Put!"

LITTLE BITS.

"Yes," said the waiter, "everything first-class. Our steaks and wines are rare old articles, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A lulu" is a slang phrase signifying, we think, a soft snap. Perhaps the phrase was originally "a Honolulu," but we don't know.

It seems very strange that in all the time night latches have been in use, one with a funnel-shaped key-hole and pointed key has not been invented.

Mistress—"Come, Anna; have you found the ribbon for my hair?" Maid—"Yes, please, mum; but now I have mislaid the hair."—El Vascongado.

George—"I wonder why Ethel calls me her chrysanthemum?" Binks—"She may have discovered the fact that you haven't a cent."—Brooklyn Life.

Yabsley—"I tell you, when I see one of these hard-working, patient school-ma'ams, I feel like taking off my hat to her in reverence."

Mudge—"I tried that once and her brother kicked me clear across the street."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Green at home?" was asked of a little girl who answered the bell. "Yes."

"Are they engaged?" The small girl looked horrified as she answered, "Why, they are married!"

First lady (off for a journey)—"I hope we've got the right train." Second lady—"I asked seventeen trainmen and ninety-three passengers if this train went to Blankville, and they all said yes, so I guess we're all right."—New York Weekly.

HOME STUDY. A thorough and practical Business Education in Book-keeping, Shorthand, etc., given by MAIL at student's home. Low rates. Cat. and Trial lesson 6c. Bryant & Stratton, No. 449 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

General Agents Wanted in every county to sell and appoint agents for The World's Fair Album-Atlas and Chicago Illustrated. Big money. New plan. Get terms. C. Rupp & Sons, 199 Randolph St., Chicago.

AVOID LOSING LETTERS!! By sending 10 Cents, in silver, for 25 ENVELOPES with Name, Address and Return Phrase printed on corner, sent prepaid. ENVELOPE PRINTING CO., Sherodsville, O.

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Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

A GRAND DISCOVERY!! WANTED.—A live man or woman in every county where we have not already secured a representative to sell our "Nevada Silver" Solid Metal Knives, Forks and Spoons to consumers; a solid metal as white as silver; no plate to wear off; goods guaranteed to wear a lifetime; cost about one-tenth that of silver; the chance of a lifetime; agents average from \$50 to \$100 per week and meet with ready sales everywhere, so great is the demand for our Solid Metal Goods. Over One Million Dollars' worth of goods in daily use. Case of samples Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass.

QUITE A TRAVELER. Snooper—"I'd have you know I come of a good family." Ricketts—"You must have traveled a long distance."

No mineral water will produce the beneficial results that follow taking ONE or more of "BEECHAM'S PILLS" with a glass of water immediately upon arising in the morning.

Painless. Effectual. Covered with a tasteless, soluble coating. "Worth a guinea a box."—Price only 25 cents. Of all druggists, or a box will be mailed on receipt of 25cts. in stamps by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

LADIES WHO WILL DO WRITING WILL MAKE GOOD WAGES.

The tremendous sale of my preparation, Gloria Water, has so increased my correspondence that I will guarantee good wages to ladies who will do writing for me at home. Address in own handwriting MISS EDNA L. SMYTHE, Box 1101, South Bend, Ind. Mention paper.

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RUBBER STAMPS. Best made. Immense Catalogue Free to agents. The G. A. HARPER MFG. Co., Cleveland, O.

MEN WANTED Every county, to distribute circulars ONLY. CASH PAID. Expenses Stamp, ADVERTISERS BUREAU, No. 63 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

LADIES Make men's wages writing for me at home. For terms send self-addressed and stamped envelope. MISS RUTH CHESTER, South Bend, Ind.

AGENTS wanted. Liberal Salary paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished. free. P. O. YICKER, Augusta, Me.

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A WOMAN'S SUCCESS For two years I have made \$25 a week at home. Instructions FREE to lady readers. Send stamp. (No humbug). MRS. J. A. HANNING, Box 15, Anna, Ohio.

ONCE A WOMAN sees our Botary Biscuit and Cake Cutters, she will buy them. No. 2 cut round, No. 4 square. Samples of either mailed for 15c. both for 25c. AGENTS WANTED. Columbus Specialty Mfg Co., 92-40 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

COIN MONEY selling Beveridge's Automatic Cooker. Every woman buys. Best and cheapest cooker sold. Big Profits to good workers, male or female. Sample's weight 12 oz. Adv'g matter furnished. For circulars address W. E. BEVERIDGE, Baltimore, Md.

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that is pleasant and profitable send us your address immediately. We teach men and women how to earn from \$5.00 per day to \$3,000 per year without having had previous experience, and furnish the employment at which they can make that amount. Capital unnecessary; a trial will cost you nothing. Write to-day. Mention this paper. E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box 1013, Augusta, Me.

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Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA Co., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water

Gleanings.

HOW CONTRACTS ARE MADE.

TO MAKE an agreement binding, one party must make an offer, and the other accept it. It takes two to make a bargain. The parties must be of the same mind at the same time.

Again, if one offers to pay one hundred dollars for a horse, the seller to accept within twenty-four hours, the proposer is not bound unless the other does accept within that time.

The offer must be accepted as it is made. If a seller offers ten barrels of flour at six dollars a barrel, he is not bound to sell five barrels at that rate.

A contract that is made in sport, or as a mere matter of form, is not binding. If a man makes a promissory note while showing another how well he can write, the note is not binding upon him unless it has been sold to some person who knew nothing about it and paid for it.

A man who is embarrassed in business gives a bill of sale of his property to a friend, so as to cheat creditors. No contract exists and the creditors can hold the property.

Another case of this kind is often seen in newspaper articles. We read that a lady and gentleman go through the marriage ceremony at a public entertainment to amuse their friends, and afterward find that they are really married.

The contract must be made freely and not under compulsion. If a robber holds a pistol at a traveler's head and threatens to shoot him unless he gives a note for a sum of money, the note thus obtained is worthless.

False statements made by either party will make a contract worthless. If a person buys land, the seller saying that there are twenty-five acres in the plot, the buyer may refuse to accept it if there are in fact only twenty-three acres.

HOW TO FIND SHORE IN A FOG.

A Floridian scientist gives the following useful hint to those excursionists who may happen to get caught out on the water in a fog: "Going one night from Jacksonville to Mandarin in a small sail-boat, and accompanied by several natives, the wind 'died out' so that we had to take to the oars. Soon a dense fog enveloped us so that we could not see twenty feet ahead.

from which the echo came, I said, 'There is the nearest land.' Rowing a half mile in the direction of the echo, we soon reached the land, and 'coasted' home. The boatmen expressed great surprise that they had been on the river all their lives, and had never thought of so simple and easy a plan to find the shore when lost in a fog.

GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

The assassination of President Lincoln, on the evening of April 14th, was associated in General Grant's memory with his own narrow escape from a similar fate. In a conversation reported in the Boston Traveller, he said:

"Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the president a note came from Mrs. Grant saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening.

"I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train.

"As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue, a horseman drove past us on the gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it.

"Mrs. Grant said, 'There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with some other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us.'

"I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seemed that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan.

"A few days afterward I received an anonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed.

"I remembered that the conductor had locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

OPAQUE GLASS FOR COFFINS.

Dr. A. Mayer proposes a new mode of burial. For wooden coffins he would substitute glass ones; the glass thick and opaque, and hermetically closed with a silicated mastic as inalterable as the glass. So inclosed, bodies would give out neither gases nor liquids, and would have no injurious effect on the public health. The body, moreover, might be preserved indefinitely from decomposition by substitution of an antiputrid, gaseous atmosphere, under suitable pressure, for the air contained in the coffin. For this purpose two tubulures would be added—one for entrance of the gas, the other for exit of the air. If carbonic acid were used, the difference of density of that gas and air would render the operation very easy.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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merits of this Wonderful Discovery, and for Introduction, we will send you One Bottle FREE: Express Prepaid. We know it is a Positive Cure. A Trial costs nothing. Give Post-office and nearest Express office. Address CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., Albany Building, CINCINNATI, O.

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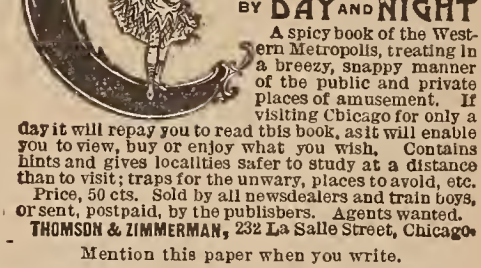
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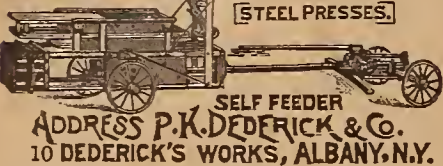
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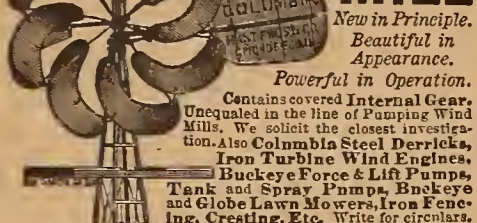
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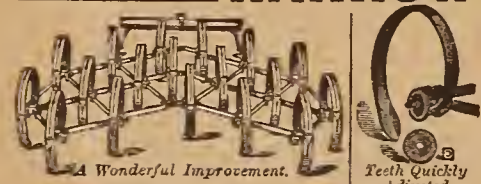
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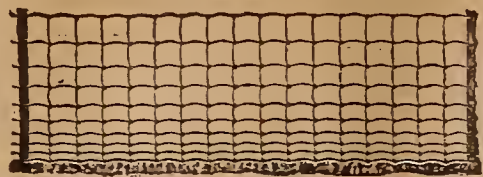


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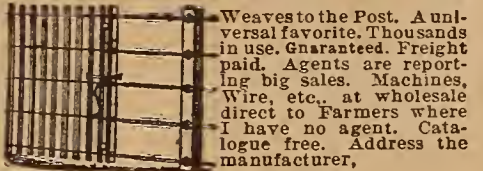


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THE EMPIRE STANDARD MACHINERY. Eight Years of Success. Weaves both farm and riding. Every farmer can build his own fence better and cheaper than he can buy. \$3 to 50c per rod complete. One man can do 60 rods a day. Works perfectly over hilly ground and on all kinds of pickets. Over 12,000 in use. Wire cheap. Catalogue free. Address, EMPIRE MACHINE CO., Richmond, Va.

Advertisement for a riding cultivator. Features a large illustration of a horse-drawn cultivator. Text: NEW EASY BUCKEYE RIDING CULTIVATOR. No. 13. This Cultivator is more perfectly balanced than any Riding Cultivator we have previously made. Has four Shovels, one on each outside Stationary Beam. The two inside Shovels only being movable sidewise. Has Adjustable Iron Axle, Ratchet Levers for raising and lowering the Beams, and is the most convenient and easiest operated Riding Cultivator on the market. Write for full Descriptive Circular.

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Advertisement for Alliance Carriage Co. Features illustrations of various carriage models. Text: ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. UNION, GRANGE, LEAGUE, F.M.B.P. "A" Grade \$32, "A" Grade \$40, "A" Grade \$45, "A" Grade \$67.50. no I CAR WAGONS of from any one until you our New Grand Catalogue is mailed free to any address. one hundred new styles, with prices ranging from \$30 upward, and Harness free. Our goods are strictly hand-made and fully warranted for 12 years, and our Spiral Springs are warranted for 12 years, and recognized manufacturers for the above organizations. mammoth display at the World's Fair, in Chicago. The organizers in the world that sell their entire output direct to the Factory and Salesrooms: ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., Bycamore St. from Court to Canal Sts., Cinc. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for expanded metal. Features an illustration of expanded metal. Text: A SOLID STEEL Expanded Metal FENCE. The best and most easily erected fence in use. Not a wire. Cut from solid steel plates, better known as expanded metal. Combines beauty, strength, durability, and economy. Write for Catalogue No. 33, giving particulars and showing this material framed in ornamental designs for lawns. Central Expanded Metal Co., 531 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Mention this paper when you answer this.

Advertisement for Keystone Corn Planters. Features illustrations of various planter models. Text: "KEYSTONE" CORN PLANTERS. STANDARD FOR 25 YEARS. IMPROVED UP TO DATE. "TRACY" COMBINATION CORN PLANTER. Improved for 1893. Combines a Rotary Drop Planter, a Check Rower and a Drill. "CALT" ROTARY DROP PLANTER. A plain, rotary drop planter for hand dropping or with "Keystone" or any other Check Rower attachment. "JUNIOR" CORN PLANTER. Slide Cut-Off Drop. Nearly 60,000 sold. The most accurate and most durable planter made. ONE HORSE DRILL FOR FIELD and GARDEN. Drills Corn, Beans, Peas and many other seeds. Largely used for Ensilage Corn. Send for free book "How to Plant Corn." KEYSTONE MFG. CO., STERLING, ILL.

Advertisement for Well Drilling Machinery. Features an illustration of a well drilling rig. Text: WELL DRILLING MACHINERY, MANUFACTURED BY WILLIAMS BROTHERS, ITHACA, N. Y., Successors to the Empire Well Anger Co., Mounted and on Sills, for deep or shallow wells, with steam or horse power. Send for Catalogue. ADDRESS Williams Brothers ITHACA, N. Y.

Advertisement for Ideal Steel Wind Mill. Features an illustration of a windmill. Text: IDEAL In Name and In Fact. IDEAL Steel WIND MILL and Three Post STEEL TOWER. The LATEST and BEST. Sizes 8-9-12 ft. Geared. 10 and 12 ft. Ung geared. TOWERS, 30, 40, 50 & 60-ft. Mills with or without graphite bearings. STOVER MFG. CO., 607 River St., FORT MERRILL, ILL. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for Sedgwick Bros. Co. Features an illustration of a wire fence. Text: BEST FARM FENCE, made of GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE, FENCES and GATES for all purposes. Write for free catalogue giving particulars and prices. Address THE SEDGWICK BROS. CO., RICHMOND, IND. Be sure to mention Farm and Fireside.

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EASTERN EDITION.

VOL. XVI. NO. 15.

MAY 1, 1893.

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Current Comment.

As a matter of self-protection, consumers should be on guard constantly against buying adulterated foods. Demand pure goods of your grocers and see that you get them. Neither be tempted to purchase by low prices nor take high prices alone as a guarantee of the purity of goods. If you do, your chances of being cheated are many. Remember the fight that was made in the Ohio legislature against the pure-food bill. The fight was temporarily successful. The makers, mixers and dealers in adulterated foods intend to keep, if they possibly can, all the opportunities they now have for robbing the consumers in the state.

Until we get more effective pure-food laws, let the consumers be on their guard against everything. Nearly every article of food, drink and drug on the market is more or less adulterated. A few of them will be mentioned briefly.

Granulated sugar is generally pure, but pulverized and brown sugars are largely adulterated, commonly with grape-sugar, wheat and rice flours, starch, white earth, clay, gypsum, etc. As an adulterant, grape-sugar, or glucose, may be harmless or it may not. To make it, pure corn-starch is boiled with dilute sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). After the starch is converted to grape-sugar, the sulphuric acid is neutralized and precipitated with chalk or marble-dust. If all the acid is removed and the glucose is pure, it is considered to be a wholesome food, but it is only about one third as sweet as cane-sugar. As it is much cheaper than cane-sugar, it is largely used for mixing. Consumers can save money by buying cane-sugar and grape-sugar separately and doing their own mixing, if they prefer the mixture to the pure article.

Cane and maple syrups are largely adulterated with glucose. It is the same old game of obtaining money under false pretenses by palming off a cheap article for a better and a higher-priced one.

Spices of all kinds are adulterated with a great variety of things. The manufacture of spice adulterants has grown to be a large industry.

The basis of most of the fruit jellies found on the market is gelatine. This is colored with aniline and other dye-stuffs and flavored with various artificial essences, to make it imitate the variety for which it is sold. Jams and preserves are made up of glucose, gelatine, dye-stuffs, inferior fruit, pumpkins, artificial essences, etc. Imitation seeds are sometimes supplied.

Most of the stuff sold for cider vinegar

contains very little apple juice. Sulphuric acid is the injurious adulterant commonly used.

Tempted by the large profits of their infamous business, adulterators of foods do not hesitate to make use of articles that are unwholesome and dangerous to health. By using proper precautions in making purchases, consumers can do much to protect themselves against the contemptible frauds on the market.

In his efforts to manage the finances of the government without issuing bonds, Secretary Carlisle will have the approval of the people. To issue bonds is to increase the interest-bearing debt. To avoid this, if possible, is the secretary's determination. April 20th the secretary made the following statement explaining the financial situation:

"In the exercise of the discretionary power conferred upon the secretary of the treasury by the act of July 14, 1890, he has been paying gold for the coin treasury notes issued for the purchase of silver bullion, and he will continue to do so as long as he has gold lawfully available for that purpose. Under this process the government has been, and is now, paying gold for silver bullion and storing the silver in its vaults, where it is as useless for any purpose of circulation or redemption as iron, lead or any other commodity.

"The government, in the first place, issues a coin treasury note in payment for silver bullion, and then the coin treasury note is presented at a sub-treasury and the gold is paid out for it; so that the effect is precisely the same as if the gold were paid directly for the silver in the first instance. About \$800,000 of the gold which was withdrawn from the sub-treasury on last Tuesday for shipment abroad was paid out on these coin treasury notes. No order has been made to stop the payment of gold upon these notes, nor has any one been authorized to say that such an order would be issued. The purpose of the government to preserve its own credit unimpaired and maintain the parity of the two metals by all lawful means will not be abandoned under any circumstances. In view of the existing legislation, the only question for consideration is as to the measures that ought to be adopted to insure the accomplishment of this purpose, and upon this question there is, of course, room for wide differences of opinion. The total stock of gold coin and gold bullion now in this country, including what is held by the treasury as well as what is held by the banks and individuals, amounts to about \$740,000,000. When I came into the treasury department, on the seventh day of March, the amount of free gold on hand had been reduced to \$987,000, but by arrangements with western banks it was increased until, on the first of April, it amounted to nearly \$3,000,000. Then heavy shipments began to be made, and two days ago we had only about \$40,000, but now it amounts to \$885,000, after deducting what has been withdrawn from the sub-treasury to-day for shipment. Arrangements are now in progress by which more gold is to be procured from the West, and I hope that a sufficient quantity will be secured to keep the gold reserve intact.

"There is gold enough in the country to meet all the requirements of the situation, and if all who are really interested in maintaining a sound and stable currency would assist the secretary of the treasury to the extent of their abilities, the existing difficulties would soon be removed."

THE production of beet-sugar in the United States during 1891 was over 12,000,000 pounds; in 1892 the production was over 27,000,000 pounds. Three fourths of last year's output belongs to California, which state leads in the progress made, and gives great promise for the future. Nebraska stands next, but her factories last year were unable to get a full supply of beets, because the farmers near would not raise enough of them.

Regarding this industry, the *Breeder's Gazette* says:

"If the millions which annually flow abroad for raw sugar could be distributed among our agriculturists, great would be their prosperity. If we could take out of corn and wheat production an acreage sufficient to supply beets from which our sugar could be manufactured, the resultant benefit to every man who farms would be distinctly marked. That a diversification of our agricultural products in this direction is a possibility can no longer be questioned. There are, unquestionably, many portions of the agricultural West where sugar-beets can be successfully and profitably grown, and viewed in every light, this is an "infant industry" which is worthy of as much encouragement as the principles of sound economy will warrant. The *Gazette* hopes that the government, and also the states which have been interested in the practical promotion of the sugar-beet industry, will not relax their efforts in this direction. The showing of the past year is encouraging. Much work remains to be done in discovering those localities in which the sugar-beet can be grown in its perfection, and a more promising field does not open to our scientific agriculturists."

THE condition of winter wheat, April 1, is reported by Murray Nelson & Co., as follows:

"Reports received from our correspondents, in 450 counties of the principal winter wheat states, indicate that the seeding was delayed on account of extreme dry weather last fall, and that in consequence the plant had not sufficient growth to withstand the severe cold weather. In Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska the plant had little protection by covering of snow on account of snow being blown off. This, in connection with retarded growth, followed as it was by freezing and thawing, has proved very damaging, and it is predicted that a great portion of the area will be plowed up and sown to other crops. In Michigan, Northern Indiana and Illinois there has been great damage from covering of ice over the plant. This had the effect of smothering it, and in many instances entirely ruining the prospects for a crop. In all sections of the winter wheat belt rain and sunshine are badly needed to give the plant a start."

PROFIT in Spraying Orchards and Vineyards" is the title of bulletin 48, recently issued by the Ohio experiment station, Wooster. Instead of the usual record of experiments made by the station, this bulletin gives in a form available for all growers of fruit, full instructions regarding the making and applying of insecticides and fungicides. The directions and cautions are so clear and simple that the veriest novice in fruit growing who follows them cannot fail to use spraying mixtures safely and successfully.

Certain mixtures are used to destroy injurious insects; others are used as preventives or remedies of fungous diseases.

In this bulletin, special prominence is given to the treatment of some of the most destructive fungous diseases and most troublesome insects affecting fruit-trees, in one operation, by the use of combined mixtures. The following reasons are assigned for using arsenites (London purple and Paris green) in combination with the Bordeaux mixture:

Where both are required, time is saved by using them in combination.

The Bordeaux mixture prevents the arsenite doing harm to the foliage.

Either is quite as efficient in combination as alone, and in some cases more so.

It is not always known whether one or both are needed; hence, as a precaution it is better to use both in combination.

Prof. Green conservatively estimates that the profit to be derived from spraying orchards often exceeds twenty dollars per acre, and vineyards much more; and that the fruit crop of Ohio would be enhanced in value by several million dollars annually if the practice were generally followed.

A BULLETIN recently published by the department of agriculture on experiments with sugar-beets in 1892, reports that forty-two samples were received from Ohio, showing an average beet above normal size and with a fair content of sugar. More interest has been shown in Ohio during the past season in regard to the sugar-beet than ever before, and attention is called to the fact that especially in the northern part there are vast areas suitable to the culture of beets, and the climate of northern Ohio is certainly favorable to the production of a high-grade beet.

The average per cent of sugar in beets for the state is nearly twelve. Some of the northern counties sent samples of beets to the department that contained over fifteen per cent. The samples were grown from sugar-beet seed distributed by the department in the spring of 1892. This experiment work should be largely extended this season.

APPROXIMATE estimates given by the superintendent of the census show that the total value of all agricultural products in 1890 was about \$3,800,000,000, an increase of \$100,000,000 over 1880. The large crops of 1891 raised the total to \$4,500,000,000. From 1880 to 1890 the value of farm animals increased from \$1,576,000,000 to \$2,418,000,000.

But agriculture has not kept pace with manufacturing. The total value of our manufactured products increased from \$5,300,000,000 in 1880 to \$8,600,000,000 in 1890, a gain of \$3,300,000,000, and the United States now leads all the nations of the world in manufacturing. In ten years the capital invested in manufacturing increased from \$2,700,000,000 to \$4,600,000,000.

ONE of the best things that can happen to a farming community that is behind the times is for a progressive farmer to move in. Every improved method of farming that he brings with him is sure to attract attention, more attention, in fact, than some radical improvement made by one of the old residents. The new-comer's farming operations will be watched closely and talked about. If his methods are notably successful they will be adopted more or less by his neighbors, and the farming of the whole community be bettered. If he sets a good example, it is sure to have a good effect on the community, slow-going as it may be.

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Our Farm.

BUSINESS METHODS AMONG FARMERS.

THE middleman gets a great deal of censure from the farmers, and I agree with my fellow-farmers that the cases are not rare in which he deserves some of it. But granting this much, I see more clearly every year that we, as a class, are fully as much in fault as any when we fail to buy our supplies at a fairly low price and sell our products as high as the markets justify. If middlemen get an undue share of the money for which we have labored, in the majority of instances we would do well to blame ourselves. There is too often a lack of business methods among us, and it is possible for us to pay a pretty high price for an article without benefiting the middleman as much as we may imagine.

Let me illustrate: X thinks that he will have to buy a mower or a self-binding reaper for this harvest. An agent learns that there is a chance to make a sale. He spends a half day going to see X, urging him to buy. Then another agent learns of the chance to sell to X, and he spends a half day with him. Another trip or two is made by each agent. Each one professes to make some cut in price, and X imagines that he is making money by holding off. Finally he buys, agreeing to pay for the machine in ninety days, and stipulating that the machine must do the work satisfactorily, the agent agreeing to "start the machine," or to hold himself in readiness to come when called at harvest-time.

Now, the expense already incurred. Two men have spent two half days each with a team. Then there must be a margin to cover the cost of a trip at harvest to adjust some trifling difficulty. Then a trip for collection. Not only this, the experienced agent knows that he may have to make two or three other trips before collection is made. He must be easy with the purchaser, or he will offend and lose future sales. Occasionally a note is never collected. "But," you say, "that is the agents' lookout; I don't foot that kind of bills." This is the mistake that is made. The consumer must foot all bills, or else the middleman must lose money. They are not in the business for their health, nor for the sake of losing money. They know what to expect, and the selling price of machines is placed at a figure that will cover all expenses named. Otherwise they would become bankrupt.

It is not business on the part of the farmers to let the cost of effecting sales to them become so great. The agent usually clears very little more than he deserves to get, as his expense is too great. There is a remedy for this, and some are finding it. A live, wide-awake farmer knows what machinery he wants better than any agent can tell him. He knows when he is able to buy. He can see nearly any style of

machine on farms near him, and can learn from its owner whether it gives satisfaction or not. By observation in his neighbor's fields he can usually get a better insight into the working of an implement than any half-day trial on his own farm can give. When he has decided that he will buy, and has decided what he wants, he can go to an agent cheaper than an agent can come to him. It is no difficult matter to learn just what manufacturers' prices are. The dealer has a right to a fair profit. In five minutes one can give his order for a machine, pay cash with the order, and have the fun of making his own price, if it is reasonable.

A dealer likes such customers. There is no time lost, no expense is incurred and no risk. He can order a machine to be sent direct to the buyer's station, and if the farmer offers a sum that will give the dealer ten per cent above the manufacturer's price, the dealer makes more money than he does when selling in the old way at an advance of twenty-five or thirty per cent. The buyer saves not only the fifteen or twenty per cent that was eaten up by expense in the old way, but he saves time and bother. He can rest assured that when he orders an implement made by a reliable firm it will do the work as well as the one he saw in a neighbor's field. If a part is faulty, the manufacturer will always make it good. No other guarantee is needed. Any live farmer can set up and run nearly any farm machine, and an agent gladly sells cheaper when he knows he will not have to drive several miles in his busiest season to change a bolt that any one should be able to adjust.

When farmers learn to choose their implements without taking much time of agents, and when they pay cash with the order, so that there is no expense for collec-

tion and no risk, they will effect a big saving. I make it a rule to learn the wholesale price of a machine before the time comes for purchasing. Then when I offer a sum that is about ten per cent above first price, the dealer is aware that the offer is a fair one, and he never hesitates. He usually stipulates that the price be not made public, as he must have more when dealing in the old way. Such confidences I respect, as is only right. Yet any one may get the best inside price by learning what prices should be, and then offering cash and asking no special guarantees, which are unnecessary in the case of all standard machinery. A little skill in adjustment is all any require, and usually they are perfectly adjusted for ordinary work before leaving the shop.

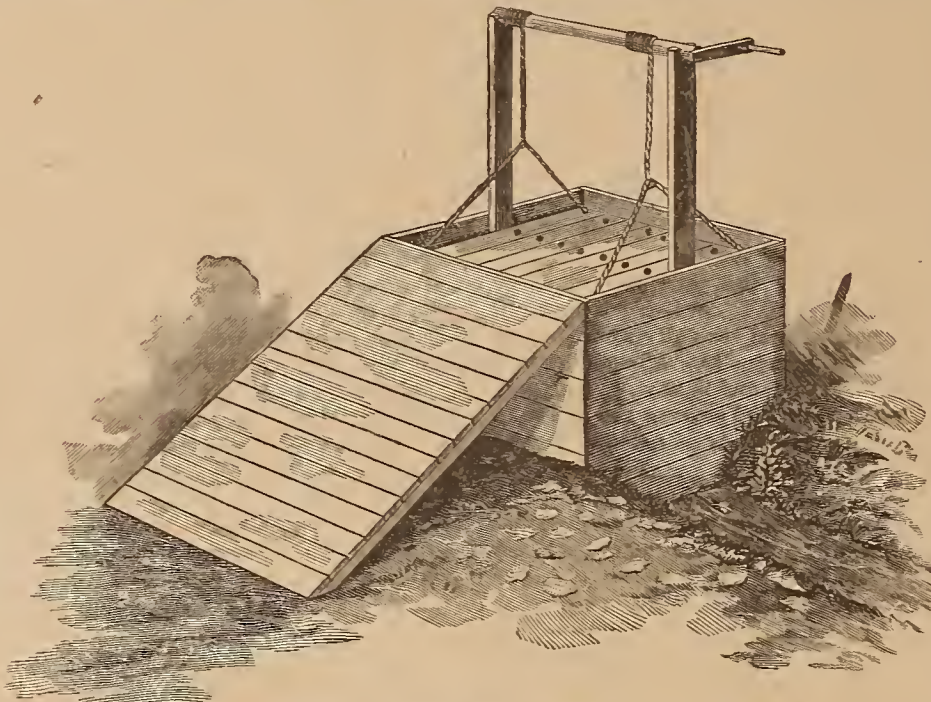
But some will say that all this is easy enough except learning manufacturers' prices. Well, if we would take everything in consideration when estimating dealers' expenses, and if we were willing to allow them a fair profit, it is probable that very few would object to making prices pretty public. As it is, one must pick up the facts in various ways. Comparison of remarks dropped by dealers, knowledge of the usual discount to agents in the various lines, and good judgment help one. Very often a reliable dealer will tell one who is willing to pay him fair profits. Dozens of ways will suggest themselves to a wide-awake man. Personally, the easiest way has been found to be in dealing with an honest man who wants my business on a ten-per-cent basis, and is always willing to show his quotations and bills with any special discounts.

In buying household supplies, the true rule is to buy in quantity and for cash. It is hardly necessary to send to a large city. A local dealer who is known to be a close

A BOX FOR WASHING SHEEP.

Where water is found in sufficient quantities for the farmer to wash his sheep at home, we believe it to be the only safeguard against contagious diseases. A convenient arrangement for washing sheep at home may be constructed as follows:

Take an ordinary store-box—four feet by four feet will do. Stop all leaks by the use of cloth and pitch, and place the box in such a position as to receive the water from a trough or pipe. Make a floating lid nearly the size of the box, and bore in it a number of half-inch holes, thus allowing the water to pass readily through the floating platform. To the middle of the opposite sides of the box nail two scantling in an upright position, extending about four feet above the box. To the top of the scantling attach a windlass with crank. Join the floating platform to the windlass with two ropes, as seen in the illustration, and you have a rude elevator.



A BOX FOR WASHING SHEEP.

This elevator will raise the washed sheep out of the box without liability to injury. When the elevator is once raised to the surface, fasten the crank so that it will remain stationary, and the next sheep may be led onto the platform without a struggle. The box in present use on the farm of the writer works admirably, and can be recommended to all who will take the pains to construct one. E. C.

THINGS OF INTEREST TO RURAL PEOPLE.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.—It is a fine thing about human sympathy, and the desire to help our fellow-beings who are in need of help. Rural people in thinly-settled districts, where trained nurses are not easily to be had, or altogether too expensive for the financial circumstances of the average farmer, have to depend, in cases of severe sickness, more or less on the friendly assistance of neighbors. Here is where the true goodness of heart comes to the surface. It is not the consciousness of our own frailty, the thought that sometime, sooner or later, the good Samaritan may be in want of assistance himself, that prompts the proffer of sympathy and help. In truth, the whole neighborhood seems to be one great family, and the affliction of one is the affliction of all. I have often noted a rivalry among neighbors who should be the one to be allowed to "set up" with the sick and administer to their wants. This, indeed, is a bright ray of sunshine in human life. On the other hand, even these friendly ministrations, and the very rivalry mentioned, may be overdone at times and become a source of annoyance, if not danger. Even the best impulses of the human heart must be controlled by tact and common sense, else there is risk of their leading into nuisances. I was reminded of this by a letter received

some time since, in which the writer told me of his trials. His wife, a few days before, had presented him with a nice baby. The weather had been cold and windy; his house was not one of the warmest, and the rooms were easily reached by drafts from open doors. Just as soon as the news spread in the neighborhood that a new citizen had arrived, the neighbors came in, one, two and three at a time, one lot after another, keeping the doors on the swing half the time and the house tracked full of snow, and demanding of the man, hired girl and relatives in attendance a great share of the attention due to the wife and child. This was repeated day after day for perhaps a week—just the week when mother and child should be left undisturbed, and as quiet as possible, and when a little privacy of the family is urgently needed. This is not a solitary case. It happens every day. The curiosity to see how the new-born citizen looks, whether he resembles his father or mother or some of the back relations, whether he is fat or lean, large or small, handsome or homely, etc., may be all natural, but it should be kept within bounds. The first thing some of the visitors are liable to do is to ask for the baby, and then to take it right to a window to have a good chance to look it over, never imagining that the light may hurt the little eyes unused to so much brightness; and if the husband and father, or the mother or sister in attendance, should refuse to take up the poor little thing out of a sound sleep, in order to gratify such modest requests, they run the risk of giving serious offense.

Now, this is all nonsense. It is kindness carried beyond its proper limit. In ordinary cases of this kind all the neighbors can do is to give the young mother a chance to rest and get well, the infant time to get used to new surroundings, and the people in attendance to arrange matters. Inquire at the door how they get along; don't stay, unless your proffered assistance is needed and accepted. And above all things, if the managers of the house have common sense enough to refuse you admittance to the sick-room and disturbance of the sleeping babe, don't take offense at it. It's just what they ought to do.

WHEATLET, THE DISH FOR HEALTH. Chronic constipation is a very general complaint. It is peculiarly an American ailment, and due, in a large measure, to the peculiarly American diet—fried things, salt meats, pastry, etc. The free indulgence in fruits and vegetables offers us a remedy during the summer season; but during the winter the ailment becomes aggravated, and often really annoying. Drastic means, such as cathartic pills, salts, etc., are commonly employed to remedy the ills due to an improper and unnatural diet. I abhor them, although in earlier life I had recourse to them myself. Flooding the bowels with hot water, both by the mouth and the rectum, may give relief in a less objectionable and less harmful manner; still, it is nothing more nor less than an attempt to correct abnormal—because unnatural—conditions by abnormal means. If we look to our diet, and improve it in the right way, we have it in our power to put a stop to the trouble. Graham bread, oatmeal and similar things are often recommended for this purpose, and their free use certainly has a good effect.

But what if we do not like the taste of these things? It would be a punishment for me to have to eat oatmeal. I do not like it, and Graham bread but little better. In some cases we have to eat things we don't like, nilly-willy. But a person prefers to enjoy what he eats, and not be forced by the pangs of hunger to eat a distasteful dish day after day. I think I have now found exactly the thing needed, and believe that I will confer a favor on many of my friends who may be suffering in the way mentioned, by calling their attention to a comparatively new dish, introduced under the name "wheatlet." This I take to be simply wheat, ground coarsely, like corn as commonly ground for feed. Possibly some of the bran may be taken out, but I am not sure on this point. I only judge from the looks of the article. At first I used to buy it at my Buffalo grocers', put up in two-pound packages, costing eleven cents a package.

We all liked it so well that at last I began to buy it from the mills by the half barrel, at three and one half cents a pound. For many months we have had it regularly for breakfast, day after day, week in and week out. It seems to me that I have not enjoyed my breakfasts so well for a long time, nor enjoyed better health and appetite. Constipation seems a thing of the past in my

family. Headaches have become beautifully rare. And then consider the point of cost. A pint of wheatlet is just enough for my family of five or six. The meal is simply stirred into boiling water, salted to taste and allowed to simmer for a few minutes, when it is ready for the table. It is eaten with sugar, and rich milk from the Jersey cow. Add to this a cupful or two of coffee and a "gingersnap" or a piece of coffee-cake, and we have a delicious breakfast costing less than fifteen cents, all told, for a whole family of six persons.

T. GREINER.

ABOUT DAIRY STOCK.

It requires considerable tact and a fair amount of skill in judging animals to select and purchase cows for the dairy. One great difficulty in relying upon purchased stock for the dairy, is to find the right kind of cows for sale, for no good calculator will sell his best cows. For this and other reasons there are advantages that one cannot afford to disregard in making up his mind whether to raise his best bred heifer calves or not, to keep good his dairy herd.

I know there are dairymen who think that it is cheaper to buy cows in the spring—when summer dairying is the main feature—and milk them through the summer, and sell again in the fall, thereby saving the labor and expense of providing feed through the cold season.

Where the association system of butter and cheese making prevails, and the main object of keeping cows is to supply milk or cream for the factory during the warm months, I am not sure but such a course may be an economical one; but in many sections of New England, at least, the winter cow can be made to pay quite as well, or better, than the summer cow. For this reason, and others, I am confident that it is the better way to hold onto the good cows and keep the ranks full by breeding from the best, using such ones as have proved their right to patronage in this line. For it is obvious that if one has an extra butter maker, and she is not past her prime, it is better to winter her than to take the chances of making her place good by purchasing.

There are other economical considerations that should not be overlooked in this matter of dairy cows. By wintering our cows and carefully saving and applying the dressing they make, we have the means of improving the fertility of the farm, while by selling off our dairy stock, unless provision is made to winter other cattle sufficient to use up the forage of the farm, deterioration of the soil must be the result.

There is a strong tendency among farmers, when hay brings a high price in market, to sell the hay from the farm, trusting to the purchase of manufactured fertilizers to replace the drain upon the farm by selling off the hay. There are cases where, by the exercise of good judgment and wise management, the practice may be successful, but as a rule the practice will prove ruinous in the end. The forage of the farm fed upon the farm to meat stock, and this stock consisting of good dairy cows, proper precaution being taken by suitable arrangements to make the most dressing for the farm and of its hay crop, and saving all of it after it is made, is the best disposal that can be made of the fodder crops the farm produces.

It is a good plan to raise some of the best heifer calves each year; those from a line of good milkers on the side of both sire and dam. By so doing, and by selecting only the best to keep from the heifers raised, it is only the question of a few years' time when one can have a better paying herd of cows than can be readily bought at any reasonable price.

In rearing cows for the dairy, through all stages of their growth it is important to keep them in thrifty condition. They should be petted and kindly used from calves up to cowhood, as this makes kind and orderly cows when they come to take their places in the dairy. A gentle disposition is a prime requisite in the dairy cow, and it lies mainly with the owner or the ones having charge of the young things whether they are so or not.

A heifer which has been well kept, is of good size and correspondingly well developed, may be profitably allowed to come into milk at two years of age. This will apply, however, more particularly to the distinctively dairy breeds, and especially to the Jerseys. Good dairymen differ on this point, some preferring to have their heifers, of whatever breed, go to nearly or quite three years of age before having their

first calf. On the other hand, it is thought when a heifer comes in young, say at two years of age, it forms an early habit of giving milk by thus early enlarging and expanding the organs of milk secretion.

A greater mistake is frequently made by farmers in having the young heifers come in too early in the season. A heifer having her first calf in May or June, or when the pasture is flush and sweet, has the chances in her favor of making a better milker than one which calves in winter or early spring, on a dry fodder diet. Grass is the best milk-producing food we have, and the young heifer completing the days of her pregnancy at pasture has her lacteal organs developed by increased activity.

But the question may be asked, is there not likely to arise troubles from swollen udder and other difficulties incident to parturition, when the weather is warm and feeds succulent and milk-producing? There is, truly, but by proper care they can usually be prevented.

It is not best to let the heifer gorge herself or to eat nearly to repletion for a day or two before, and certainly not after calving. There is no provision by nature for an extra supply of food to the mother after parturition, and it is fair to presume that a cow, if she has had a fair pasture, or food liberally supplied otherwise, has stored away strength and vitality sufficient to carry her through parturition, and for some hours afterwards; and it is reasonable that she demands rest and quiet more than food.

A cow liable to trouble with the secretory organs, coming in at any season of the year, should not be fed roots of any kind, neither corn-meal. The latter is of two heating a nature, and induces a feverish state, the very thing it is the main object to avoid. Buckwheat, barley and rye-meal, oats and peas and a few beans ground together, with one fourth the bulk of wheat bran added, makes a good grain feed for cows during the latter period of gestation and afterwards.

The good offices of beans as a preventive of garget in cows or sheep are little known, and so not fully appreciated. Two bushels of oats and peas, with twelve quarts of beans added and ground together, and a third, by weight, of bran added, feeding two quarts of the mixture night and morning from the time the cow is nicely dried off till a week or ten days after calving, will carry them safely through, free from swollen udder or garget, if she does not take cold at the critical time.

L. F. ABBOTT.

FORAGE PLANTS.

For various reasons the question of forage plants is an important one for the farmers of this new Southwest. In Oklahoma farming is yet in an experimental stage, and many kinds of crops need to be tested to learn of their adaptation. We are given, as a rule, a very rich soil, and the seasons are likely to be favorable for vegetable growth except for a short period, and this growth is very rapid. But this short period is likely to be a severe one, and many kinds of crops, if at the critical stage, will be greatly injured. There is likely to be a period of from four to eight weeks in midsummer, just after wheat harvest in June, when there will be little, if any, rainfall, and crops like corn may be ruined, so far as producing grain is concerned, though there may be magnificent fodder. The tassels injured, the crop is irreparably injured. No amount of after rain will bring out new tassels or blossoms, and of course there is no chance for fertilization.

Here is where comes in the adaptation of the forage plants. Some of them will ripen before the dry period and others not till afterward, while if any are in bloom and they are damaged, new ones will start when rains come, and a fair crop may still be had. Then a crop is needed that will do well in sod, as for many years there will be much new ground to be put in cultivation. Not because they are best known, but for the reason that they are scarcely known at all to three fourths of the new settlers, as they are largely from the North.

COW-PEAS.—They are a splendid crop to stand drouth, and do well in sod. While they and all others will grow well in the fresh sod without any further preparation, yet we advise thorough work where it can be done. Dr. Neal, director of our experiment station, is an enthusiast as to cow-peas, and with Magruder, of the college farm, have raised fifty acres of them the past season.

Their method of preparation of the sod was to break during the fall and winter, then disk four times, first in the direction of the plowing, then at right angles, then diagonally, after which it was re-plowed and thoroughly pulverized, and in May the peas were sown with a Cahoon seeder at the rate of fifty pounds per acre.

As the plantings are likely to be small this year, we suggest, if possible, that last year's breaking be selected. We have our ground disked twice, then plowed eight inches deep, harrowed well, double disked again and finished with harrow. In moist, cold soils planting cannot be safely done until after usual corn-planting time, but in our warm, dry soil there need be no fear in planting as soon as danger of frost is past.

For small plantings the method commonly used for garden or bush beans familiar to all readers will be best. We would add for this section, plant a little deeper than in moist climates. For extensive plantings they may be sown broadcast, as at the experimental farm, or the two-horse corn-planter or corn-drill used same as in ordinary planting, except rows one half the distance apart. We shall use our press grain-drill, closing up one half the openings, thus making the rows sixteen inches apart. One bushel per acre where forage and seed is wanted, or one half bushel when wanted for seed alone. If there is no grass growing naturally in the soil, we should advise planting a little of other seeds with them, something like Kaffir corn or Millo maize, as they will make the curing and stacking an easier matter. The cutting, curing and after care is much the same as in common clover. The manner of feeding will suggest itself. All kinds of stock relish them, and they can be fed as forage and seed, or seed alone, but must be fed sparingly until stock become accustomed to it.

The crop will be easily out of the way in time for winter wheat seeding, or if a late crop is wanted they can be planted after wheat harvest. For hog feed they can be drilled between rows of corn at last cultivation and hogs turned in as soon as corn is gathered.

On the whole they are likely to prove a crop suited to our variable seasons, as they take but a short season for growth—from fifty to seventy days—and if from any cause first planting should be a failure, a late one can be made. The experiment station is furnishing each Oklahoma farmer that requests it one quart of seed, but we shall plant much larger than this.

J. M. RICE.

WHEAT GROWING IN KANSAS.

An article in FARM AND FIRESIDE entitled "Wheat Crop for 1892," says: "Kansas, by jumping from 54,800,000 bushels to 70,800,000, becomes the banner wheat state," and by giving comparison seeks to show that heavy crops and low prices are not financially beneficial to the state. Being a small farmer in Kansas, I am prepared to say that while better prices would be very acceptable, that the crop of 1892 was financially beneficial. This is shown by the number of farm mortgages paid off since the crop was harvested, which was the heaviest in the history of the state. This fact is further evidenced by the general prosperity and hope of the farmer. It is true that if the heavy production of wheat continues, prices must continue low and perhaps further decline, but the wheat grower of Kansas cannot afford to reduce his crop area while the rest of the world is increasing their production and reducing prices. If they would produce less they would have less to sell, and perhaps at a less price, forced on them by the heavy production of other countries. I own and farm one hundred and sixty acres of land, doing my own work almost exclusively, and am prepared to give your readers the success that has crowned my efforts as a Kansas farmer.

Four years ago I was employed in town, but occupied my farm, which was near, and hired fifty acres of wheat sown, and kept an account of every item of expense, including labor, board, use of implements, rent for land and seed wheat, which at that time was worth eighty cents per bushel, and the entire cost amounted to \$367.60. I harvested 1,275 bushels of wheat, or 23½ bushels per acre. This shows that my wheat cost me a fraction less than thirty cents per bushel. Had I done the work myself I would have had good wages for myself and team, in addition to the profits on the crop.

My crop for 1892 yielded thirty bushels per acre, on land that had never been fertilized; but the profits of wheat growing

here cannot be taken as a criterion, as I am in the best wheat-producing county of the state. The people of the East must bear in mind that the nature of our soil is such that one man and team can successfully farm two or three times as much land here as he can in the East, thus greatly reducing the cost of production, and that land is much cheaper and rent correspondingly lower. To give an idea as to the amount of land that one man can farm, I will give my own experience with the present crop. I hired plowing done to the amount of twenty-seven dollars, and with only one span of horses did the rest of my work, and now have a wheat crop growing of one hundred and twenty-two acres, which promises a yield of thirty bushels per acre. One man with two good teams can successfully farm, in fall and spring crops, two hundred and fifty acres of land. This fact, coupled with our virgin and productive soil, is why the farmer of Sumner county, Kansas, will continue to profitably grow wheat, even at a very low price.

D. W. HOLLAND.

THE OSAGE ORANGE.

It is a little strange that the most valuable tree in America, the one with the fewest drawbacks, has been overlooked and ignored. Horticulturists, forestry commissions, agricultural colleges, horticultural and agricultural journals, all have passed it by. I have no hesitancy in saying that the Osage orange, all things considered, is altogether the most valuable tree for the greatest number of purposes, and with the least objection of any tree on this continent.

It is easily propagated.

It is a good grower, making a large tree (except in extreme north latitudes).

It has no enemies; no bug, beetle, worm, fly, mildew, blight or borer touches its viscid juice.

As a street tree it needs no boxing; it protects itself with spines sharp as needles, which fall off when the tree gets older.

The wood is as durable as cedar, and stronger than hickory; no tree will equal it in a cyclone. Nobody has lived long enough to see it rot.

It will grow in any soil not too wet.

On good soil it will make a post equal to cedar in four or five years. Planted along a wire-woven, picket fence, ten feet apart, it will take the place of the oak posts that will have rotted off at the ground.

It is a handsome tree, with rich green leaves that equal the orange. If anybody can find its equal, let them do so. If our avenues in the cities had been planted with this hardy and beautiful tree instead of the unsightly, weak-branched, soft maples, we would now have something permanent and beautiful.

Call up all the trees that have been recommended by landscapers and city fathers. Hard maple is hard to transplant and grows too slow. Walnut won't live in a city with much certainty and is hard to transplant; neither will it bear much abuse. The post oak is one of the most difficult to transplant, and a slow grower. Elm is one of the best, but has many enemies, and the timber is nearly worthless. Poplars are weak in wood and uncertain in growth. Cedar is so slow in growth that it would take a lifetime to get a post. Black locust is destroyed by borers. None equals Osage orange for so many purposes.

Ohio.

J. H. CREIGHTON.



Mrs. Henry C. Swineford

Swellings in the Neck

Or goitre, made my neck fully twice its natural size. For three years all my strength seemed to go into the swelling and I was reduced from 185 to 89 pounds. On recommendation of a physician I took HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, which gave me strength, relieved distress in my stomach, and best of all, entirely removed the goitre. I am now in the best of health, weigh 193 pounds." Mrs. H. C. SWINEFORD, Millinburg, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM MY GARDEN.

STRAWBERRIES.—About a year ago the following note from my friend, L. B. Pierce, of Ohio, appeared in FARM AND FIRESIDE or elsewhere (I forget where): "The large acreage of Bnbach which ripened the bulk of its fruit at two pickings, glutted the markets and reduced prices, and I think the growing of so many Bubachs and Haverlands is reducing consumption of strawberries, as people do not hanker after them as they do after fruit that leave a pleasant taste in the mouth."

Last season I had quite a large patch of both Bubachs and Haverlands, with a few others mixed in for trial and to give the needed pollen. Altogether it was the most satisfactory strawberry season in my experience. I had plenty of fruit, and as I am perhaps less fastidious in such matters than friend Pierce, or lack his fine discriminating taste, I can truly say that myself and family consumed perhaps more strawberries that year than in any year before. We had no objection to the large, luscious Bubachs and Haverlands, and the remembrance of the pleasant taste they left in the mouth is yet vivid in my mind. If I can always have as good fruit, and as plenty of it, as I had in 1892, I will certainly not complain. These berries are easily picked, they being conspicuous for size and color, and they look most attractive in a dish. Neither do they have any core. I saw Bubachs on the retailers' stands in Buffalo, offered at twenty cents a quart, and Wilsons close by at ten cents a quart. But the Bubachs came from a near grower who brought the freshly-gathered fruit directly from the field, per wagon, to the city. Under ordinary circumstances, I find that Buffalo buyers prefer the inferior, but better keeping, Wilson to Haverlands, and especially to the very large Bubachs. The latter settle down, and after standing in the crate over night do not look well. For a local market, and for sale directly from the field, the Bubach and Haverland are not to be despised, and I am yet willing to stick to them. The only question with me is, what kind to use as a pollenizer. Heretofore I have mostly used the Wilson, which in the markets around here is yet a favorite, and which seems to find especially congenial soil conditions in this vicinity. Here it is grown to perfection, but rust is liable to put a stop to its usefulness. Last season, for instance, it rusted so badly as to reduce the crop to a mere fraction of a normal one, while other varieties suffered very little.

In regard to shipping strawberries, and other fruits as well, I would call attention to the remarks made at the last meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, by Mr. J. H. Hale, of Connecticut, who knows what he is talking about when he speaks of growing and selling fruits. We used to think that berries, while being shipped, should have plenty of ventilation. Mr. Hale says that this ventilation is a delusion and a snare. Put up the berries while they are dry and cool, but keep them as closely and tightly as possible. You don't want free circulation of air about them. My friends who, during the coming season, have strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., to ship to a distant market, will do well to bear this in mind.

MICE IN GREENHOUSE.—The little white-bellied field-mouse often is a real terror in greenhouses, hotbeds and cold-frames. It eats of the plants, and digs down into the soil after seeds, and often a few pair of them do an immense amount of damage among stuff planted under glass. I never submit to injury of this kind without protest. I do not propose to live in the same house with rats, and mice, and bedbugs, and other vermin, and I have never yet been at a loss how to manage in order to get clear of such pests. Rats and mice can always be trapped if you will only use good traps and good bait, and a little ingenuity in setting and baiting the traps. To catch mice in hotbeds or greenhouses is not a difficult thing. They like seeds of an oily nature, such as sunflower, squash, etc. Ordinary wheat also attracts them, but if it fails, the seeds named will surely do the work. The first plants in my new greenhouse were hardly showing above ground when I noticed the signs of mice. A delusion trap was baited with wheat and promptly set, and the next morning I had a pair of the rodents, which were at once despatched by immersing the trap in water

for a few minutes. The next morning I had another pair inside the trap, and this cleared out the pest, and when trouble again begun a few days later, the trap soon gave relief once more. But prompt action, careful and persistent setting of traps, is always required. Don't let the mice ruin whole beds before you make an effort to catch the mischief-makers.

SEED SOWING.—We often make a serious blunder by sowing seed too shallow. In mellow soil the surface easily dries out, especially if not thoroughly firmed, and seed deposited near the top soon after sprouting often dies from moisture. Even small seeds, such as lettuce and cabbage, and similar ones, have no trouble to germinate and send their sprouts up through the soil, if put an inch or more deep. An inch is a good depth for onion seed. Don't put it on the surface, or only lightly covered. The deeply-sown seed will sprout and grow and make good plants, while that put too near the surface may sprout, but will usually die. I would rather put onion seed two inches deep, and have faith in its good behavior, than have it a quarter of an inch deep, all provided that the soil is a well-prepared, mellow loam. On other soil, especially if ill-prepared, hard and clayey, I would not sow fine seeds at all.

T. GREINER.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Borers.—W. H. H., Villa Rica, Ga. You do not give the kind of trees in your orchard, or where the borers to which you refer do their damage. If you will add these points I will gladly reply to your inquiries.

Nitrate of Soda.—H. G., Burnham, Mich. Nitrate of soda costs about \$40 per ton. It can be bought through any of the large seed dealers, but to the best advantage of dealers in fertilizers. About two hundred pounds is enough for an acre of strawberries. Apply it broadcast soon after the plants start in the spring.

Insecticide for Curculio.—W. J. B., Garrison, N. Y. Probably the safest and best insecticide for you to use is strained Bordeaux mixture, to which has been added one ounce of Paris green to every twenty-two gallons of the mixture. This is also a good fungicide, and will undoubtedly lessen the loss from rotting of the fruit.

Black Rot on Grapes.—W. L. B., Jacksonport, Wis. If you use Bordeaux mixture as recently recommended in these columns in a letter from Chas. Pratt, you will probably have no trouble about saving your grapes, as they are undoubtedly affected with black rot. The materials you applied would be nearly worthless, as the trouble is a fungus disease.

Propagating the Peach.—O. R. W., Artic, Ind. The peach is seldom grafted in the northern states, as it is a very uncertain operation in that section. In the South and in California it can be done quite successfully. They are at the North very easily increased by budding, which should be done in August. This latter method is a very simple as well as a very certain operation. For detailed statement as to the method of budding, see FARM AND FIRESIDE of June 1st last.

Tubercles on Peach Roots.—T. B., Orlando, Fla. This seems to be the result of a new peach disease which has quite recently been reported from various parts of the country. The department of agriculture at Washington is investigating the matter, and we may expect a report from it the coming season. At present we do not know what course to recommend, but in planting, the trees should be very carefully examined to be sure they are free from the little swellings on the roots.

Fertilizers for Small Fruits.—G. W. L., Itasca, Ill. For any of the fruits you mention I regard good barn-yard manure the best fertilizer. It should be applied in spring if rotten, and in fall or winter if green. Ten cords per acre is none too much. If you want to use some commercial fertilizer try ground tankage, and apply one half ton per acre early in the spring. This can be bought at any of the large packing-houses, and is probably the cheapest and best kind of commercial fertilizers to use in Illinois.

Currant-bushes not Bearing.—A. B., Quincy, Cal., writes: "I have some currant-bushes of the common red variety, planted from slips ten or fifteen years ago. They bore well five years ago, but for the past two years they have failed to bear. The soil is rich, mellow and good. They were well pruned two years ago, but it made no improvement. In the past two years I did not get one half pint of fruit. What shall I do? Leave them another year, or dig them up and set out slips again, or do you think they will bear if I transplant the bushes, removing surplus roots?"

REPLY:—I do not know what the trouble is, but should throw away the old plants and set new bushes.

Worms in Grapes.—P. E. L., Rock Island, Ill. The grape-berry moth (*Eudemis botrana*) is what causes the trouble. It enters the ber-

ries in July and is quite a difficult insect to destroy. It is supposed to winter over in the dead leaves, and these and the infested berries should be destroyed. But I think the best preventive for you is the putting of bags over the bunches as soon as the berries are set, and so keep out the moths. Use one-pound paper bags or small cotton bags. Cut the bags down about two inches on each side, bring them up over the bunches and pin them around the canes or stems. Make a small hole in the corner of each bag to let out the water. By using cheap labor the work can be done for one fourth cent per pound. When bagging, look out for infested berries and destroy any you may find.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLASTING HARDPAN.—No subsoil plow in creation will break through some hardpan soils. You have got to break entirely through the hard strip, and when once a tree gets a root through it into soft, rich earth below it is worth ten trees which have only the shallow soil above to depend on. The only way to let the roots through is with powder. Drive a crowbar into the hardpan, two thirds through it, and put in a charge of Giant powder; don't use too much. Try a quarter of a stick, and if that is not enough, use more. Use the cheapest grade of Giant you can get, as the better grade goes too quick, and does not do as good work. Giant and Judson powder together are considered best by some large orchardists here. Your blast don't need to make much show on the top of the ground. All that is needed is to break the hardpan under where you plant the tree, the tree will do the rest.

California.

Q. E. D.

CURRENT-WORMS.—Take dry-slaked or air-slaked lime and sprinkle it on the currant or gooseberry bushes with a sieve while the bushes are wet, and it will drive off the worms. Put it on thick until they look like there was snow on them. It injures neither bushes nor berries, and is not poisonous as hellebore is. We have used it successfully for five years.

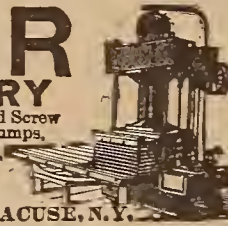
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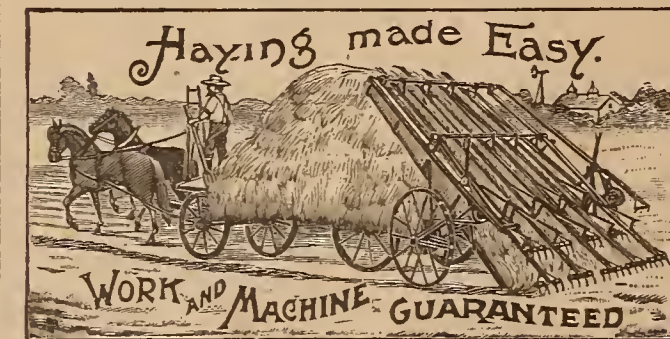
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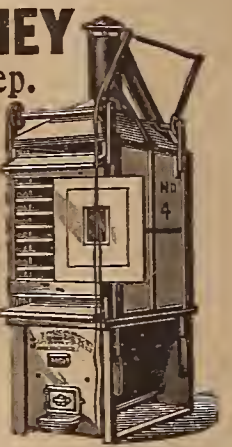
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Our Farm.

MAKING A MARKET FOR WHEAT.

Many farmers are very uneasy because of the unpromising outlook for the future of the wheat market. The prospect for the eastern wheat grower is not very bright. He cannot compete in prices with the bonanza farmers of the great Northwest and of the Pacific slope. The cost of production has been so reduced by the use of steam as the motive power, in connection with gang-plows, improved seeders and harvesters, which cut, thresh and sack the grain all at one operation, that the eastern farmer cannot expect to compete in prices even if transportation be in his favor. Reduced production or increased consumption may succeed in making wheat a profitable crop for the eastern farmer, but the question is, how can either of these remedies be applied unless by the farmers themselves? In the matter of production it might be materially decreased were eastern farmers to engage in other lines of farming.

But here the inquiry is raised, "What shall it be?" "Prices of all farm products have been ruinously low, so in what line of farming can we engage to better the circumstance?" "If we grow beef cattle we sell them for less than cost." "If we go into sheep they are soon a drug in the market." "If we grow corn and hogs the prices are certain to fall." "If we grow hay for market we are robbing our farms of their fertility." "If we have a good crop of potatoes we frequently have to feed them to the hogs." There is by far too much truth in these statements, because when any line of production gives promise of good returns, the tendency is for everyone to rush into the business to the utmost capacity. I believe the most generally successful farmers are those who continue their operations in given lines, regardless of the great promise of something into which all are rushing. He takes the poor years with the good and prepares to meet them, and in the end finds the balance on the right side of the ledger. I have known men to make fine profits by going out of a certain line of production just at the time when everyone else is rushing in. They are thus enabled to sell on a rising market and begin in a new line, which, in course of time, is certain to make a boom. This requires considerable foresight in the operator, but pays well the man who makes no mistakes.

But there are certain lines of production that promise well to him who does his work well. It will be many years before the country will have a surplus of fine grades of butter. He who makes a superior quality will find a ready market. The poultry business is in its infancy, and when we produce enough poultry and eggs there will be no necessity for the immense importations. The American people ought to consume ten-fold more fruit than they do, and would probably do so if it could be secured, so in this line one may find certain profits. We yet have a demand for fine stock of all kinds. The stylish coach horse, the best of thoroughbred cattle, of milk, butter and beef breeds, the mutton sheep, the premium hogs, all are in demand if of the best. The surplus in any line is usually of inferior quality. So, with everything to be considered, can we not do better than raise so much sixty-cent wheat?

On the other hand, can we not increase the consumption and thus find or create a market? While at Pomeroy, Ohio, institute, we found a shrewd German farmer who said he was getting two dollars a bushel for his wheat. He fed it to his hens, and said he found nothing more profitable. The returns were prompt, for he could feed the wheat in the morning and sell his eggs in the evening. At Defiance I found a man who had fed several hundred bushels of wheat to his fattening hogs, and said he never had hogs to look better or weigh heavier. He estimated that he thus obtained in the neighborhood of one dollar and twenty cents for his wheat. In Butler county one man reported that he had been feeding a good quality of wheat to all his stock, and thought the stock was doing unusually well and that it was fully one half cheaper than corn at the present prices. In our own experience it has been found that wheat makes a very valuable food for poultry, and also for horses and hogs. It contains about twenty per cent more of the muscle-making properties than corn, and horses appear to be able to do more exhaustive labor than when upon an exclusive corn diet. As a hog feed it adds to the quality of the pork by increasing the pro-

portion of muscle or lean to the fat, making it a far more healthful food.

Is it not possible, by thus feeding a good portion of our wheat, to realize better prices than by placing it upon the market? If so, the increased demand and the diminished supply will soon regulate the prices in spite of Chicago gamblers who live only to rule or ruin. We have made it a practice to sow no more wheat than is necessary to get the ground back to clover, and in this connection have sowed clover with oats to diminish the acreage for wheat.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM NEBRASKA.—Frontier county, Nebraska, is made up of a succession of rich valleys and fertile table-lands, admirably adapted to diversified farming, where corn, cattle and hogs are the principal products, but where wheat is now coming decidedly to the fore. The country is being rapidly occupied by a thrifty and intelligent class of farmers. It is finely watered by numerous, spring-fed, never-failing creeks, and good well water may be obtained anywhere at a depth of from twenty to two hundred feet. The soil is a deep, black loam, rich and fertile and adapted to the growth of all the cereal or root crops of a northerly temperate latitude. Domestic grasses and nearly or quite all varieties of fruits may be cultivated here with absolute certainty of success. The various streams are bordered with native forest trees, and the valleys are rich in native grasses that are exceedingly nutritious, rendering stock raising comparatively inexpensive, and affording excellent opportunities for dairying purposes. Good stone, suitable for foundation walls, exist in endless quantities, and the presence of good brick clay makes building enterprises in the towns as cheap here as in the eastern states. The climate in Nebraska is, perhaps, all things considered, the most desirable of any in the western states, and the southwestern portion of the state is, without doubt, preferable to any other section. There are five towns in Frontier county, of which Curtis, on the Cheyenne branch of the Burlington & Missouri River railroad, is the most prominent. It is situated just north of the 40th parallel of latitude, at an altitude of about 2,500 feet above sea-level, where a mild climate, combined with a dry, pure atmosphere, insures the utmost freedom from fever-producing causes. This is a country, in fact, of almost perpetual sunshine, where the extremes of temperature are rarely known; where winters are short and mild, and spring, summer and autumn are delightful, and we find from statistical authority that Nebraska is one of the most healthful states in the Union. One of the chief advantages of which Frontier county is possessed, and one that must eventually contribute largely to the growth, is the splendid water-power afforded by Medicine creek. It runs diagonally across the county from northwest to southeast, and is fed by springs that form a water supply not only inexhaustible, but one that scarcely varies in volume from one year's end to another. The stream is quite rapid, and when once bridled by the erection of earthwork and masonry, would furnish almost endless power for manufacturing purposes. Already several roller flouring mills are operated by the stream, but scores of industries might be placed at frequent intervals along its course within a short distance of the railroad towns, with every assurance of successful results. And right here let us add that this county offers desirable opportunities for the inauguration of numerous enterprises, manufacturing and otherwise, any of which will be heartily welcomed by the business men and people generally. The country that is naturally tributary to this section is ample to maintain 50,000 people, and with such a population as that will become several times more prosperous than at the present time. Farm and city property are cheap, and no section in the great prairie west offers to the farmer, manufacturer, capitalist, merchant, mechanic or laborer more desirable opportunities for investment. The crops for the season of 1892 have been most bountiful. Corn has run from forty-five to sixty bushels, and wheat from eighteen to thirty bushels per acre. Other crops in proportion. The writer hereof has been a resident of Frontier county for eight years, and in that time there has been but one failure of crops—the season of 1890—and that only partial, in this immediate neighborhood. The center of such grand and noble resources, with landscape surroundings rich in all the beauties of nature, with good water, a healthful climate, good schools and churches, good society, excellent market facilities and cheap lands, this beautiful country has all the elements that attract to itself the many home-seekers who are rightly looking toward the setting sun.

Curtis, Nebraska.

L. M. M.

FROM TEXAS.—Wallis is a small but thriving town surrounded with very rich prairie land. We grow fruits and vegetables of all kinds, corn, cotton, oats, flax, rice, sugarcane, sorghum, etc. Last year I bought a piece of land, planted it in cotton, and the crop on each acre paid all expenses and paid for two acres of land. Many people came here this winter from different northern states, and were so delighted with this country and climate, they bought land for homes. Some fine land can be bought cheap, and on long time if desired. Our climate is so mild that we had ice but once this winter, and that

but little thicker than a window-pane. Consumption is unknown here; neither do we have any sunstrokes. We always have a nice breeze from the gulf, which is eighty miles from here. We have good schools and churches. The people are very law-abiding, and I find them very hospitable, willing to lend a helping hand to any and all who will try to help themselves. Our crop prospects are good, and everybody seems contented and happy.

H. I. C.

Waller Station, Tex.

FROM KANSAS.—We live in the northeastern part of the Sunflower state, a thickly-settled farming country. The chief products are corn, wheat and oats. Apples, peaches, pears and all kinds of small fruits do well here. The people are mostly well-to-do, except the renter, who has a hard time, as rents are very high. We have some very good towns. Hiawatha, the county-seat of Brown, is a very beautiful and thriving town of about four thousand inhabitants. It has several factories, and bids fair to become a large city. The other towns are good samples of peace, prosperity and prohibition, and home-seekers will find here a comfortable place to live.

J. W. C.

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To any lady sending us 12 cents for above offer, and naming the paper in which she saw this advertisement, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas, embracing the newest varieties, including Boreatton, Isa Eckford, Splendor, The Queen, Orange Prince, Apple Blossom, etc. Sweet Peas are the most popular and fashionable bouquet flowers now cultivated, and the Eckford Varieties which we offer, are the largest, finest and most celebrated known. They grow to height of 6 feet, and produce for three months a continuous profusion of fragrant blooms of the most brilliant coloring. Upon receipt of Thirty-five Cents (over regular subscription price) we will send The Ladies' World for One Year, together with our magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds above described, likewise one packet of the extensively advertised and justly celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

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Advertisement for Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Spring Wagons and Harness. All at Factory Prices and Fully Warranted. A good substantial Buggy, only \$29.50; a reliable Open Buck-board, only \$33.50; Buggy, only \$33.50; and Elegant Carriage or Bouche Harness, only \$9.75.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

THE LEGHORN FOWLS.

ONE of the reasons for the popularity of the Leghorns is their hardiness. Of all the breeds that feather very rapidly when young, the Leghorns are the least liable to succumb, and they seem to endure as much as any other chicks. They begin to scratch for their food almost as soon as when just hatched, and this active disposition remains with them until they mature and become aged. It is claimed that if a Leghorn hen is on the range she can pick up all of her food. It must be admitted that a flock of Leghorns will search every square foot of a field and not permit anything to escape them that can be utilized.

As layers they rank as high as any breed, being non-sitters, and begin laying before they are six months old. This is a great advantage where it is too late to hatch early pullets, for if they are well fed and pushed from the start, they grow rapidly, and begin to lay in the fall before winter sets in. They will lay through the whole winter if they are kept in warm quarters. One of the objections to them is that they are not contented in confinement during the winter, but if kept well supplied with litter in which to scratch, they will be satisfied. It is a breed that detests idleness, and will not thrive in a condition of quiet, ease and comfort like the Brahma.

There are two distinct kinds—the single comb and the rose comb. With the exception of the difference in the shapes of the combs, they are in all other respects alike, not only in color and size, but in characteristics. If they are overfed and are fat they will become broody, and when they are on the nest they are very good

sitters, but it is somewhat rare to find one that will become too fat if the flock is on the range. The breed is one that must be well sheltered, and the food must be of a variety at all seasons.

SULPHIDE OF CARBON FOR LICE.

The most destructive thing to lice is sulphide of carbon, which can be procured at any drug-store. It is, properly, bisulphide of carbon, and is a liquid. Fill two or three wide-mouthed bottles, each holding about two gills, with it and hang the bottles in the poultry-house. Be careful not to light a match or carry a lighted lamp near the poultry-house, as the material is very volatile and inflammable. The odor is very disagreeable, but does not injure the hens, though the lice will leave. The house should, however, be well ventilated while the hens are in it, but should be closed for an hour each day. The remedy need not be tried but a few days at a time, repeating when necessary. The cost of the substance is but little, and it is well worth a trial.

FOWLS IN SUMMER.

As the weather begins to get warmer the lice will appear. To rid the hens of them is but little trouble, for the hens perform the work themselves with the dust-bath; but unless the houses are kept free of the lice it is useless to attempt to give the fowls comfort, as the vermin operate both day and night. Young chicks are often doctored when they begin to droop, simply because the breeder is not aware that lice are at work. But the question is how to effectually drive them away. Persian insect-powder will do it wherever it is applied, but unless all portions of the fowl-house are dusted with it, in order to reach all, they will again multiply. Coal-oil effectually prevents their depredations, but this substance is not a safe one to use, for in the course of time the wood becomes saturated, and the dropping of a match or contact of a candle may cause a conflagra-

DAMP QUARTERS.

The quarters should be dry in summer as well as in winter, as the hens are liable to roup at all seasons, and will not thrive in a damp roosting-place. Poultry-houses in summer are usually dry, but only when plenty of air and sunlight can enter. Dampness in summer, and filth on the floor, are favorable to the propagation of lice, especially if the weather is very warm. If there is no window, put in one, and keep the floor always covered with clean, dry dirt.

YOUNG GUINEAS.

The young guineas need not be hatched before May, and as it is not difficult to raise them so as to have them tame, it will be a great advantage to do so. Put the eggs under a hen, and when the young guineas are hatched, add one or two chicks to the brood, which will teach the guineas to go into the poultry-house when they are large enough to roost. Never allow them to be hatched in the fields by guinea-hens, or they will be too wild.

SUMMER WATER-TROUGH.

It is better to give water to the hens in a large trough, in the summer season, than to use fountains, for several reasons, one being that a whole bucketful of water can be poured into a trough once a day; also, because a trough can be made by any one, and in a few minutes' time. The design given contains no novelty, but nevertheless it is perhaps the best trough that can be made, as there is no liability of its being overturned, and it can be moved from one

convenient that I place them around the yard. I sometimes have them all in my hatching-house. During the laying it is not uncommon for several hens to lay together, but when a hen wants to sit, you can put her in the box and shut out all others. I keep my little chicks at night in one of these coops, until they are six weeks old. E. F. Peoria, Ill.

INQUIRIES.

Large Eggs.—M. E., Farmville, Va., writes: "Which of the breeds lay eggs of the largest size?"

REPLY:—The Minorcas and Black Spanish.

Twisted Neck.—K. K., Northfield, Kan., writes: "What is the cause of a hen twisting her neck around until she cannot walk?"

REPLY:—It may be due to an injury or to rheumatism.

Muffed Plymouth Rocks.—R. H. W., Morris, Ill., writes: "Please state where I can procure muffed Plymouth Rocks."

REPLY:—There is no such variety known, as the Plymouth Rock is clear of crest on the head, or of muf.

One Breed.—J. M., Lorain, Ohio, writes: "Would it be well to have a few Brahmas, Cochins and Plymouth Rocks, or have only one kind to begin with?"

REPLY:—It is proper to try one breed thoroughly before using another, so as to be better able to learn the characteristics of each.

Feather Pulling.—Mrs. H. D. R., Carbonale, Pa., writes: "Why do hens pull feathers from each other, and what is the remedy?"

REPLY:—It is a vice which is acquired, due to idleness and confinement. The best remedy is to detect and remove those that are guilty of pulling the feathers.

Eggs and Meat.—A. J. T., St. John, Mich., writes: "Which is the best breed for eggs and meat? Also, please give standard weight of Wyandottes."

REPLY:—There is no breed that combines fully both qualities, but probably the Wyandotte is equal to any, the weight of a full-grown male being eight and one half pounds.

Hamburgs and Leghorns.—L. J. M., Clyde, Michigan, writes: "(1) Is the Golden-spangled Hamburg considered a good breed for crossing on common fowls to produce prolific layers? (2) Is there a single-comb and a rose-comb variety of Brown Leghorns, and which is the better?"

REPLY:—(1) The Hamburg will greatly improve the common fowl, being very prolific, but small in size. (2) There are both single and rose-comb Leghorns, no difference existing except in the shapes of the combs.

Best "B" Grade ever made. Side Bar or End Spring. \$50.00 for a Sample only. Fully Warranted. Catalogue Free.




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INVINCIBLE HATCHER \$17 buys this 100 Egg Self-regulating Incubator, which is guaranteed to hatch as well as the highest priced incubator made or your money refunded. Send 4c. in stamps for No. 36 Catalogue. Write to our customers and you will use no other. 600 sold in 6 months, and no complaints from any customer. Address **BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.**



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IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR. Simple, easy of operation, self-regulating, reliable, fully guaranteed. Send 4c. for illus. Catalogue. Geo. Ertel & Co., Mfrs. Quincy, Ill. U.S.A.



Eggs from White Turkeys and 7 other kinds of pure bred poultry. Cir. free. D. A. MOUNT, Prince's Bay, N. Y.

C. C. Certain Cure S. S. Sure Shot C. F. Chick Feed For Cholera. For Lice. For Chicks. These preparations are first-class. Send for catalogue. F. A. MORTIMER, Pottsville, Pa.

HENS must lay and Chicks will grow if fed on Boiled Beef and Bone Meal, enough for 12 Hens, 100 days, only \$1.00 Sample Free. **Smith & Romaine, Sole Mfrs, 109 Murray St., N. Y.**

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EGGS & FOWLS FOR SALE From 50 Varieties. **LARGEST RANGE IN THE WEST.** My fowls won over 1200 prizes at 10 State shows last fall. For full description send three one-cent stamps and get the finest illus'd catalogue out. 32c. per page. **CHAS. GAMMENDINGER, COLUMBUS, O.**



INCUBATORS and BROODERS Brooders only \$5.00. 1200 testimonials. 40 premiums, medals, and diplomas. **Best machine ever invented for hatching & raising chicks, turkeys & ducks.** For catalogue address **Geo. S. Singer, Cardington, O.**



LEARN TO CAPONIZE INSTRUCTIONS MAILED FREE **WM. H. WIGMORE, 107 S. Eighth Street, Phila., Pa.**

EGGS

Are kept 1 to 2 years as fine and perfect as fresh laid by using Egg Preservative. **Something entirely new.** Simple and cheap. No failure possible. Does not affect flavor, consistency nor cooking qualities. Sample box, enough for 250 eggs, sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. Try a box and save money. Patentees and Sole Mfrs., **The Preservative Manufacturing Co., 10 Cedar St., New York.**

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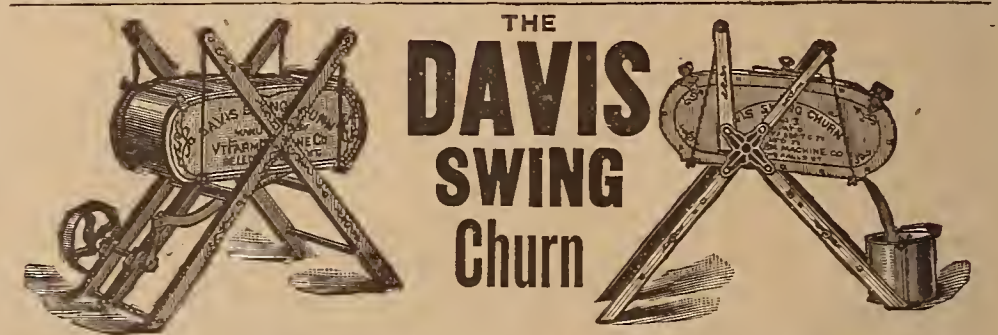
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HORSE CARTS NARROW AND 12 WIDE TIRES, STYLES. TWO AND FOUR WHEELS. \$25. UPWARD. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS, AND SAY WHAT YOU NEED. **HOBSON & CO., TATAMY, PA.**



THE DAVIS SWING Churn



For Power or Hand. Greatest Concussion. Churns most Thoroughly. Churns Easiest.

Far Superior in Quality of Butter and Ease of Operation. I have sold several of your Davis Swing Churns, and all are perfectly satisfied with the results attained, and consider them far superior to all other churns used by them, both in regard to quality of butter and ease of working. **ALBERT STEINER, SALEM, N. J., August 2, 1892.**

There is No Call for Any Other. The Davis Swing Churn is the only patent churn I can sell—in fact, there is no call for any other—and it gives the best of satisfaction in every respect. **CHAS. HAWLEY, CHATHAM, N. Y., July 27, 1892.**

We Cannot Sell Any Other Patent Churn. Since we have been handling your Davis Swing Churns we cannot sell any other patent churn made, and every one we sell gives the best of satisfaction. We consider it the best churn, and can and will recommend the same very highly. **D. ABRAHAM, MONTGOMERY, ALA., July 28, 1892.**

Butter Workers, Butter Printers, Butter Carriers, and a full line of Dairy and Creamery Apparatus. Send for illustrated circulars free to all.

Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vermont

The Sun in all its Glory is no brighter than the man who buys direct from OUR FACTORY a

COMPLETE TOP BUGGY And HARNESS For \$35.00

LESS THAN WHAT THE SAME QUALITY WOULD COST FROM A LOCAL DEALER. We are making the finest line of vehicles and harness for the money in America. All **FOSTER VEHICLES** are sold with a guarantee. **If you want to Save Money** write at once for our fine large Illustrated Catalogue. **IT IS FREE TO ALL.** You will make a mistake if you buy a Vehicle or Harness before seeing our Catalogue. **FOSTER BUGGY & CART CO., No. 23, Pike Bld'g, CINCINNATI, O.**



point to another with ease. The top may be covered with lath, two inches apart, or with strips, to prevent the hens from getting into the water. It will not answer for young chicks, however. It may be made of any length, width or depth preferred. The trough should be scalded with soap-suds at least once a week, to keep it clean, which work may be done when the family washing is in progress, using the strong soap-suds for that purpose.

SUMMER CONDITIONS.

Plenty of water and plenty of dust are necessary to keep the hens in condition for laying when the days become warm. Give fresh air in abundance, and have the quarters clean in order to avoid odors and disease. Shade of some kind will be of advantage, and the food must not be too largely of grain. To get eggs in summer keep the hens as comfortable as possible.

LAMENESS OF DUCKS.

Ducks become lame or weak in the legs, sometimes the joint of the leg swelling, and the duck is unable to move. The cause is usually damp quarters at night, or sleeping in filthy places. The duck is very partial to ponds, but it must have a dry place at night or it will become subject to rheumatism and other ailments due to dampness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEST-BOX.—As an addition to the many valuable plans for coops, roosts and everything in the way of handling and raising chickens with the greatest and most profitable success, I have concluded to give your readers the benefit of my plan for a nest and its management. Take a soda-cracker box, which can be purchased in the market for ten cents; take the boards from each end, whitewash them and lattice the same with slats, half an inch by an inch. Lay the box down before you with the top of the box, which is a solid board, up; at the top, six inches from the corner, saw down within four inches of the bottom, thence across the six inches to end of box; take the piece sawed out, and with leather hinges fasten it to the top of the box. In the left end of the box, out of lawn-mown hay, which is the best, arrange your nest; directly in front of the door lay two bricks to hold the nest in place. After the hatching, take out all the nest, clean and saturate it well with carbolic acid, turn the top side to the bottom, and lay out the door, so that the little chicks can get into the box easily. This box is cheap, is rain and rat proof, and can be made warm or cool as the weather demands. This is one of the cheapest and most convenient arrangements for hatching, roosting and protecting the little chicks against rats, cats, coons, etc. I never leave the box for laying twice in the same place. They are so

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge.

Peanut Culture.—E. U., Spokane, Wash. Plant and cultivate peanuts just as you would beans.

Underground Silo.—E. M. H., Glencoe, Oregon, writes: "Would it do to build a silo by digging a pit twenty feet deep in the ground and cementing it water-tight?"

REPLY:—You can build a silo in the way you state. The labor of feeding from it is very great, however.

Fertilizer for Vegetables.—J. M. B., Frazeysburg, Ohio, writes: "What is the best fertilizer for onions, cabbage, pumpkins, etc.?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I do not think that anything has been found yet that, under average conditions, is superior or even equal to good old compost.

The Vineless Yam.—I hold about a dozen inquiries about the "vineless yam" and where plants can be obtained.

Muck as Manure.—C. P., Crawford, N. J., writes: "What is the best way of using muck as manure? Would lime or potash, or both, or some other addition do?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I know of no better way of preparing muck for manure than by using it freely, when dry or nearly dry, as bedding and absorbent in the stable, the hen-house, the pig-sty and even the privy.

Care of Fresh Milk.—J. R., Canton, Ohio, writes: "What should the temperature of milk be in hot weather to be in good shape to load on a milk-wagon to deliver from house to house in the city?"

REPLY:—Presuming that proper care and attention has been given to food and water for cows, cleanliness of stable, etc., the milk, as soon as drawn from the cows, should be passed through a cooler and aerator, and the temperature reduced to 55 degrees at least.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers. Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons.

Apparently a Bad Sore.—E. J. J., Swedonia, Tex. I cannot make out from your description the nature of the ailment you complain of.

Stringhalt.—F. K., Che-we-lah, Wash. Stringhalt of a year's standing must be considered incurable. At any rate, if anything yet can be done, the treatment would require a very competent veterinarian.

Heaves.—M. L. McP., Carney, Okla. The term "heaves" is applied to any chronic, feverish and incurable difficulty of breathing, no matter what morbid changes may constitute the immediate cause.

Slavers from the Mouth.—F., Peoria, Ill. Your mare, being twenty-five years old, very likely has a carious molar which causes the trouble.

Ringworm.—E. K. W., Greenfield, Tenn. What you complain of seems to be ringworm. Paint the affected places, once a day, with tincture of iodine, or wash them once a day with a five-per-cent solution of carbolic acid.

Ewes Will not Own their Lambs.—J. J. M., St. Joseph, Mo., writes: "I have some ewes that lamb and do all right, apparently, but will not own their lambs.

ANSWER:—The only advice I can give you is to compel the ewes by some gentle persuasion to allow the lambs to suck as soon as the latter are able to do so.

Lice on a Cow.—H. O., McPherson, Kan. Wash your cow with a tobacco decoction; or if she is very poor and has sores, apply Persian insect-powder by dusting it into the hair with a little squirt-gun.

Wheat Hay.—E. S., Redwood City, Cal., writes: "I have a horse in good health (apparently). His feed is wheat hay and oats. He works well and is all right when driven on a walk.

ANSWER:—Wheat hay, or wheat straw, is very poor food for horses. It should not be fed; at least not to any extent.

Curb and Heaves.—R. J., Castle Rock, Wash. If your mare is young and not lame, the curb does not amount to much, and will disappear if the animal is exempted from all kinds of hard work.

Blind Stagers.—C. A. V., Pilcher's Point, La., writes: "Kindly tell me what to do for a horse that has loss of appetite and some kind of staggering blindness so that he runs around in a circle or against an obstruction.

ANSWER:—What you describe seems to be so-called blind staggers, an incurable disease caused, in most cases at least, by a chronic effusion of serum in the ventricles of the brain.

Larkspur.—A. W., Lyle, Wash., writes: "Will wild larkspur growing on the range poison sheep? If so, what is the antidote? We have lost quite a number of sheep recently, and it is claimed to be the effects of wild larkspur.

ANSWER:—Larkspur, Delphinium—the wild larkspur is Delphinium Consolida—is an acrid plant, and like the other Ranunculaceae, may possess some poisonous properties.

Garget.—J. A. A., Jacksonville, Ala. What you describe is a case of garget, and nothing else. If you had left off the various external applications and the injections, etc., and limited your treatment to vigorous milking every two hours, you undoubtedly would have succeeded in restoring the diseased quarter.

Osteomalacia.—S. C. R., Blue River, Ind., writes: "I have been feeding my hogs on corn-meal scalded and thinned to a very thin mush and fed while yet warm.

ANSWER:—The food of your hogs lacks substances, especially mineral substances, necessary for the growth, development and support of the animal organism.

A Diseased Ox.—W. McA., Shawano, Wis., writes: "Please tell me if anything will help my ox. He acted very stiff at first and seemed to be sore all over.

ANSWER:—Your communication leaves me in doubt as to the nature of the stiffness. It may have been caused by exposure to severe cold, and may even be tetanus.

Wants to Know if His Horse has a Fistula.—C. G., Milton, —. A fistula may be defined as a narrow, long or deep abscess, of which the opening is higher than the bottom.

Effect of Dehorning Cattle.—Garget.—G. P., Soldier, Idaho, writes: "Will you please answer me these questions: Last spring I had one yearling heifer and one two-year-old which I dehorned at that age.

ANSWER:—Dehorning cattle, just now a fad with the farmers, is not such an innocent operation as the advocates of the same endeavor to make people believe.

REID'S PEERLESS CREAMERY BUTTER WORKER. Absolute Perfection for best quality Butter Also Churns, Power Butter Workers, Printers, Shipping Boxes, and CREAMERY SUPPLIES.



HUMANE, STRONG, CHEAPER THAN BARB WIRE, VISIBLE ORNAMENTAL. DOUBLE THE STRENGTH of any other fence; will not stretch, sag, or get out of shape.

Farming is a Failure. We have tried it in this community for twenty years. Illustration of a farm scene with a store in the background.

Farming is a grand success. We have a Butter and Cheese Factory that was built five years ago and has made our community what it is now. Illustration of a factory and farm scene.

thing like milk can be milked out, or as long as there is any hope of restoring the affected quarter, and to let it alone if it has become dry.

Edematous Swellings.—E. C. H., Millwood, Ky., writes: "Please tell me what ails my stock. Last October my cow lost her appetite, and in two or three days she got so weak she could hardly get up.

ANSWER:—The edematous swellings you describe are merely the outward symptoms of an anemic, or rather, hydremic, condition of your animals, and of dropsical effusions in the cavities of their bodies.

SPECIAL SALE OF BABY CARRIAGES. From Factory to Consumer. Delivered Free of Charge in the U.S. Prices away below the lowest. Descriptive catalogue FREE.

Our Fireside.

BEAUTIFUL FEET.

Walk abroad in the crowded street—
Watch, if you will, for beautiful feet,
Where the sweeping length of the trailing dress
The pavement hugs in a fond caress.
Look at the feet that in and out
Peep from the dress as they walk about;
Feet that uphold a weight of care;
The feet of beauty and pride are there;
But most beautiful feet are those that go
On deeds of charity, to and fro.

Look at the faultless feet, and small,
Spinning the touch of this earth at all;
Light as the spring of a young gazelle,
Walking proudly and walking well.
Feet of manhood, and feet of youth,
Treading firmly the paths of truth;
Feet of dear ones—so very dear
That their fall is music unto the ear.
These are the beautiful feet that go
On deeds of charity, to and fro.

Not the feet that in crowded halls
Glide the waltz where the music calls;
Not the feet that in haughty pride
Turn from the poor of earth aside.
Small and supple may be these feet,
Closely fitted, and trim and neat,
Something lack they of beauty still,
Something that this alone can fill;
Beautiful feet are those which go
On deeds of charity, to and fro.

—E. Norman Gunnison, in the *New York Clipper*.

CONQUEROR CUPID.

CHAPTER XV.

A RESCUE.

It was quite late when George left the steamboat landing and set out on foot toward his father's house. A half moon was just beginning to dip toward the west, and the soft night air barely ruffled the surface of the lagoon.

The road was lonely. As he paced gloomily along, a single horseman passed him, going at a rapid pace, who responded to George's brief salutation by a snarl and grunt.

"That fellow needs some one to mend his manners," thought the young man. "I wonder what father will say when he finds out what counfounded luck I have had! I guess the amount of his conclusions will be, 'I told you so.' It usually is with these old heads when we youngsters kick against the parental traces. As for old Courtney—by jingo, he'll hardly consider me fit to wipe his shoes upon. I'll vouch for Ethel's fidelity, however, though I'm afraid she'll grow tired of waiting. What's that?"

The sound of loud voices proceeded from the edge of the woods which George was then nearing. As he hastened forward over the intervening marsh he could hear the sound of a struggle going on, that was followed by galloping hoofstrokes that rapidly drew near. In an instant a riderless horse dashed out upon the dry, open marshes. George, crouching behind a tall clump of grass, sprang up and seized its bridle as it passed. The animal reared and plunged, but Luce soon mastered it and hastened forward, leading it behind.

There in the road he could see two men bending over a third, who was struggling desperately but ineffectually, and storming at them in a weakening though familiar voice. The assailants said not a word.

"Let me up, you black rascals," cried the assaulted man. "I think I know you! What, would you murder as well as rob?"

George, under a sudden impulse, released the horse and dashed on, shouting as he ran. The two men did not await the result of his onset, but abandoning their victim, fled through a wood, followed by Luce. Being young and active, he soon overhauled one of the fugitives, who limped as he ran.

"Will you surrender?" demanded George, as he collared the fellow.

The man's answer was a blow. George grappled with him and the two went down together, the rascal meanwhile trying to use a pistol, a maneuver Luce prevented by clinging tightly to his arm.

While matters were in this state and George was beginning to fear that the second scoundrel might return, he heard the same familiar voice again and accompanied by stertorous puffings.

"Take that and be d—d to you!"

Something heavy descended with great force upon the head of George's antagonist, who released his weapon and fell back, uttering a deep groan. As Luce rose to his feet his rescuer grasped his hand warmly.

"Sir," exclaimed the same voice in stately though cordial accents, "I thank you. You have at least saved my pocket-book, and perhaps my life. My old eyes are none of the best by night, and I will have to ask the name of my preserver."

"I am afraid, squire, you would rather owe even this trifling service to some one else, yet I assure you it affords me profound pleasure to have been thus fortunate. I am George Luce."

Squire Courtney, for it was he, stepped back as if a missile had been thrown at his august head. For a moment he remained silent;

then, apparently, his true manhood came to his aid.

"Mr. Luce," said he, in less cordial though strictly polite accents, "I could, indeed, have preferred being under obligation to some one else, yet I am none the less grateful. I would have done the same for you, cheerfully."

He bent over the wounded man, who was now reviving.

"One of my own field hands, by the Lord!" he exclaimed. "I dare say the rascal who disappeared is another one. I discharged them a few days ago, and this is their method of getting even. And yet you northerners grumble because we object when such people rule us by their votes."

George, avoiding this offered argument, said that he would bring up the horse, when they could take the negro to the nearest magistrate and place him in custody. But when he returned with the squire's pony, the remaining negro had also disappeared.

"Where is he?" asked George, as the squire leisurely mounted.

"Oh, I let him go. But I am again obliged to you, sir, for catching my horse."

"But why let him go? It's a case of highway robbery—"

"Yes, yes. But you ought to know that under the present state of things we could do nothing with him. Why, the very magistrate and constable are negroes, and it is impossible now for their old masters to secure con-

shot a brace of snipe, when a large retriever sprang from a clump of marshes and picked them up. Luce recognized the dog as one that used to accompany Ethel, and his pulse leaped. But instead of Miss Courtney, her father appeared from behind the thicket, armed with a fowling-piece.

The squire drew out his ramrod and belabored the dog so heartily that it dropped the birds and ran yelping into the adjacent woods. His master, after bestowing upon George a frigid howl, wheeled his pony and rode away without exchanging a word.

"Confound his cursed obstinacy!" muttered Luce, turning away. "Am I, too, a dog, that he should use me thus?"

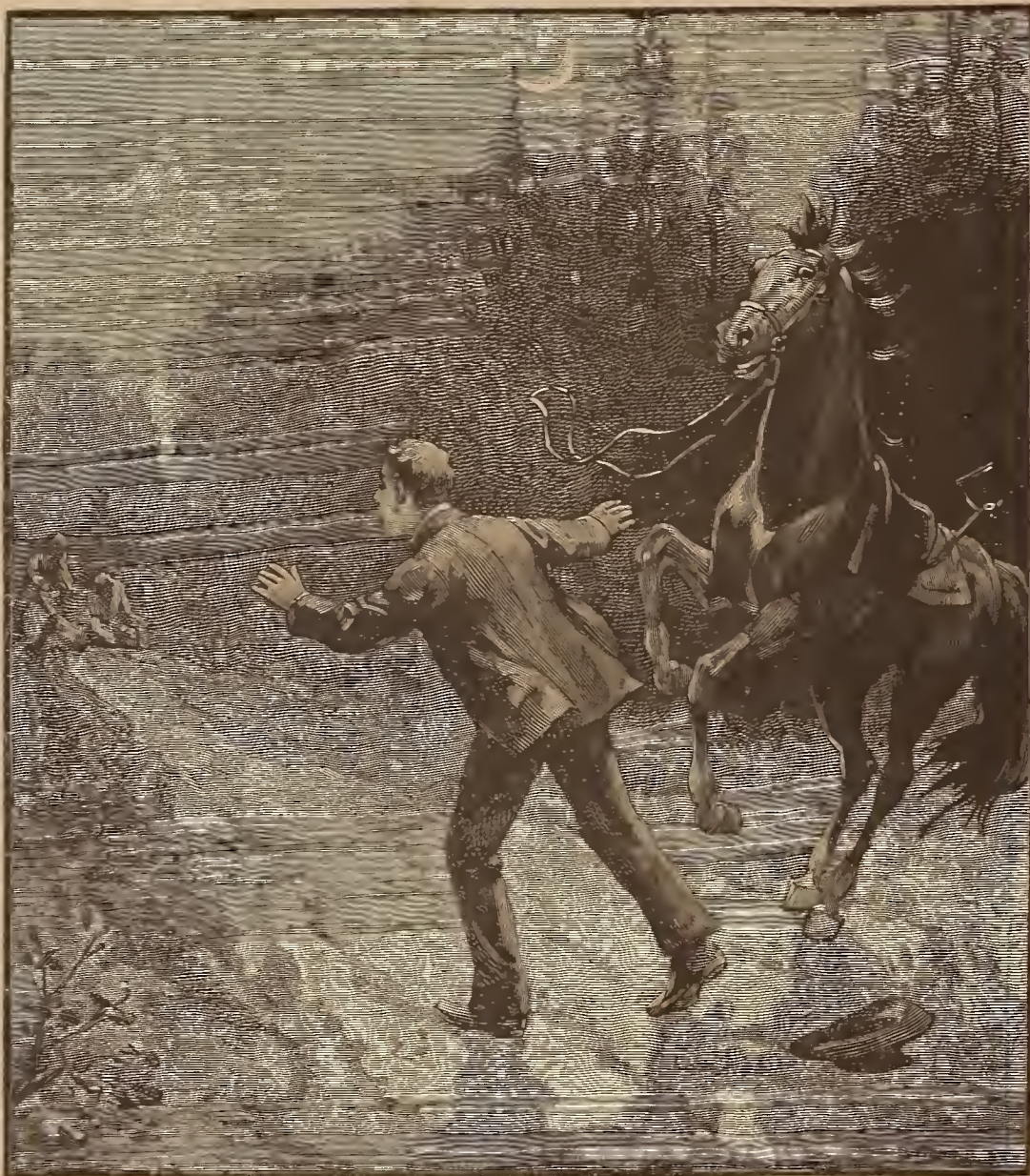
He went off in a fume, entirely ignoring the birds he had shot.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," he thought. "I have been chiseled out of my money, but if Ethel still says yes, I won't give up my sweetheart without a struggle."

CHAPTER XVI.

AT RACCOON ISLAND.

As Christmas was near at hand it had been generally determined upon to have a neighborhood picnic upon Raccoon Island, on the outer verge of the south channel leading from Charleston harbor. There was good fishing on the bar without, and the oysters that gave to the place its name were unsurpassed in flavor if not in size.



RELEASED THE HORSE AND SHOUTED AS HE RAN.

victions of their former slaves. They did not get my purse nor do much damage, so let the fools go. One of them will keep a sore head for a while, at least."

George, rather astonished at this easy-going method of compounding a felony, hardly knew what to say. The squire's conversation was usually blood-thirsty in the extreme; perhaps he found a sort of safety-valve therein, that rendered it easier to be merciful in action, especially where the impoverished and ignorant black man was the sinner.

Once on horseback, the old man's hauteur seemed in a measure to revive. George's offer to accompany him upon the road, for his further security, he somewhat curtly declined.

"I am not afraid of the scoundrels," said he. "If I was as active as I once was I should not have needed your aid, young sir. But I am none the less obliged, even though I am compelled to decline causing you any further trouble upon my account."

As he was riding away, George, in a hesitating way, ventured to hope that Miss Courtney was well. The squire had unbent himself to the point of offering his hand, but at mention of his daughter he drew himself up stiffly.

"I hope, sir," said he coldly, "that you will pardon my saying that even your great service to me this night hardly warrants such an inquiry on your part," emphasizing the your strongly. "I wish you a very good-evening."

And off he rode at a brisk canter, as if to preclude any attempt on Luce's part to follow him. George again mentally cursed his own bad luck as he wended his way homeward.

It was upon the marshes that George next saw the father of his heart's idol. He had just

his mind to take hold with the major at Mullet Point.

As the Blonde luffed around at the landing-place, a large boat, clumsily rowed by negroes, shot athwart their bows. A collision was imminent, when George seized a boat-hook and pushed the Blonde sharply back. As he did so the other boat glided under his mainsail. The first face visible was that of Squire Courtney, red with anger.

"Can't you see where you are going?" said the old man hotly.

George said nothing, but politely lifted his hat to both Ethel and her father. Major Luce nodded carelessly to his irascible neighbor, who bowed to all in a stiff and stately way when he saw to whom he was speaking.

In a few minutes all were ashore, when the squire, tucking Ethel's arm within his own, strode away to another portion of the grounds now dotted with groups of people, which were constantly increasing as new arrivals added themselves.

The morning passed pleasantly for all, and when the dinner hour arrived, scores of well-filled table-cloths, spread upon the clean sand, were surrounded by hungry and jovial picnickers.

After the meal there were more social groupings and scatterings. Children hunted shells and sea-beans, old men talked politics and crops, and the young men—well, we all know what young men are apt to do when young women are plentiful and propitiously awaiting their attentions.

It so happened that Squire Courtney—tete-a-tete with Captain La Rue and one or two other antiquies—had indulged rather too freely in crab salad and other rich but indigestible dainties. The testy old planter, finding his internal economy so violently disturbed by this indiscretion, was fain to depart in his own boat for home, leaving Ethel under the supervision of Mrs. La Rue.

This lady, having her hands full watching Randolph's scandalous "carryings on" with "that Rhode Island girl," gave little heed to her added charge, until she saw her seated by the side of George Luce upon the windward gunwale of the Blonde, and not another soul on board. But remonstrance was now out of the question, so the good lady, dismissing the matter from her mind, concentrated her attention again on matters nearer her own heart.

Meanwhile, a boat-race had been determined upon, and various small sailing craft were howsing at their anchors or standing off and on, like birds trying their wings before a migratory flight. Among others, the Blonde was bowling easily along, her mainsheet half slack and her huge mainsail quivering at the leach.

"Papa will be terrible," said Ethel, "when he hears of this."

But she looked supremely happy.

"I haven't seen much of you of late," said George. "Good heavens! How long is this sort of thing to continue? It is more than I can endure."

"Now, George, do not let us give ourselves the blues on Christmas day. You may tell me all about our cares to-morrow."

"To-morrow you will be shut up again. The squire will be on guard, for the crab salad will all be gone."

She laid her hand upon that of her lover as it grasped the tiller, and there was no mistaking the meaning of her smile.

"Don't look at me in that way, Ethel," said he, then added in a theatrical and thrilling tone, "Do you know what I have done?"

"No," she whispered, smitten with a vague alarm, lest in his desperation he had done some awful deed.

"Well," he returned, "I have been a fool. I allowed myself to be fleeced by a set of sharpers. All my money is gone."

"Is that all?" This in accents of great relief. "Well, George, you are a man and you can make more. But what does your father say?"

"He don't say much, but he has his opinion all the same, I guess. He is more kind to me of late, but I expect it is because he thinks I am a fool and deserve pity."

Two hundred people on shore were watching the maneuvers of the boats, or else, Ethel would have nestled against him then and there. As it was, her hand again sought his.

"Then we are two fools together," said she, "for I have always been one, I think. Dearest,—how the sound thrilled him—"I had rather trust your folly, as the world might call it, than to a good deal of what the world calls wisdom."

This wise kind of argument might have continued indefinitely, but now a general flight of the race-boats began to take place. They were to sail around Raccoon Island, taking the wind as it blew, a distance of five or six miles altogether. A tall stake, some distance from the shore, was to be the starting-point, about this rendezvous the white-winged vessels fluttered into line, a dozen or more in number.

They were manned mostly by young men, dark-eyed and active, and swarthy, like their Huguenot ancestors, who hatched the Atlantic in sixteenth-century shallops, to escape from Old-World tyranny. A number of young ladies, well wrapped, cuddled to windward and screamed or laughed as the leeward

There were several groups of cabbage-palms scattered about that dispensed shade as they drank in the sunshine. Fringes of saw-palmetto stole in and out among the stunted beach-oaks, and all the shore was of fine, white sand, both pure and cleanly.

Where the ocean battered musically, the beach was noted for its pretty shells, while beyond, the blue and yeasty waste of curling waters saluted the eye with millions of crisp reflections. Upon the landward side of the island a host of solemn pines polished their green needles in the sun and murmured in a contentedly pathetic way.

A picnic upon Christmas day! To northern ears the idea seems incongruous and strange. But here it was most welcome and appropriate. Houses were thrown open; the people in mixed attire—part summer and part winter—sallied forth on foot, on horseback, in wagons, carriages and carts to the landing-places, where boats rowed by dusky oarsmen conveyed them to the designated place. Others went around by water in variously rigged sail-boats of curious patterns.

George carried his party whirling around the north end of his own island in the "Blonde," his own little sloop-rigged yacht. Beside Miss Metcalf was Rudolph La Rue. The latter's extreme content as he held Alice's parasol carefully over her irritated Luce by its contrast to his own isolation at the tiller. His father and mother also were along, the last fearing sickness and sharks, the first enduring the affair good humoredly, yet wishing himself at home.

Matters had of late mended a little between father and son, and George had about made up

gunwales dipped, or the wind-whipped scud flew over the dripping bows.

One by one the boats got off, while on shore a number of elderly men, with their watches out, took the time separately. Soon a string of boats were making for the southern point of the island.

After rounding that, the firm swell of the open ocean caused a few of the smaller craft to shake their sails hesitatingly, then veer around and ignominiously retire. Others held on until the island fell behind, then grew timorous over a low line of purplish haze that streaked the northern horizon.

Some of the largest boats held their course bravely, the Blonde among the number. The last named was forging somewhat ahead and to windward, carrying a single reef, and with her mainsail hauled close and as taut as a board.

People on shore now crossed over to the seaward side to view the prettiest part of the race—a spotless line of careening sails creeping over a foam-dotted blue, heaving plain of waters.

But insensibly, though the sun shone as fair as ever, the air began to grow colder. The mellow warmth was slowly congealing into a more chilly atmosphere. The distant purple haze assumed an ashy hue, and though seemingly nearer, yet lay dense and motionless. A few gulls swept zigzagging in from sea with flute-like shrieks.

The boats held on stiffly, with the Blonde still clawing off shore, and with two dark specks on board that appeared and disappeared as the slow, long ocean swells rose and fell.

"Dey'd better take to reefin' 'nd stand in closer," said an old negro boatman, who stood near to Major Luce, to one of his mates.

"Why so?" demanded the major quickly. The Blonde was a mile or more out, and the other boats were easing away towards the land.

"Dey's a norther a-comin', suh. Marse George, he see hit 'nd he's a holdin' his con'se twill he cau make de inlet widout tackin'. But laws, boss! Dat boy, he don't know nuttin' bout dese yere coast fogs. Dey wraps yo' up like a blanket fo' yo' fa'ly know whur yo' is. De Blonde better be gittin' in outer dar; dass all I gotter say."

"What can all the boys?" muttered the father peevishly. "He seems to make a mess of everything. Why don't he come in?"

No distinct clouds were visible overhead, yet a silvery film was enfolding the sun in ghostly filaments. The chill in the air increased, and people began to put on their wraps. The ocean blue slowly put on a bard, steel-like glitter, and the palmetto leaves, sibilating sharply, turned their wrong side coldly to the wind.

The spectators had followed along the beach to where the northern extremity of the island turned westward. Here the ship channel swept outward with a touch of breakers on the bar beyond.

An outward-bound cotton steamship—one of the ocean tramps—was bearing down the channel. She glided onward, ignoring both fog and norther, in a majestic, impassible way.

Suddenly and almost impalpably, as it were, the face of the ocean was blotted from sight. Amid the now skurrying fog, behind which the norther was approaching, a strange medley of sounds could be heard. Elemental sighs and liquid moanings; after which, in a wild uproarious skirl, the norther burst over Raccoon island.

Amid the roaring of wind and the increasing lash of waves, anxious groups gathered at the outermost point to watch for the incoming boats.

"There's the Osprey rounding the spit," shouted some one, as a low, dark, schooner-rigged boat, with her mainsail down and her fore-peak halyards slack, swept like a race-horse into view, a trail of white foam streaming behind her like a comet's tail. Another craft materializes, then a third and a fourth struggle safely around the spit, drenched with ocean spume, peaks lowered, sheets held in hand, their occupants wet, draggled and cold.

Where was the Blonde? The now wretched father, peering with haggard eyes through the fog upon the elusive yeast of water, envied for a moment the other father his present serene unconsciousness.

When last seen the Blonde was still over half a mile to seaward and somewhat beyond the other boats. George, evidently realizing his danger, had at last squared away for the land. Nothing more had been seen of the yacht.

It was growing late. The norther, now raging in full force, lashed the bar outside with increasing surges. Surely no craft so small could live long amid that augmenting whirl of merciless brine.

Soon the fog began to disappear, as impalpably as it came, while the wind raved with undiminished force. Many tear-softened eyes looked out upon the clearing ocean to see if aught of the Blonde's whereabouts could be ascertained.

Thinner the fog grew, clearer the atmosphere, as parents, relatives and friends peered anxiously.

"There—what's that?" "Can it be a sail?" "No—"

"Yes." "Alas!" Amid exclamations like these the last hope was dissipated. The flap of a gull's wing, the bursting of a surge, for a few moments, deluded fond and imaginative hearts. That was all.

The Blonde had utterly disappeared. Night was at hand. People must go home. The round of life must be taken up, though death had feasted out there, beyond the breakers.

Major Luce announced his intention of remaining on the island. His poor wife, half fainting, was supported to one of the boats. A party of the younger men volunteered to patrol the beach. Fires were lighted, and though not much good was anticipated, no reasonable precaution was neglected, for the benefit of the two who, it was nearly certain, were lost.

All night long the norther sbricked and raved. Upon its wings came cold and sleet, the breath thickened and the blood chilled. All night long Major Luce paced a weary round, peering, hoping, despairing by turns, and with it all remorseful over his recent severity with his son.

In the early morning there came a cry along the beach. The mast of the Blonde, broken short off at the deck, with the boom and sundry shreds of sail attached, had been washed ashore. Shortly thereafter a boat, manned by negro oarsmen, came over from a neighboring islet, dragging a floating wreck.

It was the hull of the Blonde, the thwarted and centerboard gone and the stern crushed in like an egg-shell. They had found it beating against a sand-spit, a couple of miles to the southward, where the norther had carried it during the night.

These discoveries only intensified the sense of the fatal nature of the disaster. All that day the major remained restless and haggard, going home only at night on account of his

wife, when a note arrived informing him that she was ill from anxiety and grief.

Before his departure he gathered the people about him and said:

"I fear the worst, my friends, and I thank you all for your kind and unintermittent efforts in behalf of our dear ones. I will give one hundred dollars for the recovery of either or both—here his voice trembled—"of the bodies. I rather think, though I do not know, that Squire Courtney will add something on his own account."

He then left Raccoon island for the one upon which he lived. Hiring a horse from a neighboring planter, he rode towards home alone, declining company out of sheer heart-sickness.

As he passed the Courtney plantation he met old Milus waiting by the roadside. He approached the major and greeted him politely.

"I begs pardon, suh, but de squire, he sent me out yere fo' ter wait fo' yo', suh, in kase yo' happened along. De squire, suh, he want ter see yo' powerful bad. I dunno, sub, but seem like he ain't edzackly like hisself."

"I see," said Major Luce kindly. "He has heard the news. God help us all! We have need of both aid and sympathy now."

CHAPTER XVII.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

After the squire went home his indigestion kept him from noticing Ethel's continued absence that night, other than by a little harmless grumbling. He concluded that she had accepted some hospitable invitation; it was Christmas-time, and Courtney Hall was but a dull place now at the best.

In the morning when he called for Milus to bring his hot water, that worthy satellite hung back in fear and trembling, for reasons which will appear.

The night before he and Calline had gone to a "possum bake" given in honor of Christmas by one of the Squire's "renters." When returning after midnight they met Rudolph La Rue, who having seen Mrs. Luce and Miss Metcalf safely home, was now going back to the scene of the disaster in all haste.

Find that neither the negroes nor the squire had heard of the calamity, he hesitated. Should he go back and tell the old man himself? He shrank from the task and easily convinced himself that these old and faithful servants could best break the heart-rending news.

Sorrowfully he told them, while they lifted up their voices in lamentation. He left them—as Milus afterward said—"a groanin' and a takin' on."

Therefore, after a night of mourning, when Milus heard his master's summons he shrank from his task. The squire was yet in ignorance; they had not dared to break in upon his repose with such tidings.

Calline was blundering, tear-blinded, over her breakfast preparations, while her husband restlessly moved about, wagging his head, and starting at every unusual sound. Again the squire called, this time in some impatience.

"He'll be a roarin' on yo' next," said Calline. "Why don't yo' go 'loug."

"Good Lord, Calline!" replied Milus. "Spos'u yo' go?"

"Hain't dey trouble 'uuff bedout' yo' up 'nd makin' mo'? Take dat hot water, 'nd go 'loug, 'nd tell de po' soul dey ain't nuttin' left him now but we two pore, no-count critters."

Calline threw her apron over her head and sat down, while the rice scorched in the pot. Milus slowly mounted the stairs.

"Are you all dead?" fumed the squire, as his old servaut timidly opened the bedroom door.

"No, marse, dey ain't, dey ain't but one on us, Lord have mercy!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Squire Courtney, seating himself for his shave.

"Where's Calline?"

"She's in de kitchen, suh. 'Tain't Calline."

Milus began to strop a razor with shaking fingers.

"Why, you fool, you'll cut yourself," exclaimed the squire peevishly. "What the devil is the matter with you this mornin'?"

Too much egg-nog and possum last night, eh?"

"Ob, Lord! I'd rudder go dead 'n have ter tell yo', Marse—I sho'ly would. Miss 'Ethel—dat po' li'l chile—she done—I—she—"

Milus here lost the use of his tongue completely, but the squire had taken alarm at the sound of his daughter's name.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded. "Tell me instantly."

"Li'l miss, she done gone off in a boat wid young Marse Luce, 'nd 'nd nobody don't know whar. 'Nd dey say—"

"Death of my soul!" began the squire.

"Don't swar, marse, don't yo' go to cussin'; kase dey's wuss behime. Oh, deys lots wuss behime all dat."

"Ethel gone off!" roared the squire. "I believe you are lying. Get out of here!"

He hurled a shoe at Milus' head as the old negro ran out, the missile striking the door behind him. Then the squire raged by himself, with his face half lathered, while Milus descended to the kitchen panic-stricken.

"He's dess awful," said the latter to his wife.

"Wouldn't let me splain nuttin'. T'row'd a boot at me fust pass he made."

"Didn't yo' tell what happen?" asked Calline.

"I done started to, den he flew up, 'nd I had ter natally git away."

"Well yo' is a fool," returned the woman contemptuously. "I'd a tole him if he'd a tried to bre'k ev'ry bone in me—dass what I'd er done."

"Sposin' yo' tell him den," said Milus as a door opened and a roar came down the stairway.

"I ain't a honin's to dess now."

"Go long up dar," said Calline, pushing Milus from the room. If he do wear yo' out, hit serves you right for not tellin' him fust 'nd fo'most."

Milus returned up the stairs, while Calline listened at the foot, wringing her hands slowly and with fresh tears in her eyes.

At first the squire's tones sounded loud and furious, while she could hear Milus hurriedly explaining. Then there was but one voice—her husband's—yet she knew each word was striking like a knell upon her old master's heart. After that there was silence.

Finally Milus came creeping down, and at sight of his wife's tearful face he broke down.

"Hits a gwine ter kill him, Calline," he faltered. "I made sho' he'd biff me agin when I tole him li'l miss was done down, but all ter once he fell back like bis strenk had gin clean out. Den he ask my pardin—yessum, he reely ask dis ole nigger's pardin for t'rowin' dat boot. Nuver seed bim dat way befo', Calline."

"What we all gwine ter do?" moaned Calline, while the uneaten breakfast stood unnoticed.

"Ole marse, he wants ter see Major Luce," continued Milus. "He must be a gettin' teched in the head. 'Nd sez he, 'Yo' keep a lookout fo' de majo.' I blared my eyes, hit 'stonish me so. 'Don't yo' slip dat off'n yo' mind,' sez he, 'den I leff him in dar alone,'"

WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

[To be continued.]



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Our Household.

THEM FLOWERS.

Take a feller 'at's sick and laid up on the shelf,
All shaky, and ga'nted, and pore—
Jes' all so knocked out he can't handle hisself
With a stiff upper lip any more;
Shet him up all alone in the gloom of a room
As dark as the tomb, and as grim,
And then take aud send him some roses in
bloom,
And you cau have fun out o' him!

You've ketched him 'fore now—when his liver
was sound
And his appetite notched like a saw—
A-mockin' you, maybe, fer romancin' 'round
With a big posy bunch in yer paw;
But you ketch him, say, when his health is
away,
And he's flat on his back in distress,
And then you can trot out your little bokay
And not be iusulted, I guess!

You see, it's like this, what his weaknesses is,
Them flowers makes him think of the days
Of his innocent youth, and that mother o' his,
And the roses that she us't to raise;
So here, all aloue with the roses you seud,
Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint—
My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old
friend—
Is a-leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PINCUSHION CRAZE.

CUSHIONS of all kinds have been quite the style for some time, and while louge, chair and floor cushions have been and still are claiming the attention of the lovers of handsome home adornments, the pincushion seems suddenly to have sprung to the front, and demands attention. Many sizes and shapes are seen; many of them odd and unique, and others odd and ugly. They may be hung up, or laid flat on the dresser, but they are much smaller than they have been for some time past.

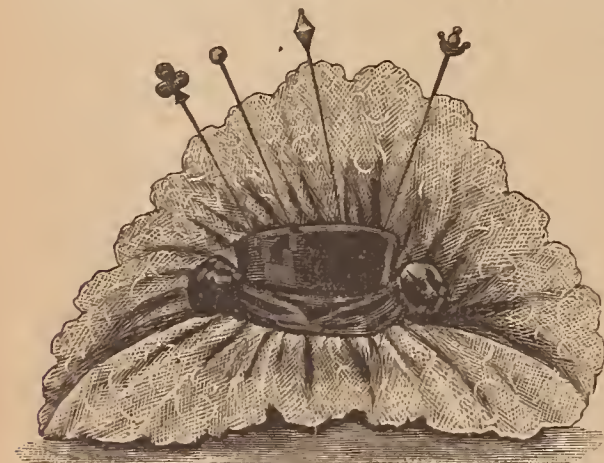
We give three pretty designs, which may be new to our readers.

No. 1 is the hat pincushion. The crown forms the cushion. Take two circular pieces of muslin, three inches in diameter, and sew a straight band, two inches wide, around the circles. Fill with bran or sawdust and cover with ruby velvet. The brim is cream lace, stiffened by a fine wire run in and out of the edge of lace. Sew the other edge, felled in to fit, to the crown of the hat, and cover the joining with folds and rosettes of satin.

No. 2 is called the German pincushion, because it is in the form of a German infant's pillow. The cushion is made of muslin, six inches long and three inches wide, with rounded corners. Stuff full and cover with plush or velvet. Decorate with a diagonal strip of brocade or ribbon and a very full lace frill. Edge the cushion with a full frill of lace, and at the bottom sew on a plnsh ball. Sew a loop of ribbon to the back at the top, if you wish to hang it up.

For No. 3 take three fourths of a yard of ribbon about three inches wide, fold in the middle and neatly sew, over and over, up each side.

Make an inner bag of cotton, ten inches long, fill with bran or sawdust, and slip into the ribbon bag. Turn in about two inches of the ribbon and tie securely over the inner cushion, meal-bag style.



HAT PINCUSHION.

Decorate with a bow of loops and ends of No. 5 ribbon, and sew on the back a loop of ribbon to hang up by. Down each side stick pins, one half inch apart and a little more than half in.

Another pretty and useful accessory to one's chamber is the shoe-pocket here given. It is made of gray linen, of two pieces, and each piece worked in scallops with coarse, red embroidery cotton. The back piece is fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide, the corners of the lower part

rounded off and the top straight. The pocket piece is one and a half inches smaller each way, and is scalloped like the back. Sew front to back in such a way that it will stand out from the back to allow the shoes to slip in easily.

INFANT'S KNITTED SOCK.—Use Saxony yarn and steel knitting-needles to correspond. Commence at heel and cast on 40 stitches.

First row—K plain.

Second row—Purl.

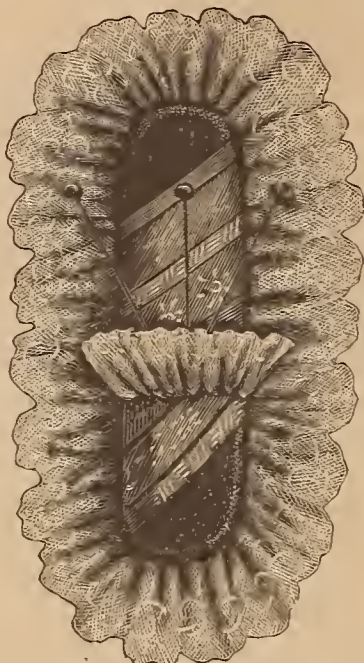
Repeat these two rows alternately for 46 rows.

Forty-seventh row—K 11, k 2 tog, k 14, k 2 tog, k 11.

Forty-eighth to fifty-second row—Like forty-sixth and forty-fifth rows.

Fifty-third row—K 9, k 2 tog, k 14, k 2 tog, k 9.

Take a third pin and cast on 15 more st, work in the round with the fourth pin as you would for the toe of a stocking.



GERMAN PINCUSHION.

Fifty-fourth to fifty-sixth row—Without decrease.

Then decrease in every other round immediately over the previous decreases, keeping 14 plain st between the decreases for the sole, until only 30 st remain. Cast off, and sew the cast-off st together to form a square toe; also sew up at the back, rounding to make the under part of the heel a good shape. On the edge of this foot crochet two rows thus:

First round—1 d c in a st, 1 ch, miss a st, 1 d c in next. Repeat all around.

Second round—1 d c under 1 ch, 4 ch, 1 d c in first of 4 ch (this forms a picot), miss 1 d c, 1 d c under next 1 ch. Repeat all around. Use silk for this row.

The Leg.—Commence at the top and cast on 66 st.

First to fourth row—K 1 row and p 1 row alternately.

Fifth row—O, k 2 tog. Repeat all around.

Sixth to tenth row—Like first to fourth row.

Eleventh row—K 1, * k 2 tog. Repeat from * all around.

Twelfth row—K 1, o, k 1. Repeat all around.

Thirteenth and fourteenth rows—K plain. Repeat the last four rows until you have worked three and a half inches, measuring from the fifth row. Now cast off 20 st from each end of pin, leaving 26 st for the instep; on these st continue to knit in the same way as for the leg, for two inches more, then cast off. Sew the back of the leg up, turn down the first four plain rows, and hem inside the leg. The fifth row will form a little vandyke edge. Put the instep and edge of leg inside the foot and sew them together. Work a diamond of knot stitches on the toe with silk. Make cords by twisting four lengths of yarn together and doubling; on each end of the cord sew a tassel, after the cord has been run into the ankle and top of leg. The tassels are made by winding yarn around

three fingers ten times; cut and tie in the middle, then fold and tie again about half an inch from where it is tied in the middle. The following explains the abbreviations used: Ch, chain; d c, double crochet; st, stitch; k, knit; k 2 tog, knit 2 together; p, purl; o, over.

HATTIE WILLARD WETMORE.

Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Cures Dyspepsia and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, through a newly discovered principle, cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, by its action upon the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2 ct. stamp. Address Box B.

BREAKFAST.

There is an old saying to the effect that "variety is the spice of life," and in nothing is a well-assorted variety more essential than in the food that is set upon the family table three times a day. I know of a family where the same bill of fare for breakfast is served, summer and winter, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, the chief dish of which is breakfast bacon and fried eggs. It is evident that this family must have unusually healthy stomachs to be able to endure such an eternal sameness, much less enjoy it. The wonder is that while the food is "yet between their teeth, ere it is chewed," they are not smitten, like the Israelites of old, to whom God sent quails in wrath, with a "very great plague."

Change, which the palate demands, is required with equal emphasis by the entire physical system, and it would be well for parents to remember that it is required by children as well as adults. There always seemed to me something cruel and unfeeling in forcing a breakfast of oatmeal upon a fastidious child who does not like it, but who must either eat it or be compelled to go hungry.

Oatmeal has for a number of years been considered a health and strength giving food. In point of fact, however, it is indigestible, and heating to the blood, and I have been assured by a reliable physician that it has no flesh-making properties whatever.

A nice breakfast dish may be made of slices of bread dipped in beaten egg, peppered and salted and fried to a golden brown in hot lard.

The way, par excellent, for cooking beef-steak is to broil it; but here is a recipe for those who like it fried: After pounding until tender, cut in pieces about the size to be served on plates, roll in bread crumbs, dip in beaten eggs and roll a second time in the bread crumbs, salt, pepper and fry in hot lard. But as the egg and bread crumbs cook quickly, leaving the steak rare, the steak may, if preferred, be slightly cooked before rolling as above recommended. If the meat is not tough, this is a very excellent dish.

Hams nowadays are cured with the use of so much salt that it is an improvement to freshen the cut slices before frying. Cut off both top and bottom rinds, cut a perpendicular slit at intervals in the fat, lay the slice in the skillet and pour cold water enough over it to cover it. Before placing the skillet on the stove, cover closely. Let the water come to a boil and the salt will rise to the top in a white scum. Pour off both scum and water. If sufficiently fat, the ham should fry itself. If not, it is saved from undue hardness and dryness by the use of a little lard. A little sugar sprinkled over ham while frying gives it a delicious flavor, but if sugar is used, great care must be exercised to prevent burning.

Do you like batter-cakes? They may be made without the use of eggs or milk. Make them after your recipe for baking-powder biscuit, taking care that they are very thin and very light, and they will be fit to set before a king. Try it.

MARION LEROY.

THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY.

The declaration, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," is one of the cherished mementoes to the memory of a great singer. These words of Burns' are immortal, but let us entertain the hope that a time will come when they cannot truthfully be said of the relations of man to man.

The Scotch poet might well have employed his facile pen in depicting the injustice, heartlessness and even cruelty which women too often exhibit toward each other. The golden age will have arrived, and Utopia will lay outstretched to mortal view like a joyous dream, when woman-kind sees nothing to condemn, ought to censure in her sex; when pity and charity shall supplant coldness and neglect. Then, indeed, will woman "condemn the fault, and not the actor of it."

Is not the world growing better in this respect, and can we not look for better things in the gentler sex? Let us weigh the evidence. Observe the average woman on the street when she passes another with whom she has no acquaintance. Note the haughty stare or that cool, searching, penetrating glance, that mental inventory, which sweeps the anatomy of the other, taking in every atom of her attire. It is

not difficult to imagine the "overhauling" which she is giving her sister.

Men wonder and marvel when they observe these things. They cannot understand that most women's lives are made up of little matters, and what often appears quite commonplace and inconsequential to them, may assume considerable importance in the eyes of the other sex. Let us believe, then, that during all the ages woman has been engaged in this discourteous, unkind treatment of her sisters because the opportunities have not been open to her for greater things; because the sphere of her thoughts and activities has been circumscribed and limited to a degree. If this be true, we can soon look for better things, for she will certainly make good use of the splendid opportunities for mental, moral and material advancement now open to her.

Volumes have been written about the unjust judgment of the world which condones faults in men that are unpardonable in women. How much of this injustice has been caused by the actions and criticisms of women themselves, let the reader determine.

Not long since a girl was employed in a manufacturing establishment, and was given a place with a number of other girls. Some one started the report that the newcomer was not just what she ought to be. Immediately the others were up in arms, and a strike was threatened. They would not think of working by the side of one toward whom the finger of suspicion had been pointed. There was contamination in the very air she breathed, for was she not unclean? As for being seen coming from the factory with her, their reputation would be ruined forever! As a result of the outcry, the new girl was discharged on some trifling pretext, and, discouraged over her failure—through the efforts of her own sex—to earn an honest living, she drifted into the vortex of sin. The other girls were not too pure to encourage the companionship of young men whose very faces bore the stamp of indulgence in evil appetites, and whose actions indicated a disregard of the finer proprieties of life. The reputation of the young ladies did not suffer when they were seen on the street with young men of this character; certainly, no woman would think the less of them for so doing.

Of course, this is all wrong, unjust and unfair. Women should show no less gallantry, consideration and charity toward each other than toward men. Let us thank God that so many avenues leading to independence have been open to woman. Less and less will she be compelled to depend on the crumbs which man sees fit to grant



BAG PINCUSHION.

her. She will soon attain the full stature of womanhood, and from this exalted position she can but pity the follies and the weakness of those of her sex who are not walking in the light. No more will she brnsh by the unfortunate or raise her voice to add to condemnation, but with outstretched arms she will bid the wanderer come and taste the sweets of a better life; then, in the words of the gentle Nazarine, her injunction will be, "Go, and sin no more."

H. F. HARRIS.

SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snow-bank from yer heart.
Jes' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster and the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' idees out with the dust
An' dress yer soul in newer style,
Scrape from yer min' its worn-out crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the hearthstones of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer moril cubby-holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;
'Tis cleanin'-time for helthy souls;
Git up an' dust! The spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbiu'-brush and soap,
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish-hole,
Soak every cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind
An' let the April sunshue in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out uew shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze an' hard
Sprout crocuses of new idees.
Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart.
—Sam Walter Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

LIGHTS.

It was a pleasing picture, this pretty
mother and her two lovely boys, as they
sat in the ruddy glow of the bright sitting-
room.

"Aren't you a bit extravagant with your
lights?" I said, as I made a survey of the
room and counted three, while an adjoining
room had a radiance of its own.

"No, indeed. I can't endure the idea of
dark corners where the children are. For
them, and for myself as well, I mean to
keep the rooms bright," she said, as she
glanced at a clean, well-trimmed lamp.

"After all," I thought, as I groped my
way homeward through the dark streets,
with only a coal-oil lamp uow and then at
rare intervals to relieve the blackness,
"after all, lights do make such a differ-
ence."

I remember so vividly after being out on
a long, cold drive and reaching home after
nightfall, how gladly I welcomed the light
which streamed from the window; how
I appreciated the thoughtful hand which
placed it there for me.

Then I thought of George MacDonald's
poor old Duncan, the blind piper. Don't
you remember the little grandson who was
left to his care? Don't you remember that
every night this sightless man kindled the
brightest of fires and lighted the cleanest
lamps, that the darkness might be dis-
pelled? It is strange and touching to think
that this man to whom light had been
denied should go from house to house in
the village, rubbing and polishing the
lamps, trimming the wicks, doing it all
with a seeming reverence. This cleaning



FLUTED LACE.

of lamps and candlesticks was not a menial
occupation to him, "for there was a poetic
side to it, made ten-fold more poetic by his
blindness."

Then I fell to musing, wondering if we
housekeepers were always faithful in
keeping our lamps trimmed and burning;
wondering if poor, blind old Duncan could
not be an example to us.

No, it isn't pleasant for some tired soul to
come home from a hard day's work, find
his way into a dark sitting-room, stumble

over a chair in his eudeavor to grope his
way to the matches. We need to be more
Duncan-like.
MARY D. SIBLEY.

HOME TOPICS.

The young housekeeper, when she first
assumes the cares and duties of a house
and must not only plau her work, but ex-
ecute it, is often discouraged when mis-
takes and failures happen. She thought
she knew all about housekeeping, and no
doubt had often been praised, in the old
home, for her success in cooking; but now
she finds that it was mother who guided
and directed everything, and that it is quite
another thing to remember all the little
details which go to make up a well-ordered
home. There is really no cause for dis-
couragement. Good housekeepers are not
made in a day, but time and persistent
effort will bring the result, and occasional
failures are but the stepping-stones to final
success.

Study your work and your own strength.
Let the mind save the body by planning
the best and easiest ways to do everything.
Be independent. Do your work in the
way and at the time which seems best
for the comfort and welfare of your-
self and your own household, and do not
worry if your neighbor does get her
washing on the line earliest on Monday
morning or finish her spring house
cleaning first. Have system in your work,
but not that relentless system which yields
to no circumstances. "Is not the life
more than meat, the body more than
raiment?" No woman ought to constantly
overtax her strength, to sacrifice... personal
culture and relaxation to the accomplish-
ment of a certain amount of work in a given
time. The bow which is never unstrung
will surely be weakened and finally snap. If
we wait until every duty is done before we
take the needed rest, the probability is we
never shall get it.

I know there will come days when every-
thing will seem to go wrong, and the cares
and perplexities of every-day life will seem
too great for us to bear, and the future
appear an endless treadmill, in which we
are destined to walk. This feeling of de-
pendency is apt to be either the result of
trying to do two weeks' work in one, or
worrying for fear all will not be done in
time. As one young housekeeper expressed
it, "It is not so much what I do that tires
me as what I do not get done." It is an
important thing in housekeeping to learn
where work may be slighted and no one
suffer thereby.

If any woman would do her best as wife
and mother, as housekeeper and home-
maker, she must give some heed to her
own health and comfort. If the work
presses, and it is impossible to have help,
then simplify the work as much as pos-
sible. It is better that even the sheets,
pillow-slips, towels and underclothing go
unironed, if by this means the house-
mother is given time to rest.

TIRED FEET.—When I ran in to see my
next-door neighbor a few days ago, I
found her tacking together two pieces of
an old comfortable, about a yard long and
two feet wide, and covering the pad with
a piece of burlap made into a bag large
enough to slip over it. The end was then
overseamed together, and the whole tacked
through in places like a comfort-
able.

"Don't you admire my fancy
work?" said she, and then added,
"I am troubled so much with
aching feet that I make these pads
to lay before the sink, the ironing-
table and wherever I stand long.
They are a great help, I assure you."

I came home determined to try
her plan, and hope my description
will also help to ease some other
tired and aching feet.

MAIDA McL.

FLUTED LACE WITH HOLES.

Cast on 22 stitches.

First row—Purl all but four
stitches, leave these on the needle.
Second row—Turn, knit plain.

Third row—Like the first.
Fourth row—Like the second.
Fifth row—Knit all across plain.
Sixth row—Knit 4 plain, purl the rest.
Seventh row—Knit 1, * over, narrow, *
continue until there is only one stitch left,
which knit plain.

Eighth row—Knit 4, purl the rest.

Ninth and tenth rows—Plain.

Repeat.

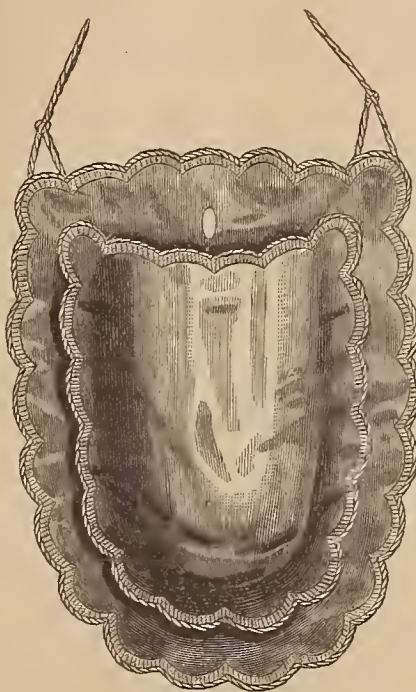
This is very nice for flannel skirt.

A. M. McD.

WORK-DRESSES.

There was an article in the *Grange
Bulletin* last week that seemed to be the
very essence of sound, common sense. It
was entitled "The Cheap-dear Dresses,"
and described two. One was a print at 7
cents per yard, 70 cents for a dress pattern.
The other was of heavy, indigo-blue calico,
at 12½ cents per yard. As this is 34 inches
wide, instead of 26, seven yards would
make a plain dress, instead of the ten, and
the cost was 88 cents, being 18 cents more
than the first. The linings, buttons, thread
and amount of work were the same. The
lady said her blue dress wore as long as
two brown ones of the print.

Now, it does not take a very long head
in mathematics to discover that the eigh-
teen cents extra on the blue will not buy
a new seven-cent print dress, even if you
could use the same linings and buttons that
were on the first brown, and it will certainly



SHOE-POCKET.

take a day or a day and a half to make the
second brown. So, my friends, which is the
cheaper dress?

This lady's experience has been mine,
although I never made two dresses at
the same time to compare figures. Yet
I made up my mind several years ago that
I could not afford to buy cheap calico for
work-dresses. The dark blue print is so
firm. It never grows "stringy." It does
not fade by washing and wear to amount
to much; it grows a little lighter, but is all
the prettier. It will not need starching at
first, unless you prefer stiff clothes.

Now, sisters, if you have an eye to the
future rag carpet, those blue dresses will
make such lovely carpet rags, and need no
coloring, which is quite an item to the
young housekeeper who has had no ex-
perience in the line of dyeing.

Ginghams make serviceable dresses, but
they usually shrink so that one has no
idea where to begin or end an allowance for
shrinkage, and hence, keep needing a good
deal of fixing to keep them presentable.

If one has a decided distaste for blue,
there is another scheme that I have found
to work very nicely. Nearly every fall
any of the large dry-goods stores will have
a time of selling off the summer sateens to
make room for another year's supply, that
may vary greatly from the present stock
in figure, color and finish. The sateens
vary in style so much that the merchants
do not like to carry them over, as they may
print; hence, they often sell for eight cents
a yard what was priced at twelve and a
half and fifteen cents in the summer.
There are sure to be dark pieces among
them that will do for kitchen dresses; in
fact, those that are too dark will show soil
quicker than a more medium shade of
color. Nothing could be much better than
the grays. Sateen needs no starching and
will wear almost as well, and I am not cer-
tain but it will last longer than the blue, if
it is a good, firm piece. Keep watch next
fall, and put in a supply of sateen work-
dresses when the cut price comes.

Sometimes, if you take what there is left
in the whole roll, the price will be made
still lower than eight cents. What if you
do have two dresses alike? You can cer-
tainly be sure that some one you happen to
dislike very much will not be getting a
dress like yours, anyway. [Now the
editors smile, I throw, at the woman of it in
that last sentence.]

There is too much tendency among the
farmers' wives to buy something because
it is cheap, whether it is really needed or
not. If it takes but little cash, they think
it cheap, while really, something similar,

costing twice the money, will be the
cheapest in the end.

Don't buy anything unless you are sure
you need it; and then be sure you are
getting the genuine article, and the best of
its kind you can afford. Pay cash every
time, and the merchants will always be
ready to give good bargains to secure your
trade.

Dress plainly, but get good material for
dresses, and it will be of service until every
thread is really worn out, not faded and
shabby, because the shoddy cloth begins to
come to the surface. Avoid gay colors on
the street if you do not want to be pointed
out by the city cousins as "hayseed." Chil-
dren may wear bright tints, but it looks
rather loud among the older people, does
it not?

Some lovely wrappers, or tea-gowus, are
made in the blues and reds, and they are
very pretty and bright in the house if they
are becoming to the wearer. Look out for
that point in selecting any dress, even if it
be the blue kitchen calico, and if you can-
not wear blue, hunt up the bargains in
sateens, and they will be satisfactory, I am
sure.

TRIED RECIPES.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—

1 cupful of New Orleans molasses,
½ cupful of sugar,
½ cupful of lard.

Beat these ingredients together and then
add

3½ cupfuls of flour,
1 teaspoonful of soda, sifted into the
flour,
1 cupful of buttermilk,
1 cupful of raisins.

The latter should be put in after the flour,
so that they may be covered with it, and
then they will not sink to the bottom of
the cake. This recipe is quite large, and
will make eight or nine pat-a-pan cakes, to
be eaten warm for tea, and then leave bat-
ter enough to make a medium-sized loaf-
cake. Sometimes, instead of baking some
pat-a-pan cakes, use the dough to make
two layers in jelly-cake tins and use be-
tween layers of white cake, a recipe for
which I gave some time ago, and it does
not take any eggs, either. The white-cake
recipe makes four layers, and by using the
two dark layers in the centers, two good-
sized cakes will be had. It is best put to-
gether with boiled frosting, if one has just
one egg to spare. Dissolve one cupful of
sugar in a tin cup with two tablespoonfuls
of water; when it boils enough so that the
syrup will thicken when dropped into cold
water, pour slowly over the beaten white
of one egg, stirring as rapidly as possible,
and keep stirring until the frosting is quite
cool. If the bowl of frosting is set in a
dish of cold water, it will cool more
rapidly.

GYPSY.

GINGER COOKIES.—Did you know that
ginger cookies were lots nicer stirred up in
the evening and not baked until the next
morning? At least, that is true of my
recipe, which is

2 cupfuls of New Orleans molasses,
1 cupful of sugar,
1½ cupfuls of buttermilk,
1 cupful of lard,
1 teaspoonful of vinegar,
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon,
1 tablespoonful of ginger,
1 tablespoonful of soda,
Flour to make a stiff batter.

Let stand until morning after mixing
thoroughly. This is convenient when one
wants warm ginger cookies for breakfast,
for it does not take long in the morning to
add a little more flour, roll out and bake
the cookies; and really, we think they are
better for standing, being more light and
spongy, and it is such a help in the morn-
ing if one can get the baking out of the
way early, especially in the summer.

GYPSY.

FIG PUDDING.—

1 pound of figs,
1 pound of suet, chopped fine,
1 pint of flour,
1 pint of bread crumbs,
Milk,
2 eggs.

Cut the figs in small pieces, grate the bread
and chop the suet fine; mix thoroughly,
add the flour and the eggs, well beaten, add
milk to form a stiff paste. Press the pud-
ding into a buttered mold, tie down with a
cloth and boil for three hours. Serve with
melted butter or cream.

A. E. H.

COCOANUT MACAROONS.—

½ pound of flour,
½ pound of butter,
6 ounces of grated cocoanut,
6 ounces of sifted sugar,
4 eggs.

Beat the sugar and butter together, add the
cocoanut and the flour by degrees, then the
eggs, still beating the mixture. Drop it by
spoonfuls on a buttered baking-tin and
bake in a quick oven for eight or ten
minutes.

Our Household.

A THOUGHT FOR WASHING-DAY.

The clothes-line is a rosary
Of household help and care;
Each little saint the mother loves
Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot
She walks with thoughtful heed,
I should not wonder if she told
Each garment for a bead.

For Celia's scarlet stockings hang
Beside Amelia's skirt,
And Bilbo's breeches, which of late
Were sadly smeared with dirt.

Yon kerchief small, wiped bitter tears
For ill success at school;
This pinafore was torn in strife
'Twixt Fred and little Jule.

And that device of finest web
And over-costly lace
Adorned our eldest when she danced
At some gay fashion place.

A stranger passing, I salute
The household in its wear,
And smile to think how near of kin
Are love and toil and prayer.

—Julia Ward Howe.

THE SPIDER AND POPCORN LACE.

ABBREVIATIONS:—Ch, chain; tr, treble; h st, half stitch.

First row—Make a ch of 76 st.

Second row—Cross over 76 ch in making 36 holes; turn.

Third row—4 tr into the 2 first ch, the 20 holes, then 4 tr into 2 ch, the 18 holes; turn.

Fourth row—7 holes, 1 popcorn into the 8 holes, the 9 holes, the 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 9 holes, 1 popcorn, 8 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr; turn.

Fifth row—6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 holes, 2 popcorn, 7 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 7 holes, 2 popcorn, 6 holes; turn.

Sixth row—5 holes, 3 popcorn, 5 holes, 4



THE SPIDER AND POPCORN LACE.

tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 5 holes, 3 popcorn, 4 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr; turn.

Seventh row—6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 holes, 4 popcorn, 3 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 3 holes, 4 popcorn, 4 holes; turn.

Eighth row—5 holes, 3 popcorn, 3 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 3 holes, 3 popcorn, 2 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr; turn.

Ninth row—6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 holes, 2 popcorn, 3 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 3 holes, 2 popcorn, 6 holes; turn.

Tenth row—7 holes, 1 popcorn, 3 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 3 holes, 1 popcorn, 2 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr; turn.

Eleventh row—6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 7 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 12 holes; turn.

Twelfth row—7 holes, 1 popcorn, 5 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 holes, 1 popcorn, 2 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr; turn.

Thirteenth row—3 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 holes, 2 popcorn, 6 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 5 holes, 2 popcorn, 6 holes; turn.

Fourteenth row—5 holes, 3 popcorn, 5 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 holes, 3 popcorn, 2 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 3 ch; turn.

Fifteenth row—4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 2 holes, 4 popcorn, 6 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr, 5 holes, 4 popcorn, 4 holes; turn.

Sixteenth row—5 holes, 3 popcorn, 7 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 8 holes, 3 popcorn, 4 holes, 4 tr, 6 ch, 3 h st, 6 ch, 4 tr; turn.

Seventeenth row—4 tr, 6 ch, 1 tr, 6 ch, 4 tr, 6 holes, 2 popcorn, 10 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 9 holes, 2 popcorn, 6 holes; turn.

Eighteenth row—7 holes, 1 popcorn, 11 holes, 4 tr, 12 holes, 1 popcorn, 8 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 3 ch; turn.

Nineteenth row—4 tr, 21 holes, 4 tr, 2 ch, 4 tr, 18 holes; turn.

This is one scallop.

Delphos, Ohio.

Laura B.

BABY'S FIRST SHORT CLOTHES.

To the inexperienced, the making of baby's first short clothes presents some difficulties. There is such an infinite number of ways to fashion these little garments it is not always easy to decide upon how they shall be cut.

The so-called "baby" waist forms the foundation for many of these little garments. It is simply a very short-waisted little waist. You can buy a draft of it, giving its different dimensions, from which a pattern could be cut. This pattern is plenty large, but baby grows and will soon fill it. From this waist a variety can be made. For instance, a waist can be cut square in the neck, the arm-eyec neatly faced and a guimpe of some contrasting color or material made to wear with it. Again, the little waist can be rounded out in the neck, cutting it as low as may be desired. The neck and arm-eyec may be finished with one or two frills, and a guimpe worn with the little gown.

Still another way to vary this plain pattern is to fold it in, say from one inch on the shoulder-seam to the waist line. With a gradual slant lay the material in folds or tuck it, put it on the pattern as doubled in, let the folds run lengthwise from shoulder to waist line, and cut the arm-eyec and other seams according to the pattern as it folded. In making this waist, sew up the under-arm seams and the shoulder-seams, and finish the arm-eyec with a frill; lap the folds a trifle in front and sew the full skirt to the waist, put a hook and eye at the waist line in the back. This gives a very pointed opening in both back and front, and of course a guimpe is needed to complete the little costume. A less pointed opening may be made, by doubling the pattern in less and letting the fold end one, two or three inches above the waist line. With one of these pointed waists a graduated ruffle may extend from waist line in front to waist line in the back, the greatest width being at the shoulders.

This same plain pattern may be used to cut the charming little Empire gowns so comfortable and becoming to the tiny ones. Use the upper part of the pattern for the yoke, which may be made straight, pointed or rounded, to suit the taste, the pattern being folded to the desired shape. Two breadths of goods thirty inches wide will be needed for the skirt part of the little Empire gown. On the upper part, round out the arm-eyec and slant the goods gradually to the bottom of the skirt. There are many ways of ornamenting the little yokes of these gowns. Embroideries, laces, feather-stitching, etc., are used to suit the taste, and many are the fascinating combinations they form.

The bottom of baby's short dresses may be ornamented with feather-stitching, or in case of cotton or wash silk goods being used, a plain but dainty finish. Feather-stitching is capable of many variations, from the plain, straight rows to something quite elaborate.

A waving line may be obtained without stamping by using some round object to mark by; a saucer or small plate will do. Begin at a side seam, mark part way around the plate, as far as may be desired to get the right curve, then turn the plate

the other way to form an opposite curve. Continue around the little skirt. This forms simply a plain, curved line. This can be further elaborated by drawing tiny tendrils or branches extending therefrom; to these branches may be added little bunches of forget-me-nots done in loop-stitch, or daisies may be done in the same stitch.

Detached or interlacing disks may be done in the same popular feather-stitch, as also may be small squares. Indeed, to the ingenious many variations will occur.

For a guimpe, a plain waist should be cut for a lining. This waist should be cut longer than for the "baby" waist; this lengthening is all the difference. The dress goods may be tucked, laid in plaits or shirred for the guimpe, or it may be cut plain or on the bias, or the guimpe may be made of rows of inserting, and edging of lace and embroidery. The fancy has full play here, and dainty originality is at a premium.

To cut a little gown that is shirred, slip the pattern from the straight side about an inch, to allow for fullness, and forms when done a square-necked dress to be worn with a guimpe. It is simply cut of two widths of goods not less than thirty inches wide. Round out the arm-eyec and slant the goods gradually to the bottom. The sleeves are no more than a tiny puff when done. This little dress is very pretty.

A dress shirred from the neck should be finished with a ruffle at the neck, and have full sleeves. This is particularly pretty made of any soft goods that will fall in graceful folds.

The skirts to all of these dresses should be full, and come well to the little feet. Seventeen and one half inches is a good length for the first short skirts.

For petticoats, the little reform skirt, all made in one piece, is to be preferred to the old-fashioned one with waist buttoned on. Two of these skirts—one with sleeves and the other without—should be worn when the weather is cool, and the texture,

whether cotton or wool, should also depend on the weather, unless baby can bear wool at all seasons. Wool is undoubtedly the best, but some children are made miserable by its contact when the weather is warm.

Let the first shoes be as soft as can be had; it is a mistake to think the little ankles need a stiff support. Nature will attend to that, if she is allowed, by strengthening the bones and muscles.

ROSE SEELYE MILLER.

TREATMENT OF CACTI.

EDITOR FARM AND FIRESIDE:—Would you please give me some information regarding the raising of the cactus? I have one with long, flat leaves, which is about six years old and very large. It bloomed profusely the first three years; since then it has had no sign of blossom. Should the sprouts that have borne blossoms be trimmed when done blooming? It is kept in the cellar during winter.

Stark county, Ohio.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Plants of the cactus family like a porous, sandy soil and a warm, sunny place during summer. Water sparingly in winter, but freely in summer. Do not shift them often, but keep the pot filled with roots. It is possible the inquirer shifted the plant in question, and is growing it in a pot too large for it. Trimming the plant will not make it bloom. Poor, sandy soil will often produce bloom, while rich soil will produce plant growth.

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Kindly order this stamp as Set No. 66, and thereby prevent confusion.

THE PRINCE IS DEAD.

A room in the palace is shut. The king
And the queen are sitting in black.
All day weeping servants will run and bring,
But the heart of the queen will lack
All things; and the eyes of the king will swim
With tears which must not be shed,
But will make all the air float dark and dim,
As he looks at each gold and silver toy,
And thinks how it gladdened the royal boy,
And dumbly writhes while the courtiers read
How all the nations his sorrow heed.
The prince is dead.

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak,
And to-day the wind blows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak;
They have begged a few rags of black;
They are hard at work, though their eyes are
wet
With tears that must not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set;
They hate the sunbeam which plays on the
floor,
But will make the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They wish that the neighbors would leave
them alone.

The prince is dead.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

PIES.—In regard to pies, let me
tell you of a scheme—strictly
original in our family. I think
we should have it copyrighted
—for preserving pie-crust for
weeks and months, and there-
by saving time and labor. Mix a large
quantity of flour, lard and salt. It must
be thoroughly mixed. Put the mixture
in glass jars, seal, and set them in a cool
place. When you want to make a pie,
take out two cupfuls of the mixture, mix
with a little water, and in ten minutes
your pie is made.

MEAT-SAFE.—A meat-safe will pay for
itself in the saving of nice odds and ends,
and reduces gas bills as well. They can be
easily made at home. Three shelves, either
mounted on legs or hanging, are inclosed
in wire gauze. The front may be made of
a window-screen on hinges, with a button
to keep it closed. Meat, vegetables, pies,
cheese and all sorts of nice left-overs may
be kept here quite safe from flies and ants.
If it is kept in a drafty place, it will do
as good work in the preserving line as a
refrigerator. Hanging shelves without the
wire-gauze cover can be easily made, and
are nice for cellar use.

The Paris hot-water fountains, for the
use of the poor, supply eight quarts of
heated water for one cent.

BANDS.—Did you ever wear a band? Of
course, when you were a child; but I mean
lately? One knitted of saxon, or made of
undershirting, will save you from most of
the woes feminine flesh is heir to. It keeps
you warm around the most delicate part of
your body, and saves lots of doctor's bills.
If the band is considered bulky, make a
flannel apron twelve inches square; sew
tape strings to it, put it on next your skin,
and wear it day and night. You will soon
love it as dearly as your favorite slippers,
and miss it if you take it off.

DARNING.—When you draw your threads
to keep your table-cloths straight in hem-
ming your pretty, new linen, don't consign
the drawn threads to the scrap-bag, but
carefully wind on an empty spool, and
put by for that rainy day, which will surely
come, when you awake to the fact that
your table-cloths and napkins are wearing
out. Then you will find that nothing will
darn the thin places as beautifully nor as
strongly as your new-drawn threads. A
patched table-cloth is an abomination, and
ought never to appear on a careful house-
wife's table.

FASHION POINTERS.

Jackets have come to stay, and especially
the Eton and the Spanish, the preference
for which is easily to be accounted for by
their prettiness, and especially by their be-
comingness. Ladies like a style which
admits of a vest, and while giving an ap-
pearance of slenderness, does not compress
the waist. If we return, as seems more
than likely, to the Directoire and Empire
effects, there will be even less compression
than now. It cannot be said that this sea-
son's styles demand any undue "lacing in."

The shot silk skirts are not so dear as last
year, and are seen in all the fashionable
shades. This mode is pretty and averts
the possibility of catching a glimpse of an
unsightly woolen petticoat under a rich
gown. The warmth when the silk petti-
coat is made with a flannel lining is equal
to that of the woolen petticoat, while the
unsightliness of such an undergarment is
avoided by the adoption of its pretty rival
as an article of underwear. But it needs
no advocate, having become almost general
by the favor awarded to it.

AN ILLINOIS MIRACLE.

A CASE OF DEEP INTEREST TO WOMEN
EVERYWHERE.

SAVED THROUGH A CASUAL GLANCE AT A
NEWSPAPER—WEAK, PALE AND IN A
DEPLORABLE CONDITION WHEN RE-
LIEF CAME—A REMARKABLE NAR-
RATIVE CAREFULLY INVESTI-
GATED BY A DUBUQUE
TIMES REPORTER.

(Dubuque, Iowa, Times.)

Among the peculiar conditions with
which the people of the present age are en-
dowed is a remarkable capacity for doubt-
ing. A full belief only comes after a careful
investigation, and after positive proofs
have been presented. Current report said
there had been a remarkable cure in the
case of a lady of Savanna, Ill., but as cur-
rent report is not always accurate, and as
the story told was one possessing deep in-
terest for the public, *The Times* determined
upon a thorough investigation into the
matter. The result of this investigation
proved that not only was the story true,
but that the case was even more remark-
able than the public had been given to un-
derstand.

Mr. A. R. Kenyon is the fortunate owner
of a comfortable house, well kept and with
pleasant surroundings, situated on Chicago
Ave., Savanna, Ill., and it was there the
reporter sought him to learn of the sickness
of his wife, and the cure of which so much
is being said.

In answer to the bell a lady appeared at
the door, and to an inquiry for Mr. Kenyon
said he was employed by the railroad com-
pany, worked at nights and was asleep.
"Is Mrs. Kenyon well enough to see me?"
the reporter then asked.

With a very suggestive smile she said,
"There is no doubt of it," and inviting the
reporter in informed him that she was the
lady in question. When told the reporter's
mission she said, "The statement of facts
as you have made it is quite true. I did
not think my case was of special interest
to any one outside of my own family and
friends, but if what information I can give
you will be of use to any one else you are
welcome to it. I owe my present good
health to a casual glance at a newspaper,
and as with me, some other woman may be
fortunate." Mrs. Kenyon is an intelligent,
lady-like woman, and her home bears
evidence of her great capabilities as a house-
wife. She told her story as follows:

"I was born in Warren county, New
York, thirty-three years ago. I was mar-
ried when I was nineteen and came to Sa-
vanna seven years ago. With the exception
of being at times subject to violent sick
headaches, I considered myself a healthy
woman up to five years ago. At that time I
was very much run down and an easy prey
to the ever-present malaria in and about the
Mississippi bottom lands. I was taken vi-
olently ill, and during the succeeding five or
six months was the greater part of the time
helpless. The local physicians said I had
been affected by malarial and intermittent
fever. I continually grew weaker and
finally went to see Dr. McAvey, of Clinton,
Iowa, who is reputed to be one of the ablest
physicians in the Mississippi valley. He
treated me for a time without beneficial
effects, and finally told me he thought he
could help me if I would absolutely abstain
from work. That was not to be thought
of. If able to go about, I had to look after
my household duties. I then consulted
a prominent doctor of Savanna. My
stomach would not retain the medicine he
gave me, and he came to the conclusion
that my stomach was badly diseased. Oc-
casionally I would choke down and nearly
suffocate. I then went to Dr. Maloney and
he pronounced it a case of heart trouble.
He helped me temporarily, but like the
rest said I must stop all work or nothing
could be done for me. All this time I had
grown weaker and paler, until I was in a
deplorable condition. I had a continual
feeling of tiredness, my muscular power
was nearly gone, and I could not go up half
a dozen steps without resting, and often that
much exercise would cause me to have a
terrible pain in my side. Seemingly the
blood had left my veins. I was pale as death;
my lips were blue and cold, and I had given
up all hope of ever being better. About the
first of April last a young man boarding
with us received a Fulton, Ill., paper. It
was his home paper sent him by his mother.
I picked it up one day and in casually
glancing over its columns, came across an
account of a marvelous cure through the
use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People. Candidly, I did not believe the
story, and when my husband suggested that
it would do no harm for me to try the pills
I laughed at the idea. He insisted and I

submitted, but I had no faith whatever in
the pills. My husband sent for two boxes
and I took them. When these had been
used I was somewhat improved in health. I
continued their use and felt I was growing
stronger, my sleep refreshed me and it
seemed as if I could feel new blood coursing
through my veins. I kept on taking Pink
Pills until a short time ago and I now con-
sider myself a healthy, rugged woman. My
house is full of boarders and I superintend
all the work myself. In other words I work
all the time and am happy all the time. I
am positive that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
for Pale People saved my life, and I believe
there are thousands of women who could
find great relief if they used them. The
sick headaches I was subject to from girl-
hood have disappeared and I have not had
a single attack since I commenced taking
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"Were there any disagreeable effects from
the medicine?" asked the reporter.

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Kenyon.
"They are pleasant to take and the con-
ditions imposed by the directions are easily
complied with. In common parlance I took
Pink Pills and they did the rest." Mrs.
Kenyon stated that all her neighbors knew
of her former condition and her restoration,
and one of them was called in, and when
asked of her knowledge of the case, said—
"I have been intimately acquainted with
Mrs. Kenyon, and know of her illness. I
look upon her recovery as something mar-
velous. It is surely the unexpected that
happened in her case. Of my own knowl-
edge I cannot say what the nature of her
ailment was, but I know that she was re-
duced to a mere shadow; was the palest
and most ghost-like person I had ever seen.
Hers was a remarkable case. She would be
helpless one day and the next would be
supervising the work of her house, but all
the time there was a noticeable loss of
strength and the natural vivaciousness of
her nature had disappeared. It was gener-
ally thought she must die, as none of the
physicians who attended her seemed to un-
derstand her case or help her in the least.
I was told of the sending for Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills and of course thought it the
whim of a dying woman, or perhaps a sign
that her husband still insisted in hoping
against hope. But you can see the result
for yourself, and if miracles are not per-
formed in these days I would be pleased to
know how to describe a case of this kind."

It is a remarkable case. There is no rea-
son to doubt the sickness of Mrs. Kenyon
and in just the form she describes it. Hun-
dreds of people in that immediate neigh-
borhood are fully conversant with the facts
of both sickness and cure, and discuss it
with sympathizing earnestness. But few
persons have gone so close to the dividing
line between life and eternity and re-
turned; and from the facts stated there is
but a single conclusion to be drawn—Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People
did it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect
blood builder and nerve restorer, curing
such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia,
partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus'
dance, nervous headache, nervous prostra-
tion and the tired feeling resulting there-
from, the after effects of la grip, influenza
and severe colds, diseases depending on
humors in the blood, such as scrofula,
chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a
healthy glow to pale and sallow complex-
ions, and are a specific for the troubles
peculiar to the female system, and in the
case of men they effect a radical cure, in all
cases arising from mental worry, overwork
or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr.
Williams' Medicine Company, Schenec-
tady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are
sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade
mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six
boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or
by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer
who offers substitutes in this form is trying
to defraud you and should be avoided. The
public are also cautioned against all other
so-called blood builders and nerve tonics,
no matter what name may be given them.
They are all imitations whose makers hope
to reap a pecuniary advantage from the
wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and
refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of
all druggists or direct by mail from Dr.
Williams' Medicine Company from either
address. The price at which these pills are
sold make a course of treatment compar-
atively inexpensive as compared with other
remedies or medical treatment.

FOR EARLY CUCUMBERS.

If I were a young girl on a farm this
spring, I'd make some money for myself
raising cucumbers for pickles. They are
easily raised and pay for the raising. If
you will bury a barrel about two feet in
the ground, pile up around it till near the
top, rich, loamy earth, fill your barrel with
manure, plant your seeds around it, and
keep the barrel filled with fresh and not
too cold water, you will be amazed at your
crop. Once in a while add fresh manure,
as that in the barrel packs.

During the summer, as your vines show
signs of having borne themselves to death,
put in fresh seeds, and when well started
pull out the old vines, being careful not to
disturb the new. Gather in uniform size as
they are marketable. Put in brine if not
convenient to market.

If you want to raise early cucumbers for
table, when they command fancy prices,
you can accomplish much by starting
them now, in pasteboard boxes, a vine to a
box, and when weather permits, dig a hole
in your earth about the barrel, and tearing
the box away, put your plant, with the
earth about it, in the ground, covering
from frosts, which sometimes assail us
here as late as the twentieth of May.

This barrel business is a capital way to
raise canteloups, if you'll give plenty of
room for spreading.



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Dial. Improved gold
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HE KNOWETH.

Out of the window in the night I see, by the city's watchful light, Wandering shapes of woe and want, Shapes that the bitter midnight haunt. Safe I lie by the fireside warm, Lapped in comfort and kept from harm; They are pining for food and fire, Torn with poverty's mad desire. I with the sweets of earth am fed; They go crying for broken bread. I am guarded by love and friends; In grief and madness their pathway ends. Their ceaseless sorrow frights my sleep. I think of the hours they wake and weep. They chill my blood, and my heart dismay, And I cannot soften their thorny way. I think and long till my weary brain Turns to its fugal rest again, And I lay my head on his garment's hem, Who fashioned deftly both clod and gem. His showers fall out from the upper air, One drop here and one drop there, But down in a silver rish of rain On field and forest, on hill and plain. If long in heaven his love delays, Hiding from man its wondrous ways, Well I know it will come at last, When the little round of life is past. The light that shines, and the wind that blows Where it listeth and no man knows, Have their message; and want and woe On his errands run to and fro. In my thankful heart his goodness lives, So may I take the grief he gives. Oh! who in this world could wake or rest, Without the knowledge that God knows best? —Rose Terry Cooke, in Sunday-School Times.

BOTH WALKING AND WAITING.

VERY serviceable lesson may be drawn from one feature of God's dealings with his people in their memorable journeyings in the wilderness. In the ninth chapter of Numbers we are told that the clouds governed the people in their marchings and haltings. When the cloud was taken up from the tabernacle, then the people were to walk; but when it rested on the tabernacle, then they were to wait. Thus we read: "When the cloud abode from even unto the morning, and the cloud was taken up in the morning, then they journeyed; whether it was by day or by night that the cloud was taken up, they journeyed. Or whether it were two days or a month or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents and journeyed not; but when it was taken up, they journeyed." Now, the important lesson conveyed to us by these words is, that God is served by both our walking and waiting. When he indicates to us that we should walk, then it is our duty to proceed; and when, by his providence, he indicates to us that we should halt and wait, then it is equally our duty to stand in our assigned place. The waiting is just as serviceable and honoring to him as the walking is. To walk when it is our duty to wait would be disobedience to God and damaging to ourselves. We may be kept waiting in one place much longer than is congenial to our natural inclinations; indeed, it may be very hard to do so, yet the fact that we are thus serving God, in just the way he wishes, ought to joyfully reconcile us to our situation and fill us with praise.

SOME SENSIBLE RULES OF LIFE.

Prof. John Stuart Blaikie, in a series of articles to young men, has given his rules of life and conduct. Here are some of them: Never indulge the notion that you have an absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth in the long run can hope to prosper. Therefore, avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is, at the best, a painted lie. Let whatever you are and whatever you do grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality. The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Let that text be enough. Never forget Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine.

But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous.

Do one thing well. "Be a whole thing at one time." Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it and be done with it.—Christian Standard.

"AM I GOING UP OR DOWN?"

Recently I was on a street-car when it occurred to me that I was going in the wrong direction. Asking the conductor whether I was going up or down, he replied, "You are going down." As I wanted to go up-town instead of down-town, I left the car immediately, and took one that was going up. The question seemed to echo itself, "Am I going up or down?" There is more than one kind of traveling—there is a thought travel. Are our thoughts taking us down or up? It strikes me these days that a good many people are on the wrong car. I was in a comfortable seat, only I was going down instead of up. Spiritual travel is of the utmost importance. We first want to settle where we want to go. Surely we want to go on unto perfection. Then we ought to make sure we are on the right road. If our object is physical perfection, then take the right car; if mental improvement, we must get the right train; if spiritual perfection, there is only one way. The Master said, "I am the way." To know him, to be like him, is going up. To be patient and loving and long-suffering is going up; to be harsh and intolerant and unforgiving is going down. Settle it, that to believe in Christ, to obey Christ, is ever going up, ever ascending to that "city that hath foundations, the city of God."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A REAL HELP.

"A very present help"—this is the Master's own statement of the case. With noiseless footfall he treads this round world, as of old in Palestine, on errands of love and helpfulness. Not now, as then, confined to special town or locality, he is able to be at the side of troubled and needy ones in all places. Nor can it be doubted that he desires us to believe this and to receive at his hand the blessedness of this untiring ministry. Whatever the care that comes to a child of his, it is part of his plan to share it and out of it bring blessing and victory. The habit of thought and the amazing activities and discoveries of our time, lead us into the temptation, to independence and separation from the strong arm. As a result the enemies that beset our way trip us up. Failure disheartens, and weariness makes us listless and weak. We need to come back to our restful relation to the Christ to take him at his word; to find in his union with ourselves the secret of gladness and vigor. A good motto to carry through the months is this that has come down the long line of centuries, out of the very heart of the heavenly father, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of need."

FIGHTING FIRE.

is something that anyone will do instinctively because every one recognizes that fire is dangerous. Could the same impression be made general as to colds, thousands of lives would be saved annually. Most people determine whether a cold is dangerous by the result. If it disappears itself, "it was nothing," if they never recover from its effects, they know they had "a terrible cold." Few people would leave a fire in their own house to burn itself out; yet a cold is always as dangerous as the fire which we fight on its first appearance. People in delicate health well understand the menace of a cold. It is all the more serious to them because they have no reserve of physical strength with which to put it out when once it has obtained entrance. Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen has saved the lives of thousands by curing colds. It is known the world over as a most wonderful cure in all chronic diseases (and if a person can lift an ox, he should certainly be able to lift a calf), but people thoughtlessly fail to avail themselves of its help to keep out and put out colds. Folks are growing wiser, however, and many keep Compound Oxygen always in the house, thus saving health and time and money. "DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—I have a young friend who contracted a severe cold and had a fearful cough. I persuaded him to use the Compound Oxygen, of which I had nearly a half a Treatment, and he took nothing else. Before half of the treatment was used he was sound and well. Whenever my daughter takes cold in the head, your Compound Oxygen Treatment cures it at once. MRS. S. F. JERNEGAN, Sandersville, Ga." "DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—I am highly pleased with the Oxygen Treatment, and am satisfied that it has done more for me than any course of drugs I could have resorted to. I recommend it on every occasion. I think your Treatment should be in every family in the country. If they used it for nothing else but to break up colds, it would repay them many times the outlay. MILTON L. VAN BUSKIRK, Savannah, Mo." The Genuine Compound Oxygen is made and dispensed only by us. All "just as good" makes are just good for nothing. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

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SAVE MONEY

THE SOCIAL FARMER. ONE of the requirements of civilization is that man shall be sociable. If no one lived up to this, which is equivalent to an injunction, what is to prevent us from lapsing into barbarism? Man was not made for himself alone, but for other men or for mankind in general. It is man's duty to be social with his fellow-men, with his neighbor.

Circumstances often make men unsociable when they would like to be otherwise, and a man once fixed or settled into unsociability may remain so in spite of himself, his unsociability becoming a habit rather than a trait of character.

In the country sociability is often neglected—the very place where it ought to be cultivated—sometimes from choice and often from necessity. A man may let his hair grow two feet long, and have it cut any time, and thus return to the condition of civilized man, but if he let his unsociability grow, he cannot clip it so easily. The longer he neglects the art of being social the less social he will be even when it is his nature and inclination to be social.

Here are two families in similar circumstances. Perhaps a mortgage overhangs the farmer, and he does not get on as he ought. He worries and chafes under the load of debt and discouragement. His wife, of course, sympathizes and is weary with hard work and the monotony of life. When the chores are done and the evening lamp is lighted, they sit in silence—read, doze, sew and brood over misfortunes, looking on the dark side of things; their faces grow long and deep lines appear around the mouth and crow's-feet begin to get a foothold, and thus they live on, alone, seeing none, going nowhere and having little "company."

Let us look at the other family. Every member of it may be apprehensive of the future, bearing as heavy burdens, one kind and another, as the other family, yet are determined not to be wholly cast down, and doing their duty as well as they know it, take the future as it comes, not trying to look too far into it.

They attend all the meetings of the grange and enter into the spirit of all gatherings, throwing aside as far as possible all cares, and thus live on.

After a year let us compare these two families. What a difference there is! The family that has been social is not only better morally, physically, mentally, but also they, or the members of it, are better looking; the social family appears five years younger than the other, supposing the two families to be about the same age.

It was not intended that man should hibernate—shut himself up—whatever his condition. He owes something to his neighbor—a cheerful voice greeting, a cheerful countenance and a social call. A social farmer lived between a social farmer and one of the other kind. He said, "I always expect something when I go by A's farm, and look for it. He'll shout 'hello' or wave his hand wherever he sees me. I let the horse walk, for his cheery voice and way does me good—makes me think I am somebody. But when I go by B's place, I don't let the horse walk; I get by as quick as I can. He never has a word for anybody. I used to say 'how'd'y,' but it's no use barking at a coon that'll never come down."

There is a good deal in a cheery "hello," and every farmer ought to be on "helloing" terms with his neighbor. A philosopher has said, "Be social and cheerful and you may continue to be young and handsome all your days." GEORGE APPLETON.

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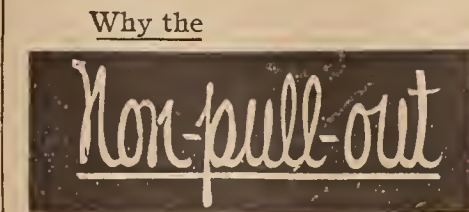
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Asthma The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. Cure Guaranteed or No Pay. Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Mention this paper when you write.

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THIS \$11 TO \$17 SEWING MACHINE to examine in any where without a cent. Warranted the BEST made. Our terms and thing far more liberal ever offered. For full advt. out and send to Alvah Mfg. Co., Dept. B-23, Chicago, Ill.

MENDING TISSUE Repairs clothing better than needle and thread; Silk, Satin, Cotton and Woolen, Kid Gloves, Macintosh, Umbrellas, etc., all colors. Sample yards 10c. Three yards 25c. Twelve yards 65c. Stamps taken. Wanted. Address STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water

ARE YOU PRETTY? Are you happy and healthy? That I was never you may see by my looks. Am I now? You may easily judge. THIS. If you are ill or tired out, have defects of figure or complexion, write me at once for advice, photos, Journal—FREE. (Postage 2c.) Editor Ladies' Own Journal, San Francisco, Cal.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

PIMPLES AND FLESH WORMS. My harmless Acne wash cures at once. Price 30c; to men only, mailed free for 2 stamps. CATARRH. My remedy will cure. 25c. per package. Free to men for 2 stamps. ELECTRIC BELTS. Best and cheapest Electric Belt Concern, 1226 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

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PILES ELECTROBOLE the great gives quick relief, cures in a few days. Never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository, no indelicacy. Mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y. Mention this paper.

KIDNEYS & BLADDER I will send full particulars of a cure for all diseases of the above FREE. Dr. D. A. WILLIAMS, East Hampton, Conn.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

RUPTURE Positive Cure. By mail. Send for circular. Address Capt. W. A. Collins, Smithville, Jefferson Co., Ky. RUPTURE Positive Cure. By mail. Sealed Book Free. Address Dr. W. S. Rice, Box 7, Smithville, N. Y.

10 CENTS (Silver or stamps) pays for printing your address boldly on gummed paper in either the LADIES OR GENTS GILT EDGE DIRECTORY for an entire year. Thousands of firms whose addresses we have want the names of such persons, to each of whom they mail books, novelties, magazines, pictures, cards, papers, letters, catalogues, etc. Free as samples. Our Directory patrons receive hushels and barrels full of mail within a year, each parcel with their boldly printed address pasted thereon. Try it. Better than any lottery. No blanks. Everyone receives prizes daily. You will receive biggest mail of anyone in your town and be well pleased and amazed at the presents you will receive for so small an investment. Our regular price is 25c. but to all who have never tried our Directory, we will make the price 10 cents. Don't subscribe the dollars for high priced magazines and papers when for 10 cents you can receive daily, more sample magazines and other choice and varied reading matter than your brain can digest in a year. Rush on your address PLAINLY WRITTEN. State in which Directory you want your address inserted, Ladies or Gents. 10c. for either, 20c. for both. GILT EDGE DIRECTORY CO., Department No. 2, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Our Amusement Corner.

Providing Entertainment and Instruction for Our Subscribers, with Suitable Rewards for Successful Contestants.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

WHY

Is the present volume of Farm and Fireside like a sweet young lady?



FIVE DOLLARS

Will be divided among the first five Farm and Fireside subscribers sending correct answers to the conundrums below, as follows:

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber sending the correct answer.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber east of the Rocky mountains, and outside of Ohio, sending the correct answer.

\$1.00 will be given to the first Ohio subscriber sending the correct answer.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber west of the Rocky mountains sending the correct answer.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber south of Tennessee, or in the New England states or Canada, sending the correct answer.

Not more than one reward will be given to one subscriber.

This contest will close May 17th, the result to be announced in our issue of June 1st.

Answers to this contest should be addressed to

FARM AND FIRESIDE, CONUNDRUM CONTEST, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

POPULAR CONTEST.

WHICH

Is the most interesting of the following six departments of Farm and Fireside?

- 1. Editorial (first page). 2. Our Farm. 3. Our Fireside. 4. Our Household. 5. Our Sunday Afternoon. 6. Queries.

Cut out the following blank, or make up a form like the following, and fill in with your choice.

Form with fields for: My favorite department is, Name, Post-office, County, State.

At the close of the contest the replies will be counted, and that department which receives the most votes will be decided as the most popular. All replies will be stamped, showing the day and hour received, and

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be divided among the first five subscribers naming the most popular department, as follows:

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber naming the most popular department.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber east of the Rocky mountains, and outside of Ohio, naming the most popular department.

\$1.00 will be given to the first Ohio subscriber naming the most popular department.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber west of the Rocky mountains naming the most popular department.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber south of Tennessee, or in the new England states or Canada, naming the most popular department.

Not more than one reward will be given to one subscriber.

This contest will close May 17th, the result to be announced June 1st.

Replies should be addressed to FARM AND FIRESIDE, POPULAR CONTEST, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

WINNERS OF PRIZES OFFERED APRIL 1ST.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONTEST.

A. F. Jamison, Wheeler, Pa., receives \$5.00 for making the largest list of names of cities and towns from letters found in the words, "The Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio."

Mrs. A. M. Rafferty, Willoughby, Ohio, receives \$3.00 for the second largest list. Libbie Stotler, Johnstown, N. Y., receives \$2.00 for the third largest list.

POETICAL CONTEST.

Each of the following subscribers receive a copy of the "Peerless Atlas of the World" for sending the largest lists of words of not more than two syllables, rhyming with the word "farm."

- C. M. Moreland, Tulsa, Indian Terr. Ora N. Bellisnap, Marshfield, Mass. C. T. Smith, West Hampton, N. Y. Esther C. Barrows, Vinton, Iowa. Alfred Bicknell, Corvallis, Oreg.

Our Miscellany.

WHEN the sun rose this morning it found the world here. It did not make the world. It did not fling forth on its earliest ray this solid globe, which was not and would not have been but for the sun's rising. What did it do? It found the world in darkness, torpid and heavy and asleep, with powers all wrapped up in sluggishness, with life that was hardly better or more alive than death. The sun found this great, sleeping world, and woke it. It bade it be itself.—Bishop Brooks.

GET a home; rich or poor, get a home. And learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your presence. Learn to love simple pleasures; flowers of God's planting, and music of his own—the birds, wind and rainfall. So shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and despair which comes upon so many through scorn of little things. Oh, the charm of a home! Comforts dwell there which shun the gilded halls of society. Live humbly in your small house, and look to God for a grander one.

THE history of the earth is measured by millions of years, and Richard Proctor has ventured to predict millions of years to come, unless some catastrophe intervenes of which there is no sign of likelihood. He thinks the earth's decay is an assured fact. The water supply, including the volume of the seas, is destined to diminish. The action of the tidal wave is constantly reducing the rate of the earth's rotation, making a longer day. The action must be very minute, yet if it is real, the effect will be palpable enough after a lapse of millions of years.

STRAINING AND RACKING your Lungs and Throat with a rasping Cough, is but poor policy. Rather cure yourself with Dr. D. Jayue's Expectoant, an excellent remedy for Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE electrical process for the artificial manufacture of diamonds, by which some perfect though minute stones have been made, is described as follows: About 200 grams of a mixture of cast-iron and carbonized sugar is placed in a crucible of carbon resting in a bed of magnesia, the whole being placed in a specially designed furnace, heated by an electric arc to about 3,000 degrees centigrade. After five or six minutes' subjection to this intense heat, the crucible and its contents are plunged very quickly into cold water. The interior is thus subjected to high pressure, which solidifies the carbon. On dissolving the metal with acid, a number of very small diamonds are found.

THE NILE'S OVERFLOW.

Then at last comes the inundation. "Perhaps there is not in nature a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day and night by night its turbid tides sweep onward majestically over the parched sands of the waste, howling wilderness. Almost hourly, as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of some mud-bank, and saw by the rush of all animated nature to the spot that the Nile had overleaped another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert. There are few impressions I ever received upon the remembrance of which I dwell with more pleasure than that of seeing the first burst of the Nile into one of the great channels of its annual overflow. All nature shouts for joy. The men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters, the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing flutter over them in clouds. Nor is this jubilee of nature confined to the higher orders of creation. The moment the sand becomes moistened by the approach of the fertilizing waters it is literally alive with insects innumerable. It is impossible to stand by the side of one of these noble streams, to see it every moment sweeping away some obstruction to its majestic course, and widening as it flows, without feeling the heart to expand with love and joy and confidence in the great Author of this annual miracle of mercy."

The effects of the inundation, as Osburn shows in another place, "exhibit themselves in a scene of fertility and beauty such as will scarcely be found in any other country at any season of the year. The vivid green of the springing corn, the groves of pomegranate-trees ablaze with the rich scarlet of their blossoms, the fresh breeze laden with the perfumes of gardens of roses and orange thickets, every tree and every shrub covered with sweet-scented flowers. These are a few of the natural beauties that welcome the stranger to the land of Ham. There is considerable sameness in them, it is true, for he would observe little variety in the trees and plants, whether he first entered Egypt by the gardens of Alexandria or the plain of Assouan. Yet it is the same everywhere only because it would be impossible to make any addition to the sweetness of the odors, the brilliancy of the colors or the exquisite beauty of the many forms of vegetable life, in the midst of which he wanders. It is monotonous, but it is the monotony of paradise. The flood reaches Calro on a day closely approximating to that of the summer solstice. It reaches its greatest height and begins to decline near the autumnal equinox. By the winter solstice the Nile has again subsided within its banks and resumed

Plantation Hotel...

56th Street and Kimbark Ave.



One-half block from Wabash and Cottage Grove Aves. Cable Cars. Six minutes' walk from 56th St. entrance. Eight minutes' walk to South Park Station Illinois Central R. R. (at 57th St.), main entrance to World's Fair. Three blocks from Midway Plaisance entrance. Nice residence district. 250 rooms and all get air and light from outside. A substantial brick and sheet steel building, stone foundation. Practically fire-proof. The whole construction of the building is planned for the comfort and safety of its guests in every respect. Only two stories. Built after the plantation style. Two large verandas, one 10 feet and the other 17 feet wide, each 175 feet long. Supplied with easy chairs. One for family promenade and the other for gentlemen smoking, etc. Lighted throughout with electricity. Furnished with new solid oak furniture. Spacious dining hall and culinary department. Large office, reading room, ladies' parlor, etc. Electric bells in every room. Bath rooms and all conveniences. It covers 196 feet on Kimbark Ave. by 175 feet on 56th street. Will be opened April 1st in time for parties placing exhibits. Meals both on the American and European plan. To secure rooms in advance see circular or write for particulars. On receipt of 4 cents in postage stamps we will send you a copy of map of Chicago, by which you can locate the World's Fair Grounds, all streets, hotel, etc., etc.—20x40 inches. State that you saw this ad. in FARM AND FIRESIDE.

JOHN HEWITT & CO., PROPS. Business Office, 253 LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

N. B.—We intend to continue this hotel under first-class management as a family hotel after the World's Fair.

its blue color. Seed-time has occurred in this interval. The year in Egypt divides itself into three seasons—four months of sowing and growth, corresponding nearly with our November, December, January and February; four months of harvest, from March to June, the four months of the inundation completing the cycle.—Nature.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

Attention has been directed to the application of electricity to farming operations, and the designing and introduction of suitable dynamo-electric machinery for this purpose would no doubt be profitable both to the manufacturers and the farmers.

Early in 1892, an electric-power system was installed at the farm of the agricultural experiment station, Auburn, Ala., the current being brought from the college laboratory by a line three quarters of a mile in length, conducted by the students themselves. A ten-horse-power motor was used for ginning and pressing cotton, threshing grain, cutting up feed stuff, etc., and gave entire satisfaction.

In every community where there is water-power, electricity could be economically generated and used not only for the above-mentioned purposes, but also to run saws, planing-machines, pumps, lathes, grindstones, cider-presses, sorghum-mills, churns, sewing-machines—in short, for everything requiring power.

What farmer would not welcome the exchange of smoky lamps for electric lights? The arc light may also prove useful in market gardening, some recent experiments made in France having shown that it has a marked effect in stimulating plant growth when sunlight is not to be had.

Where sufficient water-power is not available, windmills might be used in connection with a system of storage batteries. Such a utilization of the now wasted energies of nature would put off the coming of the coal famine that now threatens future generations.—E. P. Lewis, in the Inventive Age.

HOW RAPIDLY WE THINK.

Helmholz showed that a wave of thought would require about a minute to travel a mile of nerve, and Hersh found that a touch on the face was recognized by the brain and responded to by a manual sign in the seventh of a second.

He also found that the speed of sense differed for different organs, the sense of hearing being responded to in the sixth of a second, while that of sight required one fifth of a second to be felt and signaled. In all these cases the distance traversed was about the same, so that the inference is that images travel more slowly than sound or touch. It still remained, however, to show the portion of this interval taken up by the action of the brain.

Prof. Donders, by a very delicate apparatus, has demonstrated this to be about seventy-five thousandths of a second. Of the whole interval, forty thousandths are occupied in the simple act of recognition and thirty-five thousandths for the act of willing response.

FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

With whom do you associate? Are your companionous ambitious to rise higher intellectually and morally, or are they of that class of indolents who care for nothing but a theater, a box of cigarettes or a novel? If so, get new ones or go alone. Nothing is more certain than that a young man is known by the company he keeps. It is easier to go two steps down than one up the social stairway that leads to a good reputation. On the way down there are plenty of those who will enjoy making the journey as pleasant and rapid as their own has been; but on the other course most people are so busy trying to maintain the shaky position they are already in, that a helping hand will seldom be extended.—Light.

TRUTH.

Truth is beautiful, as well as safe and mighty. In the incident related below, a boy twelve years old, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer who was fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness in a law-

suit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up the boy any more.—Observer.

DIAMONDS FOR ALL.

"Do you know that when your shoes glisten with a polish they are really covered with diamonds?" asked a shoemaker the other day of one of his patrons. "This is true," he continued, "and I will show you why. Bone-dust, which is the principle ingredient of shoe-blackening, is almost pure carbon. The diamond, you know, is the purest form of carbon. When this paste has been smeared over your shoes, the friction of the polishing brush crystallizes the blacking and converts it into millions of infinitesimally small diamonds, and every man with a shine on his shoes may revel in the knowledge that he wears a cluster of diamonds on his feet."—Philadelphia Record.

A BADLY TREATED BOY.

Col. Fizzletop was in the habit of sending Johnny every day after dinner to a tobacconist to get a ten-cent cigar. He also gave Johnny a nickel for his trouble. One day Col. Fizzletop, not feeling very well, did not send for a cigar.

"Don't you want to smoke?"

"Not to-day, my son."

"That's a pretty how-do-you-do. Because you don't care to smoke am I to be swindled out of my nickel for goin' for the cigar?"—Texas Siftings.

500 FARMS FOR SALE AND TRADE

Send 5 cts. in stamps for list and terms to JOSEPH POLLARD, Jr., Washington, Ia.

A FLORIDA HOME

for sale. Near Gulf Coast. Good land, well improved. Variety of Fruit. Healthy location. Fine water. Fish and oysters superb. Write to me. GEO. A. SANDEL, Crystal River, Citrus Co., Fla.

SEND 15c. in silver for cake fine soap containing Brush. JOHN MALBY, 37 Franklin St., Watertown, N. Y.

LADIES willing to assist us in writing, mailing and addressing circulars at their homes, average \$3 a day. No canvassing. For terms, send self-addressed and stamped envelope. Opera Toilet Co. (Incorp.) So. Bend, Ind.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package. THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO. 39 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum. Mention Farm and Fireside.

"SPORTSMAN BUY THE AUTOMATIC FISHER."

For brook, river, or sea fishing. Made of brass, nickel plated.—Takes place of sniker on fish line. Has strong spring trigger so arranged that the bite of a fish jerks hook into its jaws, catches him every time. Worth its weight in gold. Samples by mail, 30 cents; \$1. Catalogue, guns, revolvers, violins, organs, Magic Tricks, free. BATES & CO., 74 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

750 SOLID GOLD Filled Watch. 20 YEAR GUARANTEE.

FREE A gold filled watch to every reader of this paper. Cut This Out and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send this elegant watch by express for examination; and if you think it equal in appearance to any \$30.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$7.50, and it is yours. We send with it our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of five we will give you One FREE. Write at once, we shall send out samples for sixty days only. We have both Ladies' and Gents' Size. Address The Chicago Watch Co., 251 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Selections.

VOTING BY A MACHINE.

Not machine politics which takes away a man's independence and makes of him little else than a machine. It is not a process to take away individual judgment or conscience, but where adopted it insures a correct and speedy counting of a vote as it is cast, and it prevents some of the blunders of the Australian system. It can be adopted as a supplement to the latter.

The New York legislature made provision for it last year in a way to leave it optional with each town to use the Myers ballot machine or not. Lockport adopted it and it worked well. The method is described as follows:

The machines are inclosed in sheet-iron booths about five feet square. On one side are two doors, one for entrance and the other for exit. The voters are formed in line through the entrance door by an inspector who stands beside it. The voter goes in alone and the door locks behind him.

He sees in front of him vertical rows of cards of different colors, each bearing the names of the candidates of a political party, and to the right of each name a knob to be pressed in. Thus, the Democratic ticket is all in yellow, the Republican all in red, the Prohibition all in blue. If the voter is illiterate, he has only to know the color of his ticket to vote intelligently, provided he wishes to vote "straight." When the voter pushes in the knob to the right of the name of a candidate for one office, he registers his vote automatically for that candidate, and at the same time locks the knobs of the candidates on all other tickets for the same office, thus making it impossible to vote for more than one candidate for any office. The knobs, when pressed in, remain in that position till the voter passes out of the booth.

When he has completed his balloting by pushing in the knobs opposite the name of every candidate for whom he wishes to vote, he opens the exit door, which opens only from the inside, and in doing so unlocks again the entrance door, and at the same time releases all the knobs on all the ballots. The machine is thus ready for the next voter, whom the inspector is enabled to pass in through the unlocked entrance door.

The total vote for each candidate is recorded automatically as the election proceeds, and all the poll clerks have to do is to transfer to their books the totals of the different machines used, in case more than one is necessary in an election, verify them, and announce the result.

The success at Lockport was so evident that many other towns have now adopted the use of the machine. At the town election in Warsaw 928 votes were polled considerably within the time allowed by law, though the two machines in use took the place of twenty-four booths required by the Australian system, and the result for the candidates at the head of the tickets was announced one minute after the polls closed, and for the entire tickets, comprising sixty-four candidates, within sixteen minutes after the closing.

If this machine should come into general use in the South, the scandal of fraudulent voting and counting might easily be abolished. The only objection is the possibility of tampering with the machine so as to make it register incorrectly.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

Journalism is the career to which in American cities clever lads without means now turn most frequently, under the impression that it does not require capital like any business pursuit, nor a long and expensive training, as do law, medicine and theology. They have before them the examples of well-known successful editors who began as office-boys or printers, and have worked their way to fortune and fame.

Journalism is now, however, a profession, and demands a training quite as severe, perhaps more severe, than any other. College graduates, on the strength of having written graceful essays, cannot to-day step into the position of managing editors of newspapers.

The training of a journalist begins usually with two or three years as reporter on a daily newspaper. If he makes his mark, he may be promoted gradually to the different grades of gleaner, news editor, night editor, paragraphist, correspondent, or editorial writer. This last position,

however, is more frequently held by persons outside of the newspaper office, who are qualified to write on special subjects. After all of this training, the editorial apprentice must have achieved a marked success in his work before he is called to be a managing editor, or finally editor-in-chief.

To reach these higher ranks in the profession requires not only the readiness with the pen, and keen comprehension of details which practical training in the office gives, but that thorough education which will enable the young man to detect a mistake in the treatment of any subject, legal, political, scientific or historical, and to wisely direct the policy of the newspaper on every vital question.

"I was a college graduate before I was a reporter," said the editor of one of the great daily newspapers lately. "But if I could have stopped work after I had been two years in the office, and gone back to study international law, history and languages, it would have been worth a large capital to me. A man does not know what he ought to know until he has been at actual work in journalism for a year or two."

In this profession as in every other, the increasing demands of the age require wide study and incessant work. "Place no reliance," said Sir Joshua Reynolds to his pupils, "on genius. Remember, nothing is denied to well-directed labor, and nothing is obtained without it."

MEXICAN COURTSHIP.

Even after a couple are duly engaged and the paternal blessing bestowed, which happy climax is brought about by a third party, who negotiates for the lover with the young lady's family, Romeo is not permitted to see his Juliet for one moment alone. He may call at stated intervals, if the parents consent, and converse with his fiancée in the presence of her family; but, although the formal betrothal is a legal ceremony, duly witnessed and recorded, and almost as binding as marriage itself, not until the hymeneal knot is securely tied can he exchange one word with her in private, nor join in her perambulations on the plaza, nor attend her anywhere in public. Such trifling details as ascertaining her tastes and getting acquainted with her temper are reserved for connubial bliss.

However unsuitable the union may prove, there is no release but death under this Catholic regime, which makes divorce impossible. Naturally, domestic tragedies sometimes occur, but truth compels us to admit that they are far more rare than in our own land, where every opportunity is afforded for intimate acquaintanceship before marriage.

The reason lies in the different education of the weaker sex. In Mexico there are no strong-minded females, no grasping after unattainable spheres, nor striving for rights which include the wearing of unmentionables. Girls are not cultured up to the Bostonian point in occult sciences, but the utmost limit of their learning is a little music, a smattering of drawing, and perhaps a language or two besides their own. Their dainty fingers can execute marvels of lace work and embroidery, and sometimes can fashion their own garments; they are thoroughly conversant with the lives of all the saints and saintesses and the minutest details of church requirements; they can repeat yards upon yards of catechism and orisons, and have been carefully nurtured in the idea, which has become part of their mental being, that the chief end of women is to be obedient and submissive wives, and that upon them devolves the pious duty of performing all the prayers and penances that may be needed to win heaven's grace for their sons and husbands. Their gentle hearts, moreover, are by nature filled with warmest tenderness and womanly devotion, and the husband must be a brute indeed if he cannot manage such a better half, who never dreams of rebellion.

NOT WITH SILK.

It is a very common habit, but a great mistake, to mend gloves with silk, as the silk will cut the kid more than fine cotton thread, thus showing the mend more plainly. For the same reason it will not hold the edges of the kid so firmly, but instead it will cut through in time. You will notice that all kid gloves are sewed with cotton thread. The manufacturers understand the difference in the material and use the most satisfactory. Thread of all shades, especially put up in twist for glove mending, can be bought for a trifle. If a glove is badly torn or ripped, try to match its color with a bit of silk. Lay this under the torn part and baste it down in small stitches that do not show on the right side. Then draw the rip up as carefully as you can, taking up very little of the kid as you do so.

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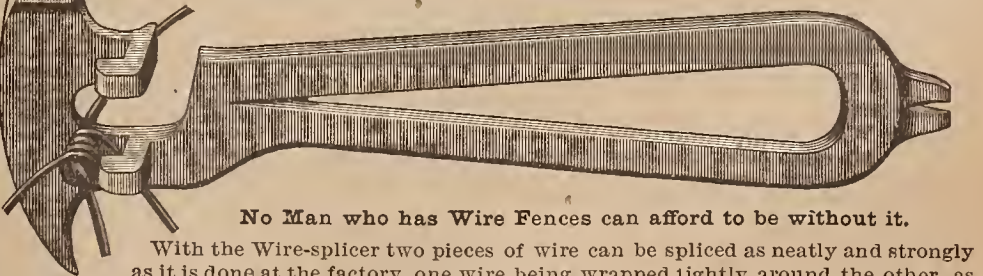
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Smiles.

A Y'S FARMER.

The Whitehall Times gives a somewhat circumstantial account of an enterprising agriculturist, with much economy of type:

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's,
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops, he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

Sing a song of cleaning house,
Pocket full of nails;
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails;
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing:

"Just help me move this wardrobe here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack the carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail and screw this screw,
And here's a job I have for you—
The cupboard door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And, oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on.
And hang this curtain; when you've done
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put right up there;
The wardrobe door must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear,
But could you fix a bracket here?"
And on it goes, when these are through,
And this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more, too,
All in a merry jingle.
And isn't that enough to make
A man wish he were single? (Almost.)

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

SCHOOL-TEACHER in a western state, who had been very successful with her pupils, conceived the idea of giving an exhibition of her most proficient class, and invited all the neighbors to come to the little school-house on a certain evening, that they might see and hear for themselves the progress that had been made. Mr. T. H. Herndon tells the story:

There was a good crowd present. She had all the little girls and the little boys stand up. She questioned this one about one thing, and another about something else.

Their answers were given promptly and with a correctness gratifying to the teacher and to the parents of the children.

"Now," she said to them toward the close, "I want each of you to repeat some old proverb. Johnny, you begin."

"All is not gold that glitters," said Johnny, promptly.

"Very good. Now, Jimmy?"

"Be virtuous and you'll be happy," responded Jimmy.

"Well done. Willy?"

"The germ of ambition is the chrysalis of wisdom," said Willy.

So down the class she went until she got to Peck Smith. He was rather a dull scholar, and the teacher thought it doubtful if he would have anything to say, but she asked him if he knew any old proverb.

"Yes'm. A stump-tailed yaller dog is the best for coons."

"Now, that's good, practical eddication," said Peck's father with a delighted smile. "I want you to keep right along in that line with my boy. That's just the kind of learnin' he'll need."

A FATHERLESS COUNTRY.

A man recently received a woodcut picture of George Washington, and pinned it to the wall over his office door. One day while at work his little girl came into his room, and espying the picture, started the following dialogue:

"Who is that picture of, papa?"

"Washington."

"Who was Washington?"

"Father of this country."

"Why was he called father of this country, papa?"

"Because he fought for its independence, and was a great and good man."

"Is he alive now, papa?"

"No."

"When did he die?"

"December 14, 1799."

"Who is the father of this country now, papa?"

"No one; it's fatherless."

The little girl was silent a few moments, and then inquired:

"Was he the little boy that couldn't tell a lie?"

"The same."

"Well, this country will never have another father, will it, papa?"

And the conversation concluded with the emphatic remark:

"Never! Not even a step-father."

BREADTH OF VIEW.

"We have such a delightful hour at our club," said Mrs. Brown, with enthusiasm. "We are now looking into theosophy, and our president makes it so interesting."

"Large club?" asked the somewhat indifferent listener.

"Not very. You see, we are a club with a conscience. We do not admit any one who is not high-minded and anxious to improve. You never hear a word of gossip there, or any slander."

"I suppose your neighbor, Mrs. Langelly, belongs?"

"Oh, no; no, indeed! Of course we know there is such a person, but she hasn't brain enough to grasp theosophy. She devotes every minute to those children. She is very narrow."

A LITTLE GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON "BOYS."

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—Oak and Ivy Leaf.

ALL OVER.

"I think I learned to love you, dear," he said, "because you always dress so simply. It is comforting to think that my little girl has the right idea about expenditures."

"I don't know, George," she said, dreamily. "This gown I have on cost nearly two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" he muttered, striving to keep back the tears. "Two hundred dollars! Will you excuse me?"

And the next sound heard was the slamming of the door as George Plankaway came swiftly forth into the cold air.—Life.

MAN, POOR MAN!

Mrs. John P. Cox (irritably)—"Here I'm dressed and waiting, with a dress on that cost you nearly a hundred dollars and a hat that cost thirty-five! I should think you would be anxious to get out and let people see how well your wife is dressed, instead of dillydallying around in this way. What are you doing, anyhow?"

Mr. Cox (from next room, meekly)—"One moment, dear. I'm trimming my cuffs."—Puck.

BIG DROPS.

The influence of the scientific spirit is felt in all departments of modern literature.

A traveler in the tropics waxed enthusiastic over the suddenness and violence of a shower which overtook him and his companions.

"The raindrops," he says, "were of marvelous bigness, varying in size from a dime to fifteen cents."

SMALL CHANCE.

Willis—"That young man who plays the cornet is sick."

Wallace—"Do you think he will recover?"

Willis—"I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."

A TOBACCO-STINKING BREATH

is not nice to carry around with you. If you are tired and want the means of an immediate release, get a box of NO-TO-BAC, the harmless guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. Sold at drug stores. Book called, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke your Life Away," tells all about it; mailed free. Write to-day.

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HOME STUDY. A practical and complete Business College Course given by Mail at student's Home. Low rates and perfect satisfaction. Send 6c. for Cat. and Trial lesson. Bryant & Stratton, No. 449 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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I WANT an honest, earnest man or woman in every county to take the sole agency for an article that is needed in every home and indispensable in every office. SELLS AT SIGHT, in town or country. You can make \$700 in three months, introducing it, after which it will bring you a steady income. Splendid opening for the right person. Don't lose a moment. Good jobs are scarce and soon taken. Write at once to J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.

\$300 THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

First, \$100, Second, \$75, Third, \$50, Fourth, \$35, Fifth, \$25, Sixth, \$15. To be given to the persons making the largest number of words from the letters in "Smith's Cholera Cure." Conditions: Each competitor to enclose with his list of words a wrapper from a 25c. bottle of Smith's Cholera Cure. The best summer medicine, and an effective preventive of cholera. Contest closes Sept. 1st, 1893. Send postal for rules of contest. SMITH CHEMICAL CO., Wellsboro, Pa.

RUBBER STAMPS. Best made. Immense Catalogue Free to agents. The G. A. HARPER MFG. CO., Cleveland, O.

\$300 to be paid for distributing circulars in your county by our big advertising BUREAU. BUILDED makes stamps for above work. ADVERTISERS BUREAU, 8 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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50 fast selling articles. Bicycles, etc., big money made. Prices low, write quick. Brewster Mfg. Co., box 29, Holly, Mich.

LADIES Make men's wages writing for me at home. For terms send self-addressed and stamped envelope. MISS RUTH CHESTER, South Bend, Ind.

AGENTS wanted. Liberal Salary paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

LADIES Who do writing for me at home make \$18.00 weekly. Reply with self-addressed stamped envelope. CAMILLA A. AVERY, Box A, South Bend, Ind.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES. Agents wanted. Catalogue free. Cline Mfg. Co., 67 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES, BOYS AND GIRLS delight in getting up club orders and receive valuable premiums. Send 25 cents for our mammoth outfit to agents. The Imperial Tea Co., Cadiz, O.

CIGAR PIPE CANNOT be told from a cigar. Made of asbestos. Holds a large pipeful of tobacco. Lasts 20 years. Sample by mail with agent's catalogue, 10c. in stamps. NEW ENGLAND PIPE CO., Newark, Conn.

AGENTS No Good Kitchen complete without our Rotary Biscuit & Cake Cutters. 5 styles. Samples of round and square by mail 25c. Exclusive territory. Columbia Spec. Mfg. Co., 32-40 S. Jefferson St., Chicago

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE. Sample Sashlock (Pat. 1892) free by mail for 2c. Stamp. Immense. Unrivaled. Only good one ever invented. Beats all others. Sales unparalleled. \$12 a Day. Write quick. Brohard & Co., Phila.

GOLD-SILVER-NICKEL PLATING A Trade Easily Learned; cost little to start. I will furnish outfits and give work in part payment. Circulars free. W. LOWEY, 4 Barclay St., New York.

A WOMAN'S SUCCESS For two years I have made \$25 a week at Home. Instructions FREE to lady readers. Send stamp. (No humbug), MRS. J. A. MANNING, Box 15, Anna, Ohio.

General Agents Wanted in every county to sell and appointments for The World's Fair Album—Atlas and Chicago Illustrated. Big money. New plan. Get terms. C. Rupp & Sons, 199 Randolph St., Chicago.

We want a man in every county, at once. Experience unnecessary. Salary and expenses deposited in your bank every 15 days. MEDO-ELECTRO CO. Cincinnati, O.

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HELP WANTED We want local addresses prepared for circulars by ladies at home. Also other pleasant, easy office work done. We guarantee good wages the entire year. Send stamp for our NEW TOILET ART BOOK, and receive Free particulars of a Splendid offer. SYLVAN TOILET CO., Detroit, Mich.

WE WANT RIGHT AWAY reliable men everywhere (local or traveling) to advertise and keep our Show Cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads. Steady work in your own county. \$75 A MONTH SALARY and EXPENSES Advanced Every 15 Days when started. J. H. SCHAFF & CO., Cincinnati, O.

LADIES DESIRING HOME EMPLOYMENT, such as mailing circulars, addressing envelopes, etc., will make \$30 a week. Work steady. No canvassing. Reply in own handwriting with addressed and stamped envelope to Woman's Co-Operative Toilet Co., South Bend, Ind.

WE WANT AT ONCE RELIABLE MEN everywhere (local or traveling) to advertise and keep our Show Cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads. Steady work in your own county. \$70 A MONTH SALARY and \$3 A DAY EXPENSES deposited in your BANK when started. FRANCO-GERMAN ELECTRIC CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Dr. Chase's New and Complete Receipt Book AND HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN. The "Crowning Life Work" of the Great Old Doctor. Nearly 900 pages. NEWLY ILLUSTRATED. The greatest selling book in the world to-day. Big terms to agents. Printed in English and German. Address F. B. DICKERSON CO., Department E, Detroit, Mich.

IF YOU WANT WORK that is pleasant and profitable send us your address immediately. We teach men and women how to earn from \$5.00 per day to \$3,000 per year without having had previous experience, and furnish the employment at which they can make that amount. Capital unnecessary; a trial will cost you nothing. Write to-day. Mention this paper. E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box 1013, Augusta, Me.

10% ABOVE FACTORY COST \$8.87 buys a \$65.00 Singer Style Machine. \$18.98 buys Highest Grade modern style machine in the world. 25 different styles at intermediate prices. Warranted 10 years. We are the only manufacturers selling machines direct. Send for catalogue FREE. Terms for securing a sewing machine FREE. CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS \$50 to \$100 A WEEK. Ladies or Gents. Best seller known. Needed at every home, place of business or farm the year-round. "Home" Electric Motor runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheap—power on earth. Connected instantly to wash or sewing machine, corn sheller, pumps, fans, lathes, jewelers' or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, noiseless, lasts a life-time. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Guaranteed. Profits immense. Circulars free. W. C. HARRISON & CO., Columbus, O.

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LADIES WHO WILL DO WRITING The tremendous sale of my preparation, Gloria Water, has so increased my correspondence that I will guarantee good wages to ladies who will do writing for me at home. Address in own handwriting MISS EDNA L. SMYTHE, Box 1101, South Bend, Ind. Mention paper.

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YOUR NAME on 25 Lovely Cards, 1 Ring, 1 New Fountain Pen, Scarf Pin, Watch Chain, Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons, and our new FORTUNE MONTHLY FIT of 40 SAMPLE CARDS, SCRAP PICTURES &c. 50c. ALBANY VERMONT, N.Y. 50c. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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TO ANY BOY OR GIRL under 18 years of age who will work for us after school. NO MONEY NEEDED. Send this to: FRANKLIN P.T.G. CO., 67 WEST WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

25 New Comic Return Envelopes 15c. 25 fine white XX (size 8) Envelopes with name and address neatly printed 15c. 100 either size 4c. Note Heads to match, neatly printed, same price. New Columbian Nickel Self Inking Pocket Stamp, with 75c cut and name and address in Rubber 25c., 5 for \$1. FRANKLIN P.T.G. CO., New Haven, Conn.

WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY Has the Largest Circulation of any Magazine of Music published in the world. One Dollar per year. AGENTS wanted in every city, town and hamlet at liberal salary, with five complete pieces of the latest vocal and instrumental music, full sheet music size, send four cents in stamps. These pieces sell for \$2.00 at Music Stores. WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., Cor. 5th & 13th St., New York.

WE WANT YOU to act as agent in your locality for the fastest selling article of the times. Agents are now making from \$10 TO \$15 A DAY

because they make quick sales, many sales and make them easily. Write at once for confidential terms to you on "The Greatest Money-Maker for 1893." To secure the most liberal terms and promptest attention, be sure to address your letter to Mfg. Department MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

A GRAND DISCOVERY!! WANTED.—A live man or woman in every county where we have not already secured a representative to sell our "Nevada Silver" Solid Metal Knives, Forks and Spoons to consumers: a solid metal as white as silver; no plate to wear off; goods guaranteed to wear a lifetime; cost about one-tenth that of silver; the chance of a lifetime; agents average from \$50 to \$100 per week and meet with ready sales everywhere. So great is the demand for our Solid Metal Goods. Over One Million Dollars' worth of goods in daily use. Case of samples FREE.

STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass.

Pinless Clothes Line WANTED.—Salesmen to handle our Celebrated Pinless Clothes Line; the only line ever invented that will hold clothes without pins; the harder the wind blows the firmer the clothes are held on the line; also our Famous Fountain Ink Eraser; the only Eraser in existence that will not deface the paper; it works like a fountain pen, erases ink and other stains instantly. These articles are a perfect success and go like wildfire, having a sale in all parts of the world. We give a very large per cent; one agent's sales were \$538 in one week, another \$162 in one day. Agents wanting exclusive territory must secure it at once. On receipt of 50c will mail sample of either or sample of both for \$1, with price-lists and terms. PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 168 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.

14K GOLD FILLED ELGIN OR WALTHAM Warranted 20 Years. Honest Watches at Honest Prices. A genuine gold filled case, ladies' agents size, hunting or open face, stem wind and stem set, beautifully engraved and fitted with a GENUINE ELGIN or WALTHAM solid nickel work. FULL JEWELLED top plate, double jeweled expansion balance, patent hair spring, safety pinions, polished enamel dial, quick time, 15,000 beats an hour, patent self-start and absolutely dust proof. Warranted to wear and hold its color, and keep correct time for 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Real value, \$25.00. Sent C. O. D., subject to full examination before you pay any money. If found satisfactory, you pay express agent's 12.75 and express charges one way. No risk whatever. Guaranteed with each watch. For each in advance we send an elegant 5 year chain free. Write for free catalogue. Address QUEEN CITY WATCH CO. 85 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water If afflicted with sore eyes use

Gleanings.

AN OLD PHYSICIAN'S VIEWS.

I BELIEVE, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it. It is rather in the fact that those who are supposed to fail in physical health by its use, or who use it to excess, do so because they create by their course of life or labor a morbid demand for the stimulant. I have already shown how a board-of-trade man may rush off to get a drink, to prevent a reaction from excitement.

It is so with many other vocations. Take a compositor on a morning paper. He will work all night and have his slumbers broken in the day. He rises unrefreshed. He must work again, and, utterly prostrated, suffering from nervous losses, he drinks to restore himself. He continues this course for years, and becomes a wreck. Whether from the drink, or the work, for which he may have been constitutionally unfitted, I could not say, unless I could determine what would have been the result had he followed either course and left the other alone.

I am inclined to think, however, that the effects of liquor on a person following a nervous and exhaustive vocation, especially if it be used to brace up to greater efforts and harder work, is far more injurious than when used by such men as first peopled the West, and who drank it frequently and sometimes to excess. Their systems were strong enough to throw off its effects. Their occupations did not cause nervous prostration, hence they did not develop a seeming necessity in the system for it. It is not the peculiarity of modern liquor, or the depravity of the present generation; it is the exhaustion induced by the terrible outlay of vitality in exciting business that makes drinking what it now is with a large class. My advice to all workers is to go slow. Do not brace up that you may overwork. Rest; that is nature's own magnificent and unrivaled remedy, that will cure when nothing else will. Take to the woods, the fields, the open air. Throw physic to the dogs, and do not sell your health for money, for you cannot buy it.—*Chicago Times.*

EARTHQUAKES FORETOLD BY ANIMALS.

An Italian writer on the dreadful catastrophe which occurred on the island of Ischia, mentions those prognostications of an earthquake which are derived from animals. They were observed in every place where the shocks were such as to be generally perceptible.

Some minutes before they were felt the oxen and cows began to bellow, the sheep and goats bleated, and rushing in confusion one on the other, tried to break the wickerwork of the folds. The dogs howled, the geese and fowls were alarmed and made much noise; the horses which were fastened in the stalls were greatly agitated, leaped up and down and tried to break the halters with which they were attached to the mangers; those on the road stopped suddenly and snorted in a very strange way. The cats were very much frightened and tried to conceal themselves, or their hair bristled up wildly. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their holes; birds rose as if scared from the places on which they had alighted, and fish left the bottom of the sea and approached the shores, where at some places great numbers of them were taken. Even ants and reptiles abandoned, in clear daylight, their subterranean holes in great disorder, many hours before the shocks were felt. The dogs, a few minutes before the first shock took place, awoke their sleeping masters by barking and pulling them, as if they wished to warn them of the impending danger, and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves.

THE FIRST VIOLIN MAKERS.

Perhaps the violin has a history of which no other musical instrument can boast, and an individuality not to be found in anything else that ministers to the almost universal music in the soul, in supplying the concord of sweet sounds by which rich and poor, bond and free, refined and lowly are equally affected. The instrument itself is capable of more delicate shades of musical expression, under skilful manipulation, than any other. Moreover, its form has not changed in any important particular during the last three hundred years. Piano and organ have had their birth since the violin grew old. The harp and the hand-organ have taken its place in the hands of

the strolling musicians of English villages and the Italian tramps who pick up a small harvest of coppers from our own rustic population. But as the flexible interpreter of all the musical emotion of the soul, the violin has nowhere an equal. The history of the manufacture of these instruments is an interesting one. It was shortly after the middle of the sixteenth century that Gaspar di Salo began his work as a maker of violins in Brescia, Italy.

It was not long, however, before the makers of Cremona began to assert the position which they have occupied ever since. Nicolaus Amati was the acknowledged master of the Cremona school. Andrea Guarnerius was one of his most important rivals. But a pupil of Amati, Antonius Stradivarius, attained a very high reputation, and his instruments have ever since ranked as high or higher than those of the master.

Jacob Steiner, a native of the Tyrol, removed to Cremona about the middle of the seventeenth century, or one hundred years after Caspar di Salo had begun his work at Brescia. His violins also became celebrated, and after he had retired to a convent he is said to have made sixteen of them, four of which were sent to the German emperor, and the rest distributed among the electors of the empire.

SHEEP THAT TRAVEL.

Traveling sheep are another of the institutions of the colony in southern Australia. In a pastoral country like this, there must of necessity always be numbers of stock changing hands; thus, sheep and cattle may be met almost every day passing from one station to another.

By law, sheep are compelled to travel six miles per day; cattle, nine miles; and horses, twenty miles.

Sheep are often met with traveling for feed. That is, the owners thereof, having overstocked their runs, find the grass failing, so they send a large mob of sheep off to an imaginary buyer, some hundreds of miles off, choosing, of course, the route by which they will pick up most grass. After sauntering along for a month or two, perhaps rain has come, and there being now plenty of grass, the sheep are brought home by a roundabout way. Sheep of that style are known as loafers, because the owners try to go as short a distance as possible each day.

All kinds of stock are branded for identification.

A DROLL PARODY.

A droll story, illustrative of the well-known rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis, is told by Mr. Sala in his latest book, "America Revisited." The reader will understand its satirical humor if he recalls the fact that just before the ax of the guillotine fell on the neck of Louis XIV, his confessor, the Abbe Edgeworth, exclaimed, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven."

A traveler from St. Louis, on arriving at the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, walked up to the desk and inscribed his name in the register with an arrogance and a flourish which nettled the clerk.

The latter determined to take the St. Louisian down, and show him that he must not put on "airs" in Chicago.

Going to the key-board, he took off a key of room 199, which was at the top of the house. With a low bow, he handed it to the haughty guest, saying: "Son of St. Louis, ascend toward heaven."

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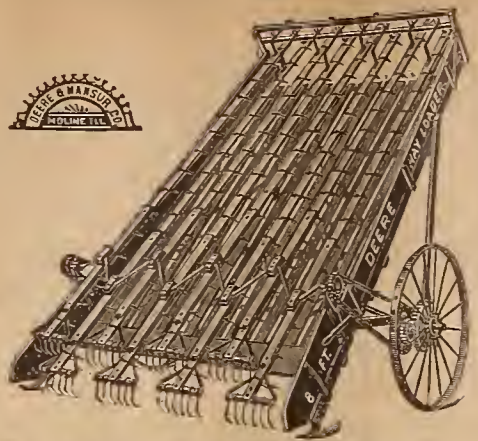
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Current Comment.

NEW Creations in Fruits and Flowers" is the title of a remarkable and unique catalogue. For many years Mr. Luther Burbank—a name familiar to potato growers—has been experimenting in the production of new fruits and flowers from seeds by selection, hybridization and cross-pollination. He now has in Sonoma county, California, the greatest horticultural experiment grounds in the world. In these grounds there are now growing six hundred thousand hybrid and cross-bred seedling berry-plants and more than half a million seedling lilies. Cross-bred, hybrid and seedling plants are being produced at the rate of a million or more a year. The fruits and flowers mentioned and described in this catalogue are the best of millions of such seedlings. Some of them are marvelous; they are not simply new varieties, but new creations. He has obliterated lines between species and produced hybrids between different species—heretofore considered impossible.

Among some of the novelties may be mentioned, a raspberry of largest size that ripens before strawberries; another of mammoth size; hybrids of the raspberry, blackberry and dewberry; hybrid walnuts of great hardness; quinces of such improved and high quality that they can be eaten like apples; hardy, mammoth chestnuts; freestone prunes of large size and fine quality which promise to revolutionize the prune industry; thorough berries; hybrid plums of improved quality; and rare and beautiful flowers of many kinds.

Mr. Burbank is an originator in horticulture, and a genius in his line. But he is not an introducer. Whatever he produces of special value is offered for sale to nurserymen and florists, and will in due time reach the public through them. His catalogue is not for public distribution. He is a busy man, intensely in love with his work—a work which must not be interrupted.

Concerning facts and possibilities in horticulture he says:

There is no possible room for doubt that every form of plant-life existing on the earth is now being and has always been modified, more or less, by its surroundings, and, often rapidly and permanently changed, never to return to the same form. When man takes advantage of these facts, and changes all the conditions, giving abundance of room for expansion and growth, extra cultivation and a superabundance of the various chemical elements in the most assimilable form, with abundance of light and heat, great changes sooner or later occur, according to the susceptibility of the

subject; and when added to all these combined governing forces we employ the other potent forces of combination and selection of the best combinations, the power to improve our useful and ornamental plants is limitless. But in crossing, as in budding or grafting, the affinities can only be demonstrated by actual test, which often involves long, tedious and expensive experimenting.

In budding or grafting, the nurseryman finds every conceivable stage of congeniality between stock and bud or graft, from actual poisoning to a refusal to unite; or uniting and not growing; or growing for a short time and dying; or separating where united; or bearing one or two crops of fruit and then suddenly blighting; or separating after years of growth up to complete congeniality. So in crossing, all grades of hybridity are to be found. Crossed plants generally have the characteristics of both parents combined, yet, owing to prepotency of the life-forces in certain directions or congeniality of surroundings sometimes show only their parentage on one side producing uncertain results in the first generation, and these cross-bred seedlings often break away into endless forms and combinations, sometimes even reverting to some strange ancestral form which existed in the dim past; or the break may not occur until after many generations, but when once the old, persistent type is broken up the road is open for improvement and advance in any useful direction. Sometimes hybridized or crossed seedlings show considerable or even great variations for weeks and then change at once to one or the other of the original types; or they may show no change in foliage or growth from one or the other parent forms until nearly ready to bloom or bear fruit, when they suddenly change in foliage, growth, character and general appearance.

Tomatoes may be grown from seed pollinated from potato pollen only, and *Juglans regia* from nuts pollinated only from *Juglans cinerea* or *J. nigra*. The common calla has often been grown from seeds pollinated only by *Calla albo-maculata*; also, pure wheat from rye pollinations, and vice versa; pure blackberries, raspberries and dewberries from apple, rose, quince or mountain ash pollinations.

THE profit on any farm crop depends on two things: The cost of production and the price for which it sells. Over the market price of farm products the individual farmer has no control. The cost of production is largely under his control, and demands his careful attention if he wishes to make his business prosperous and profitable.

A recent bulletin of the Nebraska experiment station, on the cost of farm crops, clearly states the conditions upon which it depends, as follows:

(1) The character of the season. There are several matters which add to or detract from the cost; as, the amount and distribution of rainfall; the coldness or the heat; the growth of weeds and consequent increase of cost from more frequent or prolonged cultivation. All of these, and still others, affect the cost by creating either a maximum or minimum of labor, and by giving a large or a small yield per acre.

(2) The price of labor and the amount used upon a particular crop affect the cost of the crop. A farmer may in some single year raise a crop very cheaply by using a minimum of labor and allowing the weeds to attain a fine stand, thus seeding the ground well and causing all future cultivation to be more costly.

(3) The previous treatment of the soil. It may have been abused or heavily cropped for several years in succession. The crop that preceded may have had an adverse influence upon the succeeding one. These and other considerations, such as the application of manures or other fertilizers in other years, affect the cost.

(4) The individuality of the farmer. One man may, by his superior judgment in the planning of his labor and in the timely treatment of the soil, accomplish much more than his neighbor who joins farms with him. By the more thorough way in which the former does his work, his crops are better able to withstand drouths, they ripen a few days earlier and thus escape frost. The latter, though with as many natural advantages, is always a little late; his work is hastily and superficially done, and the result is shown in reduced yields and poorer quality.

The farmer who tills clay land knows by experience the value of timely work in saving labor and reducing the cost of crops. Many kinds of clay soil are easily plowed and prepared for planting if the work is done just at the right time. In passing from a wet to a dry condition there is a time when clay soil falls from the plow thoroughly pulverized and as mellow as a good garden. And, if the plowing has been properly done, the harrow, following at just the right time, has little more to do than smooth and level the surface. The observant, wide-awake farmer watches and waits for his opportunity, seizes it when it comes, and pushes his work with might and main. The cost of preparing clay soils for planting can be more than doubled by not doing the work at the right time.

SUNDAY opening of the World's Columbian Exposition would not be only a breach of faith, but violation of law passed by Congress. Having accepted the grant of two and one half millions of dollars made by Congress on condition that the exposition was not to be open on Sunday, the board of directors are in honor bound to keep faith by keeping the gates closed on that day of the week. More than that, for them to do otherwise is to act in defiance of federal law—in defiance of the authority of the Congress of the United States.

Sunday opening was a question of non-observance of one day in the week as a day of rest; it has become a question of violation of federal law. The local board of directors are not only bound as true American citizens to obey all federal laws, but they are under the highest obligations of honor to comply with all the terms of the special act of Congress relating to the World's Columbian Exposition. If they may defy that law with impunity by opening the gates on Sunday, why may not any other act of Congress be violated by all who choose to do so?

What an example of disrespect and violation of law to show to the world along with the marvelous exhibits of human achievement in the greatest and grandest of expositions!

The wisdom and expediency of the special act is not now in question. It was passed at the first session of the last Congress. It remained unchanged during the second session of that Congress. It is the law, and it is to be obeyed. The government fulfilled its part by turning over the money granted to the local board of directors of the exposition. They accepted it. The only honorable course left for them to pursue is to comply with all the terms of the act. If they do not, and open the gates on Sunday, the national commission must close them and keep them closed on that day of the week by the power of the federal government.

Under existing conditions, will Sunday opening pay? It is said that there are

nearly one and one quarter million signatures on petitions sent in to Congress, by religious organizations, protesting against Sunday opening and pledging non-attendance in case petitions are disregarded. To open the gates on Sunday is to invite all these and many others to stay away from the exposition altogether, which means financial disaster.

ACCORDING to recent investigations by the department of agriculture, extensive adulterations of coffee still continue.

"Coffee is slow poison—the slowest known," said the inimitable Artemus Ward; but his statement is not as humorous now as when he made it. The chromate of lead and some of the other dyes used in facing inferior coffees to make them imitate superior grades are poisons, and dangerous articles to use in foods and beverages.

Poisonous adulteration, however, is not as extensive as non-poisonous. The object of the adulterators is to rob consumers, not to poison them, though they do not hesitate to do the latter in order to accomplish the former.

Consumers must keep on their guard constantly. It is not what has been done in the way of adulterating foods in the past, but what is being done now every day that concerns them.

Look at the chemist's report for one day to the Ohio food and dairy commissioner, of analyses of foods sold by Cincinnati dealers. The list includes coffee, consisting entirely of barley, malted, roasted and ground; maple syrup, mixed one third to two thirds with glucose; butter, nine tenths foreign fat artificially colored; sweet-oil adulterated with cotton-seed oil; and vinegars mixed and colored contrary to law. Consumers, protect yourselves.

THE United States department of agriculture is collecting information in regard to the notorious black-pepsin fraud. In a circular letter to druggists, Prof. Wiley, of the division of chemistry, says:

"Please furnish me with any information that you may have in relation to the use of pepsin or black pepsin in (so-called) butter making. I should be glad to learn, also, anything in relation to any other butter and cheese adulterants, and to obtain any reliable data concerning the adulteration of children's foods, dairy and pharmaceutical preparations."

After the complete exposure of the black-pepsin fraud by the agricultural press months ago, one would naturally suppose that nothing more would be heard of it. But druggists all over the country still receive numerous calls for it, thanks to the papers that advertised it free by publishing fraudulent testimonials concerning it.

No sympathy need to be wasted on the butter-and-cheese compounder who knowingly and deliberately expects to fraudulently increase the product of his churn, if he is swindled by the black-pepsin dealer.

CANADA'S exhibit at the Columbian Exposition contains the largest cheese ever made. It is a genuine full cream cheese of fine quality, six feet high, twenty-eight feet in circumference, and weighs eleven tons. The milk from which it was made represents the entire product of ten thousand cows for one day.

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We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Our Farm.

BARN BUILDING.

THE introduction of the horse hay-fork a few years ago necessitated a change in barn architecture which would dispense with most of the timber that was commonly found in the interior of barns. This called for the self-supporting roof as it is found in barns built during the last twenty-five years. It did more than this, however, for it encouraged the building of higher barns. It was formerly considered too expensive to build high barns, for it required so much extra labor to mow away the hay or grain. For this reason the barns erected previous to the introduction of the horse-fork were seldom more than twelve or fourteen feet to the square. To-day it is counted much less expensive to build for height as well as for space, for after the building is once erected it is seldom any part of it except the roof has to be replaced.

The scarcity of timber has demanded some improvement in barn architecture that would call for less material in its construction. This demand has been met by what is known as the "light frame," the entire structure being made from joists two inches thick, and of various widths.

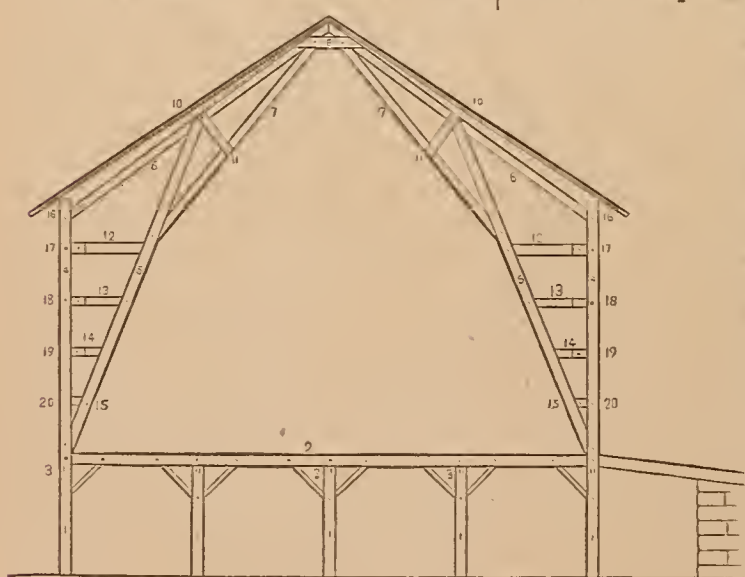


FIG. 1.—INTERIOR BENT.

It affords many advantages, some of which may be here enumerated:

First, the saving of timber. Since the joists are used in all the timbers and these are filled in with blocks and tenons, a post may thus be made 8x10 inches in size, yet only contain enough material for a solid stick 6x8 inches, securing a saving of forty per cent in timber. Then by the method of supporting the roof and inserting the braces in and through the beams and ties, another vast saving of timber is secured, so that in a structure of any considerable size fully one half of the timber is saved.

Second, seasoned timbers. As all this ma-

terial for the frame is but two inches thick, it will be fairly seasoned in a short time, and there will be little danger of dry rot.

Third, less danger from decay. In the solid frame, when a roof begins to leak, the water will accumulate in all the mortises on the upper side of the timber and will soon cause decay. The result is the same when rain or snow blow in through cracks, blinds, ventilators or open doors. In this case you have no such mortises and there is no such places for water to accumulate.

Fourth, the timber not in the way. In this, as in other self-supporting roofs, there is no timber in the interior bents to interfere with the storing away of grain or hay, and thus permits of the easy use of either hay-fork or hay-slings.

Fifth, saving of time. Since it requires less timber it will take less time to place it on the ground, but what is more, it requires very much less time to "frame" it and make it ready for inclosure. To illustrate, a neighbor erected a barn the past season forty by sixty-four feet, with wagon-shed attached forty by twenty-four feet.

The carpenters (three of them) came on Monday morning, and on Thursday the barn was "raised."

Counting their wages at two dollars per day, the cost of framing is eighteen dollars. To have framed the same barn in solid timber would have taken at least two weeks, which, at the same wages per day, would have cost seventy-two dollars, thus securing,

Sixth, a saving in cost. For in addition to the saving in wages, there is the saving in boarding the men, which would be no small item when we take into consideration the labor devolving on wife and daughters while standing over the cook-stove in warm weather.

Seventh, saving in labor. In addition to the saving in labor effected by the manner of framing, there are no heavy timbers to handle, and any one who ever handled the timber for one barn will appreciate this fact. Then, too, the man who has run a two-inch auger in a boring-machine beneath the burning rays of a midsummer sun, will be glad to get rid of making three fourths of the usual number of mortises. With this frame most of the mortises, as well as the tenons, are found ready made.

Eighth, strength. Some will say it does not look substantial. Let such consider for a moment. Do not ship-builders use joists in making the timbers which must bear much strain? Do not bridge-builders apply the same principle? The great cables that support suspension bridges are made of many small wires whose united strength is greater than that of a single wire cable of equal dimensions. No single piece of timber is stronger than its weaker part, and a knot, doted place, or cross grain may come at the point of greatest strain. While in a piece constructed of joists, it is not probable that the weak place in each joist will come at the same joint in the constructed timber.

Some inquire if this frame will support a slate roof. Why not? Is not every principle of support to the roof fully met? Is it not better calculated to support a roof than many of

the old solid frames in which not the slightest regard was paid to the laws of mechanics by the builders? But it may be added that they do support slate roofs in this locality, and there is no reason that they should not in other places. Some gentlemen who desired to satisfy themselves as to this point, visited a barn forty by sixty feet and twenty-four feet to the square, built with solid timber, and in which they were threshing grain. They took a position at the end of the barn and noticed the swaying of the points of the lightning-rods, which to them appeared to vibrate some eight or ten inches by the

jarring of the machinery. They then followed the machine to a barn constructed of joists of the same length and breadth, but somewhat higher. Here again they watched the points of the lightning-rods while the thresher was in operation, but could notice practically no vibrations.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 1 represents an interior "bent" in a basement barn. The basement posts, marked "1," may be made of solid timber or of three 2x10 joists. The sill, "2," is made of three 2x8 joists. The floor joists, running parallel with the sills, and resting

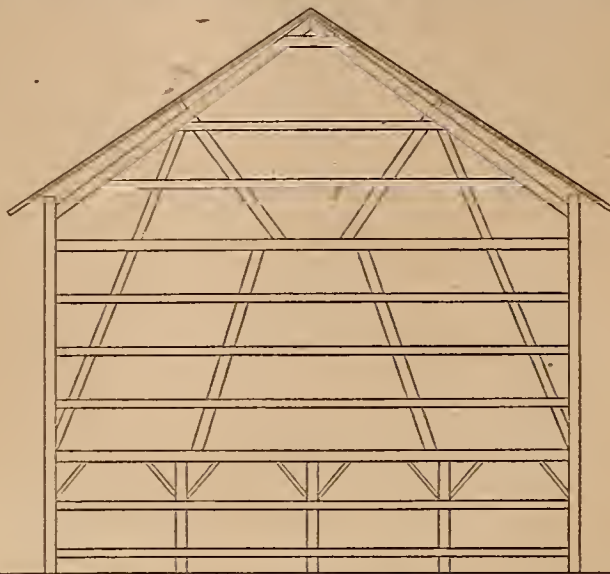


FIG. 2.—END BENT.

on the joist bearers at "3," are on a plane with the sills. The posts, "4," are of three 2x8 joists. The purlin supports, "5," are of two 2x8 joists, the lower ends entering in between each two of the joists in the posts, and the upper end outside of the roof supports, "6," which may be one 2x8 or 2x10 joist. "7" is one 2x8 joist, the lower ends entering between the two pieces of "5," and the upper end between the two pieces of "8," which should be 2x12, and firmly bolted. "9" is two 2x8 joists, supporting the purlin plates at "10," which are of two 2x8 joists set edgewise, and braced at "11." "12" is one 2x8 joist, while the lower ties at "13" and "14" need not be more than five or six inches in width. "16, 17, 18, 19 and 20" are couplings of two 2x8 joists, inclosing the ends of "6, 12, 13, 14, 15," and entering the two spaces of the posts, as shown in Fig. 3, which shows "12" as seen edgewise, and firmly bolted.

Fig. 2 shows outside, or end "bent," which shows nailing ties flush with outside of posts, and supports and braces entering through and between the pieces forming beams and ties. The figures represent "bents" of a barn forty feet wide and twenty-eight feet high, drawn on a scale of 1/2 to 12.

Carpenters sometimes object to this frame because it diminishes the amount of work. This objection was raised by carpenters (privately, of course) at various institutes last winter and by a committee from Preble county, Ohio, which came to visit some of the barns in this locality. But carpenters ought to remember that anything which lessens the cost of building will tend to increase the number who can build, and for this reason create a greater demand for their services. Instead of decreasing the carpenter's income we believe it will increase it, and hence will prove a good thing for carpenters as well as for the farmers.

Hundreds of letters of inquiry have come from counties in which we visited, and some from parties in other counties who have learned of the new plan; so it is hoped these explanations may make it plain to all.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

Shady Nook Farm.

TEST OF SPRAYING-MACHINES CONDUCTED BY THE OHIO AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

I attended an exhibition of spraying-machines, at the state experiment station, at Wooster, Ohio, on April 14, to learn what I could for the benefit of the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE and myself. During the forenoon the chief exhibitor was the weather bureau. This gridding monopoly began spraying at 4 A. M. and kept it up until 1:30 P. M., maintaining a fine, cold mist in full keeping with the intentions of the program and worthy of the best work of a Vermorel or Nixon nozzle.

After the cessation of nature's exhibit the air was dark, the sky overcast with lead-colored clouds, and a cold north wind chilled everyone to the marrow. The best eyes were unable to distinguish the spray

of the machines from the leaden atmosphere above a height of fourteen feet, so one of the essential qualities of a spraying-pump could not be determined. It was so cold that my fingers were chilled through gloves that were suitable for winter, and the shivering crowd of spectators and exhibitors thought more of hustling about and swearing in the farmers' mild way ("gosh darn it," etc.) than they did of attending to the business in hand.

No special arrangements were visible for a systematic trial of each machine; but it was a "go-as-you-please," free-for-any-one affair, with bugs and scab for the hindmost. Some used the Bordeaux mixture, prepared on the spot by Prof. Green, and some used clear water, and altogether it was about as unsatisfactory as anything could be. At the conclusion of the performance T. B. Terry, who was present, remarked that "he knew just as much as he did when he came, and no more," and this opinion was echoed by many in attendance.

With the exception of a knapsack sprayer sent by Stahl, of Illinois, and a little clock pump of New York manufacture, shown by a local hardware dealer, the machines were all of Ohio make, five firms being represented. The largest display was by Deming, of Salem, Ohio, who had six styles of pumps. The man sent in charge jumped at the conclusion that it was going to rain all day, and did not put in an appearance after dinner, and the station officers rightfully decided that it was not their affair, and so the pumps were not tried. This was disappointing to many who wished to see one of them tried—a copper knapsack machine of fine appearance, with a capacity of five gallons.

The handsomest machine on the grounds was one made by M. J. Caswell, of Sandusky. It was a barrel of sixty gallons lying on its side on a strong, handsome, two-wheeled frame like a light mowing-machine frame. On the left side of it, lying prone like a horizontal engine, was a double-acting pump made of very fine brass throughout. It looked like gold, and as hard as bronze. The pump is of peculiar and powerful construction, and is operated by moving a perpendicular lever four feet long. The cart is drawn by one horse, and the driver's seat is over the pump, the driver operating the pump with the left hand and the hose with the right.

There is an agitator worked by the pump-handle that enters the front head of the barrel and scrapes back and forth over the bottom. Mr. Caswell claims that rotary agitators carry the water in a circular volume over and over without stirring the mineral settled on the bottom. The machine was a marvel of beautiful workmanship, and costs \$60. The same man makes a machine on a sled with the same style of pump, less highly finished, for \$35, and one for \$25 with a common but thoroughly constructed force-pump.

Many of the spraying experiments of the station have been made with the machine first described, and it has proved satisfactory in operation. The nozzle is bell-shaped, about two inches in diameter at the outer, or larger end, and has, where it is attached to the hose, a plate filled with small holes. In front of this, separated by a gasket, is a plate in the base of the bell, with a hole in the center about three sixty-fourths of an

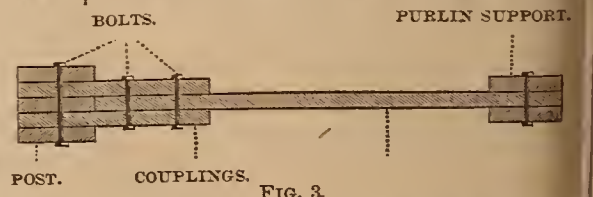


FIG. 3.

inch in diameter. The first plate strains the liquid, and having a surface of more than one half inch in diameter full of small holes, can become partially clogged and still pass enough water to permit the jet through the hole in the main plate to work. The water after it is forced through the central aperture strikes a curved tongue, and is beat into a narrow stream of spray. The tongue is adjusted with a thumb-screw, so that the fineness of the spray can be regulated after a fashion.

Humphrey Bros., of Mansfield, Ohio, had a strong force-pump with working parts of brass, mounted on the head of a barrel. It seemed to be well constructed, and forced the liquid through two long lines of half-inch hose. The barrel was an ordinary one, and could be placed on sled or wagon, as desired. The whole outfit of pump, hose, rods and nozzles was very complete and well made.

The Myers Pump Co., of Ashland, Ohio, had a small, powerful-looking pump, to be attached to any barrel, and also a small,

double brass syringe, to be attached to a water-pail. I think they used the Vermorel nozzle, but receiving very short, non-committal answers to questions, I was forced to limit my knowledge of their machinery. They claimed that their pump was of brass, but it was heavily painted, so I cannot swear to it.

The Nixon Nozzle Co., of Dayton, Ohio, had their machine, a square box on wheels, with pump fastened on top. The box holds about one hundred gallons, and is easily rolled on planks to the top of a hay-rack or into a lumber-wagon. I have had the Nixon nozzle for four years, and consider it the peer of the Vermorel, the two being probably the best nozzles in existence. It is possible to throw a very high and perfect spray with a minimum of force with either of these nozzles. Were I to buy a Sandusky machine, I should take a Nixon nozzle in preference to the Caswell.

One trifling accident happened, which, being liable to occur with any one in connection with spraying, may be mentioned. The Ashland folks drove across with a spirited team, and as they entered the orchard the team halted a moment, when the driver cracked his whip and one of the young men went out backwards, followed by the barrel. The barrel was caught before it fell on the man, and the only harm was the spilling of the liquid; but it might have been serious. A barrel should not be set in the back end of a box, and it may be securely fastened by turning three heavy screw-eyes into the bottom of the wagon, and three more into the barrel, and connecting them with heavy wires.

In conclusion, allow me to advise your readers to make sure of two things in buying spraying outfits, to be sure that they are strongly made and that some guarantee goes with them. The working parts, hose connections and nozzles should be of brass to prevent corrosion by acid. Furthermore, they should be adapted to the use intended. For spraying grape-vines, berry-bushes and potatoes, long hose and brass extension tubs are not necessary. Mr. Terry thinks the knapsack sprayer the best for potatoes, as the destruction of potato-vines in turning with a horse machine would more than equal the saving by horse labor. This is a point worth considering.

Prof. Webster says that spraying should be practiced whether there is prospect for a crop or not. The growth of scab, anthracnose and blight go on in unfruitful seasons as well as others, and no great progress can be made in conquering these pests if the work of fighting is intermittent.

In the practical operations of spraying, it will be found of advantage to have the pump as high as possible, and for this reason there is an advantage in having a barrel standing on end with the pump passing in and resting on the upper head. This makes the pump end of the hose four feet above the ground, and if you put a platform on a hay-rack, or, better still, on the top box of your lumber-wagon, you will have an advantage of seven or eight feet to start with. It is of advantage even with a knapsack sprayer or a brass syringe in spraying trees to perch yourself on a high spring-wagon.

By the way, a copper knapsack weighing fifteen pounds, filled with forty pounds of liquid, is no child's toy, and when you add to this the weight of the lever which you press down with a force of twenty pounds more, the task of spraying a few acres must be a tiresome one, only to be undertaken by very robust men. I use an eleven-foot three-quarter-inch hose on my pump, which stands about three feet above the barrel head, and the hose is supported and directed by a long pole, but I find the weight of the hose, column of liquid, nozzle and pole to be considerable, and it is a hard, tiresome job to hold the hose for even a half day's work. If I had the outfit to get again, I should have a one-half-inch hose, of four feet, next the pump, and a ten-foot brass tube beyond. This is more expensive, but less cumbersome, and can be inserted quickly among the branches.

L. B. PIERCE.

THINGS THAT INTEREST FARMERS.

GRAPE PRUNING.—Any one who has a few square rods of warm, well-drained land, or the sun-exposed side of a building, can grow a full supply of grapes if he so desires. And I do not know why he should not desire it. Good grapes are a fruit liked by young and old, male and female, rich and poor. Planting a few vines is not a troublesome or an expensive task, and a crop may be looked for within two or three years from planting.

Training usually is the bugbear, most people imagining that the task is a difficult one, and requiring skill or experience. Not so. The vine will stand a great deal of abuse, and of bungling treatment, and yet bear plenty of fruit. In reality, the danger is only that the vine will set more fruit than it can bring to maturity. To avoid this danger, the vine has to be pruned. People who are not professional grape growers, usually find themselves in a quandary what part of the tangled mass of canes and branches to cut away, and what to leave on. The task becomes an easy one when one understands the habit of growth and fruit-setting of the vine. The fruit always grows in a few clusters on the growing shoots of the season, which, in their turn, spring from wood of last year's growth. You must understand, then, that in order to have just the quantity of fruit you want you must leave on the vine a few "canes" (wood of last year's growth), each a few feet in length, more or less in number and length, according to age and thrift of vine, variety, etc.—all the rest of the wood has to be cut off. If this thinning process is properly done, the method of training will be of little importance. You can let the vine grow high or low, train it to wire, stakes, sides of buildings, dead trees, single wire, double wire, or treble wire, or in any convenient way, and the vine will bear fruit. Training is done simply for the purpose of exposing the different canes and shoots of the vine (in other words, all the foliage) equally to sun and air. Try to bear in mind these principles of pruning and training, and you can make your own practical application.

I am tempted to talk of these things by having before me a copy of "American Grape Training," a little book of ninety-two pages, well illustrated and cloth bound, written by the indefatigable book-maker, Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell university. Everyone interested in grape growing should have it. The numerous pictures are chiefly photo-engravings, consequently do not mislead by fanciful sketches. It is a book that "fills a long-felt want," and, indeed, the only one explaining modern methods of American grape training. Grapes have become cheap, almost too cheap for profitable production as a commercial article. The grower's aim must be to grow them cheaply. The older styles of training required much labor and expense, avoided in the more modern ones. The simpler Kniffin system is coming more generally into use. The book will tell you all about it.

As to the number of buds to be left to the cane, all depends on the character of the variety or individual vine. Very strong kinds, like Concord and Niagara, can carry ten and more buds to the cane, and perhaps forty or fifty to the vine, to advantage, while Delaware and other weak growers should not be allowed to carry more than twenty or twenty-five buds and only two canes to the vine.

GRAPE AND OTHER DISEASES.—While on the subject, let me remind you that the spores or germs of the various grape diseases hibernate (live over winter) on the wood, the posts, the wires and the trellises, the rubbish, etc., in the vineyard. The superfluous wood and all the rubbish should be carefully removed soon after pruning, and destroyed by fire. Clean posts, wires, etc. Then, just before the buds begin to swell, give vine, posts and trellises a thorough soaking with a saturated solution of copperas. I apply this with a knapsack sprayer and the Vermorel nozzle, giving two applications. This attacks the fungus enemy in its weakest spot. I believe that this would also be a rational mode of fighting the various scabs which infest our fruit-trees. Kill the seed germs lodging on the twigs, branches and trunk before they have a chance to germinate and spread the disease. The dormant wood can be washed or sprayed with strong solutions of copperas, (iron or copper), which it would not be safe to put on the foliage later.

POTATO-SCAB.—There is yet a vast deal of mystery and doubt surrounding the question of potato-scab. We have not yet outgrown the discussions whether the trouble is of a pure fungus nature, or whether insects are more or less at the bottom of it. Scientific investigation shows the scab to be due to a fungus, which can live not only on and in potato tissue, but in the soil as well. The only thing I cannot yet quite reconcile with the doctrine that the cause of the trouble is a fungus, pure and simple, is the fact, which I have verified in numerous instances, and

which seems to be beyond controversy, that an excess of potash in the soil makes scabby potatoes. An application of six hundred pounds of muriate of potash per acre on sandy loam in New Jersey gave me potatoes so badly eaten up with scab that they were utterly worthless for any purpose, not only the same season, but the next year, and the one following as well. Heavy applications of wood ashes have in my experience always made my potatoes scabby. Where did the fungus come from in the first place in these instances? Does it feed and fatten on potash? The January bulletin of the New York agricultural experiment station speaks of treatment for potato-scab, giving the results of systematic trials and experiments. In the first place it was found that on scabby ground no treatment was of practical benefit. On the more favorable soil at the station a decided advantage resulted from soaking the seed before planting in fungicidal solutions, chiefly from that of zinc sulphate (white vitriol), iron sulphate (copperas) and mercuric chloride (corrosive sublimate).

Lessening the amount of scab on the immediate crop is not the only advantage arising from treating the seed with fungicides; for if the fungus once becomes established in the soil, it may live there from year to year, and we should carefully avoid to introduce the disease into uninfected soils. Tubers selected from a scabby crop, though apparently smooth, may contain microscopic germs of the disease, and should, therefore, be disinfected. The same may be said of purchased seed of unknown origin. The cost of treating the seed is not great and the operation does not require much labor. The following additional precautions are also recommended: First, select soil free from the scab fungus. Second, plant only clear, smooth seed. Third, cook all scabby potatoes or beets thoroughly before feeding them to stock, in order to prevent the fungus from being disseminated with the manure. The question now only remains, which of the solutions to select, and how to make it. Corrosive sublimate is very poisonous, and I would prefer to use less dangerous solutions. Iron sulphate is often kept on hand. I always keep a quantity of it for disinfecting purposes. If not at hand, it can be had at the nearest grocery or drug store. It is cheap, also. You can get ten pounds for twenty-five cents or less. I am in favor of this material. Use one ounce of it to one gallon of water. A little more of the copperas will probably do no harm. If you prefer to use zinc sulphate, make the solution in the same proportions. Wooden vessels should be used.

T. GREINER.

CHEERING PROSPECTS.

The farmers of the old Western Reserve, in Ohio, should be very grateful for the present prospects of a most bountiful season. It has been many winters since Ashtabula county has had such an elegant blanket of snow to hide her frozen nakedness—nearly twelve weeks of the winter. The prudent and enterprising farmer, the book farmer, the gilt-edge, stuck-up chap that turns out in midwinter with his eyes, ears and mouth open to absorb from farmer institutes, has either sprayed his fruit orchards or has his dope and sprinkler ready for the work, and will in due time destroy all insect life, that in time would destroy his fruit crop. The blunder-head farmer who has so much bad luck and politics all mixed up don't know or think a thing about it. He is so intent upon mudding in his oats before his neighbors do their seeding in the proper manner, he would not if he could help the Lord in doing his part of the work well, or rectify the wrong of parasite robbery and life. Little does he think these same seeming enemies to us may possibly have a legitimate and useful calling, while we poor mortals look upon them as the vanity or useless of creation.

Wheat to-day looks splendid. Many pieces of late, very late seeding, have made a most surprising growth of root under the snow cover, and it is joyous news for us to be able to report this happy state of affairs, while many places of the great West have had to make oat-fields of wheat-fields this spring. If our Yankee abolitionists up here should this year have this full-promised crop of wheat, and through drought or famine of other less-favored locations, it should prove to be dollar wheat, the picture of a true Yankee would then have to be made over new.

The boom in perfect quality of dairy

goods has advanced the price beyond all former precedent since the war, or 1876 at least. Dairy cows have responded nobly to this extra show of prosperity, and are selling to-day at from five to ten dollars advance over spring prices of 1892. Honest goods, perfect goods, are as much the cause of this improvement as anything we can name. We enjoy it and will accept it, and with our silo and ensilage help and better farming we will meet the growing demand of production, and at the end of each successive season of such improvement we can laugh our mortgage troubles away, and demonstrate the fact that any industrious young farmer with a level head, and fair amount of sand, in company with a noble farm wife, can buy a farm and raise a good-sized family, educate them properly, and at the same time pay for the farm entirely from the proceeds of the farm, without official help, or help from dad.

The world is not all as wrong as politicians tell us. We need nerve only to prick the bubble of wealth, and the golden drop will fall to us. In short, greater intelligence and development of our own selves are needed fully as much as the manna of better law. We ought to see when overproduction of the staple crops in agriculture happens that greater crops bring less money—is an honest result brought upon ourselves by ourselves, who will patriotically help to mend the trouble. Variety farming, greater variety farming, is certainly one means of restoration. More intense effort to lessen cost is another. Improvement in quality to aid digestion and tickle the human palate is a powerful lever to make the rich give down their full mess freely. A wise grasp of the opportunity offered from an increasing population and greater demand to supply the call is another, and the last I will mention.

Beef production, prime beef production, beef such as is fit for kings or laborers to eat, the tender, sweet and juicy steaks that have only taken months instead of ages to grow, is now the kind that is wanted. Will you help supply it? If so, provide yourself with thoroughbred sires of the Short-horn, Hereford, Angus or Red-poll tribe, and grow 1,300 pounds or more smooth, handsome steers at thirty months of age, ripe enough and tender enough to bring the top prices of every city market in the land. This, and no other kind, is called for, and you can grow it cheaply and easily with ensilage and silo help I tell you so much about.

HENRY TALCOTT.

ARE SHEEP TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION?

It is probably true of sheep that indigestion and constipation are the two most common complaints, and that more sheep die from these two causes, directly and indirectly, than all others besides. Bad food, injudicious breeding, indifference, ignorance, carelessness, are the causes of both these troubles.

For indigestion, powdered charcoal is the very best and ready remedy. For constipation, clover hay, wheat bran, oil-meal and roots.

As American farmers, far too much stress is placed upon corn and matured timothy hay. Years of experience has taught us that this is true, and that a remedy may be found in a variety of more succulent feeds.

R. M. BELL.

Hood's Cures



Mr. Geo. G. Henry

"Rheumatism in My Shoulder"

Was very severe last spring, with such intense pain I could not lift my right arm without the aid of my left hand. I took half a bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, when the pain entirely left me and I have not had rheumatism since." GEO. G. HENRY, Supt. Creamery, Montague, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

Our Farm.

GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

PLANTING POTATOES.—Somebody asks me how he should apply concentrated fertilizers for his potatoes; whether broadcast or in the drills, and if in the latter way, whether before or after dropping the seed. There are more ways to Rome than one. Some years ago I made extensive experiments to find an answer to these queries, and I about concluded that the mode of application had less to do with the yield than the quantity applied. At that time I used the high-grade, so-called special potato manures of several fertilizer manufacturers, and used them, too, with good and profitable results. Potato-plants seem to be able to find the plant-foods offered to them in these manures, whether broadcasted all over the ground, or strewn in wide bands along the rows; in the bottom of the furrows, or over the lightly-covered seed-pieces.

If the potatoes are to be planted with an Aspinwall planter, or by a similar implement, the fertilizer can be drilled in broadcast before planting, or it may be sown broadcast by hand and harrowed in. In planting potatoes by hand I prefer a different course. The ground is thoroughly prepared and the trenches or furrows opened. Then the fertilizer is strewn in a wide band along each furrow, so that only a portion falls into the bottom of the trench or furrow, and the larger part outside at both sides. The seed-pieces are now dropped at proper distances and covered by horse-implement or hand-hoe. I prefer to use the Planet Jr. horse-hoe with the two plows adjusted for hilling or covering. Of course, the horse has to walk in the bottom of the furrow, which may be an objection, though not a serious one. As the two blades or plows fill the soil back into the furrows, the operation mixes the fertilizer quite nicely with the soil; more thoroughly and completely, indeed, than by almost any other method. The operation, of course, leaves the rows slightly ridged. In a week or ten days later you can go over the field with a smoothing-harrow and level down the ridges, freshening the ground and at the same time killing the first crop of weeds, just then sprouting.

I have said that the amount of fertilizer applied had more influence upon the yield than mode of application. I wish to emphasize this. I have used as high as 1,500 pounds of high-grade potato manure per acre, and this paid me much better than an application of 400 pounds per acre. For soils not already rich enough I would certainly not use less than 800 pounds. Of course, this involves some chance of loss. Blight may prevent the full development of the crop, causing the plants to die prematurely. In that case the difference in the yields, owing to a difference of 400 pounds in the fertilizer application, may not be sufficient to cover the additional expense. I have had such cases in recent years, especially on our heavier soils. Still, we have to run some risks, for without risks nothing can be gained.

Some one proposes to make the rows for his early potatoes eighteen or twenty inches apart, and plant two-eye seed-pieces every twelve inches apart in the row. I say, don't. Nothing can be gained by having the rows so close. It is too close for convenient management in cultivation, although it may do when all the work is to be done by hand and with hand-tools. Better have the rows three feet apart, and put reasonably large seed-pieces (say one half of a tuber if of fair size, or a whole tuber if below market size) eight or nine inches apart in the row. That is the way I plant my Early Ohio, one of the grandest sorts ever introduced and the very earliest of the really good ones. You cannot make the ground too rich for them. If you plant Freeman, cut seed to single eye and plant nine or ten inches apart. But three feet is a good distance between the rows, no matter what variety you plant. It gives you room enough for convenient cultivation until the plants get nearly their full development.

GROWING ONION SETS.—A "greenhorn" asks me what is the best time to sow seed for Dutch sets. Just as soon as the ground is in fit condition in spring, and the earlier the better. The land should be clean and of a rather sandy character; otherwise it will be too much work and trouble to take up and clean the sets. No need of making the land very rich. I shall use this year

an almost clear sand, and nothing but fertilizers at the rate of about 1,000 pounds to the acre, with repeated dressings of nitrate of soda. The latter has quick and decided effects on onions in sandy soil.

WOOD ASHES FOR THE GARDEN.—The "greenhorn" also inquires about the quantity of ashes needed per square rod of garden, and whether spring or fall is the better time for application. The amount needed depends on the condition of the soil and the amount of other applications. I am seldom afraid of using ashes too liberally except for potatoes. If the ashes are leached, you can use them especially freely. Two or three bushels per square rod will do no harm. Of leached ashes, a hundred bushels per acre, or five eighths of a bushel per square rod, are considered a pretty good dressing, but for ordinary garden crops you will not miss it if you apply a bushel to the rod. You can put it on in spring or fall. I usually make applications of this kind in spring, after plowing the ground, and mix the materials with the surface soil by means of the harrow and rake.

RADISHES UNDER GLASS.—One of my friends complains that his radishes in the greenhouse, in an average temperature of fifty-five degrees, are all running to top. A rather low temperature, ranging from forty-five to seventy degrees, is all right for lettuce and radishes. The trouble may be that he has planted too closely, with soil too rich in nitrogenous matter; or perhaps he has not the right kind. Any of the first early, turnip-rooted radishes, like Earliest Carmine Turnip, Carmine Erfurt, Rosy Gem or Scarlet Turnip White Tip, Philadelphia White Box, Early Frame, etc., are good for forcing. So is French Breakfast, although I never plant it, as it has to be used just as soon as of table size, else it will become tough and unfit for use. Of the long-rooted varieties, Cardinal or Long Scarlet White Tip is good. The latter needs more space in row and between the rows than the smaller turnip-rooted sorts. But do not crowd any of them unduly. You should leave an inch space between the plants in the rows, and not less than three inches between the rows. Now, instead of using a rich mixture of loam and old compost, try sand with a little old manure mixed in, or if almost clear sand, apply a dressing of nitrate of soda. Possibly, also, your radishes may be too far from the glass, and consequently become "drawn." In large beds or benches the distance from the glass should not make much difference. But don't plant in hotbeds with soil much below the glass, and surrounded by high, board sides, or in half-filled boxes or flats, or in benches with dark walls several feet below the roof. The advice to plant "near the glass," if followed, prevents excessive and spindling top growth.

JOSEPH.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

POLLEN.

Pollen is the dust or paste-like substance which is produced by the stamens (male organs) of the flower. It is generally a yellowish powder, as it is in the strawberry, apple, pear, plum, corn, wheat, pine and many other plants, but frequently it is brownish in color. In the cucumber, squash and melon it is yellowish in color and rather sticky, so that it does not easily blow about in the wind.

Every particle of pollen is as well and perfectly formed as the seeds of plants, and it varies as much in form, size and markings as do seeds of different plants. Each family of plants has pollen of special form and with peculiar markings, which are readily seen under a microscope magnifying over one hundred diameters. By these markings one may know the plant a given pollen came from almost to a certainty.

It is necessary that pollen should reach the undeveloped seeds in the flower, or they will not develop; and generally, unless seeds form in the flower, no fruit is produced. This, however, is not true in a few cases, as bananas and seedless oranges and seedless grapes produce very perfect fruit free from seeds.

Closely connected with the seed-vessel (ovary), and generally above it, is a little tissue, especially adapted for catching and holding the pollen. Coming in contact with this part the pollen starts into growth, sending out a sort of root, which grows down to the seeds and fertilizes them. This act is termed pollenization, or fertilization. Some kinds of pollen will start into growth on moist blotting-paper, in something the same way that seeds would grow under

the same circumstances. Pollen of some kinds will keep several weeks, and may be carried long distances and then used for fertilizing purposes.

Extensive experiments have shown that many plants are not fertile when fertilized with their own pollen, yet they may produce abundantly if fertilized with pollen from other kinds. Insects, such as bees, wasps, moths and others, thus are beneficial in carrying the pollen, which sticks to their bodies, from one plant to another, and so mixing up varieties and encouraging fruitfulness. Many plants have pollen so light that it is easily distributed by the wind, but in the case of our cultivated fruits and plants generally that have conspicuous flowers, probably insects are most largely instrumental in distributing pollen, although the wind undoubtedly plays an important part in the fertilization of some of them.

Recent experiments undertaken by the department of agriculture have given some very interesting data in regard to the fruitfulness of the pear and apple when fertilized with their own pollen. They seem to explain why some kinds are not fruitful when grown in large blocks and not intermixed with other kinds. Thus it was found that Bartlett, Anjou, Clapp's Favorite, Clairgeau, Sheldon, Lawrence, Mount Vernon, Gansel's Bergamot, Superfine, Pound, Howell, Baussock, Winter Nelis, Beurre Bosc, Jones Seedling, Easter and Gray Doyenne are probably self-sterile; that is, any one kind will not fruit well when grown singly or in large blocks away from other varieties. Those that appear to be self-fertile (that is, will fruit when grown away from other kinds) are White Doyenne, Le Conte, Kieffer, Duchess, Seckel, Buffum, Manning's Elizabeth, Flemish Beauty and Tyson. Among apples, Tallman Sweet, Spitzenburg, Northern Spy, Chenango Strawberry, Belleflower King, Astrachan, Gravenstein, Rambo, Roxbury Russet, Norton's Melon and Primrose were found to be self-sterile, while Codlin (partially), Baldwin and Greening are self-fertile.

These experiments were first undertaken to determine why a certain large Virginia orchard of all Bartlett pears, planted many years ago, was unfruitful, while other orchards where varieties were very much intermixed were very productive.

It is certain that some varieties of grapes and plums are unproductive unless planted near other kinds, and this in the case of the plum has been shown to be due to a lack of potency in its own pollen, while in the case of the grape it has been assumed that some kinds did not produce enough pollen for their own pistils.

The practical lesson to draw from these experiments is a warning against planting orchards in large blocks of a single variety, or planting a single variety for family use. They may succeed planted in this way, but are much more certain if several varieties are intermixed.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Cranberries—Fruit Varieties.—J. F. T., Breckenridge, Mich., writes: "Please tell us how cranberries would do on a wet, muck swamp with little or no sand or clay in it, and how to start them (from seed or plants) and when.—(1) We want information about the Winter Banna apple, New Prolific peach, Clairgeau de Nantes pear and Saratoga plum. (2) What variety of quince would you recommend for central Michigan, southern peninsula, and how to propagate? (3) How will fruit-trees do in a plain muck, about a foot or two deep clay loam subsoil? (4) Is the Crosby peach, or any other kind, frost-proof? (5) Are there any kinds of sweet cherries that will succeed well in this locality? (6) Please explain root-grafting thoroughly for a green hand, and what to use it on."

REPLY:—It is quite impossible to tell how cranberries would do on the swamp land you describe. If wild cranberries now grow on any part of it, you may be very sure they will do much better if properly cultivated. The most profitable cranberry beds are those which have a supply of water that may be controlled at will, thus permitting the flooding of them to prevent frosts and threatened attacks of insects. But there are many cranberry beds that have yielded large crops for many years which have no controllable water supply. The latter are generally made by plowing and cultivating the surface of the bog, if it will bear up a team, or else preparing the surface by hand labor. If the water stands on your swamp land a large part of the summer, it is not likely to do well in cranberries unless drained so as to lower the water-level to about six inches or a foot below the surface. Probably some small part of your swamp could be prepared without much labor. If so, your safest plan would be to plant a trial bed this season. For this purpose you may use plants from some fruitful bog near by, or buy them of nurserymen. They cost but little. If the land is in good condition, cuttings will grow nearly as well as rooted vines. In planting, set one foot apart in rows two feet apart. The vines may be cut up and several cuttings put in each place with a dibber; or, commencing with a long vane, press it into the ground about three inches at intervals of one foot. Great pains should always be taken to have the bed in best condition when planting, and extra clean cultivation should be given the growing plants. Before attempting much in this line, you had better get some good book on the subject; Webb's "Cape Cod Cranberries"

is full of good points.—(1) I do not know about the Winter Banna apple or the New Prolific peach, but think them novelties about which little is known by any one except the originators and introducers. Clairgeau de Nantes pear, which is more commonly known as Beurre Clairgeau, is a very popular variety, which ripens in October and will keep into December; tree vigorous and productive; highly esteemed for marketing. The Saratoga plum is a new red variety, and it would be unwise to plant largely of it until it has had a longer trial. (2) I think there is probably no quince that gives better returns than the Orange, but Meech's Prolific is also a good kind. (3) It is not a favorable location for any of the tree fruits. Pears might do well there if it was well drained, but I would be afraid that they would blight badly. Currants might do very well on it. (4) It is not frost-proof, nor is any other kind of peach, but it has withstood the severe cold of Massachusetts and other sections better than any other variety. (5) In planting cherries, it would be well to include quite an extended list of the best varieties, including some sweet kinds. While the latter are not such reliable croppers as the sour kinds, yet when they do yield a crop the prices are generally high enough to make them profitable. The most profitable market kinds are Black Tartarian, Napoleon and Downer. (6) Root-grafting is done in the winter to increase apple, pear, plum, quince, etc. It consists simply in grafting small seedling roots with the desired kinds. As it is an operation especially adapted to the winter months, it would be out of place to explain it in full at this season, but I shall be glad to do so in the autumn. Quinces are propagated by layers, cuttings and root-grafting on the apple. The latter method is very certain and rapid. It consists in grafting a quince cutting onto a piece of apple root about two inches long and the size of the cutting, or even smaller. The only use of the apple is to supply the cutting with nourishment until it has roots of its own. At the end of the first season the cuttings are dug and the apple roots broken off.

Diseased Plums.—P. P., Fair Haven, Minn., writes: "What is the matter with my plum-trees? Quite often they are full of bloom and bid fair to bear well, when lo, what ought to be a plum is a large, spongy mass, swelling out in a few days to three or four times the size of a plum. Often the small leaves and twigs swell in the same manner. These swellings soon dry up, leaving the trees unsightly and unthrifty for the season. Have sometimes found a worm in the center of the swollen plum, but often nothing. Is the cause known, and what is the remedy?"

REPLY:—The swellings are caused by a fungus growth (*Taphrina pruni*) which is supposed to live over in the wood of the tree. It shows itself, soon after the blossoms fall, by the abnormal swelling of the fruit, which becomes large and blabby by the first of June. This disease does not spread rapidly, but is rather confined to certain trees. Some varieties are much more subject to it than others, and when a tree becomes diseased it is apt to remain so several years. The treatment of it should consist in cutting and burning the infected parts. In doing this, cut considerably below the place where the disease shows plainly, so as to take off the parts of it that may be inside the wood and not visible. This treatment has often resulted in much benefit.

Mildew on Gooseberries—To Destroy Black Ants.—D. K., Provo City, Utah. The most effective remedy for mildew on gooseberries is found in spraying the leaves, about once in eighteen or twenty days from the time they appear, with a solution of one half ounce of liver of sulphur (potassium sulphide) to one gallon of water. Liver of sulphur dissolves easily in hot water. Of course, good culture in good soil will work for the maintenance of a healthy condition of the bushes, and so make them less liable to disease.—Ants, gophers, moles and other vermin are readily and surely driven from their haunts by pouring about a teaspoonful of bisulphide of carbon into small holes made in the ground near them. This substance is very noxious and poisonous to animal life, but not dangerous to use if kept from fire. It is, however, as explosive as gasoline. Its peculiar odor will penetrate the soil for a considerable distance from where it is applied. Both of the chemicals recommended above are very cheap, and a few cents' worth of each is all that is necessary for trial.

Farmers, it is worth your while to investigate farming by irrigation in Colorado; it gives largest crops with absolute certainty. See ad. of Toltec Co. in this issue.

SPRAYING PUMPS. CHEAPEST AND BEST. Automatic Mixers. Brass Working Parts, heavy Hose and VERMOREL NOZZLES. Our GARBOLD KNAPSACK and LITTLE GRM lead all others. You can save money by dealing with us. Book of instructions free. FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., 135 Bristol Ave., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use **Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water**

Our Farm.

THE BLACK PEPSIN FRAUD.

The selling of cheese and butter mixed to make enormous yields of butter per cow, per day, may be a rational trick for breeders, but the honest old farmer should not be caught and sacrificed in that way.

"Here lies the remains of —, a lawyer and an honest man."

"Hello, Robert, what made them bury two fellows in this one grave?"

Our national department of agriculture is now attempting to find out the true extent and use of black pepsin in cream and milk, for the fraudulent increase of butter, and it is to be hoped for the credit of agriculture that no such vile stuff will be found in the chemical laboratory of any farmer.

We have enough to blacken the reputation of the dairy product in shouldering the sin of manufacture of poor genuine butter, and to have to be compelled to fight another enemy of honest goods of this nature is hard to bear.

THE FARM SURVEY.

Many farmers do not know exactly how much land they have. When asked the area of their farms, they reply, "About sixty or seventy acres," as the case may be.

It pays to be exact about many things, and certainly in the measurement of land on which taxes are paid. If a farmer paces his land and finds about sixty acres, he thinks naturally that he has a little more, perhaps five acres, for he has not taken into account in his pacing some irregularities, corners, and so forth.

An actual case may illustrate: A farmer offered to sell his farm of eighty-five acres for \$100 an acre, or \$8,500. The offer was accepted, and the farmer, when asked about the area of the farm—the exact area—was sure that there was what he claimed, replied: "Yes, I've paced it many a time."

It is economy to have the farm surveyed. Have a plat made of it and use it to plan the work of the farm, making a new plat every year, and marking upon it the crops and their rotation.

GEORGE APPLETON.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR OFF

using tobacco, if you will take NO-TO-BAC, the wonderful, harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure; it costs but a trifle, and the man who wants to quit will find in NO-TO-BAC a permanent cure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OKLAHOMA.—The many letters received show that the FARM AND FIRESIDE circulates everywhere, and we hope it has a large circulation here, and that a fair amount of space will be given to the further west farming, for the conditions are much different from those prevailing in the middle states, and even in what is generally known as the West.

Winview, Okla.

FROM MISSOURI.—We are located about twenty miles from Iowa and forty miles from Illinois. This is as fine a blue-grass country as the best of Kentucky or Ohio.

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FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—Franklin county, with a population of 51,500, lies in the southern part of the state. Good land can be purchased at from \$60 to \$100 per acre.

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Every Man whose watch has been rung out of the bow (ring), by a pickpocket, Every Man whose watch has been damaged by dropping out of the bow, and Every Man of sense who merely compares the old pull-out bow and the new



will exclaim: "Ought to have been made long ago!" It can't be twisted off the case. Can only be had with Jas. Boss Filled and other cases stamped with this trade mark

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Mild and equable climate, no extremes of heat or cold, no cyclones, blizzards or severe storms of any kind. Certain and abundant crops of grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables.

Full information furnished free by the Oregon State Board of Immigration, Portland, Oregon.

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Government lands in southern Colorado now open to entry or purchase under U. S. laws, with abundant and certain water supply from two rivers, backed by immense reservoirs and canals now ready for use.

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Only Creamery with Glass Milk Cans and Steel Plate Water Tanks. CREAM WITH OR WITHOUT ICE.

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Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

ROUP AND GAPES.

ROUPI in winter and spring destroys the adults, while gapes in the spring and summer makes havoc with the young chicks. The difficulty in the way of curing diseases of poultry is that the "numbers" are to be met with. That is, where it would not be difficult to handle and treat one or two sick fowls, the cost of such work, in the bestowal of labor and time on a whole flock or brood, will be too great in proportion to the value of the birds; hence, in treating such diseases as roup or gapes, the only methods that can be used are such as will permit of attempting the use of remedies as a whole, and in administering them by admixture with the food or drink.

Of all the diseases which are mentioned to us by our readers, and of which the greater number of inquiries are made, the roup stands first. It is a disease which covers a great many ills, but it is used principally to designate that form of disease in which the bird really has scrofula, or tubercular consumption, not only an offensive odor resulting, but the disease is communicated to other members of the flock. Catarrh, canker, croup and other forms of diseases resultant from "catching cold," also come under the term roup. To attempt a cure means more work than can be given with the malignant roup, but the canker, bronchial affections, swollen eyes, etc., may often be treated successfully, many remedies having frequently been given in this department. The best preventive is air-slaked lime, used freely over the floor and yards. If an ounce of spirits of turpentine is intimately mixed with a peck of air-slaked lime, it will be much more efficacious. When a flock of fowls remain ill for weeks and do not show signs of improvement, the ax or hatchet should be applied.

Gapes in little chicks is another difficulty which demands much more labor than can be bestowed on a few broods. The best preventive is the lime and turpentine, as suggested above, and if the ground is kept clean by turning the soil under occasionally, with an application of lime made at least once a week, there will be but little danger of gapes appearing. In fact, it is cheaper and better to aim to prevent diseases than to rely upon the making of cures afterward.

The work of prevention should begin early in the season. After the chicks have reached a suitable age and have been shipped to market, the proper plan is then to apply lime, spade the ground, and apply lime again. In this way disease is destroyed, and if the work is repeated in the following spring, before the chicks are hatched, the liability of loss will be reduced to a minimum, and as it is much less laborious to do this than to treat for diseases, we trust the readers will give the subject their consideration.

CONDITION POWDERS.

It is unwise to use condition powders continually if the birds are healthy and in good condition. In fact, condition powders are intended for a different purpose. If the hens are not thrifty, or fail to come up to expectations, it is not out of place to use condition powders that have been tried, and which are known to be reliable, but it is incorrect to make such things a portion of the daily ration. It is an old rule to "let well enough alone," and if the food is giving good results, nothing else is needed; but if the hens require it, the use of condition powders is proper.

YOUNG GUINEAS.

Hatch the young guineas now, but do not overlook the fact that they are very tender when just out of the shells, and must be kept in a dry location. They feather very rapidly and will soon droop if they are not fed regularly. As much as five meals per day will not be too many for them for the first two weeks, and animal food of some kind should be allowed at least once a day.

Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Cures

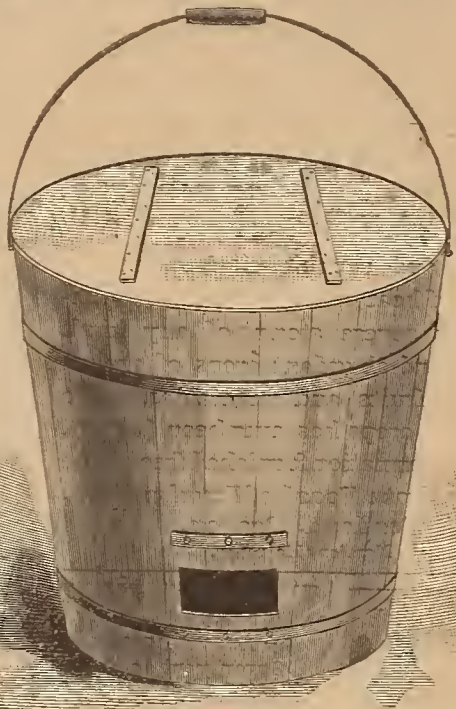
Dyspepsia and Chronic Nervous Diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, through a newly discovered principle, cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, by its action upon the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2 ct. stamp. Address Box B.

WARMTH IN BROODERS.

No matter how well the chicks in the brooders may be fed, the lack of warmth at night will cause them to droop. Most persons suppose that the brooders may be too warm and that the chicks will suffocate, but it is seldom that young chicks are injured by too much warmth. At least, 90 degrees of heat should be found on the edges of the brooder, and as much as 95 degrees should exist at the center. This prevents the chicks from crowding, which always happens if the heat is low; but if the brooder is very warm at the center, the chicks will spread out under the brooder and be more comfortable. If in doubt at any time in regard to the proper degree of heat to have in a brooder, it will be safe to give too much heat rather than too little, for if the brooder is too warm the chicks can easily secure a cooler location near the edge, but if too cool under the brooder they will crowd until some of them are crushed to death.

A TOBACCO-CAN DRINKING-VESSEL.

The illustration of a drinking-fountain is from a design sent us by Mr. G. W. Davis, Massachusetts. In describing it in detail he says: "Get a fine-cut tobacco-pail with a cover, which can be bought for ten cents, and clean it thoroughly. Saw a hole about three by five inches, the bottom of which should be about four inches from the bottom of the pail. Then take a piece of hoop-iron, about six inches long, and screw it into the pail just above the hole, one screw in each stave that is sawed off, which keeps the pail in shape and prevents it from warping. Take the cover next, and



TOBACCO-CAN DRINKING-VESSEL.

nail on two cleats across the grain of the wood to hold it in shape, and the fountain will be complete, costing almost nothing. It will be easy to clean, and prevents chicks from getting wet. The hole may be cut higher up or lower, as preferred, and the can may be set in a block of wood, hung up, or simply placed in the yard."

MARKET BREEDS.

It is not the large breeds that are the most suitable for market, as the buyers prefer medium-sized carcasses. The requirements in many markets are yellow legs and yellow skin, with plump bodies, the breast containing an abundance of meat. Some breeds that are suitable in the color of legs and skin may be deficient in breast meat, and for that reason it is difficult to select a strictly market breed which is sure to come up to all the requirements.

Hardiness is the most important requisite in a breed, as it is essential that the birds escape all those drawbacks which may tend to retard its progress. For that reason a great majority of farmers are partial to Brahmans, Cochins, Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks, which are considered the best market breeds, not that they possess the most perfect carcasses for that purpose, but because a greater proportion of the chicks of those breeds can be raised to a marketable age, which is really the most important matter in raising fowls to sell.

PRESERVING EGGS.

We have often given replies to inquiries in regard to how best to preserve eggs, and though many methods are given, yet the following rules will enable one to keep eggs from three to four months if followed:

1. The eggs from hens that are not with males.
2. Keep the eggs on racks, using no packing material.

3. The eggs should be turned half over three times a week.

4. Keep them cool, which is the most important of all.

5. Use only fresh eggs, as one stale egg may injure the others.

RESTING THE LAYERS.

When the hens begin to fall off in eggs it is best for them to sit for a week or two. It is nature's method of recuperation, and if a hen is prevented from sitting she will lay but few eggs before she may begin sitting again. If the hens are to be invigorated and made to begin laying again, feed them a large mess of lean meat once a day. It is the best of all methods for making the hens lay, and it is cheap because it produces eggs enough to more than pay for the cost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROFITABLE FLOCK.—When reading the experience of some of your subscribers with their hens, it occurred to the writer that a little of my experience in the hen line might be of interest to some of your readers. It is this: Last year our hens brought off 39 chickens during May, which all lived and grew up, healthy and rugged. Of the 39, 23 were nice pullets. We kept all of them. The 10th of November they began to lay eggs, and when they got under way they never laid less than nine eggs per day, and up to seventeen. The eggs were sold to the store-man, who came every week, and paid from 35 to 40 cents per dozen for them, until March 2nd. We did not keep the number of eggs sold, but kept account of the money received for the eggs from November 10th to March 2nd, and from these 23 pullets, which was \$34.50. Then we selected the best ones and put them by themselves for their eggs for setting. From March 2nd to April 15th the three old hens were put with the pullets, and the number of eggs they have laid is 695. Some are now sitting and others are waiting to do so. I have never seen the signs of sickness among them since they were hatched. They are Wyandottes. E. A. H. Reading, Mass.

A REMEDY FOR GAPES.—A little mustard-seed in the food has been a sure cure and preventive of gapes in my broods, and my experience extends over forty years, in different localities. C. A. Middleport, N. Y.

INQUIRIES.

Young Chicks.—Mrs. L. T., North Andover, Wis., writes: "Why do my little chicks die when they are a week old? The droppings are soft and the indications are those of cholera."

REPLY:—The difficulty may be caused by lack of warmth on damp days, the chicks being exposed too much and become chilled, but it would be well, also, to look for lice, especially the large kind, on the heads and necks.

Sitting Hens.—E. A. D., Rogers, Ark., writes: "Is it best to cover sitting hens while they are on the nest, so as to prevent them from coming off?"

REPLY:—Much depends on the hens. If each goes back on its own nest it is not necessary to cover them, but leave them free to go on or off at will. Nests should be as secluded as possible, however.

Pekin Ducks.—G. P., Soldier, Idaho, writes: "We have Pekin ducks which do well in the summer, but in the spring their eyes become covered with a soft, white foam. What will prevent it?"

REPLY:—It is probably due to dampness of their quarters. Keep the floor covered with clean straw, and give the ducks shelter from the winds when they are outside, such as a windbreak of some kind.

Loss of Feathers.—N. K., Holman, Ind., writes: "What is the cause of feathers coming out of the throats of the fowls? I noticed it on one of them last winter, and now the whole flock is affected."

REPLY:—The birds are picking feathers from each other. Some particular hen in the flock may begin the vice and teach the others. It is induced by confinement and idleness. There is no remedy but to detect the guilty ones and remove them from the flock, or to destroy the flock and begin with new birds.

Gapes.—W. P., Salem, N. J., writes: "As it is decided that the earthworm contains the parasite for gapes in chicks, can you direct us how to make a plot of ground free from earthworms? How would kerosene on the soil answer?"

REPLY:—It is not accepted as a fact that the earthworm contains the parasites which cause gapes. It would be difficult to free the ground of earthworms, but the free use of air-slaked lime is probably the best preventive of gapes, and destroys many earthworms. Broadcast it over the whole of the ground. Do not use kerosene.

Roup.—Mrs. W. R., Cuba, Kansas, writes: "What ails my hens? At first it is a cough or sneeze, and in a day or two an offensive discharge from the nostrils, the lids of the eyes, and also the throat, swelling, with very difficult breathing."

REPLY:—The disease is roup, probably induced by exposure to cold drafts or to dampness. It is very difficult to cure except at the cost of labor in handling the birds. Scatter plenty of air-slaked lime over the poultry-house floor and yards, anoint the faces with sweet-oil, and add a tablespoonful of chlorate of potash to each quart of drinking-water. Keep the birds dry and warm.

Several Questions.—R. S. S., Carthage, N. C., writes: "1. Is poultry-raising profitable where you have no home market, but must ship to a distance? 2. Which breed of fowls is considered best for eggs, and which as chicks for market? 3. Is it too late now to buy eggs to secure stock for next year? 4. Are incubators and brooders cheaper and better than hens for hatching and raising chicks? 5. How much space is necessary for 100 hens?"

REPLY:—1. It is as profitable as any other business under such disadvantages. 2. There is no best breed, but for your climate probably the Leghorns for eggs, and the Plymouth Rocks for producing market chicks, would serve well. 3. Not too late for Leghorns or other small breeds. 4. Not more so than hens, but excellent in winter, as sitting hens are then scarce. 5. It is estimated that 100 hens should have at least one acre of ground.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Reducing Bones for Fertilizer.—E. J. B., Tennessee, writes: "Please inform me how to reduce green bones (after being cut with a Mann's bone-cutter) to a fine fertilizer, such as can be used for house plants."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Put them in alternate layers with fermenting horse manure or with unleached wood ashes, and leave thus, keeping them moist, for five or six months.

To Destroy Nut-grass.—J. W. D., Cuthbert, Ga. This is said to be one of the most troublesome pests on southern farms. The certain way to get rid of it is to make a business of destroying it by fallowing the land. Plow the land and cultivate thoroughly every few days. Never allow a spear of the grass to show itself. No plant can stand such treatment. It takes much work to clear land of this pest; there is no easy way.

Tanning Skins for Thongs.—W. B., Chesterfield, Ill. Scrape all the flesh and fat off the skin; bury it, well spread out, in wet ashes or soft hair for a day or two, or until the hair starts readily. Remove the hair and wash thoroughly. Make a tanning solution by dissolving a large handful of pulverized alum and two handfuls of common salt in a gallon of water. Soak the skin in this solution for two weeks, then rinse thoroughly and pull; rub and stretch while drying. The leather will be soft, and will make good lashes as long as kept dry.

Sage Growing.—D. C. A., Illinois, writes: "What kind of soil and fertilizer are best for sage? Also, whether the ordinary kind or Holt's Mammoth is preferable?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Any kind of soil will do for sage, a rich, clean loam, which admits of easy cultivation, of course being preferable to others. You can enrich the soil with ordinary rotted manure, or if very thin, with a muck and ash or lime compost, or with the high-grade garden fertilizers on sale by all large fertilizer manufacturers. You can start plants from seed by layering an old plantation, or by division. Use the Mammoth in preference to the other.

Raising Potato Seedlings.—J. A. M., Michigan, writes: "Will more than one seed from the same ball produce the same variety, or will all be different? Several of mine seem to be the same. When seed was gathered in Canada, but the seedlings raised in the United States, which is the place of its origin?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Seeds from the same ball are liable to produce potatoes differing widely in all important characteristics; yet many of the resulting tubers and varieties often resemble each other quite closely. Of course, it is utterly immaterial, for all purposes, whether the seed was gathered in Canada or the United States, unless you wish to name the resulting variety after the place or locality of its origin. I believe that usually the place where the seedling, not the seed, was grown is considered the place of origin.

Manure for Sweet Potatoes.—L. P., Newtown, Ohio, writes: "What is the best kind of manure for sweet potatoes, and what quantity should be applied per hill?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Rotted barn-yard manure is good; so is some high-grade complete fertilizer. I have used both with excellent success. Your query shows you to be right concerning method of application. For ordinary crops, and in a general way, I prefer broadcast application of manures. For sweet potatoes, however, I would invariably manure in the hill. Put the compost right into the mark or furrow, so that it will be right under the ridge or hill, and use it as freely as you can. There is not much danger of applying too much. If you use fertilizers, apply a handful to each plant, mixing it well with soil in the hill before the plants are set. If this is neglected, you can scatter it around the plant and work it in with the hoe. The danger is in using rich soil, or soil made rich by broadcast manuring. Rich soil will tend to stimulate growth of vine and induce them to take root all over the ground, which should be prevented by all means.

Celery Culture.—J. C. P., Nebraska, writes: "I wish to follow early cabbage with celery on ground well manured with rotted barn-yard manure. I have pine ashes, pig and hen manure. Will any or all of these be sufficient to make a good growth of celery without the use of commercial fertilizer? I wish to set celery five by ten inches, and irrigate it."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—With plenty of other manure, you can easily get along without fertilizers. The early cabbage probably will and should leave the ground in good condition for a succeeding celery crop, although if you wish to plant in solid bed on the plan of "the new celery culture," the soil must be made very rich. Work plenty of pig and hen manure into the soil, yet not using hen manure enough to burn the plants. Manure and prepare the ground after the cabbage is taken off. I would hardly advise you, however, to plant very largely on a new and little-tilled plan. Go slow. If you plant in the ordinary way, having rows four feet or more apart, with the intention of bleaching by banking or with boards, you can apply the manure in the row, but you must mix soil and manure well.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers, Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Ringbone.—J. V. S., Menomonie, Wis. Please consult FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 15, 1892.

Collar-boil.—H. F. B., Batavia, Mich. Your horse has a collar-boil or tumor, produced by too much pressure or bruising by a collar that did not fit. As the tumor is an old one, its removal will require a surgical operation. Employ a veterinarian.

Abdominal Hernia.—G. A. McE., Boliver, Mo. Your sow has an abdominal hernia. It is hardly advisable, because dangerous, to breed such an animal. The best will be to convert her into pork.

Either Lymphangitis or Farcy.—W. E. M., Whittemore, Iowa. What you describe is either lymphangitis or something worse, farcy. The best you can do is to inform your state veterinarian. It is his duty to examine such doubtful cases.

Swellings on the Shoulder.—J. K. P., Alexandria, S. D. Keep the skin of your horse clean, and use no collar but one that exactly fits and is perfectly smooth and kept scrupulously clean; at any rate, where it comes in contact with the horse's skin.

An Injured Colt.—I. B., Whitewater, Kan. Allow your colt all the voluntary exercise he wants, so as to keep the joints limber. Whether anything more can be done will have to be determined by a careful examination, which, of course, cannot be made from a distance.

Probably Black-leg.—W. F., Stauffer, Pa. According to your description, it looks as if your cattle died of so-called black-leg, or symptomatic anthrax. There is no remedy, if the disease has once fully developed. The best will be to take the animals yet in danger to an uninfected place.

Actinomycosis.—M. H. D., Ruthven, Iowa, writes: "Some years since I successfully treated 'lumpy jaw' in cattle by the use of treatment of yours, but have lost the recipe, which I am anxious to obtain, as I have several cases every season."

ANSWER:—You will find your question fully answered in this present number.

May be Rhachitis.—J. B. S., Mikesville, Fla. I hardly know what to advise you in regard to your young heifer. The disease you complain of may be rhachitis. If it is, and it is not yet too late, the only thing that will do any good is a change of food; that is, to give food rich in lime salts and phosphates. Bran, for instance, or even an admixture of bone-meal to other food. If possible, substitute hard water for rain-water for drinking.

Several Questions.—G. H., Elliston, Ohio. 1. Your horse inquired about in your first question never fully recovered from his attack of distemper, or, most likely, influenza, and now suffers from dropsy. I expect the same will die. If you are of a different opinion, employ a veterinarian to treat the same. 2. As to your second question, my opinion, which you wish to get, is that the best you can do is to employ a veterinarian. 3. Concerning your third question, the horse complained of very likely has ringbone. Let the veterinarian you employ for the other cases examine him, too.

A Morbid Growth on the Tongue.—N. B., Birmingham, Ohio, writes: "What is the matter with my horse? He has a lump at the back part of his tongue the size of a walnut, and can eat only fine, short hay."

ANSWER:—The nature of the morbid growth on the tongue of your horse does not appear from your communication. It therefore will be best that you employ a competent veterinarian to examine the animal, to ascertain the nature and the exact seat of the morbid growth, to decide whether it is possible and advisable to remove it, and if it is, to perform the necessary surgical operation.

Wants to Know the Cause of Death.—L. L. G., Woodcock, Pa., writes: "What was the matter with our yearling heifer? She was thrifty all winter. Last Thursday morning she acted stupid; in the evening she refused to eat. We drenched her with a small dose of horse-powder, and she got up and moved around; in the morning she was dead. We opened her and found the contents of the stomachs in a natural state; the gall bladder was two thirds the size of a quart measure, and the lungs were mottled gray and pink."

ANSWER:—If no other morbid changes existed than those described, I cannot answer your question.

Probably Gastritis or Peritonitis.—W. F. L., Cascade, Wis., writes: "Your sheep, it seems, either died of gastritis or of peritonitis. You made the post-mortem examination two days after death, which is a great deal too late, because in that time morbid changes produced while the animal was sick, and decomposition changes produced after death, had become mixed to such an extent that you could not tell what you had before you. Post-mortem examinations, in order to be of any value, should be made as soon after death as possible. I do not think that parsnips, unless you mean wild parsnips, had anything to do with the disease."

Lame Cows.—M. F. M., Buckton, N. Y., writes: "My cows were lame last summer. They got sore under the hoof. A hole formed in the center of the hoof, and worked back toward the heel. One of them has not got over it yet. What is the matter with them?"

ANSWER:—Keep your cows as much as possible out of mud and manure, pare away with a sharp hoof-knife all loose horn, and then apply to the sores twice a day a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts, by saturating a small bunch of absorbent cotton with it, and by stuffing the latter between the hoofs and bringing it in contact with the sores.

Thrush.—G. I., Little Silver, N. J. First cut away all the loose and decayed horn from the frog and the sole of the foot; then, while holding up the foot so that the toe is lower than the heel, pour some concentrated carbolic acid on the frog and into the clefts of the same, but take care that all the superfluous acid runs off at the toe and that none comes in contact with the skin. Repeat this in a few days and keep the animal on a dry and clean floor and out of mud, dirt and manure.—If the lameness of your mule is of six months standing, there is very little prospect of removing it. If it is ringbone, consult FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 15th.

Emaciation.—C. J. S., Liberty Mills, Va., writes: "I write for information in regard to a colt. Last December a twenty-months-old mare colt lost flesh rapidly, and for several days could scarcely get up when down. Since then she has continued thin, and walks as if weak in the back, and does not lift her hind legs up well. She eats very well, but the food doesn't seem to help her much. What can I do for her?"

ANSWER:—I cannot tell you, unless it be that your colt requires more and better or more nutritious food. The possible causes of emaciation are too numerous even to attempt to make a guess, which, moreover, is something I do not like to do.

Sandcrack.—M. D., Canadensis, Pa., writes: "I have a mare that has a split hoof. She has been lame nearly all winter. I had it cut last fall, but it did not do any good."

ANSWER:—If I give you ever so complete directions, which, of course, would fill a great deal of space, it will, under all circumstances, require a first-class horse-shoer or a veterinarian to execute them, and either one will know, or at least ought to know, how to treat such a case. I will therefore only say that a so-called sandcrack, or split hoof, as you call it, that

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causes lameness, is not easily cured, and can be permanently closed only by perseverance and repeated operations. The time required is from ten to twelve months.

Skin Disease.—J. S. G., Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I have a horse nine years old. He has some skin disease which causes him to rub against the stall and bite himself, and hunt a place to rub when turned out. He eats well, but cannot chew all his corn, as some comes from him whole."

ANSWER:—It does not appear from your communication whether the skin disease of your horse is mange or caused by something else—lice, for instance. If he has good appetite, but cannot masticate corn, the cause may consist in a defective tooth or teeth. It will be best to have the animal examined by a competent veterinarian.

Some Worm Disease.—F. O., Clyde, Mich., writes: "What ails my sheep? I have lost the fifth ewe to-day. They get weak in their legs and lay down, but cannot get up without help. The first few days of their sickness they will eat. There is a discharge from the nose and eyes. They die just before lambing-time. Three of them had two well-developed lambs on the inside. I feed them clover, timothy and a little corn."

ANSWER:—Your sheep, it seems, suffer from some worm disease, but whether the worms are in the lungs, in the liver, or in or on the digestive canal, does not appear from your communication. Similar cases to those described by you have occurred in this neighborhood. In all of these numbers of more or less calcified cysts were found in the walls of the intestines.

Skin Disease.—E. B., Garden Grove, Cal., writes: "I have a mare which has a disease on her scalp, covering a space of two or three inches, directly under the forehead. I have been applying sulphur and lard, mixed with a little carbolic acid. I think that keeps it in check, but does not eradicate the disease. I have owned her a year or more, and at times during the year I have thought she was about cured, but seemingly not."

ANSWER:—Cut away the hair of the forehead, apply a good layer of soft soap to the diseased space. Next day take warm water and wash off the soap, and with it the loosened crusts; then apply once a day, for several days in succession, either a five-per-cent solution of pure carbolic acid in water, or paint the diseased spot with tincture of iodine. At the same time thoroughly clean the halter, manger, etc.

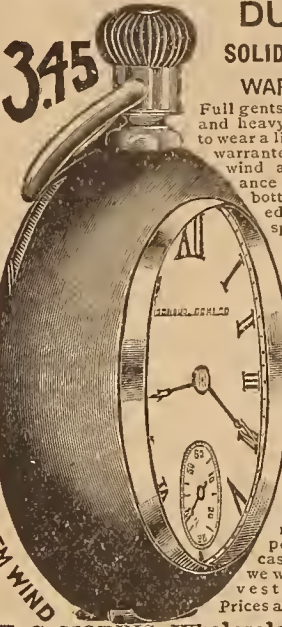
Retention of the Afterbirth.—P. H., Sterling, Mo., writes: "I have a three-year-old cow that is sick from retention of the placenta. She dropped her calf a week ago. She is in good flesh, has been well housed and fed, and never exposed to inclement weather. I fed her a quart of shelled corn at a feed twice a day, and all the corn fodder she could eat, with an occasional mess of artichokes and millet hay for a change."

ANSWER:—If the afterbirth is retained beyond the third day after calving, it is best, in most cases at least, to have the same removed by hand by a person who has experience in such matters. In an old case like yours, in which it is decomposed and rotting away, there is always danger of blood-poisoning. If it is not yet too late, the best that can be done probably is to irrigate the uterus with a blood-warm, one-per-cent solution of carbolic acid in water, and to repeat this several days in succession.

Probably Diseased Lungs.—J. T. G., Warsaw, Ky., writes: "What is the matter with my horse? He is five years old, and was well until the fifteenth of last February. Then he had something like an attack of lung-fever. We gave him a blue-mass pill and one quart of linseed-oil, and put a few drops of aconite on his tongue. He recovered very slowly, had no appetite for some time, and now his appetite is good, but his food seems to do him no good. He keeps thin and does not shed off right. His urine, ever since the first, has been too copious—about six times as much as in ordinary health."

ANSWER:—Your horse, it seems, has diseased lungs, owing to morbid changes left behind from the attack of pneumonia. The loss of appetite was caused by the linseed-oil, something which never should be given to a horse. If the morbid changes consist in hepatization more or less extensive, the horse may, in the course of time, improve and partially recover; but if abscesses have formed or are forming, the animal, very likely, will more and more decline and finally die.

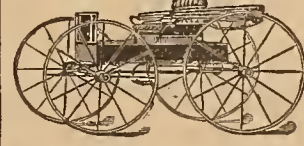
Actinomycosis.—S. B., Whitewater, Kan., and C. L. H., Kingsville, Ky. What you describe seems to be actinomycosis. The disease is local and not contagious, but can be cured only if the tumor is on the surface of the body and in the subcutaneous connective tissue, and not in a bone or in internal organs. Although the operation required has been several times described in these columns, I will once more repeat what has before been said, but wish the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE who happen to have cattle with "lump-jaw," or actinomycosis, and desire to apply the treatment, will preserve the following directions, because to repeat them every few months takes up too much space. The method which has been successfully applied in several hundred cases is as follows: I prepare the caustic before I proceed to operate. It is an arsenious acid compound. I take half an ounce of pure unadulterated arsenious acid; to this I add, to make it more soluble, two drams of caustic potash (in sticks), and to make it sticky and to dissolve of it as much as I can, I then add half an ounce of genuine powdered gum arabic (gum acacie) and one ounce of distilled water. Properly mixed, this compound will make a semi-fluid, sticky mass, of the consistency of a thick syrup. To facilitate its application, as will be shown further on, I put it in a salt-mouthed vial, which must be properly labeled "Poison." I then prepare a stick of hard wood, about eight or nine inches long, one inch wide, and one fourth to one third of an inch thick, smooth the edges and thin one end so that it tapers to a point from both sides, so that it presents the



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shape of the blade of a dagger. This tapering end should be perfectly smoothed with sand-paper. What is further needed is a good, sharp-pointed knife (an abscess bistouri), a bunch of absorbent cotton, another tapering stick, or what will do just as well, a common, dull-pointed seton-needle, a bucket of water, and a few good, strong ropes. The latter are used to tie the head of the animal securely to some good, solid post, because the tumor is painful, and if operated, even the most docile animal may be expected to offer forcible resistance. The bucketful of water should be kept within easy reach of the operator, so that he may be able to immediately clean his hands if they should come in contact with the arsenic compound. After the animal has been securely fastened, a strong man should take hold of both horns, so as to keep the head steady. I then make an incision about one inch, an inch and a quarter, or even, according to circumstances, an inch and a half in length into the center of the tumor, so as to empty at once the contents of its internal cavity. These contents consist of a thick, somewhat ropy, whitish yellow, and purulent substance, usually full of nests of actinomycetes. This incision made, I take my tapering stick, wrap around the same a small bunch of my absorbent cotton, dip it into my arsenic compound in my salt-mouthed vial (this is the reason why the vial should have a mouth at least an inch or more in width), and push the tuft of cotton through the incision into the cavity in the center of the tumor. If the tumor has been repeatedly opened, is destitute of a cavity, and has a raw, bleeding and cauliflower-like surface, the cotton must be lodged as near the center as possible. If the tapering stick is very smooth, it can be withdrawn without pulling out the cotton. It is safer, though, to keep the latter back in the cavity by means of the second tapering stick, or with the dull-pointed seton-needle, but it is not advisable to do it with the finger, and to get the arsenic compound on the hand. Unless the tumor and its cavity are rather small, or the first prop of cotton introduced is large and well saturated with the arsenic compound, I introduce (push in) in the same way a second, a third, and maybe a fourth prop, or, if the tumor and its cavity are very large, or my props rather small, I may even push in as many as five or six props; but usually two or three are sufficient. This done, the operation is finished, and the animal can be released. Within about three days the operated tumor will be swelled to double or more its former size, but after the fourth day the swelling will gradually decrease. In about two weeks the tumor will be smaller than it was before the operation; besides, it will be hard and painless, and a line of demarcation will be forming between the tumor and the surrounding healthy tissues. This line presents itself as a whitish-gray circle around the tumor. After this the tumor will continue to shrink and grow harder, but the demarcation line will become distinct and somewhat deeper. Gradually the tumor will be pushed out further and further by the healthy granulation that is taking place beneath and behind it, until its connection with the surrounding tissue is completely severed, when it will drop out. This usually requires from six to ten weeks. The time, it seems, depends upon the size of the tumor and the toughness of the skin. After the tumor has dropped out, the wound will heal in a few days, and a comparatively small but somewhat puckered scar will be left behind. As the skin covering the tumor is destroyed, and consequently lost with the latter, the healthy skin left will be drawn together from all sides, hence the puckered appearance and the small size of the scar. I have operated on animals with tumors as large as a good-sized turnip, and still the scar could afterwards only be found on close examination. Animals thus operated have invariably been just as thrifty as any other animal that never had been affected, a sure indication that the disease is nothing but a local affection.

Our Fireside.

HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
Nor grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—Bonar.

CONQUEROR CUPID.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARE THEY DEAD?

When Major Luce arrived at Courtney Hall, he found the squire strangely altered in appearance. A corpse-like hue had replaced his usual florid complexion. His pudgy jaws looked pinched and blue, the flesh hanging in lifeless folds.

"Major," said he, as he greeted his visitor, "I hope you will pardon an old man's troubling you, in view of the great calamity that has befallen us both."

"God help us, squire," returned the northern man, grasping the other's hand. "This is no time for the indulgence of pride or prejudice. I feel entirely broken up."

"Is—is there no hope?"

They were seated now, and the old man's voice was husky with suppressed emotion.

"I fear there is no ground left for any. The Blonde came ashore, overturned, in the night."

The squire had hidden his face, but he now raised it again.

"Look you," he exclaimed peevishly, "that son of yours was criminally careless. What right had he to take my daughter into such danger? She did not know nor understand."

"If he was careless," replied the other, calmly, "he has paid the penalty with his life."

"True, true. I ask your pardon, for I am hardly myself. Had I been so, I might not have sent for you; yet—I thought you might be able to hold out some hope."

"I only wish I could." Then the major rose, but paused as if suddenly recollecting something unimportant. "There was, I believe, a steamer seen going out as the fog came down; yet it is not possible she could have seen or heard our dear ones in all that blinding uproar of wind, wave and mist."

"What? A steamship?" The squire grew excited at once. "Outward bound?"

"Yes; but only one chance in a hundred could have brought her within hail of the Blonde. Indeed, the boat must have swamped or capsized before the ship could have gotten so near."

But the squire would not allow himself to admit the futility of catching at this straw.

"You say there was one chance in a hundred," said he. "We will cling to that chance, sir, hoping under God's mercy that our children may be yet alive. If the Blonde came ashore, why did not the bodies?"

"The sailors say it is hardly time yet. Bodies will not float until after a certain number of days. Again, the—the sharks at the inlet might devour what was left of our poor lost darlings."

But the squire held desperately out.

"I will not believe that they are dead until every clue is exhausted. I will run up to town and find out the name and destination of that steamship. We can write, telegraph—anything rather than sit still and eat out our hearts in idle despair."

"God knows," returned Major Luce, "I hope you may not be deceived. But I must go to my poor wife. This blow has completely prostrated her, I fear."

"Do not give up," said the squire, still strangely hopeful. "The world is full of strange happenings. I thank you for having called, and I may have treated you ill; but I have had bitter memories to bear up under. Perhaps I was wrong to stand in the way of my little girl's desire, and I know that your soul acted very bravely in coming to my aid not long back. But I thought I was acting wisely. We have our traditions and customs, you know. Yet—my poor little Ethel! Help me, major—help me to feel that she is still spared to me; that your son is also yet alive!"

He was shaking the major's hand now in

both his own, his face tremulous with a fevered anxiety to have that hope-confirmed which might shield him from utter despair.

Luce returned to his own desolate home to console his heart-broken wife.

No bodies came ashore, though men patrolled the ocean beach for days. But that did not signify much, as the ocean currents were so largely influenced by wind and tide as to be quite variable. The dead might have been swept farther out to sea.

Yet were these two really dead?

The major, a practical man of the world, who took but little stock in vague suppositions, had little doubt but that they were.

Meanwhile, the squire called for some clean clothes and hurried off to Charleston, much to the surprise of his servants. He tramped from one shipping office to another until he found that the steamship was the *Trinidad*, bound for Southampton, England. Her owners and consignees were Diggs & Holborn, of that place.

Then the squire hastened on to Whithorne & Co., his bankers.

"How much have you to my credit?" he demanded.

One of the clerks looked at a huge ledger, then figured leisurely on a scrap of paper.

"Seventy-nine dollars and eighty-two cents."

This he handed in and paid for; then he went to dine with his factor. The following day he returned home.

But time soon grew burdensome, as suspense daily sharpened the pangs of delay. Courtney Hall had never seemed so utterly forlorn and deserted of all but painful memories before. And in this way a couple of weeks dragged on.

One day, mounted on his pony, he found himself near Mullet Point. If in the first throes of affliction he had sent for the major, was there any valid reason why they should not consult together now? Had not this great trouble, in one sense at least, made them kin? The major was at his desk, prefunctionally attending to business; but there was a settled gloom in his eyes and a weariness in his limbs. After mutual greetings, he took up a sheet of paper and handed it to the squire.

"I have just returned from town," said he. "Whithorne & Co.'s clerk handed me this dispatch and asked me to forward it to you. I was about to take it over myself."

His visitor, with shaking hands and blurring eyes, read the following:

WHITHORNE & CO., Charleston:—*Trinidad* arrived. Diggs & Holborn report no such parties on board. Send instructions about money.

Signed: ROYAL DEVONSHIRE BANK, Southampton.



"WE SHOUTED, AND FINALLY THEY LOWERED A BOAT."—UPON A TABLE WAS SPREAD A TATTERED CONFEDERATE BATTLE-FLAG.

"I am always hard up, nowadays," he muttered, "especially when ready cash is needed."

He ran over to his cotton factors and made his way to the private office.

"I want an advance of three hundred dollars," said he to the head of the firm, who had handled his cotton for thirty years.

"Certainly, squire," said that gentleman. "Shall we place it to your credit at Whithorne's, or do you want the greenbacks?"

"Whithorne's will do. But you may give me the order now."

"Can you not dine with me? We have heard of your great loss, and—"

But the squire seized the order and retraced his steps to the bank.

"Who is your Southampton exchange?" he asked of the cashier, and at the same time throwing down his order.

"The Royal Devonshire bank."

"Well, then, I want you to cable them that I have placed three hundred dollars to their order with you, subject to the order of Diggs & Holborn, Southampton."

Then the squire hurried over to the Western Union office and wrote out the following dispatch:

DIGGS & HOLBORN, Southampton, England:—Have placed £300 with Royal Devonshire bank, to your order. Give same to George Luce and Ethel Courtney, on board *Trinidad*.

JASPER COURTNEY, Charleston, U. S. A.

The squire fell into a seat, looking so ghastly that the major hastened to offer him a glass of water. He shook his head wearily as the other spoke.

"I lost hope from the first, though my wife, like yourself, squire, built much upon the result of this steamship inquiry."

"I cannot give her up!" cried the old man, raising his dry, fevered eyes. Then he added entreatingly, hrokenly, "Major Luce, can you not—for God's sake help me yet to have faith that my little girl—"

Words failed him, and for a time they ineffectually consoled each other as best they could. When the squire left he had to be helped upon his horse, a kind of aid he had never needed before.

When he was nearing home, and riding slow and listlessly, he heard a familiar voice. Milus was hurrying along the road, waving something in one hand. He drew near, greatly excited, and thrust a letter upon his old master.

"Read um, marse, read um!" he cried. "One er dem blue-coated messenger boys, he fotch it down from town. Powerful sassy dat ar boy was, but he 'low'd we'ze all skered fer nuthin'. Dem ar chillen ain't drowned, atter all, 'ud he's gone to de major's wif anoder 'spatch."

Meanwhile, Squire Courtney tore open the message and read the following words:

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON, Jan. 6, 187—.

SQUIRE JASPER COURTNEY, care Whithorne & Co., Charleston, S. C.:—Arrived here yesterday. Ethel well. Married this morning. Will be home soon.
GEORGE LUCE.

The squire's first impulse was to throw up his hat and hurrah; his next to hug Milus. But with an effort he remembered his dignity.

"Run, Milus, run!" said he. "Tell all the hands that your young mistress is safe—"

"De blessed Lord be t'anked!" ejaculated Milus.

"Don't interrupt me, sir," said his master, trying to frown, but instead, a couple of tears hung upon his gray lashes; he broke into a sobbing laugh, and wound up by slapping Milus on the shoulder.

"Spread the news, my man," said he. "Let everybody know that the dead have come to life again. I'll go back and see what Major Luce's dispatch says."

While returning, he remembered there was something said about a marriage. He drew forth the telegram and read again, while his brow clouded, but only momentarily. He had just realized how unutterably desolate the world would be without his child, and now—why, he had two children. Two children, and one of them a genuine Yankee.

He laughed aloud over the implied absurdity of such a condition of affairs, as applied to a Courtney; then he shook his head sadly, that he should so nearly have wrecked his happiness through a strenuous pride and prejudice. Then he turned in to see what the major thought of this new turn of affairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOME ONCE MORE.

A wintry moon shown coldly down upon the marshes, the pines and the lagoon. It silvered the frost upon the rail fences and brightened the hoary gables of Courtney Hall. Up the road came the pattering of horses' feet along the avenue, and thence around to the rear of the great house, where it ceased altogether. Two muffled figures stole through the back yard to a cabin not far from the detached kitchen.

The house-dog came bounding from his kennel, but an extended hand and a few subdued endearments rendered him as tractable as a frolicsome lamb. Then came a tap on the cabin door.

"Who be dat?" exclaimed a cracked female voice.

"It's me, Calline," returned one of the outside phantoms, in a very perceptible tremolo.

"Who me?"

"Why, Calline, have you forgotten the sound of my voice?"

"Gret Lawd! Wak' up, ole man! Miss Ethel done got back. Wak' up, I says!"

A heavy thud of bare feet on the puncheon floor was heard, then the door flew open and Ethel was in old Calline's arms, laughing, crying and trembling all at once. Close behind was Milus, struggling to get into his outer garments, and calling on the Lord to witness his gratitude. Calline, seeing the other figure outside, retired to mend her own toilet.

"Dare Marse George," she said, "a ketchin' me in dis yere fix."

Milus now came forward, doubted his own eyes, and wondered and congratulated them both.

"How is poor papa?" said Ethel. "I couldn't sleep for thinking of him."

"Yes," interposed George, "she made me hire horses, and here we have come, by way of Chad's ferry, clear from town this blessed night."

"De squire," said Milus, "he's a liftin' de roof off a snorin' 'bout now. He's all right; you'd better b'leve dey was a rukus raised 'round yere fo' one while. Dey 'lowed yo' was both drowned or gone ter some way-off, no-count place. But—bless gracious—here yo' is, 'nd de squire, he's fotch hisself 'round ever since he heard yo' was comin'."

Milus took care of the horses, while Calline, followed by the young couple, softly entered the great house, and stole like thieves to Ethel's own room, which the good soul had kept ready for its occupant during all those days of uncertainty and fear.

As they passed the squire's door, a distressful snore tore its way through the key-hole. Ethel threw a kiss at the paneling, then passed on to her own room.

Morning came. When the squire entered the dining-room, he found four plates laid for breakfast.

"Have we company?" he demanded of Calline.

But Calline retired precipitately. The next instant he felt two white arms imprisoning his neck, and a pair of red lips hunting out the most kissable spots upon his wrinkled visage.

A mist clouded his vision, and his tones subsided for a moment into a lame kind of throat clearing. Yet even his asthma left him in the lurch, and he bowed his head over the mass of curls that sheltered Ethel's face as it nestled upon his bosom.

When he again saw clearly, George Luce was before him, looking on rather wistfully.

"Well, young sir," said the squire, "having robbed me, do you come to rejoice over my loneliness?"

"Now, papa," said Ethel, "I hear company coming. You really must behave."

The knocker sounded, and Major Luce, ushered in by Milus, gave a startled look around, then turned to his son.

"George, my son, God bless you," he said in a faltering voice.

Father and son shook hands warmly, and after salutation all around, they sat down to breakfast.

"You see, papa," said Ethel, "I knew you would want to have George's father on hand, so I made Milus, dear old soul, go over for him before daylight."

"Right you were, my dear," said the squire, actually winking at the major. "But seeing that the fatted calf is ready, suppose you give an account of yourselves. Luce and I have found out a few things about each other since you two disappeared so mysteriously; but we would like to hear what you have to say for yourselves."

"Go ahead, George," said Ethel, "I could never get through with it all."

"Well," began her husband, "when the norther came on, I squared away for shore. But the fog hid everything; then the wind increased so that I had to lower the peak. I had made up my mind to beach the Blonde if we failed to make the inlet. We could see nothing, and at last a heavy sea gave the boat such a lurch that the mast broke. I cut away the wreckage, and we drifted about until a steamer hove in sight through the fog."

"How I blessed the sight of that steamer!" said Ethel. "There we were, drenched, dragged and almost without hope—"

"Poor little girl," said her father, fondly.

"We shouted," continued George, "and finally they lowered a boat and took us on board. A red-faced tyrant of a skipper said we deserved to drown for giving him so much trouble. He wouldn't think of setting us on land. Too much sea on, he said, and his time was valuable besides. He was crabbed enough until he found I had money, when he melted down a bit. 'You're bound for Southampton,' he said, 'so just fork over for your grub and stowage.' They gave Ethel a berth with the stewardess, and I shared a cabin with the first mate. The fourth day out we hailed a ship from Rio, bound for Boston. Our captain parleyed with the other captain through speaking-trumpets. As a result we changed ships, for Boston was nearer home than England."

"The cabins were horridly dirty," interposed Ethel, "and there was no soap."

"Bad weather came on," resumed George, "and Ethel grew sea-sick. She bore it bravely, though; no man could have endured her many trials with greater patience than she did."

His wife flashed him a grateful glance.

"How happened you to have so much money?" asked the major, who looked provokingly knowing.

"Why, father," said George, coloring, "it was all I had left, so I kept it with me for—well, for safe-keeping, I suppose."

"Well, children," remarked the squire, "what did you both do in Boston?"

"Got married, sir, of course. Fate had decided for us, and there seemed to be no other proper way out of the predicament in which we found ourselves. We concluded that it didn't look right to be trotting over the world in this way without the sanction of church and state. People would talk, you know."

"I've hardly forgiven myself yet," said Ethel, "though I'm very happy. If you two papas, now, will only forgive and forget, George and I will have nothing left to desire."

"Well," returned the squire, "I reckon you will have to have your way. Luce and I cannot get on without you, so we must come to terms, eh, major?"

The major assented and claimed the presence of them all to dinner at his house that day.

After the father and son had gone, Squire Courtney begged Ethel to accompany him up-stairs, which she did, wondering a little at the tender gravity of mien which he now assumed. As they passed up the wide stairway, he pointed to sundry signs where the flooring, walls and ceiling had been repaired. His daughter marked the significance of his look, yet said nothing.

He paused and unlocked a door that of late years had seldom been opened. They passed in, and Ethel knew that she was standing where, some fifteen years before, her dimly remembered mother had passed away, amid a scene of uproar, grief and dismay, such as many deathbeds outside of war do not witness.

Upon a table in the center of the room was spread a tattered Confederate battle-flag, upon which were sundry fragments of a rusted shell, ranged about a faded picture of Ethel's mother's grave.

"I have kept these sad mementoes here," said the squire, pointing to the table, "in order that I might not cease to remember. I have kept this room unoccupied and have visited it alone from time to time that I might never forget the event which its desolation has commemorated. But Ethel, my child, I

have learned better. The living are of more importance to the living than are the dead."

He folded her in his arms and kissed her fondly, while the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"I know now that her dearest wish would be to see you happy; therefore, will put away these sad remembrances."

He opened an old-fashioned trunk (her mother's), tenderly placed the faded relics out of sight, and turned the key upon them all; then they opened the long-closed windows and let in the cheery sunlight upon the faded walls.

"We will have the room repapered and re-furnished," said he, stroking her hair fondly. "It shall be for you and George, whenever you come to see your poor old father."

She smiled at him brightly through the tears, and hand in hand they went slowly down the stairs.

THE END.

HOW TO LIVE A CENTURY.

First, live as much as possible out of doors, never letting a day pass without spending at least three or four hours in the open air.

Second, keep all the powers of mind and body occupied in congenial work. The muscles should be developed and the mind kept active.

Third, avoid excesses of all kinds, whether of food, drink, or of whatever nature they may be. Be moderate in all things.

Fourth, never despair. Be cheerful at all times. Never give way to anger. Never let the trials of one day pass over to the next.

The period from fifty to seventy-five should not be passed in idleness or abandonment of all work. Here is where a great many men fall—they resign all care of interest in worldly affairs, and rest of body and mind begins. They throw up their business and retire to private life, which in too many cases proves to be a suicidal policy.

During the next period—the period from seventy-five to one hundred years, while the powers of life are at their lowest ebb—one cannot be too careful about catching cold. Bronchitis is a most prolific cause of death in the aged. During this last period rest should be in abundance.

Anybody who can follow these directions ought to live to be one hundred years old, at least. There is always this comfort, however, if we cannot live up to our ideas always, we can at least try our best to do so, and the steady effort will be bringing us constantly nearer them.—*Medical Age.*

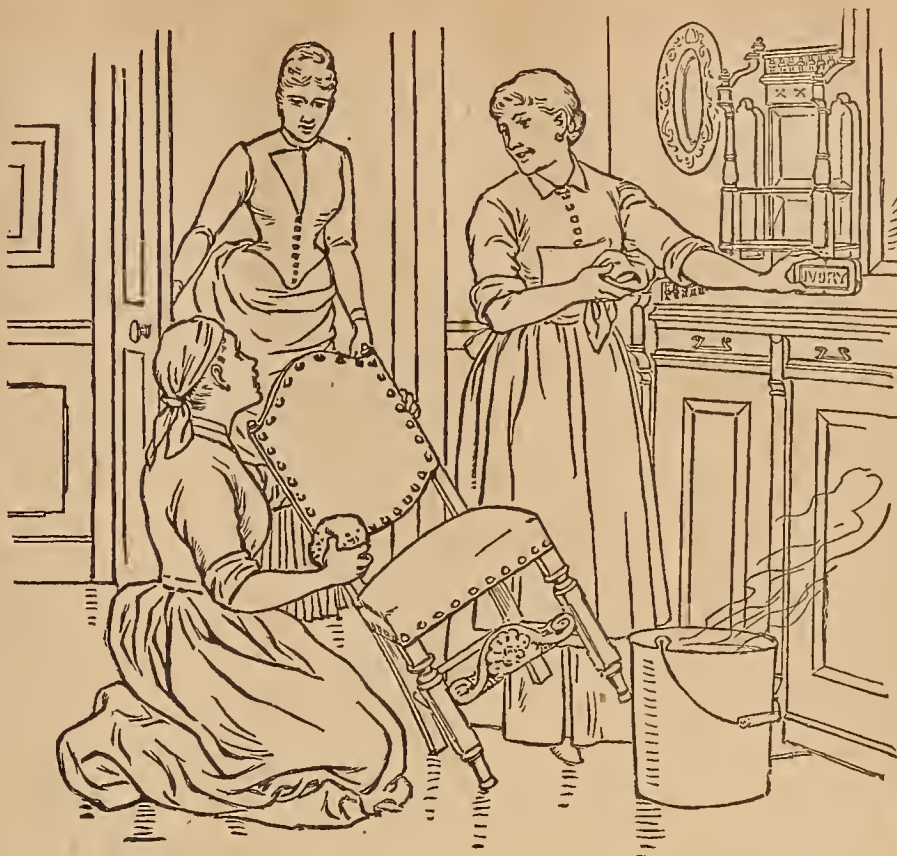
THE HORSE REMEMBERS KINDNESS.

A very remarkable incident in the history of the original Bush Messenger illustrates that though abuse may seem to, it does not wholly destroy the better nature, and that one touch of kindness calls into life all the old virtues. Years after he was sold, Mr. Bush determined to see his old favorite, whom he found kept in a pasture surrounded by a fence ten feet high, through a hole in which the food and water were passed to Messenger as if he were "a dangerous convict." Mr. Bush was warned not to enter the inclosure for his very life, but he went in, and unobserved concealed himself behind a tree and whistled. With a neigh the grand old fellow came bounding across the field in search of the well-remembered whistle. The horse raced around the pasture, and when at the height of his run Mr. Bush exposed himself and whistled again, Messenger wheeled and made directly for him, while the outlookers trembled in terror. But instead of seeking to kill, the horse came up gently and laid his head over his old master's shoulder to receive the customary caress. When Mr. Bush's time for departure had come, he proceeded but a few yards from the inclosure when there was a crash, and out Messenger came, bounding through the strong bars. He followed his former owner to the stable gently, where he was secured by strong ropes, and for a long, long distance upon the road homeward Mr. Bush could hear the noble animal neighing, lashing the stall, and struggling to be free and follow.

It is a good thing for a man to be master of his horse, but to be master of his affections is an absolutely noble thing.—*Wallace's Monthly.*

HORSES IN SPECTACLES.

Horses, it appears, are taking kindly to spectacles. The optician, who has made special investigations into the subject, gives the case of a short-sighted horse whose owner ordered for him a pair of spectacles. They were made to fasten firmly into the head-stall, so that they could not be shaken out of place. At first the animal appeared startled by this addition to his harness, but he soon got used to his glasses and liked them so much that when he was turned out to pasture he felt uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles, and one Sunday hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintively that the owner put the head-stall and goggles on him, and the horse was so glad that he rubbed the man's shoulder with his nose as the only method of returning thanks. Dogs who suffer from short-sightedness have also been provided with spectacles, and have been able thereby to recognize their canine acquaintances much further off than before. If the system is not carried further up great harm will be done, but suppose "uppish" horses and dogs insist upon discarding goggles for the pince-nez or even the monocle? Puppies in eye-glasses would be intolerable.—*London Telegraph.*



Never wash painted walls or woodwork with ordinary soap. You want to remove the dirt only—not the dirt and a part of the paint! Ordinary soap is too highly chemicalled for such a use.

A pail of tepid water, two sponges, and a cake of Ivory Soap are all you need. Apply the soap with one sponge and remove the dirt with the other, rinsing frequently in clean water.

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FLOWER ANGELS.

Where do the flowers go when they die,
When the winds of winter blow?
Where do the lilies and violets go,
And the dear little baby flowers that grow
Everywhere under the sky?
Don't you know?

Don't you know? Last fall
As I walked over the hill one day,
I saw little graves where the blossoms lay
Dead and hurried and hidden away—
King Frost had slain them all.
Lack-a-day!

There was not a sound in valley or hill,
I walked like one in a dream.
I could not hear the voice of the stream,
The sunset cast not a single gleam
On the world so gray and still—
Not a beam.

But suddenly, out of the winter sky,
Little white angels I saw descend
By twos and threes, and hand in hand,
Till the air was filled with the shining band
All about me, and ever so high
In the sky.

Oh, yes. I and the children know
That somewhere up in the winter sky
The beautiful gates of flower heaven lie;
And, when flower angels about us fly
The sober grown folks call it "snow,"
But we know!

—Dorothy Deane.

WHAT EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

I do not know what useful lessons experience may have taught to other housekeepers as the years go by, but there are a few which, from constant iteration, it has inscribed upon my consciousness never to be erased. As we ought to be willing to profit by each other's experiences, though we seldom are, I will relate some of them for the benefit of the women readers of this paper.

To begin with, let me ask this question: What is it that makes the annual house-cleaning ceremony such a terrible bugbear to our sex in general?

I do not think it is the washing of the windows or the paint; nor yet the topsyturvy condition of things in those off years when paper-hanging, whitewashing and calcimining require to be attended to. It isn't that the carpets must be taken up and beaten, or the bed-clothing sunned and aired and portions of it go through the wash-tub and wringer; for although all this is heavy and tiresome labor, it is not complicated. It is all plain sailing.

I will tell you what it is that makes house cleaning the horrible burden that it is from year to year in some houses. It is constant accumulation of things which have been "stored away," and left stored until whatever value they may have had in the first place has been corrupted by moth and rust. It is the failure to dispose of worthless articles as soon as they become worthless. It is because there are piles of old fashion-books and newspapers to be shifted from place to place, dusted, tied up anew, and left to be gone over in the same manner in the ensuing year. Perhaps five or ten years have seen the performance of this same task. Otherwise,



SILK SKIRTS.

no eye has looked into their contents and no mind required a knowledge of them. They are "back numbers," both literally and figuratively, and the world is marching on. There are old almanacs preserved with religious care, dodgers and hand-bills and everything in the paper line, which should have made some ragman happy long ago.

Keeping literary magazines year after

year, under the fond pretext of sometime having them "bound," is a delusion and a snare. They become soiled and torn, their scientific facts have grown old, and their stories of real life no longer suit the age in which we live. Their "school" of literature is a by-gone.

Deal these things out to the intellectually hungry and destitute in the day when they are of some account; or if you have failed to do this, sell them for so much a pound as speedily as possible. If among these piles there is anything that will give pleasure to children, either in homes or hospitals, through the medium of tales or pictures, by all means see that they have them.

Dear sister housekeeper, is there not always some trunk, or box or chest of drawers that you feel a decided disinclination to open—that you know is full of cast-off garments which are not suitable for your use as they are, and are not worth remaking? That there are rolls of pieces of garments worn out and gone, that remain only to entice moths and feed them? Isn't it the "weeding out" that tries both the flesh and the spirit?

It is not always the house-mother's fault that this is the case. The father and each one of the children often lay their prohibitions upon her. "Don't do anything with that until I have time to look at it," they will say; or, "Let that alone, please; I may want it, sometime. It does not eat and drink anything." This is not always true, for if it attracts moths it eats. Old carpeting sometimes surprises the house cleaner with hidden mouse-nests.

Now, to the economical housekeeper who would save, year after year, these worthless odds and ends I would say, *don't*. Never put away that which is good-for-nothing to begin with, for time not only increases that good-for-nothingness but makes it like a contagious disease; causes it to affect and render like to itself that which really has some value.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of everything of worth in this life, and in order to keep some things we must sacrifice others.

I have heard it said that the Christian should "live packed up"—figuratively. In another sense, so should the housekeeper. Not to the extent that there shall be a lack of the sense of freedom in the home, and that all its pleasant traditions shall be destroyed. Far from it. Such things as can be kept in small compass, and that by keeping do not degenerate into eyesores, are pleasant and profitable things to retain. Family photographs from year to year;

bits of silk and ribbons from the "proud" gowns of the family, which may go crazy in quilts and sofa-pillows; and the brightest portions of discarded neckties. Then there is a whole volume of reminiscences in a family button-bag, containing the cast-off buttons of the different generations. Memory bills, which are albums containing little souvenirs relating to different periods of each member of the household's life, are wonderfully interesting things to look over; especially when the member whom they most

closely concerned has passed "that bourne from which no traveler e'er returns." I have a friend who possesses one of these memory bills. It contains a piece of the dressing-gown of the son who died; a ribbon worn by the daughter who has also crossed the river. There are a few precious lines penned by the hand of each; but piles of letters, from which strangers, in case of sudden death or disablement, might learn

the entire family history, have long ago been committed to the flames.

We Americans are not like the English householders, generations of whom inhabit the same dwelling in which they are born and from which they are carried out feet first. We flit from time to time. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. We live in small houses; we have few servants, in many cases serve ourselves. Is it not important, then, that we "live packed up"?

Try it, sisters. It is worth while. It simplifies the problem of how to live with the least wear and tear of mind and body. This, at least, is what experience teaches me.

MARION LEROY.

HOW TO DRESS FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

I fancy that in going to the world's fair it will be wise to follow the same plan as



DRESSES FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

we did for the centennial at Philadelphia; namely, take as little baggage as possible and of such a character that one can put it into shawl-straps and grips and carry it oneself, so as to be able to take advantage of street-car transportation, and avoid the expense of carriage hire and also the anxiety attending the delay in getting one's trunks to their destination. Many visitors at the centennial never saw their trunks all the time they were in Philadelphia, and so were obliged to get along with what they had on, and wished they had never thought of anything else.

A good serge suit will be the most satisfactory, made with a plain skirt escaping the ground, a waist like either of our models, and a cape of the same material, or the same color in a heavier material.

Chicago is a windy place, and a head-covering of a close shape will be found much more satisfactory.

Aside from the necessary underclothing for the time you stay, take only a silk waist to wear with your suit skirt in the evening, the toilet articles you need, your rubbers, waterproof and umbrella. Try to bring your needs down to the smallest possible compass, and do not go over it.

You will be out all of the time, so I would wear a dress good enough for every occasion, even if I got a new one for the purpose, as in traveling it always pays to look nicely.

The one skirt can be made of cloth, cut so as to run ribbons in and out the ruffle. These are pretty to be of different colors. The other is of silk, ruffled, with the ruffles bound with a color. These skirts made of alpaca are very good about shedding the dust.

I would advise mothers of young children, as far as possible to leave them at home. Take care of your neighbor's and let her take care of yours. They remember so little, anyway, and they have time enough to see things in their lives, and the care of them takes all the pleasure of the trip away. If I had to choose between taking them and staying at home, I would cheerfully choose the latter. You will be tired enough your-

selves without the additional strain of looking after tired-out little children.

L. L. C.

WASTE IN THE KITCHEN.

The remark has sometimes been made that it was "no wonder such a man never became rich, for his wife would throw out more with a spoon than he could bring in with a shovel." Instances have come under my notice where it did look as if enough went to the chickens to feed a third person; and really, the poorer the people the more noticeable was the wastefulness.

Perhaps there is more waste in the bread-box than in any other corner. Some people seem to think a slice of bread that has been broken must never be put on the table again. Where is the harm if clean and not in too small sections? Well, if they simply won't eat the pieces, you must use them up some other way. Toast them and pour over a dressing of meat chopped fine, thinned with water and seasoned with pepper and salt; or asparagus cut up in cream gravy.

Chop up bread with meat, add eggs, pepper and salt, and make a meat loaf. You will find plenty of recipes.

Dry bread is good for puddings, tomatoes, dressing for chicken or turkey, to put with warmed-up potatoes or hash, and these pieces and crusts when saved are just as good as whole slices of bread.

Even the crumbs that come from cutting bread (and new bread crumbles badly) might just as well be saved as thrown to the chickens. The trouble seems to be in saving these pieces, especially as they mold so quickly in warm weather. Have a crock to keep them in, and see that the crumbs and pieces are laid on a tin and dried out in the oven or warming-closet before putting away. Do not think you can keep adding to the same crock for a year or so. The crock should be changed every baking or two, or once a week, and the pieces therein used before commencing on the next baking.

When you are making bread, do not waste the flour. Be sure to scrape down the sides of the bowl before it dries down, and be a little careful about getting in more flour than necessary; better to add a little more than have some to waste. Don't waste it, anyway. Scrape out what is left into a dish, add a cup or two of sour milk (according to size of family), and in the morning an egg and soda, perhaps a little more flour, and have some pancakes for breakfast. Pancakes are good warmed up. Butter them, spread a little sugar between and set in a hot oven until warmed through. If there is pancake-dough left, do not throw it away. Set it aside in a cool place, and add a little more the next morning if there is not quite enough of what was left; or if it was flour pancakes, add a little shortening, more flour, and make into biscuit, or a short-cake, or cover for apple pudding.

Potatoes are very often wasted. If not quite enough to warm up, others are cooked and the first left to sour. If there cannot enough be made of them by adding bread or cold rice (which one can scarcely tell from the potato when warmed to-



TRAVELING-CAPE.

gether), do not get quite as many fresh ones as usual, and when cooked add the cold ones; if left whole, add them before the water is turned off; and if mashed after the water is turned away, then replace the cover a few moments and let the cold potatoes steam through before mashing.

On days to begin the bread, have mashed potatoes for dinner, save the water in which they were boiled in the bread-bowl; after

dinner, mix in what potatoes were left, unless too many, and in the evening all you will have to do will be to add a little boiling water to warm up the "soup," some sugar and yeast, give a very thorough beating and add the flour.

One cannot say much about meat; there are ways innumerable to use up the pieces, and everyone knows them, I suppose. The great care is to keep it sweet and away from flies in warm weather. Meat should never be covered tightly while warm; it may taint. Turn a colander or steamer over the meat and then cover with some thin muslin; this will let the steam out. If meat is left to cool in the liquor in which it is boiled, it will be juicier and sweeter when cold.

Cold squash makes just as good a pie as pumpkin.

Cold boiled eggs are good sliced into cod-fish, or into dried beef gravy when made with milk.

If an egg is broken so that the shell has to be removed and you have no immediate use for it, put it into a cup half full of sugar, beat well and it will keep a day or two without drying up. It will do for pudding, pie, cake or cookies; just use that much less sugar than the recipe calls for.

Cake or cookies that have become dry can be used for pudding instead of bread, and will not need as much sugar.

If a loaf of bread gets dry or begins to mold the least little bit, dip it into warm water quickly, then place in a tin and put in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size of the loaf, and you will think you have a fresh-baked loaf of bread. Soda biscuit can be warmed up in the same manner.

Cheese that is too dry can be placed on a tin in a hot oven, or held on a fork over coals, and toasted. Some people are very fond of this dish, and do not always wait for dry cheese.

It seems as if this topic was almost inexhaustible. One sees new things every day, and there are new ways of doing old things. One must simply keep a watchful eye open for every leak and every waste that comes in the kitchen department, if they keep off that dreaded mortgage on the farm, or pay it up.

All rinsings from fruit-cans, molasses-cans or juice from fruit that has soured, should be strained into the vinegar-barrel.

Truly, a woman's head must be long when she keeps everything up snug and neat, and no loose ends flying away with the cash. One thing must be remembered. Do not wait until food is beginning to spoil before trying to save it in some other form, for then you also waste the material that you add, as no such dish can be made very palatable, and is certainly not healthful. Trying to save at the expense of health is the poorest kind of economy. Cook plain, wholesome food, and take care of what is cooked, keeping it clean and sweet and palatable in any form in which it may be served. Try to use judgment and discretion in the planning for meals, and while you aim to give the family plenty, do not cook so much as to have a lot left, especially in hot weather. Food is so much better freshly cooked, and yet, when the odds and ends are left, try to use them all up in some way. Perhaps you can invent some new recipe and give to your FARM AND FIRESIDE friends.

GYPSEY.

HOME TOPICS.

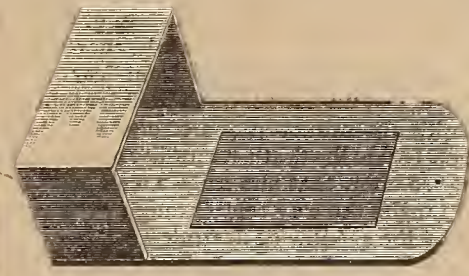
CUSHIONS AND PILLOWS.—One can hardly have too many of these articles, not only for use in the house, in bedroom, parlor or sitting-room, but now that summer is almost here we need them on the porches and in the hammocks. It is better to have some with cheap, serviceable covers for outdoor use than to carry the house pillows and cushions out.

Denim in either blue or brown, which costs only twelve or fifteen cents a yard, sateen in dark red or blue, or unbleached toweling, will any of them make good covers that may be washed without injury. If you wish to make them a little nicer, outline some bold but simple design on the denim or sateen with white linen floss and on the toweling with red linen. If these cushions are filled with hair, such as is used in nice mattresses, they will last for years. Large cushions, to be used on the floor, may be filled with straw or corn-husks. Clover blossoms, dried, make nice pillows for the hammock.

CHARITY WORK.—"Mamma," said a young high-school girl a few days ago, "our section is quite a missionary section. At Thanksgiving and Christmas, you remember, we gave dinners to several poor

families, and as we had some money left we are going to buy cloth and make baby-slips for the hospital, where, frequently, little babies must be supplied with their first clothing. We are going to meet after school and cut out these little slips, each girl take home some to do the machine work on, and then meet again and hand-finish them."

Another time this same "section" of girls made a screen for the children's hospital. They bought a plain frame, covered it with silesia stretched very tight, and then pasted on picture cards. They did not merely paste on the cards as they were, but often made comical pictures, or illustrated nursery rhymes by cutting out parts of several different cards and arranging them to form quite a different picture. After the screen was finished they had some cards left, and of these they made a scrap-book, only each leaf was separate. They cut the leaves, all the same size, of cambric, then pasted them and laid all between two covers made of pasteboard covered with gay sateen. They were to amuse little ones who are too weak to hold a book, but can take one of these leaves at a time. Another advantage is that it can be divided between several children. Under some of these pictures little, original rhymes were printed, and under others selections from Mother Goose,



SOAP-BOX AND SCOURING-BOARD.

which the pictures were made to funnily illustrate.

SOME CONVENIENCES.—Was there ever a boy who did not like to use hammer, nails, saw and plane? I never saw one. Why not, then, utilize this desire and let the boy try his hand at some conveniences for mother? To begin with simple things, let him make a bosom-board, if you have none, and see how much easier the shirts will iron. This can be made out of a pine board, an inch thick, eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide at one end, eight inches at the other, and with the wide end hollowed out to fit the neck. Be sure to make it very smooth, using the plane first and afterwards a piece of sandpaper. Bore a hole in the narrow end and put in a string to hang it up by.

Another convenient thing is a board with a box at one end to hold the scouring soap and silver polish. A piece of leather from an old shoe-top, or a piece of chamois-skin, is glued to the board to scour on. The box is open toward the end of the board, and when it is hung up, the open side of the box is upward, so it needs no cover.

A blacking-case for the boys' own room is a little more difficult to make, but the illustration and description which I gave in FARM AND FIRESIDE of January 1, 1887, will enable any boy who has learned to use tools to make it, and he will find it very convenient. Mother will find that it will prevent her ever discovering the marks of a blacking-brush on chair or hassock, as has sometimes happened even in the best regulated families.

MAIDA MCL.

CARE OF LAMPS.

An old, worn subject, but an important one, nevertheless. A child of ten could do the work properly; but more often the girl of twenty does not or will not. What is more disagreeable than to pick up a lamp which will leave its impress of coal-oil wherever touched?

Remove the chimneys and first clean the burners, as the lamps are easier to handle when nearly empty. With a small brush remove all dust around the burner, or any pieces of burned wick that may fall from the trimming, which should be done while cleaning the burner. Trim the wick straight across, and then snip the corners a trifle, that the blaze may not run up the side of the chimney. A wick that is cut too round over the top will not give as good or as much light as the one cut straight with the corner snipped. See that the small air-tube found on common burners is kept clean and free from soot.

Next fill the lamps, and be very careful not to get them too full, as oil will ooze through the smallest passage, and there is scarcely any burner that fits close enough to the shoulder of the lamp to prevent the oil oozing through if given half a chance. The same is true of the tubes that are now

fitted to the top of the lamps to fill them by. So be careful about letting oil come above these points, if you want a clean lamp.

The chimneys should be washed first, of course, in hot soap-suds, and wiped dry with a towel which will not shed lint. There are a number of new methods recommended for cleaning chimneys, and all that I ever tried never seemed quite as quick, as easy and as satisfactory as the old-fashioned dish of soap-suds and a clean towel.

After the chimneys are finished, wash the lamps and wipe them dry; and as this is the last item, of course the lamps are trimmed, filled and clean.

If by mistake a lamp does receive too much oil, fasten on the burners and light the lamp. The oil will soon burn down to where it will not ooze out any more, and the lamp can then be wiped clean and set away with the others, and no danger of oily fingers in the evening. Of course, one does not want to light a match while there is much coal-oil lying around loose. Either wait until you are through with filling the others, or set the one that is too full away from the others while it is burning.

GYPSEY.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

Among the numerous Christmas gifts received was a dainty roll made of salmon-pink ribbon. Knowing that it possessed

some utility, though at a loss to know what its use might be, a sister-in-law was called in to my assistance.

"Oh, yes," said she; "I know what it is for. It's to keep the open sheet of music in place on the piano. May I use it as a copy and gild the scale on one, to send to my Chicago friend?"

"Certainly," I replied.

Accordingly, a piece of ribbon ten inches long and two inches wide was procured. The staff was beautifully painted upon it, the ends fringed, then it was sewed together by the selvage edges and stuffed; after which baby ribbon was tied around the two ends to keep the cotton in place.

Completed, it was sent to the Chicago friend, who heartily thanked the giver, saying that she in turn had made and given similar ones to music lovers. What was our amusement to learn that the original present was a veil-roll!

Who can imagine a more handy contrivance for keeping these delicate face-veils fresh and new looking? It takes but a moment to place them on the roll after each wearing. But they made equally serviceable sheet-music-in-place holders, too.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

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Our Household.

ELF SONG.

I twist the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tickle the dew-hells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the star's dim light.
The glowworms lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider-weh twine;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I flit through the house without any noise,
There's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey! O ho!
I work them woe
Till crows the cock in the morning.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN "OUR ITALY."

THE WOMEN OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE delights of life in southern California are appreciated by no class more fully than by the careful housekeepers. Having all their days wrestled with a bi-annual cleanings of attics filled with dusty herbs and cellars perfumed with remnants of the winter's store of vegetables and fruits, they gratefully accept, day by day, the gifts which nature bestows so lavishly throughout the year for the needs of the "inner man."

Every morning Chinese Joe appears at the door, his wagon laden with a tempting array of fresh vegetables, and for the munificent sum of from five to fifteen cents he will part with enough for to-day's dinner. Moreover, in this sunny clime, where, as B. F. Taylor writes, "the seasons are so neighborly that September is on whispering terms with May, and January borrows June's clothes, while July gives all her rainbows to November," there is a bewildering profusion of summer and winter vegetables, most delightful to the epicure.

With fresh fruit throughout the year, the sensible housekeeper has little need to waste precious time on pastries and rich desserts, and she may, if she will, escape the tyranny of the canning season.

It may be that because the cares of house-keeping sit so lightly upon the California dame, she is so often able to turn her attention to other pursuits. It is certainly a fact that nowhere have women stepped to the front in every avenue of business more rapidly than on the Pacific coast. Here has been proved the falsity of the words in general application, "Men must work and women must weep." Pathetic as it seems, in many cases the reverse is true. Through failure in business, disgrace or ill-health, men have come to this far-away land with their families, hoping to begin life anew under easier conditions, but too often, in disappointment and chagrin, have sunk into utter helplessness or given up the struggle of life altogether. Then the brave wife or widow takes up the burden of supporting the family, and withal so cheerfully, so easily and successfully that one is impressed by the thought that the perpetual sunshine, the fresh scent of grass and flowers, the breeze whispering of snow-capped mountains and the incessant singing of birds are all ministering angels sent to strengthen and cheer those who boldly attempt to do the duty that lies nearest them.

In the little southern California suburb in mind, the business is largely conducted by women. The little postmistress is the picture of content as she sits, in leisure moments, on the veranda in front of the small office, sewing in hand, but always attentive to the duties which Uncle Sam lays upon her. No mistakes are made there, notwithstanding the influx of tourists at certain seasons, and the imperious demands of the Smiths, Joneses and Browns for their share in the small packages which arrive twice a day. At the delivery window is always a bouquet of pansies or wild flowers, which seem to give promise that the longed-for letter is waiting for you, and as the little woman produces it, she gives with it a kindly smile, for she, too, has known what it is to be a stranger in a strange land. One would not suppose, to see the postmistress going about her duties so cheerfully, that she carried a heavy burden on her heart, but it is true that a dissipated husband and wayward son have

made it necessary for her to become a wage-earner.

At the large village store, where you can buy anything from a stick of candy to a cook-stove, you are met by a woman whose grace and intelligence would attract in the most cultured circle. On account of her husband's failing health, she has cheerfully given up all claims of society, and brings into the routine of business life the same courtesy and tact which has always characterized her—a fact appreciated by the clerks no less than by the customers.

When the coal dealer died suddenly, everyone exclaimed, "What will become of his wife and little ones?" The modest home was not quite paid for, and the prospect was a gloomy one. Then the young widow stepped forward, and without begging sympathy with floods of tears because she was a "lone woman," simply asked her husband's patrons to stand by her, and she has successfully conducted the business and made a comfortable living for herself and her children.

A canning factory has been successfully carried on for several years by two worn-out teachers, who find in this change of occupation, rest for mind and body, and already their fruit has found a wide market in the East.

Any one who is out early in the morning on the village street, will meet a patient-looking woman driving her faithful beast toward the neighboring city, whither she is carrying supplies of that fashionable beverage, buttermilk, and the popular delicacy, cottage cheese, to meet the orders of the large hotels. She has a basketful of eggs, too, and perhaps a roll of golden butter made by herself. A few years ago she would not have been able to tell how butter was made, living as she did in opulence in an eastern city, where her generous husband lavished every luxury upon her. The time came when, through the perfidy of so-called friends, everything was swept away, and the poor man lost even courage and hope, and meekly permits his wife to support the family by such expedients as she can devise. Limited as is their income, no one ever asks help of her in vain, and wherever there is sickness of soul or body, there you may know this messenger of love has been to minister of the rich store which she has gathered from life's trials and failures.

A road bordered with eucalyptus and cedar brings the stranger to an ivy-covered cottage in the midst of a garden of roses. As he approaches, he receives the perfume of sweet-breathed pinks, and a host of bright pansy faces bring him a message of cheer. Sweet-peas are striving upward, poppies nod gaily at him, callas lift their pure chalices to the sun, roses are everywhere, and in their season chrysanthemums unfold marvels of white and gold and crimson. This miracle of beauty has been wrought by a woman's hand. Five years ago an invalid was brought to the little village by a devoted sister, as a last resort. A few acres of worthless land were purchased for a trifle and the little Gothic cottage was built. The sick woman, who had always been an intense admirer of flowers, tempted out of doors by the genial climate, began in a small way to cultivate the flowers she loved so dearly. Success crowned her efforts; tourists were attracted to the little garden, which gradually took on larger proportions and yielded a comfortable income, until now, in the pleasure of a busy and congenial life, maladies of body and anxieties of mind have disappeared together.

On a commanding hill overlooking the rich valley and the mountain ranges stretching beyond, stands a stately house, which attracts attention because it differs so widely from the more modern edifices about. Instead of a succession of highly ornamented bay and oriel windows, stained glass and mosaic in bewildering variety, turrets and towers, gables and peaks, observatories and conservatories, combining all styles of architecture from Corinthian to the "modern Moorish" and colonial, there is here a grand, old-fashioned white house, without ornamentation save the cool, green blinds and the broad verandas by which it is bordered on every side, and which are half hidden by the profusion of climbing roses and smilax clinging to them. Easy-chairs and settees stand out invitingly, and as one sits and drinks in the fragrance of the orange blossoms and dreamily gazes over the wide expanse of lawn to the fluted hills beyond, is it the note of the mocking-bird that brings visions of life in the far-away sunny South? Or is it because this hospitable-looking mansion was built

after the fashion of one in which the mistress spent her childhood days? And when, a few moments later, she greets you with sweet courtesy and cordiality, you are reminded that in her veins runs some of bluest blood of the South. Her bright face betokens a life free from anxiety, and yet in a school of deepest affliction has she attained this serenity. One after another she has seen her children fade and die, until now but one invalid son is left, and upon him is bestowed all the wealth of her mother-love. The large fortune which she brought to her husband has been squandered by him in selfish extravagance and unwise speculations, until now only the home remains. The spacious house must be open for boarders, with what repression of pride we cannot know, for everyone who comes is treated with the courtesy bestowed upon a guest, and when sometimes, after a day or two of rain, the disgusted tourist savagely demands of his hostess "how long this sort of thing is going to last?" she playfully calls his attention to the number of sunny days he has basked in here. And this but illustrates her habit of looking on the bright side. The hopeless invalid who seeks this climate is not always graciously received at the large boarding-houses, whose proprietors fear the effect of a death upon the gay throng of tourists; but who can ever tell the comfort that this dear woman has given to those whom she has taken into her home but to die? No matter how far from dear ones, they do not miss the mother's tender touch, the kindly ministrations of one who has knelt beside the death-bed of her own loved ones so often that she knows well how to help make the way easy through "the valley of the shadow of death."

The "season" passes, tourists and invalids disappear, and then our energetic friend resorts to other expedients to make both ends meet. She prunes and buds her roses, of which she boasts three hundred varieties, so that when the nabob on Walnut Grove avenue gives his grand annual reception, the order for sixty dozen roses can be filled, and the girl who celebrates her birthday with a veritable pageant of roses will not be disappointed. Then the rose leaves and orange blossoms, with other fragrant flowers, are dried by some mysterious process and prepared for rose pillows, which are in great demand. Apricots, peaches and prunes are dried for market, and so the busy days go on and the life seems to grow richer and sweeter every year.

Those who have no faith in the ability of women for business should deal with the proprietor of the orange grove and nursery under the hill. Every morning she may be seen giving orders to the men in her employ, and when the season comes for selling, she meets the agents in a clear-headed, business manner, which disarms them if they have had any intention of taking advantage of a woman.

Mention cannot now be made of others prominent in business, in the professions, in literature and in philanthropic work. Notwithstanding the fact that the women are in the minority by two hundred thousand in the state, it is assuredly "the woman's era" here as nowhere else, and when we realize that these women have the training of the men of to-morrow, we rejoice that there is the prospect of the development of a noble race in the "land of the setting sun."

ALEDA.

LITTLE DEAF CHILDREN.

Recently I attended an illustrated lecture where the subject was "Celebrated Men of All Countries." Among them was shown the portrait of Mr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone. While the audience admired this handsome head from whose brains came one of our most wonderful modes of transmitting thought, the lecturer gave us an entertaining anecdote. It seems that Mr. Bell was instructor in a school for deaf mutes. Among his pupils was a beautiful girl who had for him a peculiar charm. Solicitous for all his pupils, he felt an extraordinary interest in her. He believed that science contained unexplored resources for the benefit of the deaf, and in the experiment prompted by his affections he discovered the telephone. He succeeded in teaching his favorite pupil to articulate, and to understand the movements of the lips in others. She is now his wife, and the marriage is an unusually happy one.

The story had a peculiar interest for me because I had recently visited the "Sarah Fuller home" for little children who cannot speak or hear. On leaving Ohio for a visit in Boston a lady had said, "You must visit the Sarah Fuller home," and when I

expressed an intention of doing so my friends in Massachusetts exclaimed, "How did you know about that away out in Ohio?"

But a good deed in this world shines like a candle in a dark night. In order that others may know of this, let me tell the story.

That deaf and dumb children can be taught to speak is comparatively a new idea. Language by signs and writing was long thought to be the only medium possible for their minds to gain expression. But progressive educators adopted a theory that vocal speech could be taught. The practical results are already wonderful. The Horace Mann school in Boston is a prominent school for deaf mutes, and there Miss Sarah Fuller has been a teacher for years. It was at her suggestion that a kindergarten was formed for the very young deaf children. In recognition of this fact, the home bears her name. She is indefatigable in studying the methods of similar institutions in Europe as well as America.

The day when I first visited the home was in October. The New England foliage was very brilliant with mingled colors of red, brown, yellow and the dark green peculiar to fir-trees. The ground was sun-burned yellow, autumn brown, or blue-green, according to the nature of the grass or vegetables which covered it. I had taken a long walk on a pleasant avenue, looking for a cross street which should bear the sign "Woban." At last I came to one called "Woburn," and I turned to the right, as I had been directed. "Woburn" in the dialect of Ohio receives full value for all its consonants, but in the softer articulation of the New Englander it lost the "r."

In a few minutes I found the place. A village, quite out of sight, is known as West Medford, and the Sarah Fuller home is in the corporation, but no mountain cot could be more free in the extensive view of country which it commands. Tall fir-trees, picturesquely grouped, are to the north of the house and back between the house and the stable. The latter is neat and ornamental. The "home" has a home-like look. Mainly, it is a square frame structure, but it is made more attractive by a veranda in front, a bay-window at the side and a pretty back porch. Several children were in the yard riding tricycles. A lady sat on the back porch reading a magazine and occasionally attending to the children, who had the ups and downs peculiar to their pastime.

I was met at the door by a pleasant young girl, who cordially invited me to enter when I explained my interest in the school. One class was in session. It consisted of three pupils, Frank, Mary and Teddy. They were seated at a little table which resembled a horseshoe. This was the room which had the bay-window, and the table followed the curve. Mary sat with her back to the window; the two little boys opposite each other at the sides. On the end of the room farthest from the window was a blackboard. Before this stood a pretty-faced, patient-tempered teacher.

Mary and Teddy were eight years old, Frank only six. Mary had pretty red hair. She was exceedingly nervous. The two boys exemplified the rivalry of two of their sex. To accomplish his task sooner than the other boy seemed the aim of each. The teacher gave them each strings and a box of different colored beads. Then she said, moving her lips very plainly, "two purple." The eyes of the children were intently fixed on her mouth, and then quickly they selected the purple beads and put them on the string. "Two green," she continued; "two orange." The pupil who first had the beads strung had his name written on the blackboard, the next underneath, and so on. Frank was through first, and Teddy showed suicidal despair because he had been excelled; Mary good-naturedly allowed the boys to take precedence and came along after them as best she could.

Next they added, using splints and writing the result on the blackboard. The teacher would write, "2+2=" She would articulate distinctly and move her mouth plainly, saying, "Two and two are," pointing each time to the sign on the board which correspond to the word. So sympathetic is our nature that the little folks would also move their lips. Their eyes were busy watching blackboard, teacher and the splints on the table before them, which they handled intelligently, putting the two groups together as indicated by the teacher. The pupil who first arrived at the result was allowed to walk to the blackboard and write the figure in its proper place. Here

again Teddy and Frank came in sharp competition. When Teddy was victor his joy was boundless. He exulted over his rival by means of looks and gestures. Frank took his defeat more calmly, for he was quicker and could afford to be generous. Sometimes they came out so nearly at the same time that the teacher had to arbitrate. I never saw the passion of ambition expressed by pure nature, till I saw little Teddy's efforts, disappointments and occasional successes. The teacher said, "I am often tempted to say that he did better than Frank because defeat hurts him so much. But of course I must not, for, first of all, we must teach them truth."

The theory of these teachers is, that being deprived of one sense, these children must cultivate their other senses to an extraordinary degree of activity. I perceive, too, that being deprived of the means of expression through speech they were unusually expressive in their gestures. I made several visits to the school. On one occasion a teacher came in with a letter in her hand. Frank at once jumped up with his whole face aglow. He reached his hands toward the letter eagerly, then tapped his breast to indicate that he hoped the letter was for him. The matron was then at the blackboard. She took the letter and looked at the address. Frank kept up his lively pantomime. "No," said the matron, looking at Frank, "No, it is for Miss Brooks." Frank's face showed a panoramic view of all grades of disappointment. He threw up his arms and dropped himself on the little table before him. He was a wreck. Just so I have felt when a hoped-for letter did not come. Frank, by the manners of uncontrolled nature, might have been a model for an actor.

The matron says that these little six or eight year old children can read many words in the letters which they receive from their parents and soon learn to write very creditable replies. Although they are happy in their school they have a large fund of family affection and pride. Half a dozen of them, with a teacher, took me through the dormitories. They are clean, airy rooms, with little iron bedsteads dressed in white. Over the head of each bed, on the wall, are framed photographs of special friends of the little occupants. Each child drew me toward his treasures, pointing to them with enthusiastic smiles, and hugging himself to indicate the love he felt in his heart.

The tuition for each pupil is put at one hundred and fifty dollars a year, but more is expected if the parents are able to pay. A physician and dentist regularly visit the school, so that the little inmates are kept in good physical condition as well as being cared for mentally and morally. There is an air of wholesomeness, happiness and real fun about the place, just as there should be in any "home." The institution is only five years old.

Miss Clark, the matron, keeps a journal in which she notes the progress of her pupils. Some items are amusing. For instance: "March 11, Francis was told to go up-stairs. He immediately put up both hands, palms outward, and by movements of the mouth, but without voice, said, 'Wait.' Then putting his hands to the floor, he turned a somersault and ran off laughing."

When the children reach a certain stage of development they are promoted to the Horace Mann public school in Boston, or some similar institution, where they are fitted for life's duties and pleasures.

Some knowledge of these opportunities is interesting to all mothers, and in some cases it may be more than interesting.

KATE KAUFFMAN.

NOTES.

POISON GUARD.—To guard against poisoning, a law has been passed in Germany that all drugs intended for internal use must be put in round bottles, and those which are only used externally must be placed in hexagonal bottles.

SWEEPING.—Don't sweep, or allow your domestic to, with the broom in front of you, as though you were shoveling the carpet. As sure as you do, the dust will rise to the ceiling and you will dig up the nap from the carpet and shovel it up in the dust-pan. More carpets are worn out by hard sweeping than by regular wear and tear. Sweep with a downward, regular stroke, keeping the dust under the broom. Wring out a house-cloth or mop in soda-water, and wipe your carpet after the dust has settled, and see how clean and bright it will look.

A MAN'S SUCCESS IN LIFE.

MR. A. EBY, OF DETROIT, ATTRIBUTES IT TO A SINGULAR CAUSE—HE WAS DYING OF TORTURE AND TOOK ADVICE—A STORY ALMOST ROMANTICALLY MARVELOUS.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

He was a sturdy old gentleman. The fine lines of thought which furrowed his brow gave to his face that appearance which suggested the student who pores o'er the misty old tomes of antiquity, rather than the hard-working blacksmith that he is. But he possesses an intellectual face. He is that picture of health artists go into ecstasies about. It must have been such a subject as he that inspired the great Longfellow to give to the world the immortal "Village Blacksmith."

The gentleman referred to is Mr. Aaron Eby, of Detroit. At 7 and 9 Middle street, just around the corner from Grand River avenue, Mr. Eby runs a carriage factory in partnership with W. D. Ramsey. Yesterday morning the old gentleman was busily engaged at the bench when seen by the writer. Mr. Eby has only been in Detroit for a few months past. He is a blacksmith of over thirty-five years' experience, and was formerly engaged in carriage building at Flint, Mich. He has held the position of foreman blacksmith in some of the largest carriage and wagon factories in this state.

Mr. Eby was born in Waterloo County, Can., about 56 years ago. He is very well preserved for a man of his age. His full black beard is only streaked with a slight tinge of gray, and he carries himself with the buoyancy of a man twenty years younger. He received his early education in his native village. In those days it was a difficult task to acquire knowledge, but Mr. Eby had that indomitable perseverance which overcomes every obstacle. He studied hard and succeeded.

When about 22 years of age he began to realize that Canada did not offer the opportunities to advance his welfare that could be had on this side of the line. He saw the best blood of the country flow in a continuous stream across the borders. His countrymen prospered in the domain of Uncle Sam, and he considered that the United States could also afford him a home. He came and he has prospered.

Michigan attracted him, and he has lived ever since within the borders of this state. His first home was in Genesee County, then he moved to Livingston County, and finally to Ionia. During all this time he has been engaged in the carriage building and blacksmith work. Being an expert at the business his inclination finally turned toward Detroit, and when he secured a good location he moved to this city. His success since he came here has been flattering.

"But what do you suppose it may be attributed to?" asked the old gentleman.

"Good work and good treatment of your customers," was suggested.

"Well, in a measure, yes," he replied, "but my success in life depends largely upon two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Don't smile at this assertion, and set it down as an absurdity. It is the truest fact that was ever stated by man. You see me to-day. I am over 50 years of age, and I feel as young as I did twenty years ago. I am strong, healthy, and good enough to last another half century."

"Five years ago," he continued, "I had an attack of rheumatism, and I suffered tortures enough to kill any average man. It was due, I presume, to the fact that I was exposed so much to cold, heat and draughts in the workshop. I do not know of any place where a man is as liable to suffer the discomforts of a tropical summer and a frigid winter than in a blacksmith shop. If it were not for the fact that our trade hardens the constitution I believe that a smith would be very short-lived. But that attack of rheumatism completely knocked me out."

"I worked, however, day in and day out, and circumstances many times compelled me to forget my torture. The pain settled in the small of my back. You may talk of agony, but when it comes to an able-bodied attack of rheumatism, no other form of torture can equal it. It plays with the tenderest sentiments of your soul. It breaks every bond of pity and charity that nature should have for you. It applies the screws of combined evil to make life hateful. In short, the agony of rheumatism is the double-distilled essence of misery. Great heavens, when I think of the sufferings that I endured it seems marvelous that I am now alive."

"When my constitution was about wrecked with these pangs of the torture it

appeared as though the pain would cease for a time. But it would start up again with renewed energy. Cold or damp weather brought on an attack. A thunder-storm invariably prostrated me. Why, man alive, I would be so bad sometimes that I could scarcely move, I could not stoop, I could not turn in the bed in which I was compelled to stop. I was helpless and most unfortunate.

"In this condition I had recourse to almost every patent medicine that I ever heard of. There was no relief. Then some one suggested that I try the hot water cure. I did so, but it did not alter my condition. Another kind friend induced me to take a course of electric baths, with the same result. Finally I had reached such a stage that I had given up all hope of securing any relief."

"I was in bed with a fearful attack just before Christmas, and was suffering awful torture. My partner, Mr. Rumsey, called to see me, and he sympathized with my condition."

"Why," he asked, "don't you get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and be cured?"

"I laughed at his suggestion. 'Why,' I responded, 'I have tried almost every medicine and have found them all the same.' He informed me that he had used the pills in his own family with remarkable results. Well, here was a case that appealed to me. A drowning man never grasped at a straw with the hopes that I grasped Mr. Rumsey's advice. I sent immediately to A. A. Brown & Co.'s drug store, corner of Woodward and Congress streets, and purchased a fifty-cent box of the pills. I promptly tested the curative powers of the little pellets. The effects were simply marvelous. By the time I had used one quarter of the boxful I was out of bed, and when I had taken all the pills I was able to be around. I purchased another box and continued taking them, and astonishing to relate I was able to be at work when I had used scarcely half of the second box. The rheumatism in my back and legs left me. I am now as strong and healthy as I ever was, and I attribute it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"It may seem singular to you, but my story will bear out my assertion that a great part of my success in life is due to this marvelous medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat Over my slumbers from head to feet; Sooner or later the winds shall rave In the long grass above my grave. I shall not heed them where I lie, Nothing their sounds shall signify; Nothing the headstone's fret of rain; Nothing to me the dark day's pain. Sooner or later the sun shall shine With tender warmth on that mound of mine; Sooner or later in summer air, Clover and violet blossom there. I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest, The shining light fall over my breast, Nor even note in these hidden hours The wind blown breath to the tossing flowers. Sooner or later the stainless snows Will add their husk to my mute repose; Sooner or later shall slant and shrift And keep my bed with their dazzling drift. Chill though that frozen pall shall seem, Its touch no colder can make the dream That recks not the sweet and sacred dread, Shrouding the city of the dead. Sooner or later the bee shall come And fill the room with its golden hum; Sooner or later on half-poised wing The bluebird's warble about me ring. Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee, Nothing this music means to me; None of these beautiful things shall know How soundly their lover sleeps below. Sooner or later far out in the night The stars shall over me wing their flight; Sooner or later my darkling dews Catch the white sparks in the silent ooze. Never a ray shall part the gloom That wraps me round in the kindly tomb; Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow— Sooner or later—oh, why not now?

THE FIRST COMPLETE BIBLE.

THE first complete Bible printed in England was issued in 1535 without any publisher's name. It was the work of the celebrated Miles Coverdale, who incorporated, with revisions, Tyndale's books of the New Testament, as well as his Pentateuch and Book of Jonah. It was thus only partially original as far as Coverdale was concerned, the remaining portion being a translation of a translation. No perfect copy of this edition is known to be in existence. A copy sold a few years ago in London for a sum equal to \$600 had the title, nineteen leaves and the map missing. The Coverdale Bible is the one mentioned in these notes heretofore as the "Bug Bible" and the "Treach Bible," on account of two curious passages found therein. The passage in Jeremiah which we now read, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" is made by Coverdale to read, "Is there no more treacle at Gahahad?" The psalm which says, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night," read, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid for any bugs by night." The ninth psalm, in that portion which should say, "Put them in fear, O Lord," Coverdale makes to say, "Set a schoolmaster over them."—St. Louis Republic.

THE ARK OR CHRIST.

Mr. Moody was once trying to help an inquirer who said "he could believe but he could not feel." A happy thought struck the evangelist, and he said, "What saved Noah, his feelings or the ark?" That was a nail in a sure place. Years afterwards the man met Mr. Moody somewhere. "Do you not know me?" he inquired. "No," said Mr. Moody. "Do you not remember the man of whom you once inquired, 'What saved Noah, his feelings or the ark?' I am the man, and I have found out that it is 'the ark' that saves—Christ the Lord." Depend upon it, reader, it is "the ark" and not your feelings that saves, every time, whether you are a seeker of pardon or purity.—Christian Standard.

PROTECTED BY CHRIST.

A lady told a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else. She said she was awakened by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass and expected to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians who are abiding

in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger. I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get us. He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it; and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it, so they are frightened, and flitter backward and forward in terror; but all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.—Pacific.

UNKNOWN MINISTERS.

"There are ministers in humble places where they are scarcely heard of from year to year." Yet in lowly homes and simple churches they meet the people and do a work without which the earth would be poor indeed. They will not be known as great preachers. They will not be spoken of as having achieved notable success. They will not be pointed out as men of commanding influence. They will be unheralded and not widely known.

But what would the world and the church be without the earnest, faithful heroes, who work for Christ and for eternity? In the light of "that great day for which all other days were made," when every secret thing shall be brought to light, it will be seen that no place will be humble where there was an opportunity to lead a single soul to Christ. To be unheralded here does not mean that one shall be unknown forever. Usefulness is greatness, and to do one's duty in love to God and man, in one's own place, is to make life a success, so that at last in the presence of angels and men, all shall see that it was successful and beautiful.—Epis. Recorder.

TWO CURIOUS BURIALS.

After the death of Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, history says a river was turned aside to make a place in its bed for his grave; when he was buried the water was again turned into its old channel, and the men who buried him were slain, "that no one might find out where the conqueror of Rome was buried." The river mentioned was the Busento, near Cosenza, in Calabria Citra, Italy. The persons who buried him, and were afterward slain by Alaric's ferocious followers, were native prisoners.

Of Attila, king of the Huns, it is said: "His body was placed in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron. The trappings of his horses, consisting of bridles with gold bits and silver buckles, and saddles with buckles and rivets of the same precious metals, were buried with him, as were also his arm and ornaments. All of the captains and troopers who were employed either in making his grave or in burying the monarch were put to death, so that none might betray the last resting-place of Attila, king of the Huns.

COMMUNION.

We are not to come always to God in the attitude of beggars, but frequently in the guise of friends. Never to approach a person unless we want something of him does not indicate that we greatly love him. We should be at least as quick to thank him for what he has given us, as to ask him to give us more. Adoration must be a leading employment of the heavenly hosts, and it is our privilege to participate in it. Why should not God be pleased to have us tell him that we love him, even as an earthly friend is pleased? We cannot doubt that the nights spent by Jesus in prayer were chiefly devoted to that form of it which we call communion. In our hurried modern life, which partakes so largely of the outward, and is in no danger of becoming cloister-like, we must give special heed to forming habits of meditation, learning to enjoy a quiet quarter of an hour with God, and cultivating fellowship with him.

HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAIN.

Christians should get up above the smoke and dust and fog of sin and the present world by climbing higher up the mountain of salvation. Get close to the topmost peak and stand by the Lord's side. The way to the top of this grand mountain of the Lord is by way of the valley of humiliation. Let everyone be willing to become lowly, and be found at the feet of Jesus, learning of him and showing forth the same spirit that was in Jesus. The world is down in the fog of sin and unbelief and sees not that danger is ahead and that soon it will be overtaken by the great judgment day of the Lord. Christian, get up higher, where you can see God and feel his spirit and know that you are his child by grace as well as creation. There is a higher life for us all. Shall we have it?—V. F. Hunt.

Prompt Relief.

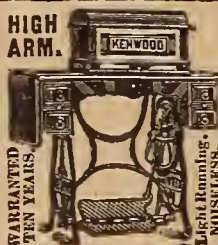
Promptness of action is a matter of great importance. A remedy which brings relief immediately is greatly to be preferred to one that requires a long time to do its work.

Allcock's Porous Plasters are prompt in their action. They relieve a sprain immediately. They give a cold no chance to fasten itself upon the organs of the body, but at once take hold and stop its work. In case of a strain from accident or over-exertion they relieve so quickly that one is able to keep right on with work.

If popularity is a fair test, then

Allcock's Porous Plasters

have no rivals. For thirty years they have been in universal use, and the demand for them is greater than ever before.



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Mention where you saw this advertisement.



MISS FLORENCE E. BEHLER, No. 37 Alma St., Allegheny, Penna. writes: Derma-Royale works like a charm. My face was covered with freckles and in less than two weeks' time they are all gone. My complexion is now clear and white as a child's. Everyone can see what Derma-Royale did for me.

Mrs. Ella M. Murray, Newton, N. C. writes: I have used one bottle and have found a great change. I had what the doctors here called Skin Leprosy—large brown spots, causing no pain or trouble, except the itching. Now they have entirely gone and I can recommend Derma-Royale highly. Please send me your terms to agents.

May Von Hoene, No. 807 Dayton Street, Newport, Ky. writes: For nearly five years I was afflicted with eczema. My face was a mass of sores and scabs and the itching was terrible. I found nothing that could help me until I tried your Derma-Royale. I have not used quite a bottle and my skin is smooth and clear. I call myself cured, and consider Derma-Royale the greatest remedy in the world.

Miss Lillie Hanna, No. 23 Brainard Block, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: Your Derma-Royale cured my blackheads in two nights.

6183 SUCH TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED DURING 1892.

Nothing will CURE, CLEAR and WHITEN the skin so quickly as

DERMA-ROYALE

The new discovery for curing cutaneous affections, removing discolorations and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the bands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who incorporated it with well known curatives and prepared for us the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CAN NOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

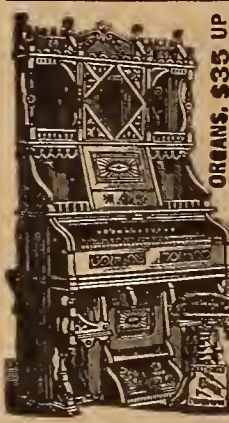
\$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of eczema, pimples, blotches, moth-patches, brown spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations or blemishes, (excepting birth-marks, scars and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be) will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles. Price, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED. Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, \$1. per bottle. Send money by registered letter or money order, with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received as cash.

Agents Wanted. Send for Terms. - Sells on Sight. Address The DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY, Corner Baker and Vine Streets, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Asbestos Pipe FREE CAN NOT be sold from a large pipe full of tobacco and will last for years. Send 10 cents for 3 months trial box, to Fine Magazines, all postpaid by return mail. E. F. NASON, PUB., 123 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK.

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Farm Cleanings.

BORROWING.

In an article by John L. Shawver, published a while ago, borrowing is set forth as bad business, demoralizing alike to the borrower and the lender.

Borrowing has its degrees and peculiarities. One kind of borrowing mentioned by J. L. S. should be suppressed; namely, the borrowing of flour, coffee, spices, lamp-oil, pen and paper and the hired girl. This kind of borrowing, or more particularly the borrowing of food, directly or indirectly, is the result of shiftlessness, and everyone must agree with J. L. S. in all he says about it or against it.

But there is another kind of borrowing, or the borrowing of other things, that may be called legitimate, certainly so in comparison—borrowing that is necessary under the circumstances.

If J. L. S. takes his own advice, he does not borrow, and if he does not, he is the first farmer I ever heard of who does not borrow under some circumstances, or who does not want to borrow. A man may stock a farm with all tools and everything required, apparently, and yet the time will come when he will lack something that his neighbor has, and he will want to borrow. Emergencies will arise when he needs help, and about that time he will change his mind about the folly of borrowing.

It is natural that it should be so; it would be strange if it were not so. Of course, there are many farmers who cannot borrow if they want to; they live too far from their neighbors or their neighbors have nothing to lend. Then the farmer must be content with what he has. J. L. S. may exclaim, "Well, that's what every farmer ought to do." That may be, but there is another side to it. Borrowing is merely giving and taking for what is practically a consideration—consideration of one kind or another—return of compliment, neighborly feeling and good will.

But borrowing of the "legitimate" kind so balances itself in the course of a season that there is little or no sense of obligation on either side; that is, the debt of accommodation is evenly distributed between the borrowers. As stated before, a farmer might be content with what he has and get along, but let us see how helpful it is to borrow once in a while.

Just after the noon hour we had a big field of hay to get in. All teams and all hands were at work and hurrying, for the wind had changed, and if the hay was not in by night, it might remain out several days in the storm that was brewing. When the work was at its height, the largest rig broke down and was useless for that day. We knew that a neighbor had a similar rig, and that he had no hay to get in that day, and it was obtained immediately and the work went on.

Now, we might have left part of that hay in the field; the loss would not have been great if it had been wet or ruined; but every farmer likes to finish a job of that kind while he is at it. It is true, we saved the hay at the expense of the neighbor, but we might say that the neighbor who loaned us the rig had done a good many things at our expense; he was always glad to lend, and so were we.

Why, I think borrowing and lending should be called by some other name, "exchange of courtesy," for example, for that is what it is. And this exchange of courtesy goes on in all farming districts, and must go if the farmer will live in amity with his neighbors. Man may theorize till his hearers or readers go to sleep, but this exchange of courtesy, called borrowing and lending, is really a part of life, a factor in the problem of peaceful living.

Lending may not be the price of good will, but it may be assumed that the refusal to lend might be the price of ill will, and if it should prove to be the price of enmity, it is the most costly thing the farmer ever bought. Better for him that he loaned his tools freely, even if he did occasionally lose a hoe or a rake or a harrow-tooth or a plow-point. These are trifles, and not worth considering in the long run.

In our neighborhood borrowing has gone on for thirty years, and I do not remember a single case of "misunderstanding" or loss of anything loaned. Every farmer in the neighborhood was fairly well-to-do. No one borrowed for the sake of borrowing, but in any emergency did not hesitate to

go to his neighbor, and was immediately accommodated if possible. They did not borrow money, flour, coffee or the hired girls, but tools and occasionally a horse or a yoke of oxen.

I do not believe it is possible to live in a farming community and not lend in the way described if the farmer wants to be all he can be among his neighbors. The man who borrows and will not lend will not borrow long; and the man who lends and does not borrow, or want to borrow sometimes—well, I don't believe there is such a man; and the man who neither lends nor borrows must have a dreary and lonely existence.

Why, isn't there any pleasure in lending, even if the thing lent never comes back? What are we on this earth for? Are we not here to wait on each other? Is everything in this life to be weighed out exactly and reduced to dollars and cents?

GEORGE APPLETON.

SOME PROGRESSIVE SHEEP RAISING.

Two active, healthy, intelligent young men began life on adjoining farms forty years ago. The soil was thin and otherwise much alike. The farms were adapted to pasturage and tillage, being rolling, with some level ground. One of the men was an Englishman, and the other a Vermont Yankee. Both were strong and willing workers with hands and heads. Naturally enough both gave special attention to sheep raising, since they were brought up to care for flocks, and their land needed sheep for fertility. As said, the soil was thin and each farm had been badly handled by former occupants. The supply of grass was moderate and variable, owing to the seasons, as it might be moist or dry. These men saw at once that the sheep should be of smaller herds to suit such limited grazing as the farms would afford. The Merino was very wisely chosen, as results showed farther on.

Both men thrived, and so did their soil. No manure was wasted on either farm. Putting out manure was a new thing in those days, and some remarks, unkindly sometimes, were made about looking after the droppings of cattle as if they were worth money.

In a few years it was discovered the land was too good for little Merino sheep. The pasture had outgrown the class of sheep with which they had stocked when they began. This subject was talked over and a change decided upon by each. Now, notice the means and results.

The Yankee chose a Southdown cross. The Englishman, naturally enough, took his old English favorite, the Cotswold.

These changes were in the direction of mutton as well as wool, and let it be mentioned here that there was no decline in the fleece values reported by these men.

The feeding of sheep was at once made a part of farm practice, and on the most prosperous, economical systems. Clover and sheep were found to be the two prime factors in the improvement of the farms, as well as finances of these thrifty men. Now, what about the crosses each man had chosen for his farm?

The Southdown cross on the Merino ewes gave fine satisfaction from the very first. There was no inclination to degeneracy shown in the offspring. On the other hand, the sheep increased very perceptibly in size, symmetry and fattening characteristics. In fact, the pasturage given by the improved soil was quite sufficient to keep up that grade of sheep, and showed a marked improvement besides.

Our English friend raised good sheep; but they would not mature as quickly, attain such size, or be as healthy as he expected them to be. He admitted to the writer that "his farm was not quite good enough for Cotswold sheep; that he had to introduce carefully-selected blood to keep them anywhere near what he wanted." He "thought by and by, as the soil still farther improved, the Cotswold sheep would find a congenial home on his farm."

Here were two of the finest object lessons worked out, demonstrated, that have come to my notice. The lessons were at that time new to us. This English friend was a practical sheepman and a practical farmer—one of the best I had ever known.

Just what these two thrifty farmers did could be done by any one; was in a measure done by others, but the changes were not taken account of and turned into dollars and cents. The changes these men made in their farms that warranted a change to better, larger, better-formed, earlier-maturing sheep have been going on on every well-managed farm. And the opposite might be referred to as possible, and doubtless is in many instances, without being taken account of.

Should I visit these farms now I should expect to find Cotswold doing well on the one farm, and the Southdown cross had given place to a little larger sheep; at least, so much improved would that flock be that it would be hard to recognize the Southdown as he had it.

There will come, intelligently or ignorantly (if so, requiring so much more time), an improved sheep husbandry that shall mark a correct and permanent era of prosperity in this country.

It took England centuries and centuries to reach this point in her sheep raising. It need not require a tithe of that time for this country to reach England's present solid status if proper intelligence and appreciation of conditions could be seen. In the meantime sheep husbandry in this country, on these higher lines, is forging ahead at a rapid pace.

R. M. BELL.



(Trade Mark.)
DR. A. OWEN.

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NO OTHER electric belt on the face of the globe is so extensively sold, or so highly and widely recommended, which proves, **THEY ARE THE BEST.**

Come look at us as others see us. INCALCULABLE BENEFITS RECEIVED AND SATISFACTORY RESULTS SECURED FROM THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES.

WESTBURN, N. Y., April 8, 1893.

DR. A. OWEN:—I must say something in regard to the Owen Electric Belts, which are doing such satisfactory work in our neighborhood. The five individuals to whom my husband sold belts, report very favorable results except one, who has not worn it sufficiently to give him relief. There are others in adjoining towns who have purchased belts through our influence. The case of George Baker, of our place, is known far and near and what it has done for him. It is a miracle, if I may be allowed to use the term. After so many years of suffering and spending nearly a fortune seeking relief from prominent physicians, and even a period at the celebrated "Dwight," all to no purpose, he was called a wreck and incurable, at the very gates of despair, until your little belt restored his lost vigor and made him as his Creator designed him to be from the first. Much more could be said, but I will not trespass on your time. Allow me, also, to add it has done incalculable service in my own household; husband, daughters and myself, all having received great relief, besides letting others use it.

I remain your friend,
MRS. JOHN SHULTES.

WHEN IN CHICAGO DO NOT FAIL TO SEE DR. A. OWEN'S EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ELECTRICITY BUILDING, SECTION U, SPACE 1.

A REMARKABLE CURE AFTER ALL HOPE WAS GONE BY THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT.

WINDSOR, Bertie Co., N. C., Feb. 11, 1893.

DEAR DR. A. OWEN:—I feel it a duty I owe to you and to everyone suffering as I have, to state my experience with the Owen Electric Belt. I suffered for twelve years with palpitation of the heart and nervous prostration; sometimes I was better, and then worse, and I kept getting worse all the time. The doctors could do me no good, only giving me a tonic for my appetite. I had to take purgative medicines all the time for that dreadful constipation. My family and everyone who knew me expected to hear of my death at any time, and finally I was taken down to my bed. I was confined to my bed over two years, and while I was lying there helpless and broken-hearted, and begging the Lord to raise me, if possible, the mail came in with Mr. Hopkins' statement in the New York World. I read it, and it was so near like my case that I concluded to send for one of the Owen Electric Belts, but I was afraid it would not do me any good, for I felt as though I was lying in the jaws of death and ready to have my life crushed out at any moment. I had lost all hopes of ever being up again, but I sent for one of the Owen Electric Belts, and had little trouble in learning how to fix it. I put it on one evening and the next morning I felt better. I wore my belt and followed your instructions, and continued to get better, and in four weeks I was up and going about wherever I pleased, and I have been well ever since. It is now nearly two years since I was sick. I advise all sufferers to get one of Dr. A. Owen's Electric Belts, for they cured me and they will cure others. They are all they are recommended to be, and more too, for no doctor or medicine could do me any good. Yours very truly,
MRS. MARTHA A. JOHNSON.

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A PROMINENT HOTEL MAN OF CHICAGO GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT.

COLOMADO HOTEL, A. K. REX, Prop. CHICAGO, ILL., April 20, 1893.

DEAR DR. A. OWEN:—It affords me unlimited pleasure to report to you that the No. 4 820 Owen Electric Belt bought of you over a year ago has proven very beneficial to me. I had been ailing with my back and kidneys and other complaints for some time. I had tried medicines, also had bought a different kind of belt from yours, which was not a success. Your belt I can heartily endorse; also the manner in which you conduct your business. After I bought one of the belts for myself and received benefit from it, I also purchased two more, one for my mother and one for a sister. Both have given the best of satisfaction. I recommend the Owen Electric Belts to the afflicted.

Truly yours,
A. K. REX.

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Yours respectfully,
MRS. MAGGIE KIRCHNER.

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DR. A. OWEN, Chicago, Ill. Dear Doctor:—For the last seven years I have suffered very much with sick headache and neuralgia. I tried a great many physicians and all kinds of patent medicines, but I did not get well. As a last resort I purchased an Owen Electric Belt, with neck-band, and have worn it for one year. I can now say I never felt better in my life. Many thanks to you. Yours very truly,
MRS. CARRIE KIRCHNER.

Persons making inquiries from the writers of testimonials will please inclose self addressed, stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.

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Nothing Fairer Than This. When we say cure, we do not mean simply to stop it for the time being, but a PERMANENT AND POSITIVE CURE For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Impure Blood, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver. Write for Treatise, Testimonials, and Free Sample Bottle of DR. ROC'S LIVER, RHEUMATIC, and NEURALGIA CURE to CULLEN & NEWMAN, 136 GAY ST., Knoxville, Tenn. Mention this paper when you write.

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KIDNEYS & BLADDER I will send full particulars of a cure for all diseases of the above FREE. Dr. D. A. WILLIAMS, East Hampton, Conn.

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\$1.00 will be given to the first Ohio subscriber sending correct answers.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber west of the Rocky mountains sending correct answers.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber south of Tennessee, or in the New England states or Canada, sending correct answers.

Not more than one reward will be given to one subscriber.

This contest will close June 2nd, the result to be announced in our issue of June 15th.

Answers to this contest should be addressed to

FARM AND FIRESIDE,
BILL OF FARE CONTEST,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

WINNERS OF PRIZES OFFERED APRIL 15TH.

STATESMAN CONTEST.

Answer—"Gladstone."

Mrs. Mary S. Greeu, Camp Dennison, Ohio, receives \$2.00 for sending the first correct reply.

C. K. Coley, Rural Retreat, Va., George Frost, Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. M. J. Tufts, Missonri City, Mo., each receive \$1.00 for sending the next three correct replies received.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CONTEST.

BILL OF FARE, WITH ANSWERS.

1. Ball of Fire—Bill of Fare.
2. Red Inn—Dinner.
3. Your Posset—Oyster Soup.
4. Cold Ham Crew—Clam Chowder.
5. One Solid Lamb—Boiled Salmon.
6. La' spy cool dessert—Scalloped Oysters.
7. Try our steak—Roast Turkey.
8. Burn Sara Cercey—Cranberry Sauce.
9. Datt sweet moose—Steved Tomatoes.
10. Paste too sweet—Sweet Potatoes.
11. Ripest dun Hams—Mashed Turnips.
12. Grease pen—Green Peas.
13. In Lake C. Shad C.—Chicken Salad.
14. Pim pike pun—Pumpkin Pie.
15. Open lime—Lemon Pie.
16. A green Coka—Orange Cake.
17. Go-neck Peas—Sponge Cake.
18. Live clam near Cia—Vanilla Ice Cream
19. Its ruf—Fruits.
20. Fef E. Co—Coffee.
21. U. S. S. Arid Tannin—Nuts and Raisins.

Mrs. C. A. Mauck, Atlanta, Ga., receives \$2.00 for sending the first correct list.

E. L. Gray, Burlington, Vermont, E. E. Willit, Defiance, Ohio, and C. K. Marshall, Washington C. H., Ohio, each receive \$1.00 for sending the next three correct replies received.

TOOLS OF THE PYRAMID-BUILDERS.

A two-years' study at Gizeh has convinced Mr. Flinders Petrie that the Egyptian stone-workers of four thousand years ago had a surprising acquaintance with what has been considered modern tools. Among the many tools used by the pyramid-builders were both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of to-day, were set with jewels (probably corundum, as the diamond was very scarce), and even lathe tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills and the skill of the workmen that the cutting marks in hard granite give no indication of wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout. Of the material and method of making the tools nothing is known.—*The Interior.*

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Our Miscellany.

UNDER LYDIA'S SPELL.

Dame Fashion, under Lydia's spell,
Dreams back the days when life was sunny,
And plies her shears and needle well
In shaping Lydia's garments funny;
Now in the "Empire" she appears—
Oh, marvelous waist and skirt so graceful!
Now in "Directoire's" broad revers.,
In "Restoration's" bodice lace-full.

Oh, garment of the by-gone days!
The old dame's eyes gleam gladder, brighter,
To catch reflection of the rays
That shone when her old heart was lighter;
She sees again her fair, young face
In dimpled Lydia's—smiling, sunny—
A dew-fresh flower amid the lace
Of old-time gowns so grand and funny.

—H. W. Gay.

THE great thing in cooking is to be exact. Cook-books and cooking-schools have no room for guess-work. There was a time when the old-fashioned cook could take a dash of this and a pinch of that and the thing would come out all right, but the modern devotee of this most important of all household arts must know the exact rules. Some women have such an aptitude for cooking that dishes will turn out—well, if the ingredients are thrown together in the most reckless manner, but most of us want to know "just how much."

THOSE who have tried French flannel find that it is absolutely non-shrinkable if reasonably managed. It costs more in the beginning, but as it will wear for years it is a decidedly economical outlay of money. Garments made of French flannel, among them undershirts, have been in constant use for three successive seasons, and are as clear and fresh-looking as at first and without any perceptible shrinkage. This flannel may be washed in ordinary suds, although that made of white Castile soap is best. It should be rinsed in light suds of the same temperature, hung out to dry without wringing, and taken from the line before perfectly dry, and carefully smoothed with an iron just warm enough to take out the wrinkles. Hot irons should never be applied to flannels of any kind, because such treatment shrivels the wool fibers and injures the durability as well as the appearance.

MAKE "corners" wherever you can; they have great capabilities. Chairs are now placed in groups, and no longer stand uninvitingly with backs against the wall. Women should realize that it is well to have a distinct atmosphere in a room. Harmony of color helps to bring this about. The bright reds, blues and "old golds" of the second-rate shops have no place in the artistic home. Plain wooden chairs with cushions, or comfortable chairs without cushions, help toward ideal furnishing. Do not drape the mantel or overload the poor piano with bric-a-brac, nor yet hang scarfs over chairs and put bows and ribbons where they do not belong. Study for "effect" in other ways. For color have large bowls and vases of yellow and red pottery and fill them with growing plants. Have the sofas and divans at angles. One near an open fire will tempt a visitor to rest and chat awhile. Wheel the "center-table" from the middle of the room and make a "corner" around it.

NINEVEH, THE PARIS OF ITS AGE.

During the seventh and eighth centuries before Christ, Nineveh was the greatest and most wicked city of the world. It was situated on the Tigris, and was unequalled for its wealth, its luxury, its sensuality, and the violent cruelty of its rulers and nobles. Like the Paris of two centuries past, it was at once the center where gathered, and the source from which flowed, the most corrupting and destructive influences of every kind. The city was bright, beautiful, gay, the strong capital of the strong nation of that time. Founded by Nimrod (Genesis x: 11), it had grown with every age until it reached the immense proportions of sixty miles in circumference.

In the midst of its greatest power and glory, the prophets of Israel—Isaiah, Jonah, Nahum and Zephaniah—began to declare its approaching downfall. So literally were the prophecies fulfilled before the era of careful historical writing, that, outside of the Bible, we have hardly any description of the city that is trustworthy. From about 625 to 600 B. C. we date its downfall, and for nearly twenty-five hundred years its great monuments, its vast libraries, its colossal sculptures, its numberless cylinders and seals, have been buried under the sand, waiting to give their testimony and proof to the correctness of the statements of the Old Testament.

AT DINNER.

Caunibal king (at dinner)—"What kind of meat is this?"
Cook (faltering)—"Mummissiouary, sire."
King (angrily)—"What was the missionary's name, blockhead?"
Cook (tremblingly)—"Smith, sire."
King (thunderingly)—"Ar-har-r-r! I thought it tasted familiar. Sirrah, how many times must I tell you that I am sick and tired of Smiths? If there is not a radical change in the menu to-morrow, my good fellow, you will find yourself in the soup."

BEECHAM'S PILLS for a bad Liver.

INDIANS CAN'T COMPREHEND CHRISTIANITY.

The *Colonist* representative at Vancouver had an interesting conversation a few days since with R. J. Skinner, government timber agent, in reference to the Haida Indians and the coast Indians in general. Mr. Skinner said:

"Although I have the greatest respect for missionaries among the Indians, no matter what their denomination, and while I have not the least doubt that most of them are very earnest men, I am sorry to say that the reports that they send to the outside world are rather too highly colored.

"I have been a resident among the Indians for twenty-five years, and have talked with hundreds of the natives on the Queen Charlotte islands and other places on the coast. It was always the rule, while all the tribes acknowledged a Supreme Being, that those who had not met the missionaries knew nothing of a spiritual life, prayer, purgatory, or the atonement for sins; but those who had come in contact with the missionaries solemnly aver that their religion had always been similar to the Christian religion. It is very, very difficult to really convert the Siwash for these reasons. They cannot tell the truth as we define it. If asked a direct question, they will answer as they think would please you, and not necessarily according to the facts of the case.

"Again, it is foreign to the nature of the coast Indian to believe in any such thing as vicarious punishment. The suffering of Christ upon the cross, in atonement for our sins, is simply beyond their comprehension, although, in a superficial way, they will seemingly acquiesce in anything. There is little doubt that the missionaries are doing a grand work in elevating the morals of the red men; but this talk about white people taking an example from Indians in morality is not justified."—*Victoria, B. C., Colonist.*

THE HUMMING OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.

You have all heard the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires as you passed the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of wind on the wires, and given it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and if you are at all observing you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard these cold winter mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe.

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both in the wires and the poles.

When this humming has been going on birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside as they do upon the apple and other trees. The story is told of a bear that mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

IT WASN'T THERE.

"You have specimens of the furniture used by the aborigines?" asked a visitor at the Smithsonian institute.

"Oh, yes," replied the attendant.

"Then I should so much like to see the Indian bureau."—*Vogue.*

GET RID OF ONE COLD before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious Lung Complaint before you are conscious of danger. Better prudently resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an effective cure for Coughs and Colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

WHAT THE FINGERS DENOTE.

As far as the fingers are concerned, experts in palmistry divide hands into three classes: Long, slender, tapering fingers determine the first, and denote delicate, trained perception, says the *New York Ledger*. A subject with such fingers has an innate fondness for art, poetry, music and the higher forms of literature.

In the second class the fingers are shorter, are nearly equal in length, and have blunt ends. They denote a practical, material mind, thorough and reliable, rather than brilliant. A woman with such fingers would make a careful and efficient housekeeper, and a man with similar ones would be cautious and thorough in business.

In the third class the fingers are short, thick and square, and have short, large nails, with cushions on each side of the nails. A subject having these fingers is active, athletic, opinionated, selfish, has strong appetites for the material things of life, and is liable to form strong prejudices.—*Boston Herald.*

TO DREDGE THE YUKON FOR GOLD.

The hull of the steamer *Rustler*, of Juneau, Alaska, built by Farle & Engelbrecht for the Boston Mining Company, has been transferred from Lake Washington to the harbor, and is ready for the machinery now being built at the Vulcan Iron Works. The steamer is sixty-six feet long, with a sixteen foot beam, and especially constructed with a view to work on the Yukon river. Many stories have been told about the fabulous wealth concealed in the bottom of Alaska's most celebrated river, and it is with a view to dredging that she has been built.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer.*

Many a ball-room dress in covering a warm heart has reached the limit of its abilities.—*Puck.*

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At WHOLESALE PRICES, Delivered FREE, For Houses, Barns, Roofs, all colors, & SAVE Middlemen's profits. In use 51 years. Endorsed by Grange & Farmers' Alliance. Low prices will surprise you. Write for samples. O. W. INGERSOLL, 240 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RESTORE YOUR EYESIGHT. Cataracts, Sears or Films can be absorbed, Paralyzed Nerves restored, Diseased Eyes or Lids cured. A Home Treatment; "no risk." Hundreds convinced. Pamphlet free. THE EYE, Glen's Falls, New York.

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Engage your accommodations at \$2.50 PER DAY. EVER YTHING NEW. TABLE FIRST CLASS. Within walking distance of the Fair Grounds. Address ALLIANCE HOTEL CO., 645 Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED —to sell our COMBINATION STEAM EGG POACHER AND STEW PAN.

Anti-dyspeptic. Economical. 6 CUPS. Nothing like it. Sells on sight. Agents double their money. Eggs poached in two minutes. Be first in the field. Sample by mail 50 cents, silver or stamps. Address: WISE & CO., Manufacturers, BUTLER, OHIO.

\$3.50 HUNTING CASE FREE

A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you the Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only.

THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Blades, A KEEN CUTTER

They do the work, and when you see a blade etched like this you may know that it WILL TAKE AN EDGE —and— KEEP IT.

AT A BIG BARGAIN THIS PAPER and THIS KNIFE BOTH FOR ONLY 70 CENTS

The paper will be mailed for one year, and the knife mailed at once, postage e-paid, to any one sending only 70 cents.

Their knives have made J. Russell & Co. famous. They are **MADE RIGHT**, good, honest knives. They **FEEL RIGHT** in the hand because they are the **RIGHT SHAPE**. They **SHARPEN RIGHT** because they have the **RIGHT STUFF** in them, and they **CUT RIGHT** because they can be sharpened. There is a place in your pocket for the **RIGHT KNIFE**; get one of these.

We will mail one of these genuine Russell knives, like cut, and this paper for one year, to any one sending us only 70 cents.

Order by Premium No. 677 and address all letters to **FARM AND FIRESIDE, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.**

Selections.

A GOOD-BY KISS.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day,
But smoothes the furrows out of the care
And lies on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.
—*The Jewish Messenger.*

THE MOTTO ON THE CLOCK.

ONE of the speakers in a recent church convention in Dublin, said: "Some years ago a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple Hall. When finished the clock-maker was desired to wait upon the benchers of the Temple, who would think of a snitable motto to put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old benchers were met in the Temple Hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto. One of the benchers, who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing mottoes, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic, taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserted at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business!" and placed it in the Temple Hall, to the great surprise of the benchers, who, considering the circumstances, argued that accident had produced a better motto than they could think of, and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyer and public to go about their business; reminding us of the text, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—*Christian Herald.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Some one has wittily said that a better thing than presence of mind in danger is "absence of body." But we cannot always be absent from danger, and fortunate indeed is any one whose friends are present in body when he is in danger and needs help. I once knew a lady who screamed and wrung her hands when a girl was burning to death before her eyes, and made no effort to put out the flames. Here is an account of how two boys, by presence of mind and rare good sense, saved the life of their father.

In Maine, lately, two boys went out to the woods with their father to see him cut down trees. Through a mistake in calculating how a tree he was cutting would fall, the father was caught and pinned to the ground, the tree lying across his body. At the fearful sight the boys did not lose their presence of mind, but set to work with energy to save their father. Some boys would have exhausted their strength in vain efforts to remove the tree; others would have run and screamed for help, and meantime their father would have died. The boys did neither of these things. They commenced digging a hole immediately under their father, and in a very short time released him from his awful situation. Their coolness and wisdom were the means of saving his life.

SHE REPORTS HORSE-RACES.

Ada L. Tims enjoys the distinction of being the only newspaper woman in the world having the turf as a specialty. She is a bright, clever woman of about twenty years, well versed in pedigrees and records, but not at all "horsey" in conversation, and with a womanly dignity which always commands respect at the pool-box, the track or the hotel corridor.—*New York Sun.*

CLEANING DELICATE LACE.

Spread the lace out carefully on fine white paper and cover with calcined magnesia; place another paper over it and lay away under a heavy weight for two or three days; then all it will need is a skilful, gentle shake to remove the powder, and your lace will look as fresh as new.

GLEANINGS.

Six millions of dead letters are annually torn and sold as old paper in Washington.

The longest name in the Bible is Maher-shalal-hash-baz; it occurs in Isaiah viii. 3.

Through the influence of Mr. Henry Villard, Prince Bismarck has invested a considerable sum of money in Milwaukee street-railway properties.

The electro-plated lemon-dishes, with a saw-knife to divide the lemons, are now to be had for a very low price, and are so graceful in shape as to make them a desirable article of table decoration.—*Domestic Monthly.*

There has always been a prejudice among the English against our American pies. It turns out that a Chicago man has made a big fortune in England during the past few years from the manufacture and sale of these pies. No comment is necessary.

Keep sewer-pipes, connected with stationary stands, clean and wholesome by scalding once a week with boiling water in which washing-soda has been dissolved, remembering that many a case of diphtheria has been attributed to foul sewer-pipes.

The new and strong "dress-baskets" are of straw and deep enough to contain the most elaborate evening dress as well as walking-dress, when it is necessary to transport them from one place to another for dinners, receptions or evening wear.—*Domestic Monthly.*

Orange salad is recommended as a relish for roast duck or game. To make, slice six oranges for eight persons; grate the rind of one and add the juice of one lemon, three teaspoonfuls of salad-oil or melted butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and pour over the oranges.

Since the reduction in the price of sugar two years ago, the number of pounds used per capita has increased seventeen and one half pounds. If this increase of consumption is maintained in the future, we shall have to make more sugar in this country than we now do in order to supply the demand.

Very wide ruffles of lace standing out upon the shoulders are much liked for girls' dresses, and the lace made use of need not be at all expensive to give a pretty effect of this kind. Sometime this ruffle is double, then again triple, but in such a case it is not wide, while that used for a single ruffle must be so.—*Domestic.*

Nothing in the feminine make-up is so hard to manage as the shoe. A lady who has given the matter attention says that one of the best ways to keep shoes looking well is to change them often and to never wear out-of-door shoes indoors. It is wearing the same shoes both indoors and out that makes them look shabby so soon.

No one of the older editors, with years of experience with women's work, is more cordial and hearty and helpful in his attitude toward women writers than big, brown-eyed Richard Harding Davis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*. But then, Mr. Davis should surely believe in women's work. He is the son of Rebecca Harding Davis.

Russians seem to be kind to their domestic animals, however hard-hearted they may be in their treatment of human beings. *St. Nicholas* relates that during the past year thousands of cattle have been seen wearing blue spectacles, procured in great quantities from Vienna, Paris and London, for the purpose of protecting their eyes from the blinding effect of light upon the snow.

A Swedish lady has for years been the engraver of metals at the royal mint at Stockholm, and many of her countrywomen are celebrated engravers on wood and glass. In wood-carving, lithography, modeling, decorative painting, designing of various description, and art embroideries of the finest and rarest kind, the women of Sweden cannot be excelled. Several have also gained fame as musical composers.

What is it that comes in that day when a man begins the Christian life? Across a resolution which may be hard or easy for him, he sets forth into a new way of living. How often I have tried to tell to you the story of that newness! How many of you have known it well out of your own experience! He who has been living alone begins to live with God. He who has been living for himself begins to live for other men. New motives are open within him; new tasks are spread before him. Old things are passed away; all things are become new.—*Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.*

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The art of printing photographic views upon the pages of a book is one of the greatest discoveries, and has been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection. With all the scenes described as they are, this book can truly be called a tour of pleasure, both in this and foreign lands. A tour that carries the reader away among the grandest natural scenery of this country, then through the wonders of foreign lands, admitting him to the famous galleries that attract every traveler and draw admirers and students from every country; showing him the masterpieces of great artists, the results of years of labor by celebrated sculptors. Placing side by side the architectural wonders of the past and present and passing as in review before him,

Ancient Castles, Historic Ruins, Memorial Monuments, Great Cathedrals, Celebrated Buildings, Renowned Statues, Superb Views of Natural Scenery, and Portraits of Great and Illustrious Men, in a Most Fascinating Array.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

I have the Portfolio, and pronounce it better than one I paid \$4.00 for last year.
W. H. SCHISLER,
Pleasantville, O.

I received the Portfolio of 100 Superb Photographs. It is the finest premium I ever saw given with any paper.
LOUIS F. BROWN, Londonderry, N. H.

The book of Photographs received. We are delighted with it. Three of my friends have seen it and are going to subscribe.
MRS. E. M. CARKIN, Marlboro, N. H.

I send you seven new subscribers. They all want Free Gift No. 1, Portfolio of Photographs, after seeing mine.
MRS. A. W. CHAMBLISS,
Montgomery City, Mo.

I received the Portfolio, and it was a real surprise. I think it one of the best pieces of fine art that has ever been published, and can't see how you can give it at such a price.
C. ELSBROM, Ashland, Wis.

I have received Free Gift No. 1. It is by far the finest premium I ever saw sent out with any paper. I don't see how you can afford it.
MRS. D. E. HARLEY, Ashtabula, Ohio.

I desire to express my highest appreciation of your book of Photographs. They are beautiful, interesting and instructive, and are worth ten times the annual cost of the paper.
J. W. COLLETT, Spring Valley, Ohio.

I have received the Portfolio of Photographs, and will say they excel in beauty and excellence any work of the kind I have ever examined. The descriptions given are very instructive.
MRS. HELEN J. ATWOOD,
Morrisville, N. Y.

I saw one of your Portfolios of Photographs at a friend's, and was so pleased with it that I must have one. I can't see how such a book can be sent as a gift, even if the price of the paper was three times as much.
GEO. W. EDDY, Marysville, Kan.

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Smiles.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating a blueberry pie; He felt very merry Till out fell a berry Which much resembled a fly!

A HAPPY MEDIUM.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean, And as 'twas rude to scrape the dish, They made a compromise on fish.

A PREDICAMENT.

One, two, three, four, Jennie at the cottage door; Five, six, seven, eight, Bull-dog sitting by the gate; Oh, it really is a sin, George won't dare to venture in.

-New York Herald.

FORGETFULNESS.

I've forgotten all my Latin And the little I knew of Greek; I seldom know the day of the month Or yet the day of the week. I can never remember names, And I can't remember faces; I've a place for everything, But always forget the places. I forget to keep engagements, I forget to catch the train; Forget to take an umbrella When there's every sign of rain. In short, I can't remember The thousand things I should, Because upon a single point My memory's all too good. 'Tis this (and naught, I know, Can make a man feel glimmer), I can't forget that girl I met And flirted with last summer.

-E. L. Sylvester, in Art in Advertising.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR CUSTOMER.

THEOPHRASTUS ESCULAPIUS STUBBE, proprietor of the "Universal Life-Everlasting Golden Bitters," was in his office, and about him was gathered an eager group, listening to an account of the wonderful cures he had wrought with his medicine.

By and by a man in somber garb—a thin, pale-faced man, sedate and melancholy—entered the office and inquired for the proprietor.

"I am the man," said Theophrastus Esculapius Stubbe, with dignity.

"You are the proprietor of the 'Universal Life-Everlasting Golden Bitters?'" said the pale visitor.

"I am. How can I help you?"

"I have come to see if I couldn't get you to establish an agency for your bitters in our town. I want you to send a smart man; one that can sell a large quantity of your medicine."

Theophrastus rubbed his hands and smiled exultingly.

"You see," pursued the somber visitor, "my business is getting dull, and I thought, with your help, we might revive it."

"Can't you take the agency yourself, my friend?" asked the great Stubbe.

"No, no," said the melancholy man, with a shake of the head. "It wouldn't do for me. People might think I was interested."

"Ah! What's your business?"

"I am an undertaker!"

A CHICKASAW SAGE.

An Indian of the Chickasaw nation lost his squaw, that lady having eloped with a white man. He sought for her a long time and a long distance, and when he had found her he placed in her hands one hundred and forty dollars, which he said was her property and which she had inadvertently left behind her in the precipitation of her departure.

"The Indian said," says a dispatch, "that he would not kill a man for a woman whom he could no longer respect."

Here is our noblest wisdom, and a civilization the beauty of which cannot be reasonably questioned.

A LITTLE MORE THAN HIS SHARE.

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up.

"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Aye, Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

THE COMPOSITE PLAN.

Visitor—"So you are going to build a house in the suburbs. What sort of a dwelling shall you put up?"

Host—"Well, I examined the Renaissance, Queen Anne and other designs, and finally decided on the colonial plan."

Host's son—"Why, papa! You told mamma you were going to build it on the installment plan."

NOT WHAT HE ASKED FOR.

A Unitarian minister's little son had long set his small heart upon owning a bicycle. His papa told him to ask God for one, which the little supplicant proceeded to do with much zeal and faith. That night his papa and mamma bought the coveted machine and placed it close beside the little fellow's crib. Next morning they listened at the door to hear what their son and heir would say. The blue eyes opened and became instantly aware of the tri-cycle. Out of bed hopped the boy, exclaiming ruefully:

"Good gracious, God, don't you know the difference between a bicycle and a tri-cycle?" -New York Tribune.

AT THE PINNACLE OF SUCCESS.

Mr. Ahrens—"Send out for a boddle ohf dot. ninedeen-cendt Rhine vine, Leah. I vos ged me der greades gomblimends ohf mein life."

Mrs. Ahrens—"Ish dot so?"

Mr. Ahrens—"You bet! A feller said I beat Shylock all hollers."

Mrs. Ahrens—"Come to mein arms, mein husband! I always know you would pe abbre-ciaded sometime already."

UNSOPHISTICATED.

"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house.

"What's wrong with it, mum?"

"It's dreadfully thin, and there's no cream on it."

"Arfter you have lived in the city awhile, mum," said the milkman encouragingly, "you'll git over them rooral ideas o' yourn."

-Chicago Tribune.

TO THE POINT.

Ten girls in a composition class in a Cincinnati school were told by their teacher to write a telegram such as would be suitable to send home in case of a railway accident while traveling. One of the girls wrote:

"DEAR PAPA:-Mamma is killed. I am in the refreshment-room."

A DIFFERENCE.

Aunt Priscilla—"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, wasting your time over silly poetry again, I see."

Bessy—"But, aunt, dear, this is pastoral poetry."

Aunt Priscilla (softening)—"Ah! What is the pastor's name, dear?"

WOMAN-LIKE.

Elise—"Did you get my letter?"

Louise—"Yes; but I didn't read it."

Elise—"Why not?"

Louise—"The postscript said, 'Burn this,' and I burned it without thinking that I had not read the rest of it." -Vogue.

A WIDOW'S GRIEVANCE.

Mrs. Dix—"The law doesn't treat a woman fairly."

Mrs. Hicks—"In what respect?"

Mrs. Dix—"She is recognized as a man's better half; but if a man happens to die, it cuts her down to a third." -Vogue.

A SUFFERER.

Visitor (in New York hospital)—"What is that man taking on so for? He must be in terrible pain. Is he going to die?"

Nurse—"No, indeed. He is one of the surgeons suffering from a slight headache."

A RARE GIFT.

"Good sense is the gift of heaven."

And most people have to go there to get it. -Puck.

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Gleanings.

COUNTER-THOUGHTS.

"What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things no doubt!"

What are the old folks thinking about?
Very wonderful things no doubt!
A thought like this filled the baby's head
(A wonderful baby and very well read),
He gazed at grandpa, and grandma, too;
And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue,
As side by side they sat there rocking—
He with his pipe and she with her stocking.
And the baby wondered, as well he might,
Why old folks always were happy and bright—
And he said in his heart
With a blithe little start
That showed how gladly he'd act his part:
"I'll find some baby, as soon as I can,
To stay with me till I'm grown an old man,
And side by side we'll sit there, rocking—
I with my pipe and she with her stocking."
—Mary Mapes Dodge, in *February Century*.

THE UTILIZATION OF OLD TIN CANS.

In the suburbs of great cities an industry has sprung up, having for its object the recovery of the solder used in making and sealing tin cans. In consequence, the formerly despised and useless tin can has acquired sufficient commercial value to rescue it from the back-lot dumping-ground and garbage-scov.

Under the present system of street cleaning, New York City's refuse is loaded on scows from docks located at convenient intervals along the river front, and then taken to sea and dumped. These docks have double decks, the upper projecting sufficiently to allow the contents of a cart to fall upon the middle of the scow, and be distributed by the trimmers, who keep the vessel on an even keel. The trimmers also select everything of value with the greatest care, rags, fat, bone, metal, paper stock, etc., being stored on the lower deck of the dock. The silver and jewelry form no small item of the contractor's profit, and the total value of a scow-load is estimated at an average of two hundred dollars.

The space between the dock platforms is often closed in with odds and ends, and the interior converted into a miserable habitation by the trimmers, men and women, who thus herd together, their supplies being drawn from the dump.

These dumping docks are the principal source of supply for the industry mentioned above, and a wagon-load of tin cans can be bought at such places for four or five dollars.

The furnace is an old soap-boiler, into which a few sticks are thrown; the bowl is then filled with cans, a quart of kerosene poured over them and ignited.

The heat developed by the oil is not great enough to attack the tin, but melts the solder, which flows to the bottom of the bowl. The solder recovered from a load of cans averages forty pounds. After this process is completed the tin-plate scrap is sold to make what is called "acid."

Into a large open vat, containing waste acid, acid ferric sulphate, sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, the scrap is thrown and allowed to remain until the tin is stripped from the iron underneath; more scrap and metallic iron is added until the solution is neutral. The tin thus dissolved is used as a basis for the preparation of stannates or other tin compounds, and by dyers.

The iron plate is rolled into balls for melting, the ferrous sulphate purified and sold as commercial coppers, and the remaining acid used in repetition of the process.

SORE THROAT.

The milder forms of sore throat are apt to be very common at this season of the year, because of the frequent changes of the weather, sharp and chilly at times, with chill north winds and damp, and relaxing again with soft snows. The sudden changes also from a brisk outdoor air to stove-heated rooms are also pretty likely to produce irritations of the throat membranes, which, without being positively dangerous, may become so by neglect, and are in any case unpleasant enough to make a prompt remedy very desirable.

For these cases, where no severer trouble is at the foundation, there are one or two remedies usually at hand and generally effective. Where the throat trouble arises from a common cold, such as may readily develop into quinsy, the simplest remedy is a gargle made of chlorate of potash and cold water. There is no danger of using too much potash in this form, as chlorate of potash is a drug which makes what chemists call a "saturated solution." Where the throat is very much irritated, the gargle should

be used at least once an hour, or may be alternated with old-fashioned salt-and-pepper gargle. The familiar household rule for the latter is two teaspoonfuls of fine salt, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, all dissolved in a quart of boiling water.

It is a good plan to give some simple home remedies which will produce perspiration, and also to keep the patient indoors for several days. As soon as such a cold is broken up, a good tonic should be obtained from the family physician. All colds are now believed to come from a degenerated condition of the system, which in itself shows the need of a tonic.—*New York Tribune*.

AXIOMS IN CAKE-MAKING.

Successful cake-making depends upon about twenty things:

- Proper materials.
- A correct recipe.
- Following directions explicitly.
- Compounding the ingredients in their proper order.

Having everything in readiness before commencing to mix the ingredients.

Regulating the temperature of the oven according to the kind of cake made.

Having all the ingredients at the right temperature.

Not suspending the operation of mixing until the cake is ready for the oven.

Beating much or little, according to the kind of cake, and always in one direction.

Whipping the whites of eggs to a coarse, moderately stiff froth rather than a fine, stiff one.

Sifting the baking-powder and flour together two or three times.

Folding the flour in carefully instead of taking stroug, circular strokes.

Placing in the oven as soon as the baking-powder is added.

Greasing the tin with sweet lard rather than butter, and sifting a little dry flour over.

Opening and shutting the oven door very gently during the process of baking.

Not turning while in the oven if it can be avoided.

Keeping fruit over night in a warm room, dredging it thoroughly with flour and stirring it in lightly the last thing.

Lining tins for loaf-cake with oiled paper; or better yet, with pastry made of flour and water and rolled thin.

Making the paper or paste lining of a tin for fruit-cake or a large loaf-cake an inch higher at the sides, to support a paper cover and prevent its baking too hard.

GORDON'S FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

The extraordinary palm-tree known as the Coco de Mer, or double cocoanut, and considered by the late Gen. Gordon to be the tree which grew in the garden of Eden and bore the fruit of the "knowledge of good and evil," has at last, after many unsuccessful efforts, been reared in the botanical gardens at Kew, says the *London Queen*. This strange plant, which has its home in the Seychelle islands, to the north-east of Madagascar, a locality somewhat remote from the generally accepted site of the garden of Eden, is extremely difficult to rear. The Coco de Mer has a very different method of growth from that adopted by the general run of vegetation. The huge double fruits, fourteen inches or so in length, require a good deal of coaxing to induce them to send out a shoot. This shoot, too, is very capricious, and must be carefully tempted to attach itself to the soil, which it does at some distance, often as much as two or three feet. The shoot then sprouts up like an ordinary well-behaved plant, and the leaves commence to develop. The large, fibrous fruits, which look like two cocoanuts joined together, are frequently found floating in the sea, and this has given rise to many traditions; amongst others the sailors of the Malay peninsula aver that the fruit grows on a tree deep down in the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

SYMPATHIZE WITH THE CHILDREN.

There are some people who come into our lives like a gleam of sunshine. We feel unaccountably rested and cheered and refreshed after meeting them. If we go to them in trouble they have time to sit down and listen to the story of our worries and anxieties without fidgeting to get away to something else. They enter into our cares as if they were their own, and in some inexplicable way our burden grows lighter as we tell how heavy it is, and we are comforted. They have the power of substituting "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" they have the blessed gift of sympathy.

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MRS. J. H. WALKER.</p> | <p>ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—Please accept my thanks for the teaspoons. Am just delighted with them. Had no idea they would be so handsome.
LIZZIE MATTERN.</p> |
| <p>PAOLA, KAN.
Gentlemen:—I received my spoons, and pleased does not express it. They are better than I expected, and I am sure their beauty and finish cannot be excelled by any. Yours with thanks,
MRS. MARY MINCH.</p> | <p>HALSTEAD, KAN.
Gentlemen:—Please accept my thanks for the teaspoons. Am just delighted with them; had no idea they would be so handsome.
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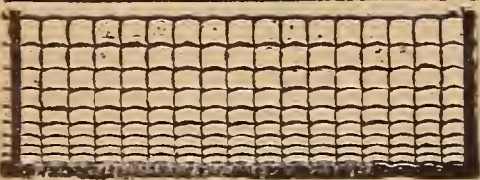
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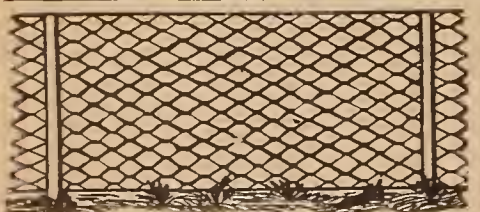


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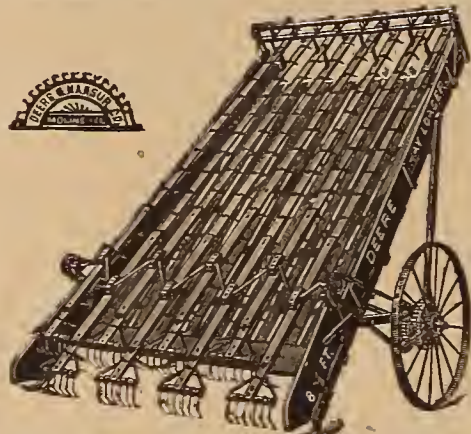
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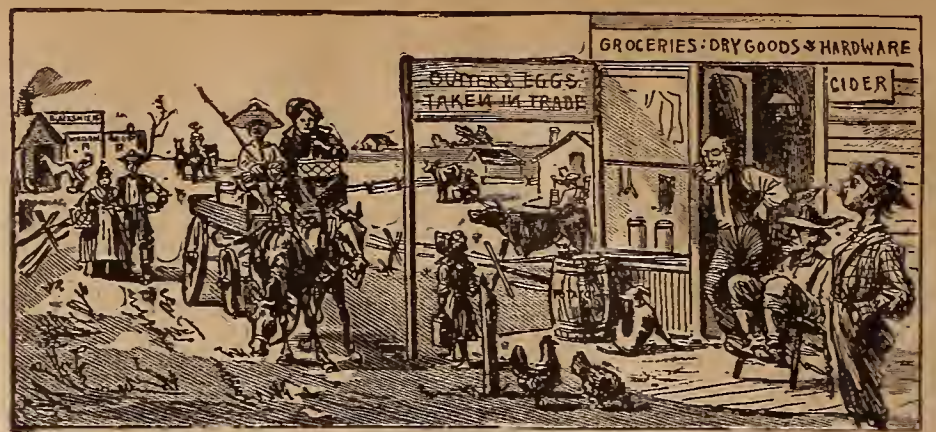
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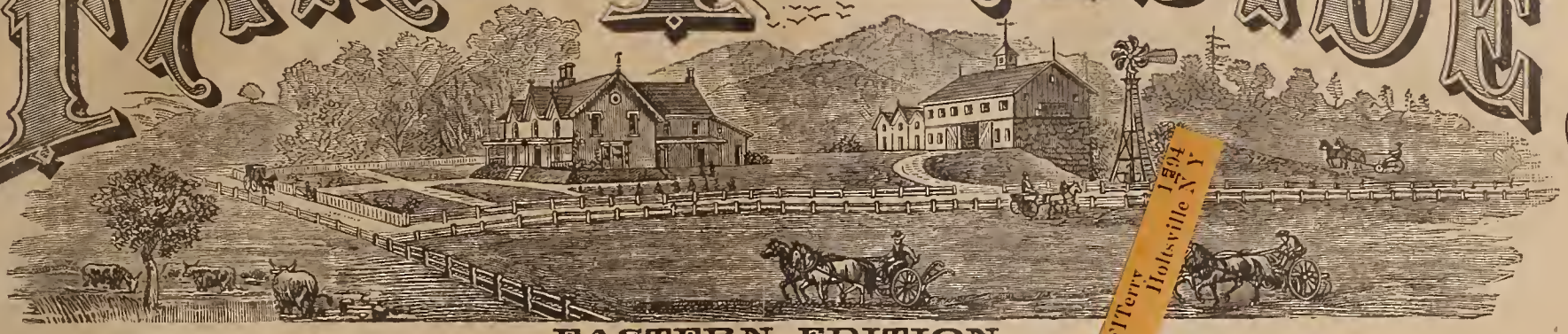
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EASTERN EDITION.

F. Terry
Holtsville
Pa.

VOL. XVI. NO. 17.

JUNE 1, 1893.

TERMS { 50 CENTS A YEAR.
24 NUMBERS.

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Current Comment.

HAY-LOADERS were first made over a quarter of a century ago, but they were cumbersome, imperfectly constructed and expensive, and found little sale. By the skill of inventors they were gradually improved, and for a few years past have ranked with the best farm implements in construction, durability, efficiency and price. The machine of today does its work in a most satisfactory manner, and is a time and labor saver of great value. To load a ton in ten minutes is quick work, but the latest improved machines can do it, and do it well, taking the hay up clean from the swath or windrow, free from trash or old stubble.

It is impossible to give a single method for making hay that is suitable for all conditions. Whatever good method the hay-maker chooses, he must be ready to modify and adapt to circumstances. There are a few points to be kept constantly in view. Hay is cured grass, not simply dried grass. Not only is its appearance and quality injured by being sunburned and bleached, but its weight is lessened. The farmers who make a specialty of this crop and ship to eastern markets do not, if possible, allow dew to fall on the mown grass after it is partly cured. Their markets pay a premium of two or three dollars a ton for appearance; to command the fancy price, the hay must be bright, clean and fragrant.

The method some of them use may be briefly described as follows: Everything is made ready beforehand to push the work when the time comes. Grass is in the best condition for making into hay when just a little past the stage of full blooming. If the prospect is good for fair weather, the mower may be started about the middle of the afternoon and run until sundown. The dew will not injure the green grass. As soon as the dew is off in the morning, the mower may start again, but no more grass should be mown than can promptly be taken care of by the force at command. As soon in the forenoon as the mown grass is partly cured, start the tedder. Little is gained by using the tedder too soon after the mower. The top part of the swath should be just dry enough to hold the hay up loosely when it is turned over by the tedder. In the afternoon the hay-loader may take that hay out of the swath and put it on the wagon for the barn, where a good horse-fork on a carrier will soon dispose of it. Or it may be taken by a sweep-rake to the stacker. If all that has been mown cannot or is not in condition to be mowed or stacked in the afternoon, what remains

should not be left in the swath. It should be raked into windrows, at least; and if the weather prospects have changed, it should be cocked up. When the grass or clover is very heavy, or the weather is unfavorable, more time will be required, but the crop should be cured properly and handled quickly.

Improved machinery saves time and labor, and may save the crop from damage by rain by handling it quickly. All this is well understood, but there is another point not so generally appreciated. When the grass crop is cut at the right time and properly cured, it is not only more palatable, nutritious and valuable as food for animals, but it weighs more, and consequently the cash returns per acre are larger.

SOME of the experiment stations will be obliged to engage in detective work if the unwarranted use of their reports and of the names of their specialists in connection with frauds on farmers continues much longer. More than a year ago there appeared an advertisement of a so-called patent process of butter-making which contained the following:

"In July last the analytical department of Cornell university took up the subject of milk and its products, and after a long series of experiments, decided that when we secured only three pounds of butter from one hundred pounds of milk, nine pounds of butter went to waste."

This was a very bungling attempt to bolster up a fraud by the falsification of one of the Cornell experiment station reports. Neither that station nor any other in the country ever made such an absurd statement. It is said that this fraud still thrives. There must be a notable lack of elementary knowledge of dairying among the victims. Says *Hoard's Dairyman* of recent date:

"Creamery sharks flourish, and roll up their ill-gotten wealth simply because the men they deal with are not well posted in dairy matters. Would it pay these farmers to be better educated on this question? The black pepsin fraud, one of the silliest and most shallow attempts at swindling we ever heard of, is gathering in farmers in various sections like fish within a net. The swindle has been exposed by every reputable agricultural paper in the land. Yet one Thos. E. Hall is operating in Illinois, and claims his agents are making \$200 to \$300 a week out of farmers who would not pay \$1 a year to keep better posted. Every farmer should make it a point to post up on dairy questions. He needs such knowledge in order to profitably manage the cows he keeps. Still more, he needs it to keep his hard-earned money in his own pocket and out of the hands of swindlers. Humbugs of every description are abroad in the land, and there is nothing like keeping well posted to ward them off. One thing should be remembered. Every swindler appeals to our selfish greed, and through that wins his point. If a man will guard against his inordinate desire for gain, the swindlers will give him a wide berth. But he needs to keep well posted to do that well and safely."

In connection with some compound called a "butter increaser," which recently came under our notice, and for which absurd claims are made, the name of Prof. Henry was used as an indorser. In answer to a letter on the subject, Prof. W. A. Henry authorizes us to state that he has not indorsed any "butter increaser" in any way whatsoever.

MUCH is now said about an income tax, or a direct tax upon the annual revenue of the person taxed. Theoretically, this may be considered one of the most equitable forms of taxation, if it is assumed that a person's ability to pay is proportioned to his annual revenue. An income tax is popular when it is not in force. Income taxes have always been very unpopular when in force. It seems impossible to devise a scheme by which they can be levied and collected fairly and certainly. It is much more burdensome on a laborer to be taxed two per cent of his income than for a millionaire to be taxed fifty per cent. The latter may be able to pay, however unwillingly, without sacrificing a single comfort or luxury. The former may find that his family must do without some comfort or necessity, if his tax is paid. There are many objections to an income tax on the part of the people. Aside from the difficulty of collecting income taxes, the most serious objection on the part of the government is the uncertainty of the amount of revenue produced by them from year to year. Years of prosperity would produce a surplus and years of disaster an alarming deficiency.

The main object behind the present agitation for a graded income tax is the use of the taxing power of the government to prevent individuals from getting rich. It is proposed to exempt all incomes under a certain amount from taxation. The incomes are to be graded, and the larger the income the higher the rate is to be fixed. As a measure of prevention against the accumulation of property the graded income tax is not worth consideration.

The principles of a true system of taxation, concisely stated, affirm "that taxation should be equal and proportionate; that it should be certain, clear and public; that the collection should be convenient in the time and manner of payment; and that the collection should be inexpensive." The graded income tax system does not fill these requirements.

A RECENT letter to this paper—doubtless many others have received a copy of the same—contains what purports to be a recipe for putting up fruit without heating or sealing. The pretended recipe is as follows:

Get fresh fruit, wash it clean, put it in common three or four gallon jars, and press it down what you can without injuring it. Take two ounces Comp. Ex. Salyx, which you can get from any druggist, dissolve it in four gallons of boiling water; when cool, pour on enough to cover the fruit.

The letter goes on to give a very flattering testimonial of this method, and closes with a woman's name and a post-office address. As many of our readers may see the letter in full in some other paper, a word of caution or explanation will be in place. This is the "blind recipe" game. The housewife will call on "any druggist" for the article named. He has not got it, and does not know what it is, although he may have something of a similar name. Then she writes to the address given in the published letter, and receives in reply an offer to send the stuff on receipt of a certain sum of money, or is told where to send for it. Anxious to try a new and easy method of keeping fruit, the housewife sends her money. In return she may receive nothing, some worthless compound, or possibly some preparation of salicylic acid, an unwholesome and dangerous article to use in food. The innocent-looking letter is an attempt to get free advertising from a

paper and swindle its readers. Don't take a hand in the "blind recipe" game; the cards are marked, and you are certain to lose.

THE continued and excessive rainfall that delayed spring plowing and planting ought to call to the mind of every cultivator the benefits of tile drainage. Drainage is the corner-stone of agriculture. Where soils are not drained naturally, artificial drainage is a necessity for prosperous farming. It is not only the marshy lowland that needs and is benefited by tile drainage, but the heavy clay upland. Tile-drained land is not only better able to withstand the extreme of moisture, but also the extreme of drouth. Tile drainage lets the surplus water out, lets the air in, and provides for the circulation of both air and water. Without this circulation the plants of farm crops cannot thrive. Drained land can be plowed earlier, prepared easier, planted earlier, is cultivated with less labor, is warmer, gives more rapid growth, gives a longer growing season, and almost insures the certainty of good crops. Read carefully what is said on this subject in the article on fertilizers, which appears on the third page of this number.

"The use of costly chemical fertilizers upon *undrained*, half-tilled or badly-managed land must always and inevitably be attended with waste."

If the soil is naturally undrained, the first thing necessary to put it in proper physical condition for profitable farming is artificial or tile drainage. The unfavorable weather of the past spring has emphasized this necessity.

THE fifth annual congress of the Scotch-Irish Association of America was held May 11th to 14th in Springfield, Ohio. The objects of this non-partisan, non-sectarian society are partly social and principally historical. This sturdy, heroic, liberty-loving race has played a very important part in the making of American history. The society is now collecting materials for a complete history of the race in this country, in justice to the fathers, to educate their children in the grand principles that guided them, and to gain from all the distinctive credit due the race for what it has done in the founding, building and preserving of American institutions. In all the proceedings of this congress was brightly reflected the distinguishing characteristics of our Scotch-Irish citizens, their loyal, patriotic Americanism.

THE international money conference may be reconvened next November. It is an open question whether the conference will then agree upon and recommend an international coinage ratio between gold and silver, or any other plan providing for the larger use of silver as money. The other nations, it is said, have suggested that the United States should originate and submit a definite proposition on the silver question. Congress, as soon as it is assembled, will take up the silver question. If it can agree upon a definite proposition, there is yet hope that some good may come out of the monetary conference.

ONE of the new uses of aluminum metal is the manufacture of horse-shoes. The main point of superiority of aluminum shoes over iron ones is that they are very much lighter, and may therefore be better for track horses.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

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Our Farm.

THE GREAT ANNUAL POULTRY SHOW.

COULD it have been possible for every reader of this paper who is interested in poultry to have attended the annual poultry and pigeon show held in New York the first week in March, I think the result would have been that each person would have made the mental resolution that "our common stock must go," and their places filled with some of the standard breeds.

The great Madison Square garden was filled for five days, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., by people interested in the feathered domesticated tribe; and while it is true that a goodly proportion of them attended because it was the proper thing to do, and another proportion out of curiosity, pure and simple, it was encouraging to note that the number of visitors from the farms of New Jersey, Long Island and along the Hudson was larger than at any previous exhibition. It is safe to assume that this means an increasing interest in the better breeds of poultry and a clearer understanding of the

The vast floor area of the main body of the garden was lined with pens of almost every known breed of poultry, pigeons, pheasants, geese and turkeys, while at convenient places in the center of the floor the several breeds of ducks were given tanks in which to get some pleasure amid their strange surroundings. The basement of the building was given over to the exhibit of eggs, incubators and dressed poultry.

Looking back to the first exhibit by this society, four years ago, one can see the rapid strides made in the perfection of the incubator and brooder, and how these mechanical contrivances are fast driving the mother hen out of business on all large poultry farms throughout the country. Some of the hatches made during the show were remarkable for the percentage of success, when it is considered that the machines and their contents were transported many miles, and in some cases at the most critical period of incubation. Ducks mingled with chicks in the brooders, while many of the incubators held eggs of both, some showing the chicks partly out of the shell, others the evidences of the first breaking of the shell. All this plainly demonstrated the success of the artificial hen. The chicks at a few days old were sold to visitors at from fifteen to fifty cents each, according to the breed. Many of them were bought by New York women who admired the fluffy little things, and we can easily imagine that their days are numbered, for life in the average New York home is not conducive to longevity, for poultry.

To the surprise of many, the almost useless bantam and the worse than useless game cock received a great deal of attention; not so much by visitors as by the amount of money placed on them as premium funds by the management, in many cases being greater than for some of the best-known standard breeds. These were the only evidences that the speculative idea was still retained by some breeders.

The exhibit covered, in limited numbers, some fine specimens of fancy fowls, as Frizzle, Buff Laced Polish, Golden Bearded Polish, Aseels and Sumatras.

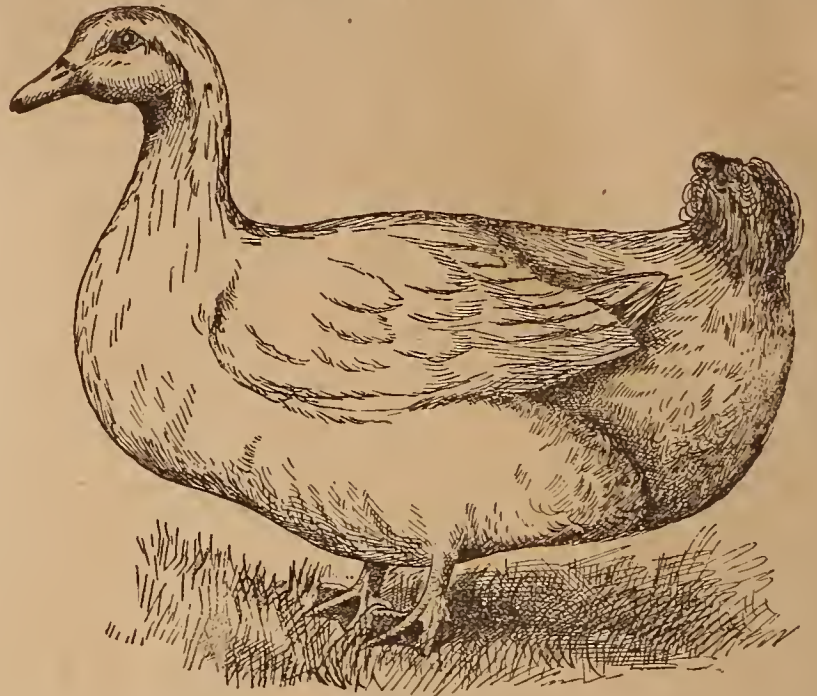
In pigeons the display was large and the specimens fine. Large numbers of homing-birds were shown, and several flights of pigeons were made from the tower during the progress of the show. Scotland contributed several pens of pigeons of the different kinds.

In the department of eggs for hatching, the display was good. Eggs of Plymouth Rock and White and Brown Leghorns were in the majority, and orders were given for them in great numbers by attending farmers, showing that they were awaking to the fact that the demands of the great public must be complied with to be successful; and the demand in New York markets is decidedly for these breeds, with a preference

hens and cockerals, went to Jones Wilcox, of East Chatham, New York, who exhibited some splendid birds of this distinctively American breed.

Adams, Purdue & Young, of East Orange, New Jersey, captured many of the special prizes, winning \$25 for four best full-feathered Buff Cochin hens, \$25 for two best cockerals and two best pullets, full-feathered Buff Cochins, \$25 for best single specimen Buff Cochin at show, and \$50 silver cup for best breeding-pen of full-feathered

care is not exercised in the preparation of products for sale. In the last few years there has been some overproduction along many lines, and buyers have their choice. It is notoriously true that shipments from farmers are rarely in as good shape as those from regular dealers. Goods sell by appearance in a great degree, the quality being too often judged solely by the appearance, and those goods sell quickest and for the highest figures that bear the marks of a careful and experienced shipper.



PEKIN DUCK.

Buff Cochins. Oakland Farm also captured prizes—first, third and fourth on best Buff American Cochin cockerals, and first, third and fifth on best pullets of same breed. Hempstead Poultry Yards, Hempstead, New York, were winners of the special purse of \$100 for the best exhibit of Black Langshans.

The display of geese was not extensive, but made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. Our illustration shows one of the pair of prize-winning Toulouse geese, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, of Oakdale, New York.

The displays of Emden, Chinese (both brown and white) and Egyptian were fair, but the specimens attracted attention mainly because of their oddity, the Toulouse being the breed for practical purposes.

The duck display was fair, and merited more prominence and more money in premiums. The best breeders of the rare and odd kinds, as Muscovy, Crested, Call and Mandarin, exhibited good specimens, but as with the geese the interest centered in the breeds for practical purposes; namely, Cayugas, Rouens and Pekins, with the preference for the latter. The first premium for Pekin ducks hatched prior to 1892 was awarded to A. J. Hallock, of Speonk, New York. Our illustration (from life) shows the best points of one of this pair.

The show was a success in many ways, but mainly, in our opinion, in the educational work it has done. We of the farms are beginning to learn that scrub stock, whether it be horses, cows, swine or poultry, is a relic of the past, and that success lies only in the direction of the better breeds carefully and intelligently handled.

New Jersey. GEO. R. KNAPP.

MARKETING FARM PRODUCTS.

In an article entitled "Business Methods among Farmers," I tried to point out some common mistakes in the purchasing of our supplies. Money is wasted as a direct result of bad business methods. We pay higher prices for what we consume than would be asked by dealers if we required less of them in the form of credit, of time in making sales, and of promises to come to our fields to set up and start farm machinery, when time is very valuable to them. We should know what we need, and then an order, with the cash, would secure it at an advance of ten per cent over wholesale prices. But the proper expenditure of money is not all that concerns us; the amount of the receipts is fully as important. The farmer is a producer of goods for the market, and he may lose, by lack of good business methods, in disposing of them. Both when he buys and sells he becomes part of the business world.

It has been my good fortune to see a good deal of country produce in city markets, and the first criticism any candid man would make of our ways is, that proper

All markets have their peculiar requirements, and no matter how unimportant or even senseless they may appear to us, regular shippers learn to fulfill them with nicety. The form of packages, the condition of poultry, the color of vegetables, the weight of stock—a score of things are made matters of business by the careful shipper, but are often ignored by us. This is all wrong, not only because it loses money to the individual farmer, but also because city merchants are led to prefer to deal only with local business men rather than with farmers in their territory. Lack of care in marketing our products causes them to be sold much below their true value, and when freight and other charges are added, the net returns frequently afford no profit from the crop.

It is my observation that very many are slow to learn that only good, choice stuff should ever be sent to market if there is any escape. As a rule, inferior stuff is shipped at a loss. If it seems necessary to send low-grade products to market, they should not be mixed with a better grade. Let the best go by itself and bring top prices, and then the poorer stuff can be sold on its merits, and will, at least, not cause a loss on the choice. In the case of grains and vegetables, the lower grades are worth more for feed on the farm than anywhere else. Strange that we are so slow to learn this fact. The screenings in our wheat and the culls of our potatoes and corn make good feed, while if left in shipments they injure their appearance and often make them sell for less money than the graded goods would bring. The feeding value of the culls and the freight upon them are lost, and worse than all this, reputation is lost.

Some city buyers prefer not to deal direct with farmers, for a reason that is exaggerated, but must have some foundation in fact. The claim is made that we fail to represent our goods fairly. Just how much truth is in this claim I cannot say, but it is difficult for one to compare his own goods fairly with those of others, and it is a natural thing that our horse, or our berries, or our potatoes, appear larger than our neighbor's. Many have an honestly erroneous opinion of the merits of their possessions. This disposition on our part leads to claims for excellence when representing our goods, that the buyer fails to discover when the stuff arrives. The local dealer learns to represent his goods by letter as they are, and the result is that city customers give him the preference.

Farmers too often fail to keep fully posted as to the demand and supply of the articles they produce. There is too much dependence upon the representations of would-be buyers. No one can predict prices with any certainty, but the farmer can learn all that is known of the situation, and especially can he keep fully posted in regard to fluctuations of the market. In every year of general scarcity of any one farm product we see farmers in sections that have full crops picked up by shrewd speculators who rightly surmise that some



BUFF COCHIN COCK AND HEN.

value of good blood. This class of visitors calculated from the standpoint of hard dollars and cents; they had no fifty or one hundred dollar bills to pay for a trio of birds of the fancy breeds, but it was noticed that they took a great deal of interest in all exhibits, which by reason of not having been bred to show points, could be sold at a moderate figure; eggs for hatching, incubators, in fact, anything and everything that promised practical relief from the tame unprofitableness of the "no-breed" fowl was closely examined.

for Plymouth Rock carcass and Leghorn eggs.

The display of Buff Cochins is said to have been larger and better than ever before shown at any previous exhibit in this country. The big, fluffy beauties attracted great attention. We illustrate the prize winners, cock and hen, of this breed. They were exhibited by the proprietors of Oakland Farm, Taunton, Mass., and were most magnificent specimens of the breed. Our illustration was drawn from life.

The first prizes for American Dominiques,

farmers who have a good crop take it for granted that prices will rule low. Last fall some of our apple growers furnished an example of this carelessness, and our losses from a failure to keep posted aggregate an enormous sum every year.

The mass of farmers lose money through the wrong-doing of a comparatively small per cent who are dishonest. When placing car-loads of produce on a city market, I have failed to make sales at fancy prices because "primed" cars near at hand made as good or a better showing, and the presumption with strangers was that if one had the best stock on top, or at the doors of the car, so had the other. We want a reputation for making a fair and honest representation of our goods. This matter of "priming," or "facing," has been carried so far that honest farmers' goods are suspected with the balance, and prices are cut accordingly. My individual remedy for this evil is to deal with old customers who know what to expect; but as a class we must be losers so long as suspicion rests upon our shipments.

Holding produce for higher prices has shortened many incomes. Some storing is necessary, and the effect is beneficial upon prices, but this inability to accept an offer when prices are rising is almost sure to lead to loss in the end. The time to sell is when the demand is good and prices active. The man who sells when he can get a fairly good price, makes more clear money than he who stands loss from shrinkage, interest and insurance, and then cannot sell until prices start downward.

To sum up: We should prepare our goods for market with care, fulfilling the requirements of the market to choose. Low grades are usually worth more to the farmer than any one else. We must represent our produce as it really is, and there should be no attempted deception by "priming." They keep better posted, and sell when prices are rising, rather than wait until the decline begins. DAVID.

COMMENTS ON CURRENT LITERATURE.

NOTES ON TRAVELING.—In my younger days I had a great desire to see the world. I suppose it is so with most young persons. Strange and curious sights, people and animals of foreign countries and climes, the wonderful structures of ancient and modern times, the mysteries of the sea and the forest, etc., all have their charms and attractions which appeal irresistibly to the imaginative minds of the younger generation. Perhaps it is well that this should be so, for truly there is no better educator than travel. The pebble that lies in the same spot, year after year, remains rough, angular, irregular. If you put it into the mountain brook, the swift-running waters will carry it along, mile after mile, in contact with other pebbles, with sand, with larger stones and rocks. Thus, by and by, the rough corners are worn off and the whole surface becomes polished. Thus with persons traveling. The contact with other people, observation of customs and habits brings experience, polish and refinement. The American people are a traveling people, and it is fortunate for them.

The European peasant is the most helpless of beings when unusual circumstances put him on a railroad train, or in a hotel away from home. The American farmer travels like one used to traveling, and finds himself perfectly at ease and at home on the cars and in the hotels. He is not different from any other gentleman traveler; the European peasant is "a peasant," and nothing more, and you can tell him a hundred rods off. He is without the refinement and smooth manners that come, as in the case of the pebble in the stream, from intimate contact with fellow-beings on the road.

Much of what little experience and information I can boast of I owe to frequent travels over land and sea. But now that I have seen a great deal of this world and its sights, I confess I have become weary with travel. I even dread the trip to the world's fair, intended for early June. I appreciate home comforts, and these you will miss even in a five-dollar-a-day hotel, or in a Pullman palace-car. Truly there is no place like home, where you can arrange things to your own liking, where wife and children are ever ready to minister to your wants and whims, and where nothing interferes with your own particular ways of enjoying life and of taking comfort.

Now the publishers of FARM AND FIRESIDE have also made it possible for me to see a great deal more of the world without compelling me to undergo the discomforts and burdens of travel. I can sit right in my comfortable arm-chair and see the most

famous spots, sceneries and structures of the whole earth. All that I have to do is to look upon the large pages of "Scenes from Every Land." If I want to make a trip to Berlin, or London, or Paris, to Spain, Italy, Turkey, Asia, or even Australia, I can find much that is worth seeing in those places or countries, in the excellent page photo-engravings of the book in question. Why should any one of my age take the risks and discomforts of climbing Mount Vesuvius, or upon the snow-clad peaks and glaciers of the Alps, when such splendid photographic views depict these scenes in all their naturalness? Really, I am under great obligations to you.

Now I can travel all over the world without expense, without risk, without discomforts. What the cost of this work of art I do not know. Its elegant outfit corresponds with the solid worth of its illustrations and descriptions. The nearest I can compare it is to the great and costly reproductions of the celebrated pictures in the picture galleries of Berlin, Dresden and Munich, which we had in my father's house. It is as great an ornament to the parlor table, and a never-failing source of enjoyment to visiting friends. They never tire of sight-seeing in this splendid book.

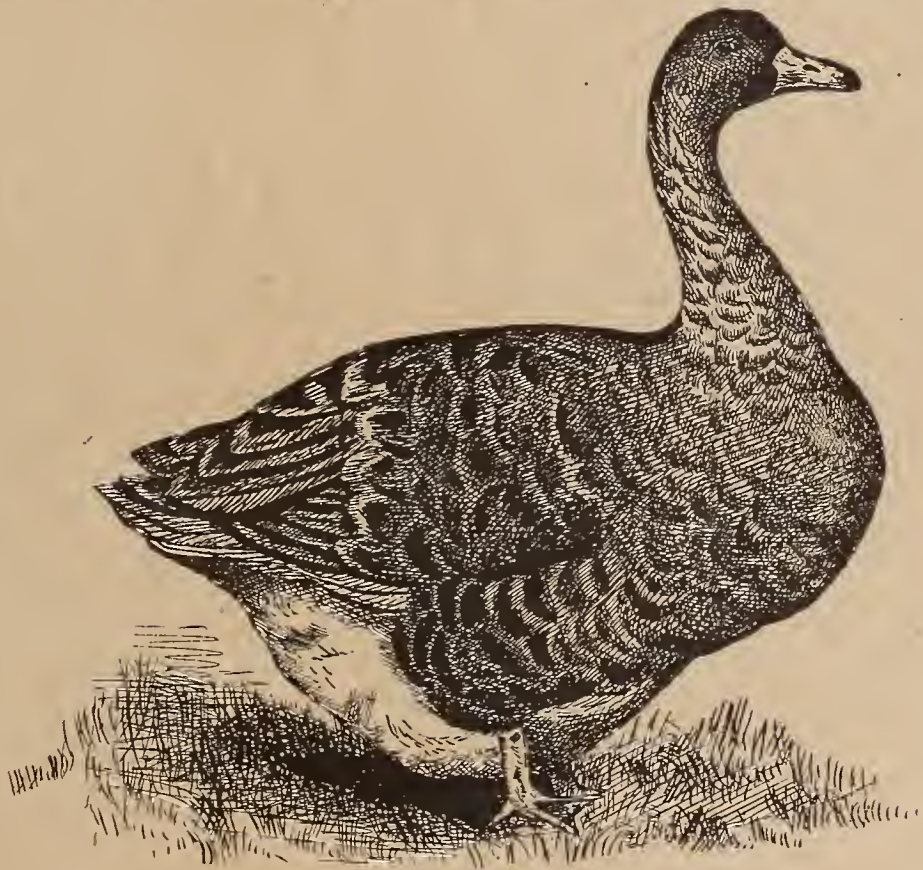
PLANTING POTATOES—AMOUNT OF SEED.—It is now over eight years since I wrote a little work on potatoes (Money in Potatoes), now, I believe, out of print, and certainly out of date. One of the chief lessons I tried to impart by means of this little book was the necessity, for best results, of using more seed than is used by the average grower.

have plenty of seed I use a whole potato; usually I plant halves. No matter how rich the soil, I have never been able, by planting single eyes, to grow more than forty per cent at most of what I could secure by planting whole potatoes. Surely the average grower does not plant seed enough. This advice is again on the principle of "line upon line," but I hope the matter will at least now be considered finally settled. T. GREINER.

THE FUNCTION OF FERTILIZERS.

The function of fertilizers is to supply food to the plant over and above what the soil will naturally furnish. It needs no argument to show that if this function is to be performed with economy, the soil must be first put in condition to accomplish its own share of the work most perfectly. In other words, it goes without saying that the use of costly chemical fertilizers upon undrained, half-tilled or badly-managed land must always and inevitably be attended with waste.

After a soil has been put in the best possible physical condition, it is conceivable that it may be found deficient in some one of the essential elements of fertility, while possessing a superabundance of others. This point can only be determined by a systematic test upon the soil itself, somewhat after the plan of the experiment described in bulletins of several of the experiment stations, and this test must be continued over several seasons and with various crops before it can be accepted as final, because of the very great effect which



TOULOUSE GOOSE.

Let me quote from the book the following paragraphs:

"Heavy seeding is always the safest with dwarf (early) varieties. I can hardly conceive of any combination of circumstances which might prevent a corresponding increase of yield from heavier seeding with early varieties. The less vigorous the variety, the more seed is desirable."

In general, I tried to show that a whole potato usually gives the largest yield, and that single eyes should be used only in the case of exceptionally high-priced seed. Careful tests, repeated year after year, for about ten years in succession, have verified these conclusions, and I consider the matter thoroughly settled, so that I shall not experiment in this direction any further.

The Michigan experiment station gives in bulletin 93 (April, 1893) a summary of original experiments, together with compilations from twelve other stations. The general conclusion is that potato-growers do not plant enough seed. For ordinary distances the half potato gives better results than any smaller amount. For weak-growing varieties, or varieties having small tubers, even a larger amount of seed will be found more profitable. A careful investigation has shown clearly (1) that an increase in seed within ordinary limits produces a marked increase, both in total yield and in marketable yield; (2) that an increase in seed from one eye up to the half potato produces an increase in the net value of the crop. But the increased yield from the whole potato over the half potato is not sufficient to cover the cost of the greater amount of seed.

These conclusions entirely agree with my own and with my field practice. If I

differences of rainfall or heat have upon the condition of the plant-food in the soil, and the ability of the plant to make use of it. This point is well illustrated by the effect of superphosphate upon the wheat at the farm of the Ohio experiment station, in 1891, where every plot treated with superphosphate showed a marked loss in yield of grain, although the straw was considerably increased.

While, as said above, it is conceivable that a soil may be relatively deficient in some one of the essential elements of fertility, the probability is that few Ohio soils, especially those upon the drift clays of the state, are yet suffering from any serious exhaustion of the mineral elements of fertility. There are undoubtedly many fields where the supply of nitrogen has become short, owing to continuous cropping without due care to keep up the supply of vegetable matter in the soil; but taking the state at large, the areas in which there is an actual deficiency of either phosphoric acid or potash are probably quite small.

Thus we find that in the widely-scattered experiments, conducted in co-operation with the Ohio station, while the phosphoric acid or potash has frequently produced a considerable increase of crop on soils already supplied with vegetable matter, when they have been used without nitrogen on soils in which the vegetable matter had been reduced by continuous cropping, they have as frequently caused loss as gain. And yet when a complete fertilizer, containing nitrogen as well as phosphoric acid and potash, has been used, an increase of crop has followed in almost every case, even on the soils naturally most productive,

and our experiments indicate that an increase of crop may be expected as a uniform rule from the use of such a fertilizer, properly compounded, on soils that have been put in proper physical condition by drainage, tillage and well-balanced rotation of crops. At the same time our work shows that the increase of ordinary farm crops thus obtained is seldom or never sufficient to pay the cost of the fertilizer, at present prices of farm produce and commercial fertilizers respectively, and a very little reasoning will show that this must be so.

A bushel of Ohio-grown wheat, with its straw, contains about three fourths of a pound of phosphoric acid, a pound of potash and a pound and three fourths of nitrogen. At present prices of fertilizers in Ohio, phosphoric acid may be bought at about six cents a pound in Carolina rock or basic slag, potash at about four and one half cents per pound in the muriate, and nitrogen at about nineteen cents per pound in nitrate of soda, its most effective form. At these prices the phosphoric acid and potash in a bushel of wheat would cost about nine cents, and the nitrogen about thirty-three cents, total, forty-two cents, provided every pound of these materials applied in the fertilizer were realized in the crop.

But the half century of continued experiment at Rothamsted has shown that, under the most favorable circumstances, not more than half the essential constituents applied in the fertilizer are realized in the crop, while under average conditions the proportion realized is much less than half. The clay of the soil seizes upon the phosphoric acid and potash, converting them into insoluble compounds which serve, it is true, as stores of future fertility, but which will not be liberated for many years. Another portion of them and much of the nitrogen is carried into the drainage waters, and there is probably a small loss of nitrogen in the form of ammonia gas. Under these conditions the Ohio farmer cannot hope to produce a bushel of wheat on chemical fertilizers at a less cost than eighty cents, if he depends on them alone.

It will be observed, however, that four fifths of the cost of the elements of fertility found in a bushel of wheat is for nitrogen, and modern science has shown us that a considerable part, if not all, of this nitrogen may be obtained from the atmosphere by the culture of plants of the clover family. In this matter science has simply given a rational explanation of a fact long known to the practical farmer; namely, that clover has some power of increasing the fertility of the soil. Clover, it is true, brings up from lower depths of the soil than can be reached by cereal crops, additional stores of phosphoric acid and potash, and thus the fertility of the surface soil may be maintained for a long time by the growth of clover; but the time must finally come when the clover will begin to show lack of vigor, and then is the time to begin the use of phosphoric acid and potash, one or both, used in such quantity as experiment may show to be necessary to produce the most perfect development of the clover; for clover is the key to fertility in Ohio, and in proportion as its culture is understood and developed by Ohio farmers, will agriculture prosper with us.

CHAS. E. THORNE.

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Our Farm.

GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

THE SEASON.—This is a season so late that it will take the "oldest inhabitant" to be able to remember its equal. Sowing and planting is done days and weeks later than in ordinary seasons, and many fields may not be planted with the crops which at first were intended for them. But why shall we "feel blue" over this? I know farmers get easily discouraged when things do not turn out as well as expected. Don't forget, friends, that the mush is never eaten as hot as it was cooked. It is quite often the case that just these seasons which promise little at the start are the most profitable ones in the end. A reduced crop often means increased prices, and satisfactory returns, while seasons of abundance frequently bring us little money, simply because the bottom drops out of the produce market. The fruit grower especially finds himself face to face with such conditions.

The various complaints of grape and berry growers that their crops do not pay, usually are the latest and most frequent in years when the crops of these fruits are largest. Yet, year after year they hope for and look for and work for large crops. And I confess that I am entirely in sympathy with these feelings. I am enthusiastic over the present promise of abundant fruits of all kinds. Trees are loaded with sound fruit buds, and if the weather is not too unfavorable at blooming-time, we shall have our fill. The lateness of the season and the unusually large share of bad weather during the earlier part of the season adds to the safety of the crops, for the probabilities now are for continued fair weather, and the bloom is almost too late to be caught by late frosts. But suppose we have the usual frosts in the last week of May or early in June, and fruit and vegetables, etc., are more or less injured. Perhaps you might be able to save some things by giving them a spraying with cold water in the morning, but on the whole it may be well to let nature have her course.

Things look worst shortly after the frost. If you incline to take gloomy views, don't look at your trees and beds for a day or two after the frost. Nature always has reserve forces. The earliest fruit on strawberries may all be killed, and the heart of all open flowers look black; but there are blossoms not yet out, and these escape and will develop into fine fruit. Don't imagine that your crop is ruined; put your trust in nature's great recuperative powers. Sometimes frost, like insects, only serves to thin the fruit on the overloaded trees. An overabundance of fruit in itself, for reasons already stated, is by no means desirable. What we want is fruit of high quality. Our best fruit growers now practice severe thinning, especially with peaches, plums, pears, etc. The nubbins might as well be removed and thrown away first as last, and preferably before they have drawn much on the resources of tree, plant and soil. Let the whole strength of tree, etc., go into a reasonable number of specimens, and get them of greatest beauty and highest quality. That is the way to produce fruit that will bring the money.

The bad influence of overbearing is especially observable in the case of grapes. Just as soon as a vine is allowed to bear an unreasonably large amount of fruit, the latter will fail to come to full development and maturity. Insipid, sour grapes are the result. Close pruning is an easy way of thinning grapes, but if neglected in season, you will have to take off part of the clusters. Pruning may also be resorted to with peaches for the purpose of thinning. Often part of last season's growth can be cut off to advantage, and where the fruit sets too closely, by all means knock a good share of them off with a long pole. Some growers practice thinning even with blackberries and strawberries.

PLANTING TOMATOES.—Our official teachings recommend early planting in open ground in order to have tomatoes as early as possible. I am somewhat skeptical about this. When plants are rather crowded in the cold-frame, it is better to get them out in open ground. If a late cold snap comes, a little protection by covering with hay, or even soil, may be given. But my plants have been dwarfed by cutting part of the tops down in the

greenhouse, where they had three inches space each way, and in early May they were set in cold-frames six inches apart each way. They had then well-developed branches. Under the protection of the cold-frame they grow right along, standing like little trees; they bloom and set fruit, and altogether they do much better, and come nearer bearing than when set out while soil and air are not yet fully warmed up. Plants of this kind can be set in open ground at any time without suffering a set-back. We cut them out of the cold-frame in great solid blocks, and thus set them in open ground without in the least disturbing the roots. If this is done when soil and air have become thoroughly warm, the plants will grow right along as if nothing had happened to them, and in most cases they will give you ripe tomatoes sooner than do the plants that were set two weeks earlier, but in the usual indifferent manner. The great secret is plenty of space in the cold-frame and careful taking up when transferring to open ground.

TOMATO-ROT.—A Massachusetts correspondent writes that for several years he has raised tomatoes, and the first fruit was always spoiled by rot, the trouble first making its appearance as a small speck opposite the stem. This is a very common disease, and hardly any patch nowadays is free from it. Spraying with the diluted Bordeaux mixture may help it; but usually the loss is confined to a small percentage of the crop. Some varieties are especially subject to it. In the Acme, for instance, the trouble often assumes quite a serious aspect. I would plant Ignatum, Matchless and some of the many other similar kinds, rather than Acme or other pink or purplish sorts, and select new soil for the patch.

JOSEPH.

OVERBEARING.

One of the most difficult things to do and do thoroughly is to "thin out" the fruit; that is to say, those who are delegated to do the thinning usually fall far short of what is required of them. The ground is covered with windfalls and many more will fall.

"Why not let nature do the thinning?" says a beginner, and then he adds, "Nature makes no mistakes." It is not necessary to discuss the mistakes of nature, if there be any, but experience shows that in a good many things, to serve man's purpose, nature must be held back, or turned this way or that. It is certainly true in fruit bearing in tree culture.

A fruit grower sent a "new hand" into the peach orchard to thin fruit, telling him, "Don't be afraid of picking too many." He was given no directions because the owner wished to test him, for the man had said that he knew all about it.

Soon after the owner went out to see how the thinner was getting on. He could not tell by the trees that any of the fruit had been picked. "I thought you knew how to thin fruit." "Why, I do. I've picked more than twenty peaches from that tree. Was that too many?" "Too many!" exclaimed the owner, "let me show you how to thin fruit," and he proceeded to take off one half of the fruit on the tree, leaving no peach nearer than three or four inches.

When trees are seen with props under limbs borne down with fruit, it is a sure sign that fruit growing on that place is not understood. No branch of a fruit-tree should be propped; that is, the fruit should be thinned till there be no need of props. There are two objects in thinning fruit.

What humane, prudent or economical man who wished to accomplish certain work before sundown, would drive his horses so hard that they would be dead the next day? But thousands of fruit-trees on farms where fruit growing is of secondary importance, are driven to death in the same way.

A farmer, pointing to a slender peach-tree, dead, said, "That tree bore about seven hundred peaches last year. I had to prop every limb. But it's no use to try to raise peaches; they won't live more than four or five years." He was right. It is no use to try to raise peaches or any kind of fruit in that way. If he had cut out half or two thirds of the fruit on that tree, the tree might have remained to bear several years longer. Peach-trees, properly thinned and cared for, may live ten or fifteen years.

Another object in thinning fruit is to get better fruit—larger, fairer, that brings more in the market. Make the experiment; let nature have its way, and let all the fruit stay if it will. Then thin out another

tree, taking off one half or two thirds of the fruit, and see if the fruit on the tree thinned will not bring more in the market than the fruit from the tree not thinned. It is a fact—a fact that every fruit grower appreciates and makes use of.

GEORGE APPLETON.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Layering Grape-vines—Weight of Dried Berries.—E. P. C., Perkins, Okla., writes: "Can grape-vines of the current year's growth be layered?—How many quarts of black-cap raspberries and blackberries will it take to make a pound, dried?"

REPLY.—Yes, but the plants from such layers are not as strong as when the older wood is layered. It should be done as soon as part of the new growth begins to get rather firm, generally some time in July. It is a good plan to slightly twist the cane where layered, so as to break the bark a little. This aids in the formation of roots.—Experiments carried on several years ago by Prof. J. W. Green, of Ohio experiment station, showed that one bushel of dried Ohio weighed nine pounds; Schaeffer eight pounds, and one bushel of Gregg, Hilborn, Ada or Tyler weighed eight and one half pounds each when dried. Of the blackberries I do not know, but think one bushel will dry down to about six pounds.

Girdling Grape-vines.—K. M. B., Linden. Where grapes ripen surely, without extra precaution, I consider girdling the grape undesirable and poor practice, but in very inferior locations it may be done to advantage. As generally performed, it consists in taking out a ring of bark one fourth of an inch wide just below the fruit and entirely around the bearing canes, which are to be pruned off in the annual pruning of the vine. This is done about the time the fruit is well set. If the main stem should be girdled near the surface of the ground, the result would be the same, as regards the immediate effect on the ripening of the fruit, as if done as suggested above, but the vine would be so weakened as to produce but little fruit the next season. But when only the new wood is girdled, the subsequent effect of this treatment on the health of the vines is not seriously injurious. Some seasons I have girdled with annealed iron wire by twisting it tightly around the canes, but have not found it as satisfactory as the above plan. The reason why grapes ripen earlier and are larger if girdled, is supposed to be because the food which would otherwise be stored up in the roots and trunk to start the vine into growth in the spring is intercepted in its movement from the leaves by the girdle, and the fruit is more abundantly nourished than it would be otherwise. Girdling advances the period of ripening about ten days. Only wood which is to be pruned away should be girdled.

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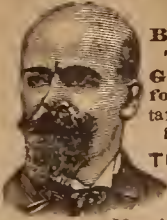
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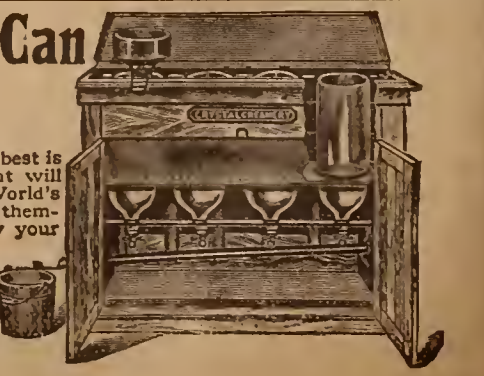
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Our Farm.

JERSEY CATTLE IN THE GULF STATES.

FOR the past ten or twelve years the breeding of registered Jersey cattle in the Gulf states has been steadily on the increase. The number of herds multiplied rapidly. The business was profitable. When Mississippi and Alabama breeders had reached that point when they were enabled to accumulate a surplus of animals, more than sufficient in numbers to supply the home demand, they had no difficulty in consummating sales in adjoining and neighboring states. Florida took a goodly share of this stock, but the bulk of it went to Louisiana and Texas. Mississippi and Alabama breeders were numerous and earlier in the Jersey business than Florida, Louisiana and Texas. The demand from these latter states, from year to year, called mainly for acclimated stock. Stock from Tennessee and further north, when brought into our Gulf states, was liable to pass through the ordeal of what is generally known as "acclimation fever."

About three fourths of the cattle introduced from beyond the Tennessee line northward succumbed to the fever—died. The animal was not safe from attack of the fever during the period of two years. The unborn calf, conceived previous to the cow's transportation South, was as likely to die of the fever any time within two years from its birth as its dam. There was no specific remedy for treating the fever, though the deaths were frequently lessened by importing only very young stock calves, and in the fall, and in keeping the stock pretty well shaded or under shelter in warm weather when the sun was hot; and in feeding cooling, laxative foods. All this entailed much trouble and expense. The better informed parties who contemplated buying Jerseys, preferred to pay nearly, if not double, the amount of money for thoroughly acclimated stock, than to risk the chances on unacclimated animals. Hence it was that our Alabama and Mississippi breeders had so little trouble to make sales at high prices to these Florida, Louisiana and Texas buyers, and in a large measure feel independent when it came to the question of competition with more northern breeders who were solicitors in making sales in our extreme southern territory.

About three or four years ago, as many of your readers will remember, there was a widespread depression in Jersey prices. This was very general throughout the United States. The day of fancy, fictitious values, so far as Jersey cattle were concerned, was at an end.

There was a paucity feeling among the ranks of Jersey breeders; the sudden drop in prices, followed by a death of sales due to a decreased demand, frightened many breeders. Many of our prominent Gulf state breeders were so badly scared that they made haste to unload their Jersey possessions. So many offerings of Jerseys on the market at once, such a wild rush of breeders to sell, prices became so unsteady and fluctuating that demoralization pervaded Jersey circles. Magnificent herds were sacrificed upon the altar of low prices, and men who were enthusiastic Jersey breeders but a short time before, had sold all their choicest cattle at ridiculously low prices and were congratulating themselves upon getting out of the business upon even such good terms.

But a large proportion of the buyers of these best bred cattle had a proper conception of the peculiar circumstances that brought about this sudden panic, and knew that they had made wise investments. And quite a number of the old breeders who were well up in Jersey information and understood well, in general and in detail, the peculiar conditions that brought about this inevitable depression in Jersey values; who had the best of reasons for the belief that the cloud that overhung the Jersey sky and darkened the surrounding situation was to be of but comparatively short duration, and would soon pass away, to let in the genial light again; who had faith in the future of Jersey cattle; who had the courage of their convictions and proved it by holding stiff prices on their stock, regardless of the demoralized markets everywhere around them; who refused to be intimidated and become unnerved by a little scare, that their best judgment told them was backed by no solid and substantial foundations—these men for a year or more past have been making largely increased sales, and at prices, while by no

means fancy, nevertheless large enough to prove highly satisfactory to them. These breeders are now reaping a rich reward for their good judgment, courage and patience. They not only find a steadily growing demand for well-bred Jerseys from adjoining and neighboring states, notably Texas, but the home inquiry is developing to greater proportions than for several years past. The future outlook for the southern breeder of choice bred Jersey cattle is very encouraging; indeed, bright. Breeders tell us that in no class or breed of thoroughbred live stock are values so settled, so satisfactory, and money so readily realized, as on Jersey cattle. They say there is no better property to own than well-bred Jersey cattle.

EDWIN MONTGOMERY.

Mississippi.

FORAGE PLANTS.

Forage plants does not seem the correct way of referring to quite a list of plants grown extensively in the further west or in sections where corn is not an assured crop, though in some seasons the yield of corn is very heavy. But for want of a better name it is used for the various saccharine sorghums that have been largely grown for thirty-five years for making syrup, and since the settling of western Kansas and contiguous territory, for both forage and seed, though some of your eastern writers have just discovered this fact the past year, and the many non-saccharine sorghums. Perhaps the saccharine sorghums are yet grown more extensively than anything else, but within a few years the non-saccharine sorghums have been introduced, and will soon take precedence. There are several reasons for this. They have a much heavier foliage, and it remains green much longer in extended drouths; their stalk is not so hard, and though not so sweet they are preferred by stock of all kinds.

The kinds now most commonly found are yellow and white Milo maize, red and white Kaffir and Jerusalem corn, brown Dhoura and African millet. I experimented with them for several years prior to coming here, and last year grew them quite largely, and as my experience, would give preference to yellow Milo maize and white Kaffir corn. In other sections, Jerusalem corn, notably at the Garden City, Kansas, experiment station, is given preference. I procured my stock seed there, and in three trials it has proved inferior to the others, in withstanding drouth, in amount and quality of fodder and seed.

Now I recommend a trial of these to all your readers, and urge your western readers especially in these new lands, to plant largely. I think they are worthy of culture even in the great corn and grass sections. The quality of fodder is much better than that of corn, judging by the preference of my stock, for I have had all kinds in abundance the past winter, and I deferred to their likings and sold nearly all my corn fodder. My horses preferred the Milo maize and the cows the Kaffir corn.

The culture is simple. Any one who has raised corn needs no further information. The seed being small like sorghum, of course it can be planted shallower, but I use the same planter, the common two-horse one, and as there was no small plates with it I took one of the extra set and filled the holes with lead, using a small punch to set in the center to leave a small hole so that only three to five grains would be dropped, and then drop every two to three feet. If I could so arrange it I would have one grain every foot, and then cultivate same as for corn, but our present machinery will not do this. In damper sections more grains can be put in a hill, but this has proved best in this dry climate.

Of course, my ground was all newly-turned prairie sod last year, and is largely so this year; so if the two-horse planter is used the ground must be disked at least twice and then well harrowed. If not, sod hand-planters must be used except it be on loose, sandy soil.

The price of seed, especially the newer kinds, is exorbitantly high, as quoted by seedsmen, as it can be grown more cheaply than corn, the yield being about one third more; but three pounds will plant an acre, and a package, or a pound, will give any one sufficient for a trial plot, so the expense is still very light. Not growing so tall as corn it is much more easily handled at harvesting-time. I stacked all of mine in my feed-yard, and it has kept in fine condition, and has been my rough feed all spring.

J. M. RICE.

Oklahoma.

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Mention this paper when you write.

SHEEP AND TURKEYS.

A sheep can be raised with less trouble than a turkey. My good friend, Major Gaines, of Virginia, said last fall that he could raise a sheep with less trouble than he could raise a turkey, and that he would prove it to me sometime. He writes, January 6th:

"We have had no such spell of weather in this section since 1857, that I can recall. The thermometer has been ranging from ten to twenty-seven degrees, Fahr., with the ground covered with snow four inches deep for several days. Now to my proposition that 'you can raise a sheep with less trouble than you can a turkey,' I will state that during all this cold, bad and snowy weather the turkeys have met me at the corn-crib twice a day and demanded their corn, while the sheep have taken care of themselves. As I had not seen the sheep since the snow fell, I went yesterday to look after them, taking a basket of nubbins on my arm. I found them browsing the young pines and cedars, looking fat and lively. Only the older ones would eat the corn, so I brought half of it back to the crib. I shall not trouble myself to feed them again unless we have a very deep snow, and then only with fodder."

To some it may seem strange that a sheep should find a living among the young pines and cedars in Virginia. The shelter afforded by these evergreens is all that could be wished for. It is dry, clean and cozy in the highest degree. The sheep will find green plants, some grass and a variety of seeds, buds and dry stuffs to eat besides pine and cedar nippings. Some of these plants are covered by the pine needles, and the sheep, by that intuition known to belong to such animals, know where to find them, and paw the covering away. Many of these are crisp and aromatic, agreeable even to the human palate.

It is a notable fact, too, that the feeds of old pine-fields give a most excellent quality of mutton; it is tender, juicy, gamey, flavored like venison, and sells as the best in the market.

R. M. BELL.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM KANSAS.—Linn county is one of the eastern counties. It is about half way between Kansas City and Fort Scott. It is a thickly-settled farming country. The chief products are corn, wheat and oats. Apples, peaches, pears and all kinds of small fruits do well here. We have some good towns. La Cygne has fourteen hundred inhabitants. Home seekers will find this a good place to locate.

G. D. C.
La Cygne, Kansas.

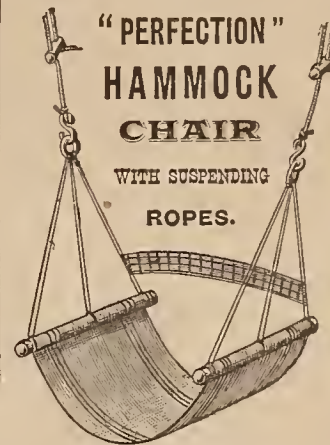
FROM IOWA.—Iowa is one of the leading states in the Union. Ida county has rolling prairie, sandy loam soil; very productive. There are plenty of never-failing streams, and well-water can be obtained at a depth of from ten to forty feet. We have good schools and churches. Last year corn averaged thirty-five bushels per acre; oats thirty, and barley twenty. Land sells from \$23 to \$40 per acre, according to quality and location. Those who want good homes and cheap land, handy to market, should come to Iowa.

J. K.
Cushing, Iowa.

FROM IOWA.—Our climate is all that can be wished for as far as pure air is concerned, but the winters are rather severe. The soil is black sand and clay; very good for corn, oats, etc. We have good water and plenty of wood. Land is worth from \$25 to \$50 per acre, according to improvements. Horses sell for from \$85 to \$150; hogs, \$6 per one hundred pounds; cattle, \$1.25 to \$3 per one hundred pounds; potatoes, \$1 per bushel; eggs, 12 cents per dozen; butter, 20 cents per pound; corn, 40 cents per bushel; oats, 27 cents per bushel; hay, \$6 per ton. We have apples and small fruits.

M. B.
Wadena, Iowa.

FROM ILLINOIS.—Shelby county has a light brown soil, which is very good for grass, wheat and fruit, but it is not so very good for corn. The farmers here are about ten years behind the times. There are several old log huts in use yet. Cowden is a very prosperous little city of one thousand inhabitants. This county



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FARM AND FIRESIDE,
Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

cannot be equaled for fruit culture. Some of the farmers are setting out orchards of five hundred to one thousand trees. When they get to bearing this will be the main fruit county of Illinois. All kinds of fruit do well here. Good farms are selling for from \$25 to \$50 per acre because they are nearly all under mortgage.

W. W. U.
Cowden, Ill.

FROM KANSAS.—This part of "the great American desert," until the last few years, was the home of the buffalo, antelope and coyote. Since the tide of immigration turned toward the beautiful and fertile plains of western Kansas, the two former have entirely disappeared, and the latter has taken up its abode among the hills and rocks of the rougher and less cultivated parts of the country, remembering his neighbors by an occasional visit to the hen-roost during the late hours of night. Northwestern Kansas is the most beautiful part of the state. The soil is very fertile. The only thing that hinders it from being the greatest agricultural country in the world is the lack of rain. However, the soil of western Kansas is capable of enduring more drouth with less injury to crops than any other country in the civilized world. Thomas county has been settled eight years. During that time there has been but one entire crop failure; that was in 1890, when the entire West suffered more or less from drouth. There are but few streams of water in this county, but an abundance of the very best of well-water. The dry weather does not affect the wells here as it does in other places, because the water is sheet-water. Wheat, rye, barley, oats, sorghum, broom-corn and corn all do well here when the season is favorable. Thomas county has two railroads, the Rock Island and the Union Pacific. These roads both pass through Colby, the county-seat, making it the most important town in the county. We have good schools here, and school-houses that the citizens may well be proud of. There is no building material here, except good brick clay. There are many sod houses, a few dugouts, many temporary frame houses and a few good, substantial dwellings. A great deal has been said about stock wintering here on the range, and the most of such talk is very misleading to people who know nothing about the country. Stock can winter on the range and come out alive in the spring, provided there is not snow enough to cover the grass. When there is snow and stormy weather, which is generally the case, the stock is found in the spring on the bone-yard. Whenever any one tries to winter stock in that way he always loses enough to more than pay for the expense of providing shelter and feed for stormy weather. Stock wintered on the range are always so poor in the spring that it takes them all summer to pick up and get ready for another winter. It is a common saying here that "the more stock a man owns the poorer he is," every word of which is true, unless he expects to take care of them and is prepared to do so.

L. M.
Oakley, Kan.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

THE LEGHORN FOWLS.

NO BREED of fowls is more popular than the Leghorn. It is not large in size, the male seldom exceeding seven pounds in weight when fully matured, and the female rarely reaching five pounds. The Leghorns are non-sitters, and if kept under favorable conditions will equal other breeds as winter layers, and they will probably produce as many eggs in spring and summer as any breed. They are very hardy, and seem to be as free from disease as could be expected with poultry.

Among the characteristics of the Leghorns is the yellow skin, which is accompanied by yellow legs. They are active foragers, and can be kept on a range with but little expense. They will not thrive well under confinement, however, and they can fly over a high fence. The eggs are pure white in color, of average size, and when used for incubation, they hatch well. The pullets begin to lay when five months old, and are beautiful in plumage.

The Leghorns are divided into white, brown, black and dominique, the latter being but little in favor. Of late a buff variety has been introduced. There is no difference between them except in color, the browns being the more numerous and popular, however. There are also rose-comb browns and whites, which do not differ from the single-comb varieties other than in the shapes of their combs. So far as laying qualities are concerned the color gives no predominance, and the rose combs fully equal the single combs in that respect.

During the winter season the quarters

SOFT-SHELL EGGS.

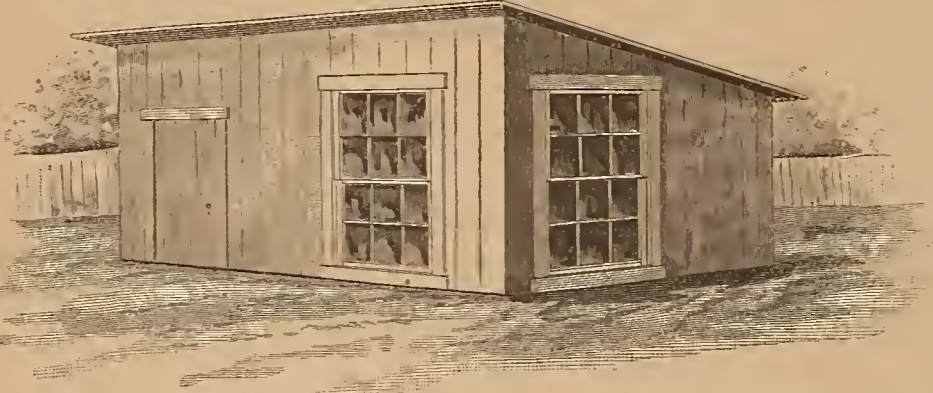
We wish to state to readers that when the hens lay eggs with soft shells, there is nothing that can be given them to prevent the difficulty. The cause may always be traced to one source—overfeeding. If soft-shell eggs are noticed, the hens are too fat. It is because fat is an obstruction to the laying hens that the eggs are imperfect in any respect. The custom is, when the shells are soft, to give the hens oyster-shells in order to provide lime for the egg-shells, but the remedy is not known to be effective. Whenever the hens begin to lay eggs with soft shells, nothing can be done to prevent the evil but to reduce the hens in flesh, which may be done by placing them on a starvation diet for awhile, and also compel them at the same time to work for every ounce of food they receive. Active breeds are not so subject to the difficulty as are large breeds that are kept in confinement. The shape and size of the eggs largely depend upon the condition of the hens.

SOURCES OF LICE.

Where do the lice come from, in the first place? This cannot be correctly answered, but when you buy hens you may then be bringing lice into the flock, and eggs used for hatching purposes, procured from elsewhere, should be well washed before they are placed in the nest. Filth is also conducive to the rapid multiplication of lice, as it permits them to hide beyond the reach of the remedies used for their destruction.

A CHEAP AND ROOMY HOUSE.

The illustration of a poultry-house is intended to show several advantages. The house should be 10x15 feet, of any preferred height, and will comfortably accommodate twenty fowls. Having a flat roof it gives the most room at the least cost. The roof may be covered with tin or tarred paper. A window is at the east end and also on the south, which brings the sun's rays into the



CHEAP AND ROOMY HOUSE.

must be warm or the combs are liable to freeze, and they must be kept busily at work, as confinement may induce them to learn the vice of feather pulling. The males are very proud and handsome, with magnificent carriage, and the hens are trim and neat looking.

CROSSING WITH WYANDOTTES.

One of the best uses to which the Wyandotte males may be put is the mating of them with the large Asiatic hens, in order to produce broilers and market fowls. The Light Brahma and Wyandotte is an excellent mating, the Brahma hens being preferred, the males to come from the Silver Wyandotte, though some are favorable to the White Wyandotte. The result is that the cross-bred birds will possess yellow legs and skin, as well as compact form. Both breeds are hardy, and that is a very important point. The pullets of the cross should be choice layers, though they may not quite equal the Leghorns, but in raising broilers or market fowls no attempt should be made to secure choice pullets for laying. The rose comb of the Wyandotte and the pea comb of the Brahma are advantages, as there is a smaller surface exposed to the frost. The bright, golden-yellow legs of the Wyandotte cannot be overlooked, as in that respect it stands above the other breeds.

FRESH WATER.

A large trough should be kept well supplied with fresh water, and it should be emptied and cleaned every morning. On wooden troughs a slime sometimes accumulates, in which case the trough should be well scalded and scrubbed in order to guard against disease.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by a persistent cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

SAVE THE FEED.

Bear in mind that this is the summer season, and that the hens are not compelled to combat the snow and cold of winter. They do not require food to warm their bodies to the point of resistance to cold, and the food that was converted into animal heat in winter is easily saved now. The hens do not require much aid from their owners at this season, and if they are fed heavily the food will be lost if the hens have a range. It is not only best to be sparing of the food, but it is also a matter of economy.

BROILER PRICES.

Broilers are now fifty-five cents per pound in the New York markets, while prices are fully as high in Chicago. May is the month when prices are highest, but the decline is gradually done until August, both June and July being months during which high prices may be obtained. Other cities are also affected by these two large markets, hence there is also at times a demand nearer home, which should be an advantage if the weather is very warm.

BOWEL DISEASES.

Bowel diseases in summer usually result from the feeding of too much grain and stimulating food, the crop sometimes being extended because of indigestion, the food not passing forward into the gizzard until the cause of the difficulty is removed. The remedy is to withhold all food, and to add ten drops of tincture of nux vomica to each quart of the drinking-water for the whole flock. This difficulty is often mistaken for cholera.

BROKEN EGGS.

Large and heavy hens are liable to crush some of the eggs in the nest with their feet, and the eggs will become smeared with the contents of the broken eggs. The proper plan to pursue in such a case is to take the eggs out of the nest, wash them in warm water, clean out the nest, and add new hay or straw. Unless this is done lice will soon take possession.

INQUIRIES.

Cracked Rye.—Mrs. J. B., West Ellston, Ohio, writes: "Is cracked rye suitable food for chicks?"

REPLY:—It may be given once a day as a portion of the ration, but should not be fed exclusively.

Rubber Bars.—E. D. S., Parkersburg, W. Va., writes: "Where can I procure the rubber bars for a thermostatic arrangement to an incubator regulator?"

REPLY:—We know of no one who sells such things, though they should be found in stores that sell rubber goods.

Lice.—P. M., North Benton, Ohio, writes: "Would you advise a solution into which to dip hens in warm weather, to rid them of lice? If so, give directions for making the solution."

REPLY:—The soap-suds from the family washing may be used with advantage for that purpose, and the hens may be dipped once a week. But such work will be useless unless the lice are driven out of the poultry-house.

Chicks Blind.—Mrs. J. D., Elmdale, Kan., writes: "Our chicks were blind when hatched. We had to kill three. Some of the hens have bowel disease and their crops are full of water."

REPLY:—The eyes are probably closed by some adhesive substance. Wash the eyes with warm water, using a soft sponge. The hens have indigestion, due to overfeeding with grain.

Gapes.—J. A. L., Campbellsville, Ky., writes: "Please inform me the cause of gapes in young chicks and the cure for the same."

REPLY:—It is caused by a number of minute, thread-like worms, which become lodged in the windpipe, and cases are more numerous on old, occupied yards. Give a drop of spirits of turpentine on a bread crumb, and scatter air-slaked lime liberally on the yards.



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It Produces More Butter and of a Better Quality. The Davis Swing Churn I bought last spring gives complete satisfaction. I think it the easiest way of churning I ever saw. It produces more butter from the same amount of cream, and a better quality of butter. I can give the Davis Swing Churn a good recommendation. LEVI McCABE.

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Soft-shell Eggs.—J. S., Ashley, Pa., writes: "Is there anything to prevent hens from laying eggs with soft shells? We feed bran and chop in the morning, also at noon, and refuse from the table at night. They have a good range, have oyster-shells, and are very fat."

REPLY:—It is due to feeding three times a day, the hens being overfed and fat. It is a sure indication that the hens are too fat when the eggs have soft shells. If they are on a range, give them no food at all.

House and Yards.—W. D. F., Avord, Iowa, writes: "Will a yard 8x10 rods be large enough for 40 Langshans or 50 Light Brahmas? It is in grass. Will a house 20x22 feet answer for 150 Leghorns that have free range?"

REPLY:—The yard will answer for 40 hens, but should be divided into two yards. The house will only accommodate 40 hens comfortably. Do not endeavor to save space by crowding too many together.

Leg Weakness.—Mrs. C. B., Mt. Healthy, Ohio, writes: "I have 70 chicks, three weeks old. About a dozen have leg weakness, but have good appetites and grow nicely. They have gravel in the brooder-room and run on the ground."

REPLY:—It may be due to rapid growth, which is not necessarily fatal; but if your brooder has bottom heat the probability is that the cause of the leg weakness arises from that source. Bottom heat nearly always causes leg weakness.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Loom for Making Straw Mats.—E. R. W., Centerville, Mass., who asks for description of plain loom for making mats for hotbed, will find such description, with illustration, in "How to Make the Garden Pay." In the fall or winter I will try to illustrate another loom in the columns of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

JOSEPH.

Grafting Pear Seedlings.—A. D. J., Ontario, Ohio, writes: "I set out quite a number of pear seedlings last October. Can they be grafted this spring?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—There is nothing to hinder grafting the seedling; but of course it will be too late for this season. You can also bud them in the summer and autumn into the new wood.

Poke-weed for Greens.—F. B., Bernal, Kan., asks whether poke is good for greens, and how large the shoots should be when ready to cook.

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—The young poke shoots, say from six to twelve inches high, make superior greens, and I prefer them to almost any other kind. Cook as you would spinach or beet greens.

Crimson Clover.—J. B., Monaca, Pa. Crimson clover, *Trifolium incarnatum*, cannot take the place of red clover. It is usually sown in the spring, but in the latter part of summer for mowing the following May, or for plowing under for fertilizer. It is sometimes called scarlet clover. Experiment with it on a small scale before sowing largely, as it may not be hardy enough for your climate.

Liming Land.—F. G. R., Hyrum, Utah, writes: "How much lime should be put on an acre of land after it has been under-drained? How should it be applied, and when?"

REPLY:—You must determine by experiment whether lime will benefit your land or not. It is not a fertilizer. It may benefit drained land by correcting its acidity, or by making the plant-food it contains quickly available. Use fresh-burned, pure lime, at the rate of fifty to one hundred bushels per acre. Apply it broadcast, after plowing, and harrow it in.

Glass Substitutes.—H. L. S., Biltmore, N. C., writes: "Please inform me where I can procure 'duraline.' I shall be much obliged for the experience of any one who has used it. It is wire gauze covered with a preparation, and recommended as a substitute for glass and cloth hotbed sashes."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Fine wire netting can be prepared for this purpose by giving it several coats of varnish. I am not aware that it is offered in the United States under a trade name. We would like to hear from any one having used the article. On the whole, I am opposed to the use of substitutes, as I consider glass the most satisfactory; but cloth, etc., may do for certain purposes South.

Bitter Cream.—Mrs. Z. A., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "What is the cause of cream turning bitter? I keep it in the cellar and it turns bitter in from two to three days. Of course, this causes the butter to be bitter and unfit for use. Our cow gives excellent milk, and it gets me all out of patience when my butter is not good."

REPLY:—The main causes of bitter milk and cream are weeds in pastures, such as rag-weed, and bacteria. As the milk of your cow is good, look to your cellar for the cause. Milk or cream cannot be kept very long in a damp cellar infested with certain species of bacteria—microscopic plants of the lowest order—without turning bitter. No matter how neat and clean your cellar may appear to you, it may not be a suitable place for keeping milk and cream. Fresh air and sunlight will improve the cellar. Do not keep the cream too long before churning. It should be churned just as soon as it has ripened or turned slightly acid. Sometimes cream standing in a dark, damp cellar will become spotted with mildew, and utterly unfit for making butter.

Drifting Sands.—A. D. R., Wasco, Oregon, writes: "I have a piece of ground on my farm upon which it is almost impossible to raise a crop of grain of any kind. The wind blows the soil away and whips the leaves and stalks so as to kill the plants. Can you tell me which is the best method to prevent it? The soil is a sandy loam, and gets very dry in the summertime. I can manage to get a crop of wheat or rye on it when I sow it early in the fall, so it comes up early and gets a good start before spring."

REPLY:—One of the most beautiful parks in the world is the Golden Gate park of San Francisco. Originally the tract was a wind-swept, barren waste of drifting sand-dunes. The shifting sands were fixed by growing the native blue and yellow lupins and "sand-bent," a sea-beach grass imported from Europe. The many fibrous roots of these peculiar plants bind and hold the sand in place and permit the growing of other plants and trees. The work of reclamation has been a gradual one. By planting these plants and fixing the drifting soil you may be able to get a border of trees on the windward side of your land that will act as a wind-break and protect your crops.

Horse-radish and Strawberries.—J. G., Hardin, Ill., writes: "I would like to know about horse-radish; how to plant and cultivate it, and whether there is any money in it; also, how to set strawberries, and whether they are a profitable crop."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Horse-radish can be grown successfully, and often with fair profit, on any kind of rich soil. River bottom is preferable. You can grow it as a second crop, to follow early cabbage, cauliflower, etc. The general practice is to plant the sets midway between the rows, and keep all top growth down by cultivation until the first crop is off. You can get sets of any seedsman. Plant them with a light iron bar or with an iron-pointed hoe-handle. Open the hole and drop the set into it—that is about all. After the cabbage, or whatever the first crop, is off, you can run a cultivator or plow where the rows used to be, and then let the horse-radish take full possession of the soil. It will give the weeds very little chance. Take up and sell in the fall or spring following. Horse-radish pays about as well as other ordinary garden crops. Strawberries, if properly managed, and grown where you have easy access to a market, ought to give fair profits.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers, Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Wants to Buy a Book.—F. & B., Manning, S. C. Please send for a catalogue to a book-seller, and then take your choice.

Periodical Ophthalmia.—J. W., Olyphant, Pa. If your mare is blind, or nearly blind, there is no available remedy. The so-called wolf's teeth are very innocent, and have nothing to do with the blindness or its cause.

A Barren Cow.—J. S., Winterton, N. Y. I cannot answer your question. If your cow is barren, notwithstanding she had twins last year, she probably suffered some injury, either when the twin calves were born or afterward.

Warts.—G. M., Arnes, Man., Canada. What you describe are warts. Put a ligature of a "shoemaker's waxed-end," drawn as tight and as close to the healthy skin as possible, around the neck of everyone of them, and the warts will disappear.

Ecraseur Wanted.—J. E. D., St. Joseph, Mo. You probably mean an ecraseur, which is at best a very unsuitable instrument for the purpose for which you want to use it. You undoubtedly have a dealer, in surgical instruments in a city like St. Joseph. Ask him what it will cost.

Skin Disease.—W. D., Clintonville, Pa. First wash your horses with soap and warm water, and then apply a wash with a weak solution of carbolic acid (1 part of carbolic acid to 60 parts of water). If your horses are kept in the stable, see to it that they have clean stalls and good, clean bedding.

A Chronic Swelling and an Obstetrical Case.—G. S., Grandview, Ind. If the swelling in your horse's sheath is of three years' standing, and hard, you cannot, most assuredly, remove it by any external application of medicine. As to the obstetrical case, you ought to have employed at the proper time a competent veterinarian, and your mare might have been saved.

About Dehorning Cattle.—C. B., Mountain Home, Pa., writes: "Please let me know what is put on the horns of calves when four or five days old, so their horns will not grow. I don't like to dehorn them by cutting the horn off."

ANSWER:—I cannot give you the necessary information. If you don't like horns, the easiest and safest way to have cattle without them is to breed polled cattle.

May be Nymphomania.—H. P., Cochran, writes: "Is there anything that will keep a highly-fed mare from being in season all the time in the summer?"

ANSWER:—If your mare suffers from nymphomania—has diseased ovaries—the only known remedy consists in having them removed, which can be done without much danger by Charlier's method, provided the necessary antiseptic precautions are observed. If, however, it is only an uncommonly developed sexual impulse that troubles her, the best would be to breed her.

Needs a Good Driver.—W. N., Allegheny, Pa., writes: "My pastor's horse, a Kentucky five-year-old pacer, goes very nicely until he is hurried a little, then he breaks into all gaits, changing from one to another. He is built for a good traveler, and we think he might be broken of this, and be made to pace steadily. He thought of weighting the horse down in front. Would this do any good?"

ANSWER:—Your pastor's horse needs a good

driver, one who knows how to handle a horse, and probably nothing else, unless it be that you are trying to get more speed out of him than is in him.

Dislocation of the Patella.—M. P. G., Beaumont, Pa. What you describe is a dislocation of the patella, or knee-pan. Let an assistant take hold of the horse's foot and draw it as far forward and upward as he can, and then, while the leg is in that position, and the muscles attached to the knee-pan relaxed, lift and push the knee-pan into its proper place. If it should become displaced again, when the horse lies down or gets up, repeat the operation, which, the second time, will be much easier, and then keep the horse standing for several days by tying him in such a way that he cannot lie down, but must keep on his feet.

Paralysis.—J. R. D., St. Marys, Iowa, writes: "I have four sows that cannot get up, and some that cannot stand alone when helped up. They all have pigs from four to six weeks old. They were in good order when they got down. They ran after feeding steers last winter, and did not get any grain except what they picked up after the cattle. What is the cause and cure? Is there a preventive?"

ANSWER:—Not being informed of all the conditions, it is hard to tell what caused your sows to become paralyzed or unable to get up. It is possible that it is lack of food sufficiently rich in phosphates, lime-salts and nitrogenous compounds.

Inflamed and Contracted Tendons.—L. M., Somerville, Ala. What you complain of are much-inflamed and contracted tendons, and with the treatment you have employed, causing more weight to be thrown upon the diseased tendons, I am afraid your mule has become a confirmed and incurable cripple. If the animal had had strict rest from the beginning, and if the tendons had been as much as possible relieved, the animal might have recovered. As it is, I hardly know what to advise you. If you had a competent veterinarian, a partial restoration might yet be effected by a surgical operation, to be performed after every trace of inflammation has disappeared.

Bleeding from the Nose.—S. L. B., Wesley, Tex. What you describe looks a little suspicious of glanders. Still, bleeding from the nose may also be caused by an existing morbid growth (a sarcoma, for instance) in the respiratory passages, or from an abscess in the lungs, etc. Blood coming from the lungs is usually foamy. If no reliable veterinarian is available, you may possibly be able to determine yourself whether the disease is glanders or not, if you carefully examine the nasal cavities, particularly the septum, while illuminating the same by throwing the rays of the sun into them with a small mirror. If it is glanders, very likely you will find ulcers with corroded and swollen borders on the septum.

Swelled Leg.—W. J. L., Middleton, Wis., writes: "What is the matter with my horse? One of his hind legs is swollen from fetlock to heel. I have blistered it with a solution of turpentine, eight ounces; camphor, one ounce; corrosive sublimate, one ounce, but did not cure it. The horse received his injury while drawing manure, when he slipped."

ANSWER:—You neglected to inform me of the nature of the swelling and the time of its appearance, two very essential things. If the swelling is of recent origin, the treatment you applied most assuredly would not reduce it. If the swelling is chronic, bandages during the night and exercise during the day will be the best treatment, effecting the most reduction.

Champignons.—E. W. R., St. Clare, Kan., writes: "What is the matter with my pigs? After castration many of them have hard lumps form on the end of the cord. These lumps grow to a very large size, and after a time become a running sore. Have tried removing them and washing the sore with diluted carbolic acid, but in every case they reappeared again."

ANSWER:—What you describe are so-called champignons, which have been formed, because at the operation the stumps of the spermatic cord have been left exposed. They can be removed if the same are laid bare and a ligature is applied over the yet healthy portions of the cord, and that done, the "hard lumps" are cut away.

Lice.—J. G., New Comerstown, Ohio, writes: "My horses have lice. In shape the lice resemble a bed-bug, but smaller, with striped body. I feed the horses all the good hay they will eat, and five and six large ears of corn three times a day. They are poor. Would you advise a wash of tobacco decoction? If so, please tell how it is made."

ANSWER:—A good wash with a tobacco decoction, prepared by boiling one pound of tobacco with three gallons of water, until about half of the fluid is evaporated, will surely kill the lice; but since it is summer, it may not be necessary, if you turn out your horse into a good pasture, where he will soon shed his coat of hair, and where the lice will be washed off by rain.

Ateara (?)—C. G., Pavilion, N. Y., writes: "Can you give me the treatment for ateara? I have a young mare that is troubled with it in the spring—generally after being idle awhile. Driven a short distance she becomes stiff, and in a short time almost loses control of her hind parts. Her urine is similar to strong coffee in color."

ANSWER:—I never heard of a disease called "ateara," but you probably mean what is sometimes called "azoturia," a disease which is much easier prevented than cured. If your young mare possesses special predisposition, give her less food and also voluntary exercise whenever you are obliged to keep her idle, and very likely you will have no cause to complain. If, notwithstanding, she should show signs of stiffness (knuckling over), unhitch immediately, and let her rest wherever she may be, and worse consequences will probably be averted.

Contracted Tendons.—W. H. S., South Hartford, N. Y., writes: "I have a mare that is eight years old this spring. For the last three years she has been driven on the mail route, which has caused the tendons in her right fore leg to contract, which compels her to walk on her toe. Is there anything I can do for her?"

ANSWER:—If there is no more inflammation in the contracted tendons, the contraction can

be removed by a surgical operation consisting in subcutaneously cutting the contracted tendons. It can, however, be performed only on one leg at a time, and it requires a competent surgeon to execute it and to conduct the treatment afterwards. The process of healing requires two months, and it takes at least a month more until the animal will be able to do any work.

Foot-rot.—C. J. N., Olney, Oregon, writes: "Please tell me what to do for my cows. I have lost three, and one more is sick now. They get lame in the hind foot. It first cracks in the heel and increases till they cannot stand on that foot. The crack goes deeper and the toe turns up. White matter comes out of the foot. They eat well up to a day or so before dying."

ANSWER:—First, keep your cows out of water, mud and dirt. Secondly, cut away all loose and rotten horn, and thirdly, make twice a day a liberal application of a mixture composed of one part of liquid subacetate of lead and three parts of olive-oil to all the sores. If the latter are rather deep and inveterate, a protection by means of bandages may be necessary. During the treatment the cows must be kept on dry ground.

Cataract.—Mrs. H. W. W., M. D., Florida, writes: "I would like to ask if anything can be done for a blind horse to assist it in recovering sight. My mare is five years old, and I know of no cause for her blindness. On one eye, if it were human, I would say there was a cataract. She sees better at some times than at others. She was blind when I got her, and had been so over a year. She is perfectly healthy otherwise."

ANSWER:—A cataract operation in a horse is difficult on account of the strong muscles of the eye, but it is possible. The trouble is to provide a horse with the necessary spectacles; because without them the eyesight of an operated horse, as well as of an operated person, would be very imperfect, and in a horse a very imperfect eyesight is much worse, because more dangerous to the owner than blindness.

Mange.—C. F. K., Moselle, Mo., writes: "Please give a cure for the mange in horses. Also a recipe for disinfecting stable and harness."

ANSWER:—First give the horses a thorough wash with soap and warm water; next day wash the same either with a weak solution of carbolic acid (1 to 60) or with a tobacco decoction, and turn the same out into a pasture. Then thoroughly clean the stable, clean and whitewash the woodwork, and throw doors and windows open, so that fresh air may come in. Clean the harness first with soap and water, and then oil it with fish-oil. In about five days repeat the washing of your horse with the diluted carbolic acid (1 to 60) or with tobacco decoction, but leave the same outdoors. In about two weeks the stable, if it has been thoroughly cleaned and ventilated, may be occupied again, and in that time your horses, too, will be clean, provided the washing has been done in a thorough manner.

Black Urine.—C. A. S., Spring Bank, Neb., writes: "I have a horse eight years old. At times his urine becomes very black and somewhat thick, and he keeps very thin, with the best of care. I have been feeding him bright upland hay and corn and oats mixed. He has had good well water and plenty of salt. I have given him pulverized rosin and saltpeter, equal parts, a teaspoonful once a day, for a week, and that clears up his urine; but when I stop for a while it resumes its old color."

ANSWER:—Urine (of horses) may be dark-colored in various degrees and by various causes. So, for instance, the urine may contain dissolved blood in cases of hemoglobinuria, caused by certain septic diseases; it may contain red blood corpuscles or more or less undissolved blood, derived either from the kidneys or the urinary passages (hematuria); or it may be dark or highly colored by other admixtures. You, however, say that the urine becomes very black, which probably means very dark-colored, but does not convey any idea as to the source of the dark color, and consequently does not indicate the probable cause or the nature of the disease. The best, therefore, will be to have your horse examined by a competent veterinarian, or to induce Dr. Billings, at your state university, to make a microscopic examination of the "black" urine.

Wants to Use Cocaine.—J. K. H., Agua Fria Valley, Ariz., writes: "For the past fifteen years I have had more or less experience with castrating horses, and I am deeply impressed with the cruelty of the act, even when done with the utmost care. The amount of suffering caused by this necessary operation, on the stock-ranches of the West, is appalling to every sensitive person. I have just seen an article on the use of cocaine in surgical operations, and wish very much to ask you if it could not be used successfully on horses. If it can be done and you can give directions for its use through the FARM AND FIRESIDE, you will oblige greatly the stockmen of this section. I have some very valuable colts to castrate next spring, and if the operation can be made less painful, I wish to do it, at any reasonable cost."

ANSWER:—If the operation referred to is performed in a proper manner, and executed with promptness and dispatch, there cannot be very much suffering, because all will be over in a very few minutes. Of course, where an ecraseur, an instrument long ago discarded in Europe as unfit for that purpose, is used, there may be considerable suffering, but it is doubtful if the use of cocaine would much diminish it. The expense would be considerable; ask a druggist what it will cost. You may save the animals some temporary pain, and possibly make the operation easier to the operator, if you use anesthetics; that is, put the animals under the influence of chloroform and ether.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water

Our Fireside.

OLD TIMES AND OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days,
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant, fashion!

There are no boys like the good old boys,
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown, bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sang to the summer dawn,
To the bee in the billowy clover;
Or down by the mill the whippoorwill
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love,
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, and yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field.

AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

FILL up the box with wood," said Maria Stebbins, as the "hired man" came into the kitchen where she was preparing dinner.

Without replying the youth turned slowly about and closed the door behind him, but soon returned carrying an astonishing amount of stove wood on his left arm, which he carefully deposited,

stick by stick, in a capacious wood-box, which stood near the stove and was painted lead color, in keeping with the other wood finish of the room. This operation he mechanically repeated until interrupted by the mistress, who said sharply:

"Henry, don't you pile a stick of that wood against the wall. Haven't you learned that yet?"

As the undemonstrative youth returned from carrying a few sticks back to the wood-house, she said rather more apologetically than was her wont:

"I declare, if things haven't dragged here to-day until I am clean upset. And it's no wonder with running to look for father half the time."

While saying this she turned over a spare-rib roast in the oven, and, fork in hand, went to the south window and peered through a small space near the top of a pane that was not covered with frost, and said:

"I do wish father wasn't so set about going to the village in all sorts of weather. There hasn't been another sleigh past here to-day, and I shouldn't wonder if the roads were drifted so bad that he couldn't get home," and she almost pressed her nose against the window in her efforts to see through the blinding storm of wind and snow that was raging.

"Oh, he'll get through all right," said the "hired man," speaking for the first time, but with very little interest and no anxiety. "Old Prince is a beater to wade through snow-drifts."

"I do believe he is coming now," said the daughter, not heeding his compliment to a favorite old horse. "Yes, I'm sure it's him," she added. "Git your things on, Henry, and hurry right out, for you may have to help him up the lane, and dinner is half spoiled with waiting now."

The young man did as she bade him, as far as putting on his coat, cap and mittens, but no one could have possibly called his motions hurried. However, I do not suppose that Miss Stebbins really meant that he should hurry, but she had a way of adding that injunction when speaking to any one but her father.

There certainly was no necessity of his doing so, for nearly ten minutes elapsed before "Prince" succeeded in climbing the long hill on the summit of which stood the farm-house, and wading through the lane that led to the house.

Mr. Stebbins was soon heard stamping through the wood-house, and as his footsteps seemed to halt, Maria opened the kitchen door and saw him standing before it sweeping the snow from his boots and pants, the latter showing plainly that the horse had not done all the wading.

"Well, you have got here, have you? I have been looking for you for more than two hours." She did not say that she was glad or had been anxious about him. Indeed, that would have been showing more feeling than either father or daughter were in the habit of expressing toward each other.

Mr. Stebbins no doubt heard what she said, though he neither looked up nor replied. After hanging up the broom he came into the kitchen, and removing his long, knit scarf, cap and overcoat, he vigorously shook out the snow and hung them on a post that projected into one corner of the room. Then taking a pair of fringed mittens from his overcoat pocket he deliberately plinned them together at the wrist, and after hanging them up, stood by the fire with his hands extended over it to warm.

Maria meantime was placing the dinner on

the table, and when she had finished, said in her hurried, determined way:

"Come, father, sit down; everything is about spoiled now."

He silently did as she bade him. Indeed, the entire meal was eaten in silence, for Maria had quickly discerned that something of more consequence than a four-mile drive in a north-east snow-storm was troubling her father, and she was too wise to risk his anger by made conversation.

Near the close of the meal Henry ventured to say, "You forgot to git that crank for the straw-cutter, didn't you, Mr. Stebbins?"

"No, but I had no time to bother with it. You can get down the longest flail and thresh out beans what time you have this afternoon," said Mr. Stebbins; then added with far more interest, "but mind that you stop early enough to take good care of all the stock, for it's going to be a tremendous cold night, and I shall not go out again to-day."

Maria was already engaged in clearing off the table, and as the outer door closed, her father, unable longer to control his feelings, astonished her by saying in a voice full of emotion, "Maria, I little thought that I should live to thank God that your mother died. But I have to-day, and you will, too, when you read this letter and know how we are disgraced."

As the daughter sat down the dishes she had unconsciously held while her father was talking, and extended her hand for the letter he had taken from an inside pocket, a pallor overspread her face as she recognized the well-known chirography of her brother Richard, then a junior at Harvard. There was little danger of her fainting. A Stebbins had never been guilty of such weakness, but she stepped back in a very uncertain way and sat down on the broad lounge before reading it.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 19, 1869.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Your unjust and scathing letter of the sixteenth was received this morning, and I am more pained than I can tell you that a pretended friend has acted the spy on my movements and precipitated a confession I would voluntarily have made a few weeks later when I came home, and that you had so little sense of justice and confidence in me as to credit his libelous accusations, without giving me an opportunity to explain or defend myself.

As to your accusations, this much is true. I am married, and have been for nearly three months, to Edith Osborne, a girl who for over a year was an opera singer, or, as you call it, "stage actor." Not from choice, however, but because in this way she could best provide for their family, which had been reduced from comfort to actual want by the business failure and subsequent death of her father.

You well know that whatever faults I have, deceitfulness is not one of them, and this step would never have been taken with any degree of secrecy if you had not been so unreasonably angry last summer because I refused to disgrace myself by seeking to win the love of Miss C— from any such mercenary motives as you advanced. To be sure, I then had no idea of marrying until after I had finished my studies and was no longer dependent on you, but I went home fully intending to tell you of my engagement to Miss Osborne.

I came back intending to do so as soon as your disappointment and anger had subsided; but when I found Miss Osborne prostrated from overwork and anxiety, I insisted on an immediate marriage, that I might have a husband's right to relieve her of care and otherwise aid in her restoration to health.

It was several weeks before Edith would consent to this, and then we were married, not in a "sneaking, run-away" fashion, but in Mrs. Osborne's parlor, by a well-known minister, and with the mother as a witness.

This, then, is the extent of my "disgraceful proceedings." If I had come and asked your consent it would not have been given, and I certainly should have disobeyed you, for though I have hitherto kept my will in subjection and allowed myself to be controlled by you, in a matter that involves the happiness of a man's life, a just God does not require such a sacrifice from a child.

If none of my "ancestors ever married a disreputable woman," neither did one of them, not even you, marry a more devoted daughter, and a purer, nobler woman than my Edith; and instead of feeling any regrets at the steps I have taken, I am proud to know that I had courage and manliness enough left to risk your anger. I do not ask you to recognize my wife or to extend me any assistance other than you are now doing. I am working mornings and evenings and have secured an excellent position for the summer vacation. This, with the little sum I have on interest, will meet our necessities until I graduate.

I trust that both you and Maria are in usual health and will soon think more kindly and justly of

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD F. STEBBINS.

Twice during his daughter's perusal of the letter Mr. Stebbins had walked the floor excitedly and then resumed his position at the window as though the warring elements outside were more in accord with his own tumultuous feelings than any more peaceful conditions.

Accustomed all her life to the stern, tyrannical ways and anger of her father, Maria Stebbins trembled with fear as she saw the expression of his colorless face and the terrible agitation he was laboring under. Despite her cold, almost forbidding exterior she had a warm and loyal heart, and she involuntarily clutched the letter tightly as though to in some way shield the writer.

To know the worst, however, were better than suspense, and as her father turned and extended his hand for the letter she asked with a harsh, metallic ring in her voice:

"Well, what can you do about it now?"

"What can I do about it?" fairly roared the father as he again paced the floor. "I can do one of several things that will bring the young lugrute to his senses. I can bring him home and forbid his ever seeing the intriguing hussy again. I can put him on board a 'whaler' or a 'man-of-war,' and a few years of hard work will take this love nonsense out of his head. But he deserves a greater punishment than any of these, and I shall spurn him, shall for-

bid him to ever set his foot on this farm and shall disinherit him. He can take his disreputable jade and take care of her; not a dollar of my hard earnings shall ever go toward it. I suppose he thinks I can't get along without him, but I will show him whether I can or not. I am just as strong as I was at forty. My father lived to be ninety-six years old, and there is no good reason why I shouldn't, and I shall see the saucy, ungrateful rascal whining to be forgiven long before that."

Breathless with excitement and anger the father paused, and Maria, hoping to pacify him, said:

"But, father, perhaps she—" but her father stepped in front of her, and shaking his fist, said vehemently:

"Now look here, Maria, not a word of your confounded woman's nonsense. When I want any of your advice I will ask for it. You are more to blame than he is for his actions. He never would have been half as independent or half so self-willed if you had not always taken his part. But mind what I say, if you ever attempt it again you will leave, too, for I can live without any of my children. You are all an ungrateful set. There's Margaret, she got married and went off just as she might have been of some use to me, and paid for her bringing up. She might a good deal better have stayed at home and tried to convert some of the heathens in her own family. Rebecca was a saucy, head-strong piece, but such girls often make the smartest kind of women, and I guess she has, for Jake Wells told me to-day that Silas Edmunds' folks visited her when they went West last month, and they said they lived in good shape and were worth fifty thousand dollars."

Maria seemed to listen, but her thoughts were all of Richard, and as her father's anger toward him had apparently found vent in condemning his other children, she ventured to say:

"I can't for the life of me see how Richard ever made the acquaintance of such a girl, for he was always so particular about what company he kept."

"Of course you can't 'understand' it. You don't know anything about human nature, anyway, or else Richard could not have made you believe that he was a saint. His trifling with Miss C— would have shown what he was to any man, but there's no logic in women, anyway, and precious little sense when once they have made up their minds to like a man. And for that part there is no more in Richard than you. This whole disgraceful scrape comes from that wishy-washy Fairchild's indecision of his. I warned him again and again about theaters; he knew well enough that they are regular hotbeds of corruption and immorality, but when some of those fast fellows coaxed him to go he wasn't man enough so refuse."

"But, father, I don't think—"

"Don't you dare attempt to defend that young scamp, again before me, or write to him, either," said the father, with angry gestures.

"I will answer that letter to-night, and you get up to-morrow morning and pack up every dud that belongs to him. I will pay him for his colt and steers (though he couldn't hold them if I wasn't man enough to do it) and we will wash our hands of him."

Then taking a newspaper from his overcoat pocket the father sat down, and placing his feet on the stove-hearth read with well-feigned interest, and Maria went slowly about the work.

After an early supper Maria lighted two kerosene lamps, placed one upon a secretary that stood in one corner of the room and the other upon the table. Mr. Stebbins sat down at the former and began writing, while Maria knit and the "hired man" read by the other. Nothing was said during the entire evening, not even when the father and daughter were left alone. The latter at length put up her knitting and went about doing a few last household duties in a nervous, scared manner, as though in fear of again arousing her father's anger, and when they were completed went silently to bed, leaving her father still writing.

Indeed, he wrote sheet after sheet and long into the night before the letter was completed, placed in a legal envelope and locked inside the secretary. Of the contents of that letter it were better that the reader remain in ignorance. For us to divulge them would only be to weaken their faith in human, or at least in father natures.

Little sleep came to Maria. She believed not less firmly than her father that the theater represents all that is immoral and degrading in life. That no girl could possibly be an actress and retain her modesty and virtue. To have learned to love such a character Richard himself must have been false to all her teachings and sunk to an almost hopeless state of immorality or else have been completely infatuated by the wiles of a despicable, unscrupulous girl.

It was not, then, that she questioned her duty in the matter. Her conscience approved of her father's stern commands, but the thought of life without the brother who was dearer to her than all others, made this conflict between love and duty the hardest struggle of a life that had already endured many.

Next day she did as her father had commanded, and after this, save for an added coldness and sternness between father and daughter, life went on as usual.

One morning soon after the above incident, as Mr. Stebbins went out to get their mail which a neighbor had kindly brought "along," Maria saw him glance quickly at a letter and

slip it into one of his pockets. Coming into the house, he laid another letter and some papers on the table, put on his hat and coat and went to the barn, where he remained until called to dinner nearly two hours later, reading and rereading the following reply to his letter:

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 26, 1869.

MR. JOHN R. STEBBINS: Dear Sir.—I have long known that many of your pretended virtues were but mockery, yet I did not think you would violate your promise to my dying mother and refuse to allow me to complete my college course. However, be it as you say. No Fairchild was ever yet known to starve or steal and I shall succeed in providing for my family. My greatest regret is that I did not study medicine instead of concurring to your wishes.

The check you sent me for "Fair Boy and the steers" I return. They surely could not have depreciated in value to this extent since you priced them last summer, and if you do not choose to send me one for double that amount, notify me, and I will authorize some one else to sell them. The oil-painting of mother, as you and Maria both know, is mine and should have been packed and sent with the box of clothing.

It certainly is rather inconvenient, but no disgrace under the circumstances, to be disowned and disinherited by you. Your religious harangue and the curses you called down on me amount to nothing. Such beliefs as yours are a disgrace to any one's manhood, for your God is as selfish, cruel and relentless as yourself. If I cannot find the God that my mother and little Emeline believed, I want none of yours.

It may be as you say that "for once Maria has no excuse for me" and "thinks no better of my despicable, sneaking actions than you do." How could she be just and believe your cast-iron, merciless creed and be under your complete control, as she is? But whether she does or not I have outy kiud and grateful thoughts of her, and ever shall have, for if ever a sister was faithful to a trust and to her sense of duty, she has been.

When the two matters referred to above have been arranged, I will endeavor to comply with your command and "never trouble you further."

Yours truly,

RICHARD FAIRCHILD STEBBINS.

It needed no great intuition to convince Maria that the letter her father endeavored to conceal was from Richard, and this was confirmed when, after their silent dinner had been finished and Henry ordered to "harness up Prince," her father said angrily:

"Why in creation didn't you obey me and send that painting of your mother the other day?"

"I did not think you would be willing to—" but she was not allowed to explain, for her father in terrible anger, said:

"Didn't think I would be willing? Have you ever known me to lie or steal? Well, then, you go to work this afternoon and fix it up. Henry can find some short boards in the shop and make a box for you, but mind now, don't you forget to tell him not to use any long boards," and without another word he put on his overcoat, cap and mittens, and a few minutes later was seen driving out the lane.

Many and useless were Maria's conjectures as to the contents of the letter, which, had she been allowed to read, would have strengthened her faith in Richard and the assurance of his continued love and gratitude would have comforted her lonely heart through many long years. But giving comfort to others never entered into John Stebbins' calculations, unless it lay along the line of his own personal interests; as this letter evidently did not, it was not referred to.

KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

(To be continued.)

A REPORTER'S ADVENTURE.

Three o'clock in the morning is an uncanny hour the world over, except at police headquarters or in the office of a morning newspaper, and it was in the latter place, at the hour named, that four or five reporters, having sent in all their copy and listened to the foreman swear for fifteen minutes because he had two columns of space, and ten columns of matter that "must go in," sat with their feet on the tables and their chairbacks knocking the plastering off, talking over the subject that is just as new to-day as it was when Adam doffed his beaver and said "How d'y' do?" to Eve. Every fellow in the crowd was a bachelor, and each one was informing the other in all seriousness that he should marry.

"What for?" inquired Claude Brown of Frank Jones.

"Because," replied Frank, "it's the only proper way to live."

"A nice husband a reporter would make," said Claude in rebuttal, "coming in at three o'clock A. M. and leaving home as soon as he got his twelve-o'clock breakfast."

"But his wife would always know where he was, and if she didn't, she'd know wherever he was, he was after an item and had to be back at the office on time," remarked Charlie Smith.

"Well," put in Claude, "if you think it's such a great snip, why don't you get married?"

"Can't," said Charlie, very positively.

"Why not?"

"Thunderation, man, how's a fellow to buy a whole steamboat when he hasn't money enough to buy a splinter off a stage plank? How's a man to buy a house and lot when he can't buy a shovelful of dirt? How's a man—"

"That's it," interrupted Claude, "how's a man to do anything if he doesn't do it? What's the matter with marrying a rich girl?"

"Where's the girl?" queried Charlie.

"Plenty of them. Girls with money always need a disbursing agent, and they will trust a husband when they won't trust an elder in the church. Besides, what's the good of her money if the girl has her heart set on a husband and can't get him?"

Smith argued awhile against matrimony, and at half-past three started for home. He was thinking the conversation over, and as he trudged along it occurred to him that a bachelor was not only a knot on a log, but he was a very lonesome knot.

His way led him through the aristocratic portion of the city, and as he passed a fine house, his reverie was disturbed by the peculiar click of a turning lock and the matrimonial line of thought was knocked all awry by the reportorial instinct, and he saw, instead of a blushing, blooming Mrs. Smith, a burglar cracking a millionaire's dining-room and making off with his silver. He thought of the beautiful scoop he was going to have on the other fellows, and slipping into the shadow, he waited and listened. Click went the lock again, as if the burglar was nervous and was more anxious to open the door than he was to preserve the ordinary burglarious quiet. The reporter scrutinized the door closely and discovered that the robber was not on the outside, but was evidently within and was working his way out, and he felt a thud of excitement at the thought of being able to capture his man with the boodle on his person. He slipped his revolver out of his pocket, trained it on the door and an instant afterward the door swung open and Charlie was ready to cry "throw up your hands," when instead of a burglar, a ghost came out.

"It can't be a ghost," he whispered in an assuring tone to himself, "for ghosts don't unlock doors. They just come right through them. But if it isn't a ghost, what the deuce is it?"

He hadn't long to wait, for whoever or whatever it was came out into the vestibule and down the steps slowly, as if uncertain of its movements, and when about half way to the pavement, stopped.

"By garry," said the reporter, "it's a woman, and she's got on a nightgown. I'll have to see about this," and with his revolver ready in case of accident, he stepped out of the shadow and spoke to the ghostly walker.

"Good-evening," he said, nervously. "No, excuse me, I mean good-morning. If you're going to market, maybe you'd better go back and put on an ulster."

Ordinarily Charlie would have been more gallant, but this was anything but an ordinary affair, and he didn't require newspaper instruction to tell him so.

The sheeted figure made no reply, but moved again and came toward him. The cold chills chased each other down his back and he looked for a policeman, with the usual result.

"Stand back," he said, "this pistol ain't loaded, but it might go off."

But on it came, and Charlie found that his legs wouldn't move in spite of all he could do to make them.

One step more and he stood face to face with his strange discovery, and Charlie saw that it was not only a woman, but a young and handsome one, and he began to feel better.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the night air is cool and you appear to be dressed rather lightly. Can I render you any assistance? Is there any one in the house that has frightened you?"

Still no answer, and Charlie, emboldened by his own words, stepped to the young woman's side and gently took her by the arm.

She turned her face to him, and then the mystery was solved.

"Another Amina," he said. "La Sonnambula" off the stage, with a reporter as first tenor and leading man. Well, this is a go!

"I've got to take her in the house, anyhow, that's plain," he said to himself, and he gently led the willing walker back up to the door and rang the bell, and rang it with a forty-horse power draft.

The next minute the beautiful sleep-walker was no longer asleep, but wide awake, and Charlie had a very plump young woman in his arms in a dead faint, and he made a dash with his burden into the hall, only to meet a healthy young man in even less dishabille.

"What's this?" he shouted, making a grab at Charlie's throat.

"Shut the door, you idiot," gurgled Charlie, dropping the girl on the floor and almost putting his foot on her, after the manner of *sic semper tyrannis*.

"What does this mean?" again shouted the young man, and the remainder of the family came tumbling down-stairs, none of them fixed to see company.

"Let go of me and shut that door, and I'll tell you," wheezed Charlie. "You don't want to raise the neighborhood and bring the patrol-wagon, do you?"

Some of the other members of the family by this time had rescued the reporter and shut the door, and while the mother and servants carried the unconscious girl up-stairs, Charlie told the father and son how he had met the young lady and what the trouble was. Both men knew him by sight, and had met him on 'Change and elsewhere, and it was not difficult to explain the situation.

Half an hour later the reporter was at home, in bed and dreaming sweet dreams of pretty girls and all sorts of romantic things.

When he reached the office next day a note was waiting for him, and he was invited to call that evening on the mother of the young lady.

He called, of course. He saw the mother; he saw the daughter, blushing and beautiful, and now if Charlie is a bachelor much longer there will be a breach of promise suit or some other great calamity, for Charlie's mind is made up. —W. J. L., in *Detroit Free Press*.

LETTER-WRITING.

Letter-writing seems to be a lost art. Letters of to-day are of a far different kind from those of fifty years ago. Those which we get are, for the most part, brief and hasty epistles, dispatched without either thought or leisure, and having, instead of the tranquil literary style, the crisp, curt manner of the telegram. They come to you as if they had traveled fast and were out of breath. They deal not with public questions, or with any theme which causes them to be retained and cherished. They lack flavor and perspective, and they could not be turned to literary use. They execute a few commands, or record barely, and without lightness or touch, a few cold events. Few are they which one cares to save. There is a philosophy which can account for this difference, and which one need not go far to find.

In the olden time, the arrival of a letter was no small event. It bridged over a broad interval, and nothing had stepped in between to make the matter communicated stale. If war was abroad in the land, or the world, if there was a change of administration at hand, if some epidemic raged, if blight or mildew had come to destroy the crops, there was then no ubiquitous-reporter around to put all together and shower it in a myriad sheets from hamlet to hamlet and from town to town. The human mind is fairly crammed already by the morning and evening journals, while the numerous alert weeklies and magazines go like gleaners in the rear, and reiterate and expand the matter which has preceded them to such an extent that there is no room left for a letter of the old-time sort to occupy. The printing-press, in fact, with its close allies, the railway and telegraph, have left the gossipy goose-quill to be stranded as a curious wreck of the past.

That the old-fashioned letter was a different species is discerned by the care and deliberation which attended the writing of it. In some instances, letters were written and then added to from day to day until the post-driver, who, perhaps, made only a hebdomadal trip, should come along, or until a friend who was to travel whither it was to go had found it convenient to make his departure. Cowper, whose charming letters are among the best which English literature affords, and which have never until lately been all collected together, left one of his on a window-sill at Olney for several days, until the means should be at hand for dispatching it. But when it arrived at its destination, it was as well worth reading as one of his poems would be.

When the old-fashioned letter was finished, it was a work of art to fold it in proper shape, and the sealing of it with wax (for envelopes were not known) was also a sufficiently stately proceeding. These ceremonies implied, or testified to, the importance of the documents so honored, and gave it an air of rank and respectability which we reserve nowadays almost exclusively for papers of legal import.—*Domestic Monthly*.

A COLORED MAN'S CAREER.

Frederick Douglass, ex-minister to Hayti, has been negotiating with the owner for the purchase of the Villa, one of the most valuable and beautiful estates in Talbot county, Maryland. Mr. Douglass is a native of Talbot county, where he was born a slave. In addressing an audience at the colored school at Easton, Md., recently, Mr. Douglass said:

"I once knew a little colored boy whose mother and father died when he was but six years old. He was a slave, and had no one to care for him. He slept on a dirt floor in a hovel, and in cold weather would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm.

"That boy did not wear pants like you do, but a tow linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book, and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He became presidential elector, United States marshal, United States recorder, United States diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He wore broadcloth, and didn't have to dive to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass.

"What was possible for me is possible for you. Don't think because you are colored you can't accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance, so long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow-men."

THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC.

Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually; in fact, for the first two hundred and thirty miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile. In the next twenty miles, however, the fall is over nine thousand feet, and so precipitous is the sudden descent that in many places depths of twelve hundred to sixteen hundred fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the one-hundred-fathom line. With the depth of eighteen hundred to two thousand fathoms the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so light that they show but little alteration of depth for twelve hundred miles. The extraordinary flatness of these submarine prairies renders the familiar simile of the basin rather inappropriate. The hollow of the



Women with long, thick hair find it difficult to keep it in proper order without too frequent washing, which renders it dry and harsh. The following method is effectual and need only be repeated once in two months, if the hair is well brushed each night.

Beat the white of an egg sufficiently to break it, rub this well into the scalp. Wash it off thoroughly with Ivory Soap and warm water, rinse off the soap and when the hair is dry it will be found soft and glossy. Ordinary soaps are too strong, use only the Ivory Soap.

G. 16.

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Atlantic is not strictly a basin, whose depth increases regularly toward the center; it is rather a saucer or dish like one, so even is the contour of its bed.

The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some hundred miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms were obtained. The seas around Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent which the ocean has overflowed. An elevation of the sea bed one hundred fathoms would suffice to lay bare the greatest part of the North sea, and join England to Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France. A deep channel of water would run down to the west coast of Norway, and with this the majority of the fiords would be connected. A great part of the bay of Biscay would disappear, but Spain and Portugal are but little removed from the Atlantic depression. The one-hundred-fathom line approaches very near the west coast, and soundings of one thousand fathoms can be made within twenty miles of Cape St. Vincent, and much greater depths have been sounded at distances but little greater than this from the western shores of the Iberian peninsula.—*Nautical Magazine*.

THE CONQUESTS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

Surely I have established my thesis that dirt is only matter in the wrong place. Chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, economizes every scrap. The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected, and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was probably once the broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The chippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kinds of woolen rags, and these are worked up into an exquisite blue dye, which graces the dress of courtly dames. The dregs of port wine, carefully decanted by the toper, are taken in the morning as seidlitz-powder to remove the effect of the debauch. The offal of the streets and the wastings of coal-gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor blanc manges for her friends.

All thrift of material is an imitation of the economy of nature, which allows no waste. Everything has its destined place in the process of the universe, in which there is not a blade of grass or even a microbe too much, if we possessed the knowledge to apply them to their fitting purposes.—*North American Review*.

YAWNING.

It will be a great consolation to those who would rather mortify the flesh than be guilty of violating the laws of polite society, that yawning can be indulged in under certain conditions, not only without compunction, but with real benefit.

No less an authority than Dr. Naegeli says that it acts like massage, and is the most natural gymnastics of the lungs imaginable. He therefore advises people to occasionally hold in

abeyance their conventional prejudice, and if they cannot indulge every morning in what he considers the luxury of yawning, they are to do it as often as possible, and all the muscles of respiration will be benefited by the stretching, and many chronic lung troubles may thus be prevented. The patient who is troubled with excess of wax in the ear, accompanied with pain, should yawn often and deeply. The pain will soon disappear. In cases of nasal catarrh, inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache, Dr. Naegeli orders the patient as often as possible during each day to yawn from six to seven times successively, and immediately to swallow. The result will be surprising; but it can be easily understood upon the theory that yawning is nature's massage for certain organs.

MOTH PREVENTIVE.

In this age of fearful moth-preventive smells, it is worth while to know that moths will never go where there are lavender-bags. Even where they have begun their ravages in furs or feathers, a lavish sprinkling of the articles with good lavender-water will prevent further damage. No one can ask for a purer or pleasanter odor about garments. A liberal distribution of lavender sachets in closets, drawers and trunks will give you the satisfaction of making sweeter your belongings with the weapon which drives away their depredators. Put a lavender sachet in your piano if you fear moths will ravage the felt.

Another infallible remedy is compounded of the following sweet-smelling things: Lavender, thyme, rose, cedar shavings, powdered sassafras, cassia and lignea in about equal quantities, with a few drops of attar of roses thrown upon the whole.

LIFE INSURANCE.

However desirable a good physical condition, together with a good family record, may be in an insurance sense, unless you add to that a well-balanced mind and good habits, you do not have a first-class risk.

No matter how perfect the family history or how sound the physical condition, unless a man has good habits he will not prove to be a good risk. On the other hand, suppose the applicant is not in the enjoyment of vigorous health, but has a good family record, if that man is of temperate habits, is not guilty of many excesses of any kind, if he is disposed to take care of his health and give his system a chance to recuperate from any lost energy from overwork or any accidental exposure, or error in diet, that man, as a rule, is a better risk than the man of remarkable vigor, but inclined to dissipation.—*The Guardian*.

"DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY"

is the title of a little book just received, which tells all about NO-TO-BAC, the wonderful, harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. Sold at drug stores. NO-TO-BAC costs but a trifle, and man who wants to quit and can't, had better send for it to-day; mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 763, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

Our Household.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries
near.

So close it lies, that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us
lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey
out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world; yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there.
One more to make the strange beyond seem
fair."

And so to me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with bated breath
And white, set face, a little strip of sea;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.
—Ella Wheeler, in Christian at Work.

A RESCUED WHEAT CROP.

I CAN'T go another minute! Girls,
you'll have to get supper yourselves."
"Oh, Aunt Matilda! For all those
men? How can we? Why, I
don't —"

"Do the best you can, and ask me when
you get stuck. I'll swan if I ain't sick."

Whatever uncertainty might linger about
the meaning of the former part of this
declaration, there could be no mistaking
the latter part, for Aunt Matilda's white,
sick face told it in a way not to be doubted.
And as she betook herself to the sitting-
room lounge, her nieces, who were on a
visit to the farm, looked at each other in
consternation, for although, on a visit dur-
ing the previous summer, their aunt had
instilled a little of her knowledge of the
culinary art into them, they had grown
rasty over what at best had never been
very extensive or thorough experience.

"Why, Jeanette, what shall we do?" said
Ethel to her cousin, who was a year older,
and of course ought to know a great deal
better what to do in an emergency.

"We'll do the best we know how, Ethel
Morris," said Jeanette, boldly, but in a
subdued tone she added, "but, Ethel,
threshers are awful eaters. Why, Bess
Loving told me you could hardly measure
the amount they consume. But I'll go and

table for twenty," cried Ethel, who had
just been in to see her aunt.

"Well, you manage that," called Jeanette
from the kitchen, "and I'll do things out
here." Then the stove-door banged and
she cried, "Oh, my poor finger, how it
burns."

"You ought to say, 'The Dickens, how it
burns,' then we'd have three anthers for
supper," said Ethel, who was preparing the
long extension table for the formidable
twenty.

"This hog is enough," retorted Jeanette,
as she turned a slice of ham in the splut-
tering skillet.

"Say, Jeanette," said Ethel, pausing to
take breath after her tug with the extra
boards, "if Aunt Matilda doesn't get better
we can't go to that picnic to-morrow, and
you know ye promised Bess and the
Loving boys that we'd go with them."

"It would be too bad, but of course we
can't go and leave aunt.

"No-o," said Ethel rather faintly, for she
had planned a pleasant afternoon, "but I
must have some roses for the supper-table,
picnic or not," she added, taking the shears
from their nail and hastening to the garden
where the dear, old-fashioned flowers grew
in abundance.

While she was clipping here and there
her uncle came along the path from the
field and halted a minute where Ethel
stood.

"Why, Uncle Sam, it must be hot in the
field; you look quite tired out."

"I be, Ethel, I be," he said, as he mopped
his forehead and fanned himself with his
straw hat. "But I'm worried
worse than I am
tired. I must
hunt more
hands for to-
morrow, and
the land knows
where they's to
be found in this
scarce time.
Them Loving
boys going off
on that picnic
to-morrow, along
with you girls,
has set every
young fellow in
the field picnic
crazy, and Jim
Lawson says he
reckons him and
his set can have
a day off as well
as the Loving
boys, so they'll
be a setting
off this very
night a-hunting
up their gals,
and my wheat
will be a Jonah
sure enough;
but I reckon
young folks has
to have their
day. But what's
to become of
that wheat is
more than I can
tell."

"Well, uncle, don't you worry, Jeanette
and I will stand by you; besides, we can't
go and leave Aunt Matilda; she's sick."
"Til sick? Who's gettin' supper?" said
the farmer in dismay, this new calamity
staring him in the face.

"We are," laughed Ethel, running in to
tell Jeanette the news.
"Well, it's a shame," declared Jeanette
after hearing her cousin's brief recital of
the "picnic craze."

"Ethel," she cried suddenly, "Jim
Lawson's best girl is Hetty Sowards.
I heard aunt talk-
ing about it last
night, and you
know she lives
just down the
lane. You run
down there this
minute and get
her to promise
to help cook to-
morrow; don't
let her off.
Now sly and
get there before
Jim does." While
Jeanette's tongue
was busy talking,
her fingers were
busier still, deftly
arranging the
roses in a pitcher
with a broken
nose, in lieu of
a rose-jar, but
so skilful she
was that one
would never
suspect the
calamity

which had severed this important mem-
ber from the pitcher's unhappy face.
"And now," she said to herself, "we
must make everything count," and she ran
to their room and brought down two dainty,
white aprons and some white Swiss caps,
which, luckily, she had packed in her
trunk. Donning hers and tucking a rose
in her belt, she gave an extra touch to her
bangs and was just in time to help her

cousin, who ran breathlessly in, announc-
ing as soon as she could, that Hetty would
come and that the men were at the barn.

"Now, Ethel, we must do our best and
wait upon these men royally, and maybe
they'll all want to come back to-morrow.
But, Ethel, I didn't tell you why I was so
anxious to have Hetty come to-morrow."

"Well, well, I can guess. We haven't
time to talk now," said Ethel, flying around
dishing the supper.

The twenty trooped in, and there was a
"falling to" which made the contents of
the dishes lower with great rapidity.
Never were men waited upon more gra-
ciously, and never were men better pleased.
What matter if the coffee was a little
muddy, and the potatoes a little out of
harmony with Aunt Matilda's famous
ones.

"Your wife away from home?" lacon-
ically ventured a neighboring farmer to
Uncle Sam.

"Naw, she's sick. The girls are doing
everything," answered Uncle Sam rather
absently, for the idea which threatened to
weaken his forces on the morrow still wor-
ried him.

"Well, uncle, we can get along very
nicely, because Hetty Sowards has prom-
ised to help us to-morrow, and aunt says
she is a host within herself." Jeanette
offered this information as she paused to
pour Jim Lawson an extra cup of coffee.

"Well, Jim, what about the picnic?"
asked his companions as they gathered
about him after supper on the way to the
barn.

"Wall," said Jim, digging the toe of his
boot into the ground, "I reckon we may as
well stay and help to-morrow here."

MARY D. SIBLEY.

TERRALINE VASES.

Many housewives have seen the beau-
tiful Terraline ware, vases, plaques, jars,
etc., and longed to possess them, but found
that the price put them beyond their reach.
If you have an earthenware jar or vase of
pretty shape, you can make a very good
imitation of Terraline at a trifling cost.

Buy a pound can of white lead at any
drug-store. Take out a little and add
enough Paris whiting to make it as stiff as
dough for light bread. Work and knead
it until thoroughly mixed. Roll small
pieces until thin enough for the leaves and
petals of the flowers you wish to imitate.
If you have patterns for wax flowers they
will do for this; if not, cut patterns from
natural flowers. Dip natural leaves in the
whiting and press them on the dough, with
the vein side down, until the impression
of the veins is made on it. Deepen the
veins by marking the lines with a dull
knife or point of a knitting-needle. Stems
are made by rolling small pieces between
the hands until they are round, smooth
strings of the required thickness. To give
the appearance of thorns, make pin-holes.

We will suppose that you wish to decor-
ate an earthenware jar. Cover the whole
surface with glue, and while wet, sprinkle
it all over with rice, millet seed or any
other small grain until it is covered with
it. When it is dry, lay the jar on its side
and fasten it in some way so that it can-
not roll. Our design will be two roses,
with plenty of leaves and some buds.
Sketch the design on the jar, and put on a
little strong glue where the leaves are to
be. Let the stems start from the inside of
the jar. In making the roses, put on the
outside row of the petals first, then the
next row, and so on until the whole flower
is done, putting a little glue on each petal
where it touches the jar. Turn the edges
and bend the leaves to make it look as
natural as possible. It is better to have a
good study of roses before you as you
work, so that you may see where each
leaf belongs. When all is finished, allow
it to dry a week, when it will be as hard
as china. Then bronze the background with
bronze paint. Finish the leaves with cop-
per paint, with touches of gold here and
there. The inside of the jar may be
painted some light color or gilded.

Morning-glories, apple blossoms, ivy,
tulips, lilies, in fact, any flower that can
be copied in wax may be used in Terraline
decoration. Any combination of bronze,
copper, silver and gold paints may be used
to finish them. Maple leaves are beautiful
with the veins of gold paint, the re-
mainder of the leaves in bronze and cop-
per shaded.

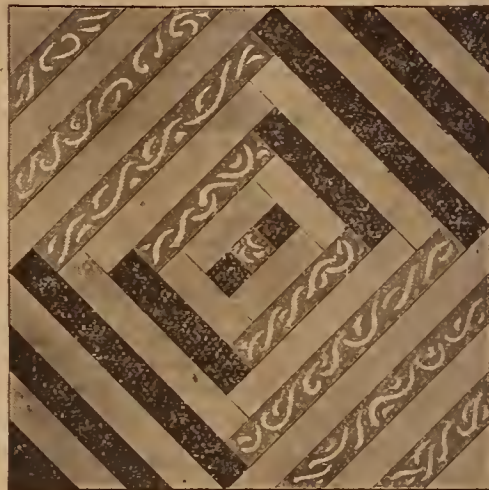
MARY.

I Cure Dyspepsia, Constipation
and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's
Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, by a
newly discovered principle, also cures stom-
ach, liver and kidney diseases, through the
nerves that govern these organs. Book and
samples free for 2 ct. stamp.
DR. SHOOP, Box B, Racine, Wis.

USEFUL ARTICLES.

LOG CABIN BLOCK.—For those of a severely
economical turn of mind, a sample block
of a calico log cabin quilt is given. Of
course, as the pieces are sewed to the
block lining so closely, it is only neces-
sary to tack it to the quilt-lining in the
center and corners of each block. The sam-
ple from which the drawing was made has
turkey-red calico for the center and corners,
brown and red and white and red figured
calicoes making the stripes.

LAMP-MAT.—A pretty circular lamp-mat
is made of white felt, thirteen inches in
diameter, and decorated with gilt tinsel
and spangles, with small gilt coins at each



LOG CABIN BLOCK.

point. The spangles and coins are each
sewed on with gold beads such as are used
on knit purses. The points are one and one
half inches apart.

POWDER-PUFF.—A dainty powder-puff is
made by filling a flat, circular bag of loose-
ly woven white drilling, three inches in
diameter, with rice-powder, having a sprin-
kle of "violet" sachet-powder in to lightly
perfume it.

Two crocheted covers made of white
split zephyr, the size of the powder-bag,
having an inch border of lavender
zephyr, is then slipped on, held to-
gether by a draw-string of lavender baby
ribbon, which is tied with several loops
and ends.

HAIR-PIN HOLDER.—A novel hair-pin
holder is made of a piece of hemp rope
twenty-seven inches long, about the size
of the little finger. The rope is smoothly
wrapped through the middle with No. 7
ribbon, of any preferred color, then secure-
ly fastened together and the ends of the
rope untwisted for about seven inches un-
der a bow of the ribbon. The hair-pins
are stuck into the frayed ends of the rope.
S. R. C.

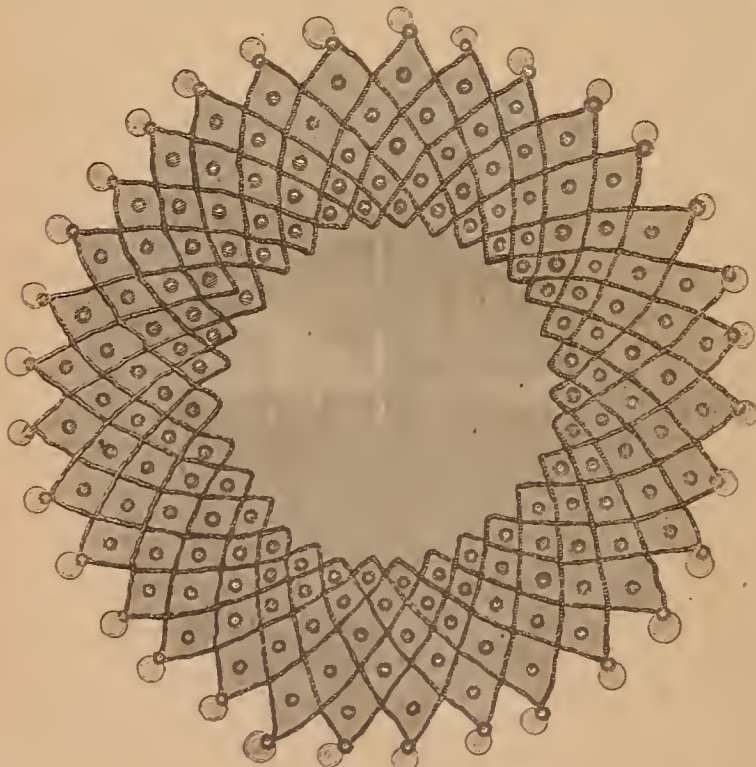
PASSE-PARTOUTS

Are much used in France, to save the ex-
pense of a wooden or metal frame, and yet
preserve an artistic effect by isolating the
picture from surrounding objects on the
wall. A wide mat, a good glass, and a



HAIR-PIN HOLDER.

piece of pasteboard the size of the glass are
bound together by slips of bookbinders'
paper in raised designs, suggesting dark,
woven threads of cloth. Bookbinders'
paper is sold in sheets. This style of
paper was first made in this country by a
descendant of the Abbott who fought at
Bunker Hill.—Demorest.



LAMP-MAT.

see aunt, for they'll be here, I heard uncle
say, at six, and we haven't much time to
lose," and away Jeanette flew to consult
the oracle. She soon returned, bearing the
good news that the supper was mostly
prepared, only the vegetables must be
cooked and the ham fried, and when this
was done there would be nothing to do
but "set things on."

"Aunt Matilda says we must set the

QUIET LIVES.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate and fibers tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew 'round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
Drops of dew stole down by night and
crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful
man,
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fair penellings, a quaint design,
Leafage veining, fibers, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day!
—*Christian at Work.*

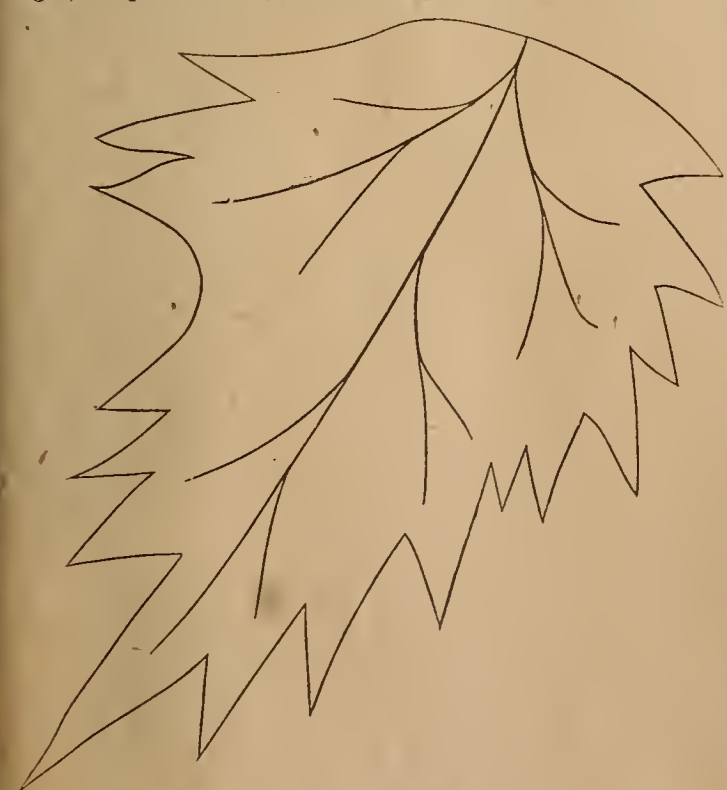
IN JUNE.

The housekeeper takes no holiday. Now that the cleaning is over, the garden stuff growing, most of the summer sewing done, her attention must be turned to the first fruits—strawberries, gooseberries and other small fruits.

Those of us who are older in housekeeping do less of putting away fruit than we did when we were younger. I can look back and see my array of fruit in my fruit-cupboard and wonder now how we do with so much less, but I think our tastes change.

For a small family, a half dozen of each fruit in its turn is ample supply. My strawberries were always thought delicious, and I put them up in this way: I never attempted more than two or three quarts at a time. I make a good syrup first, using in proportion of one cupful of water to three of coffee A sugar. I let this get boiling hot and then drop a quart of the berries in it, which I have previously stemmed and washed by shaking them in a colander under the pump. I do not stir them, but gently shake them in the pan, let them cook briskly for fifteen minutes, then carefully lift the berries out into tumblers, filling them about half full of the berries, and the rest of the way with the syrup cooked a little longer, so that it is almost a jelly. I cover them with paper fastened on with a rubber band. These come by the box, and are much more convenient than sticking on the papers. The last of the boiling I usually can in a small, self-sealing jar.

GOOSEBERRIES.—So few people utilize these, and yet there is nothing more palatable, with cold meat, than this fruit. Yes, they are fiddling to stem, but lots of other cooking things are just as much of a bother. Take off the blossom, and to five quarts of gooseberries take four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoon-



LEAF PATTERN FOR COLUMBIAN MAT.

fuls each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice; heat the vinegar, sugar and spices first, and then put in the berries. Boil slowly one hour and put into small jars. There is a little, old-fashioned china jar that one can buy at the drug-store, that I especially fancy; I then tie them up closely and keep in a dry place. All jellies are better for sitting in the hot sun several hours before putting away. The best jelly is made from the fruit just before it is ripe. If it is a damp season your fruit will need careful looking after.
L. L. C.

TO BE IN STYLE.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS THAT ARE NECESSARY—OBSERVATIONS BY A NEW YORK AUTHORITY ON FASHION—AUTUMN COSTUMES—POPULAR LACES, FRENCH HATS, VELS AND GLOVES.

A popular model for autumn costumes used by modistes has a princess coat and skirt of serge, homespun, tweed, or camel's-hair, with a silk blouse for the house, fitted over a heavily-boned lining, but rather full and seamless of itself, except the seams under the arms. The bell skirt is, for instance, of ecru, moss-green, or pale-brown cheviot, with a ruche of green velvet at its hem. The blouse is of pale-brown silk, with a plaited ruche of silk going around the neck and down the front. The jacket is of cheviot like the skirt, lined with silk and like the blouse; and this jacket fits very snugly in the back and on the sides, and is frequently belted and finished with a flat Watteau plait in the back. Odd-looking princess coats on French models are cut out low in the neck, front and back, with an inserted guimpe-like top of gathered velvet or heavy surah or brocade. The forearm of the sleeve matches this guimpe in fabric and trimming.

In laces there is a reaction in favor of scallops, fern-points, rose-points and others, against the straight-edged varieties so long used. Soon they will appear on stately evening gowns of velvet, silk and brocade, as flouces, tabliers, etc. Meanwhile, they are employed for jabots, bretelles, berthas, wide, picturesque collars and sleeve frills, zouave fronts, puffs and sleeve caps of greater or less depth. Their creamy meshes blend charmingly with the delicate mauve, Nile-green, rose-colored and golden-yellow ribbons now in vogue. Indeed, a larger use of laces can but lead to a greater prodigality of ribbons, though already they are used in quantities now—in series of loops, in knots, singly or clustered; in wide and narrow sashes, in straight rows, points, bars, rosettes, and in broad bows and ends, from the belt—in Empire style on the shoulders, in coquettish French fashion, or at the back, mingling gracefully with the Watteau plait of lace or of gauzy tissue that is on many silk, chiffon or brocade gowns.

The reps of the new Russian velours are finer and the texture is much softer than formerly, but its chief distinguishing feature is found in the exquisite combination of colors effected in the weaving. In a notable specimen, one side of the cord is a beautiful mignouette green and the other old rose; and the cords are arranged in bayadere on a ground that unites these two shades. Colors have grown so soft and artistic in tint and shading that dyes which were once considered wholly antagonistic are now beautifully harmonized, and nearly every combination is rendered possible. Among new costumes of wool velours are those finished with short directoire jacket waists, with very wide revers and very full sleeves. A pretty combination is a jacket of a rich shade of russet-brown with vest of pine-green polka-dotted with tan. The jacket has revers of russet-brown velvet.

A pretty gown for a little child is called the "tot" dress, and it is made of a rich shade of red or green cashmere. The front of the rather full waist is trimmed with cream-white flannel revers edged with red silk gimp. The revers form a deep sailor collar at the back, and open over a pointed plastron of the flannel, striped horizontally all the way down with the gimp. The sleeves, full to the elbows, are gathered into white cuffs striped with the same trimming; and a narrow, white sash is drawn through a fancy buckle in front. The kilted skirt has a deep hem turned up on the outside and brier-stitched with cream-white silk.

The new "cornet" skirt has a foundation skirt of five bell gores, and is made with a slight train, which is easily shortened if

desired. The front presents the fashionable sheath effect, and the back widens gradually to the edge of the slight train and partly conceals the side seams. The back is lined with crinoline to produce the flaring effect from which the skirt takes its name; and the cornet-plait is secured against disarrangement by two short, elastic straps underneath. The use of the foundation skirt is optional. The skirt is very graceful in effect, and makes up handsomely in cloth, serge, vicugna, camel's-hair, and India cashmere.

The light-weight wools are the very best textiles to select for useful gowns for wear during the entire autumn. The grays and browns present a wide range of shades this season. The lightest and deepest tones, with intermediate shades, are alike popular; but the blues for autumn are all of the deepest dye—some with a touch of purple, others leaning towards indigo, and again there is the pure marine dye, which is of all blues the most enduring. Some of the blue costumes for very young girls are made up in Russian style and trimmed with bands and girdle of dark red velvet ribbon.

New French felt hats in rough camel's-hair effects, also in mottled, heather-mixed and shot effects, are brought out to wear en suite with tailor costumes of similar pattern. The sailor hat is again among the models, also the familiar Alpine shapes, with their dented crowns, but considerably lower than formerly. A stylish and very becoming modification of the old prime favorite, the English walking-hat, appears less narrow on the front and not rolled closely to the crown on the sides, making it more than ever becoming to slender-faced women, to whom the shape, like the French turban, is always a boon.

The prevalence of light-colored wool costumes this season will be in marked contrast to the equally fashionable deep-toned gowns and jackets. In addition to faced cloth and the lighter Venetian cloths, there will be worn plain camel's-hair costumes very rough of surface, frequently lined across with bars of raised shaggy camel's-hair in contrasting colors. Light-colored French felt hats and bonnets will be worn en suite. There also appear again neat and stylish head-coverings made of cloth matching the costume, these largely in toque or turban shapes—toques, on the whole, still taking the lead.

A few fashionable women have followed the revived mode of wearing the veil beneath the hat-brim instead of over it, but it is a fashion that is not generally liked, for the veil is apt to press the hair down so tightly that the effect is neither pretty nor comfortable. But to avoid this, if one desires to adopt the mode, let the fabric composing the veil be cut on the bias. This is a somewhat wasteful way of cutting it, but it is far preferable to wearing a veil that draws unpleasantly across the face, or one that is adjusted so loosely that it slips off the edge of the hat, leaving a ludicrous gap of waved hair just over the forehead and eyes.

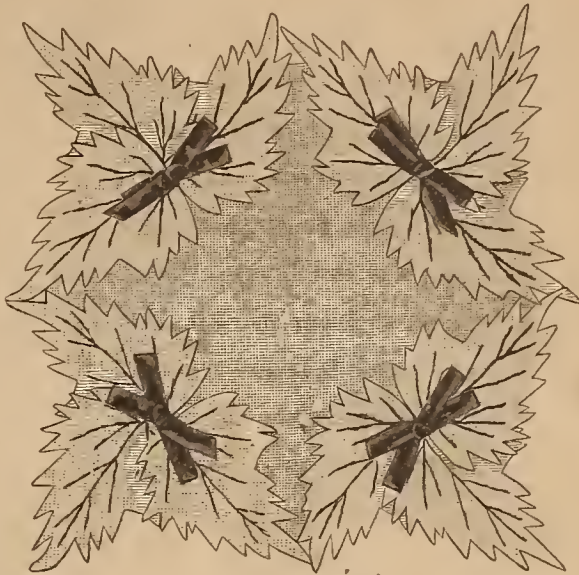
Youthful and pretty house dresses for autumn wear are made of handsomely plaided surah combined with French camel's-hair. A dress just completed is made of rose-colored camel's-hair combined with an effective tartan in rose, reseda, cream-white and pale amber. A beautiful violet wool dress has an Eton jacket opening over a blouse front of violet, shrimp-pink and Chartreuse-green plaid. The violet skirt is slashed on each side, revealing a simulated petticoat of the plaid finely accordiou-plaited.

Veloutine is a silk that finds increasing favor. It is as soft as bengaline, only of firmer texture, with a glossy surface. Some of the veloutines are striped, showing lovely contrasts of prawn pink with pale olive-green, bronze with old rose, reseda with heliotrope, myrtle with chamois yellow. These fabrics are double silk in weaving—silk on silk—and importers affirm that they neither cut, fray nor rustle.

The over-elaboration of tailor bodices designed for the street defies good taste. Two, three, and even four materials are often used in conjunction. Pointed jet and velvet waistbands confining silk stomachers

or full fronts of soft silk are seen under short Russian jackets of cloth or cheviot. Empire sashes are frequently added to waists of street costumes, but the Empire costumes can only be adopted by very slender women.

Polka-dotted, corded silks in rich autumn color mixtures are made up with pointed bodice, Hungarian sleeves, close in effect, with a full puff or slashed cap at the top, and a bell skirt trimmed with rows of bias velvet bands edged on each side with narrow jet gimp. This trimming also finishes the bodice and sleeves, and edges both sides of the girdle.



COLUMBIAN MAT.

New princess dresses for home wear are made with skirts slashed at each side, and with graceful Eton or Russian jacket fronts, close coat-sleeves with a wide puff or slashed Hungarian cap at the top, and a slightly open Medici collar of velvet, of which the jacket fronts are made.

Chamois-colored cloth and suede kid in russet and ecru are much used this fall for the making of vests and long, close cuffs of Russian and other costumes made with open jacket fronts. The buttons used are of cut steel, resembling studded leather when fastened.

Hats with tiny crowns the height and size of a charlotte russe still hold their own among autumn fashions in French millinery.

Broadcloth is a rival of tweed and cheviot for tailor costumes for the promenade.

Velvet sleeves are a feature of both coats and gowns of cloth.—*New York Evening Post.*

COLUMBIAN MAT.

A dainty trifle, quickly made at a very small cost, is the Columbian mat. A square of white felt, eight inches across, has the corners rounded off, and half way between the corners a group of three leaves of the felt, the size of the pattern given, are fastened with veinings of yellow embroidery silk. A tiny bow of No. 2 yellow ribbon is put over the joining of the three leaves. Fifteen cents' worth of felt, four penny spools of embroidery silk and one yard of the ribbon is all the material required.

VENA B. C.

A HANDSOME TOILET-SET.

Inexpensive and pretty toilet-sets are fashioned from India scarfs, which have beautifully embroidered ends, while the centers resemble a soft, linen serim.

The pincushion, which should be twelve by nine inches, must be made of some strong, creamy material and stuffed tightly with bran. Over this tack an embroidered end of a scarf; then add a frill of ribbon or lace, two and one half inches wide. A bow of ribbon upon one corner gives the finishing touch to the cushion.

Place upon the dresser one of these scarfs lined with soft silk and edged with silk tassels. Nothing further is needed.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

TO WASH SILKS.

Rules given by professionals for laundering wash silks seem very simple. Make a warm suds of castile soap, or other mild variety, put in the silks, rub lightly where necessary, squeeze out the water, rinse in clear water, and dry as quickly as possible. No other washing should be on hand at the time and no alkaline soaps or washing-powders should be used. Do not boil the silks or put them in very hot water; neither should they be rolled up or folded together while wet. An acid bath is recommended for many colors, especially blue. This is of clear, cold water, with sufficient vinegar added to make it taste quite sour. Put the silk in this to remain about ten minutes, then rinse in clear water and dry quickly.

Our Household.

SOFT SOAP.

Soft-soap making is a job I don't hanker for; Git yer fingers in the lye till they're eaten raw, Git so saturated full of the greasy stuff That you taste it fer a month—I've jest had enough. Mighty bugbear of our youth was old grand-ma's leach; I remember even now how she used to teach Soft-soapmaking, "Git yer lye bilin' hot," says she, "Then jest slowly add yer grease—keep it stirrin' free— An' remember when folks ask for the 'how' an' 'why' That the basis of soft soap is a good strong lye!" I hev' found 'at other folks, 'cept them on the farm, Make another kind o' soap what does lots o' harm. Every feller hez one side where he's sorter weak, Sorter vain of sum one thing—likes to hear folks speak Well about that side of him—likes a little praise, Folks 'at paint his virtues up, pleasant to his gaze So's to bring his pocket-book closer to their reach. They are just soft-soapin' him—like old grand-ma's leach Run their words of honey through—do you ask me why? Well, the basis of "soft soap" is a good stout lie.

—Rural New-Yorker.

HOME TOPICS.

SCRAP-BOOK PASTE.—Talking about scrap-books a few days ago, the subject of paste for them was discussed. A young man who was present said, "Did you ever use a potato?" "Make potato paste!" said one; "that would be too much trouble." "It is the least trouble of any paste," was the reply. "Simply boil a potato, with the skin on, until it is hot through and slightly cooked; the time depends on the size of the potato. Cut a slice from one end of the potato and rub the cut end over the scrap you wish to paste, then press it in place in the scrap-book. It will not discolor or wrinkle and is very neat to work with." This was a new idea to me. As I am always on the lookout for new ideas for the FARM AND FIRESIDE readers, and yet always try to be certain of their value, I boiled a potato, tried it on a scrap and found it just as it was reported to be. When the potato begins to get a little dry, cut off another thin slice and it is as good as ever. In this way one large potato will paste a good many scraps.

VINEGAR.—If you have cider it is very easy to always have a supply of good vinegar. If the vinegar seems a little slow in making, draw it off into tubs, open the windows of the cellar and let it air for a day. If there is sediment in the bottom of the barrel, rinse it out and throw it away. If you have some good cider vinegar, add a gallon of it to the cider when you put it back into the barrel. Leave the bung open, with merely a piece of lace or mosquito-netting over it to keep out the flies. When you once have a barrel of good vinegar never let it get low, but draw out into a jug for

will hold three or four gallons. When you pare apples, put the parings and cores in a jar, cover them with water and let them stand a few days; then strain the juice through a jelly-bag into the vinegar. When canning and preserving, save all fruit juice and skimmings and strain it into the vinegar. After you have got a good start, if you will keep a gallon jug to use out of and carefully save and add to the stock in the larger vessel, a barrel will not be too large, and you will never be without good vinegar.

THE HOUSEHOLD WATER SUPPLY.—In building a house the location of a spring often influences the location of the house. If there is no spring, a well is dug in close proximity to the kitchen door for convenience. This is right as far as it goes, but the utmost care should be taken that the water of well or spring is kept free from contamination. Do not think when the well is covered tightly, the pump made tight and the ground made to slope away from the well on all sides, that the water is perfectly safe from outside influences. A well will drain the soil for forty feet around it, and possibly further in sandy soil. This has been demonstrated by pouring a quantity of kerosene-oil on the surface of the ground at the above distance from the well, the odor of which, after a time, was noticeable in the water.

It has been said that water is purified by passing through the soil; no doubt this is true to a certain extent; but may not the soil become filled with impurities after a time if barn-yard, manure pile, sinks, drains, etc., are in too close proximity? How often we see all the house slops, dish-water, soap-suds, etc., thrown on the ground near the kitchen door, and because they soon disappear in the ground it is thought that no harm is done; but this quick disappearance from the surface proves that the soil is porous, and there is greater certainty of their finally reaching the well.

All these house slops are needed in the garden, and will there be transformed into fruit and vegetables; but the day's accumulation should be carried there every night. It is a good plan to have a cask on wheels set near the kitchen door; then it will not be much trouble to wheel it to the garden every night.

Country air and water ought to be pure, sweet and healthful; but too often it is poisoned by carelessness and thoughtlessness. It is a fact that typhoid fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases are more prevalent in some parts of the country than in cities, in proportion to the inhabitants. Only criminal negligence can be the cause of this. MAIDA McL.

TRAVELING-CASE.

This convenient case is made of rubber cloth, with the pockets of a check material. They are to be had in our stores at seventy-five cents and one dollar, so cheap that no one need be without. I always keep one packed with things I might need on a hurried journey, and have found it very handy on several occasions. All I had to do was to pick up my packed traveling-case, after dressing, and start. L. L. C.

BOOKS AS FURNITURE.

Everyone is not constituted alike, and between the bookworm and the person indifferent to books there is a long distance, but we believe there is a very small number of persons who can live in a bookless house and not feel the want. Furniture is intended to add beauty and comfort to a home after it satisfies the needs of primitive necessity. With these features in view, let us see where books stand as articles of furniture.

First, as necessities. It is a commendable habit of dear, pious parents to present to their newly-married sons and daughters a handsome family Bible. Alas, it is to be lamented that too often this volume is thought too heavy, too fine or too sacred to be used. If that book alone were the library of the family it would suffice. In the gospels are all precepts of beautiful living. In the histories are stories enough to last a lifetime, fitting the mind in childhood, youth and old age. In the poems is all grandeur of word and thought. In the apocrypha is wit, humor and that quality which pervades fairy tales.

Next, a cook-book and a doctor-book are

as necessary as a bread-board and camphor-bottle.

The line between necessity and comfort is always very difficult to define. One man is comfortable in a situation utterly intolerable to another. But perhaps the comfort of books may be pointed out to those who have not discovered it. In "The Caxtons," the author has one of his characters make this good speech: "A book should be prescribed like medicine, and, if taken rightly, there is as much cure in a book for the mind as in medicine for the body."

A gentle French philosopher, Montesquieu, said when he was sixty years old, "I have never known a sorrow that an hour's reading could not dispel."

The intellectual stomach has as much individuality of taste as the physical. I speak for myself, and judge that others are like me. There are books which at once rest, soothe and put me in a happy mood. There are others (and these some of the modern authors who make much noise in the world) who give me instantaneous mental nausea.

The main thing is to find books suited to one's needs. A book to raise one's spirits when the "blues" come on. A book to keep one humble when threatened with self-conceit. A book to make one tender and sympathetic. We might add, a book to explain to us all the hard words, and tell us the historical incidents referred to in other books.

Well, our library is growing quite large, even as a thing of necessity and comfort. But that is no matter, for its beauty as a part of house furnishing depends only on this: Keep your books in sight.

All the expensive carpets, curtains and upholstery in a parlor, all the bric-a-brac of shelf and cabinet, cannot furnish a room, in my eyes, if there are no books.

"Where are the books?" I asked secretly of a friend when we were entertained in a beautiful home. "All up in 'the den,'" she answered. No doubt to me that "den" would have been the most beautiful part of the house.

One of the prettiest things young wood-carvers can make is a little rack to hold a dozen books on the parlor-table. It consists of a thin board six inches wide and seventeen inches long. At each end, fastened by means of hinges, is a prettily-shaped board of fancy shape, but not more than six inches across from the hinges to the opposite edge. These are decorated on the outer side by a simple carved design. (See illustration.)

A little shelf or two filled with a row of harmoniously-tinted books is a pleasant variety from a picture. When there are shallow recesses, as between a flue and the corner of a room, fill them with shelves to the height of four feet, drape with curtains, and on top set a few objects like a clay bust or a few plaques and vases.

The most beautiful and interesting collection of books is one which has gradually grown through at least two generations. Our fathers and mothers had not many books as we do now, but what they had were good, both in binding and thought. A few old curios of this sort are treasures.

About fifty years ago, Mr. James Parton complained that in New York it was easy to sell two-hundred-dollar garments, but difficult to sell twenty-dollar books.

Between a forty-dollar set of furniture and one that costs twice as much, the difference is not expressed in superior durability, but mere ostentation. This being true, it would be wise to choose plain chairs and increase the beauty and charm of our furnishings by a greater number of books. KATE KAUFFMAN.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON KID.

There is a peculiar charm about leather decoration which resistlessly attracts the



SMALL BOOK-RACK.

woman whose days are passed in doing fancy work, and whose dreams by night are of the same subject. One mode which requires some practice, but the results of which are charming, is embroidering designs in silk upon kid. Needles the size of those which are used to mend gloves are employed, and fine silks. A piece of tan-colored kid, with a design in chrysanthemums embroidered upon it in shades of yellow, had gradations of color as delicate and imperceptible as are produced by painting. It was designed for a card-case cover. A cravat-case of soft, gray kid had pale pink wild roses embroidered on it, and was lined with silk of a corresponding shade. The only reason it wasn't perfumed with rose was that the mau for whom it was designed had a masculine horror of perfume about his belongings. Dainty book-covers, blotting-covers and the like are also made of kid and leather.

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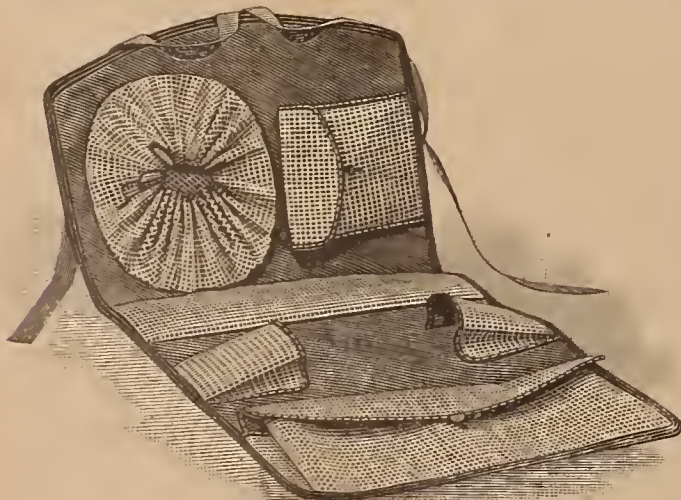


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WOMEN

who are ill should read Dr. Backus Cook's "Medical Truths for Women." Sent free on application. Address 732 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.



TRAVELING-CASE.

present use and add as much cider to the vinegar as you drew out.

Everyone cannot have cider, but good vinegar can be made without it. Fill a two-quart glass jar nearly full of sweetened water and put into it a dry yeast-cake. This will ferment and make a start for your vinegar. Never throw away the rinsings of a glass or jar that has had jelly or jam in it, or of the molasses-jug, but add all this to your vinegar, having put the contents of the two-quart jar into a jug or cask that

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SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden on everyone's shoulder— None may escape from its trouble and care; Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older, And fit us as close as the garments we wear. Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited, Robbing our hearts of its treasures of song; Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted, Yet somehow or other we worry along. Every-day toil is an every-day blessing, Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share; Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing, But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer. Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter, Just when we mourn there was one to befriend; Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter, And somehow or other we get to the end. —E. S. J.

OMELET.

Eggs are an excellent article of diet for all classes of people at this season of the year, but in addition to their healthfulness, will be found an ever-ready recourse for the country housewife remote from market, grocery and butcher-shop, and in no way can they be more appetizingly served than in omelets. While the making of this dish is simple, few cooks understand its preparation, and instead of a light, delicate omelet, send to the table a thick, leathery mass of egg that is, to say the least, very indigestible.

Omelet may consist of eggs only, or be combined with other articles so as to vary the flavor.

While an omelet should be beaten until light, it should not be so light as to be dry. An omelet may be light and yet not good. To be perfect, it should be creamy, and not solid. The eggs should not be beaten separately in making omelet.

To make good, plain omelet, break six eggs in a dish, give them twelve good beats. Put a piece of butter the size of a walnut in an omelet or very smooth frying pan, shake it over the fire until it is melted and very hot; turn in the eggs and shake over a quick fire until set; sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll, and turn out on a hot dish.

A plain omelet may be made, and as soon as thick in the pan, sprinkle with finely-chopped, cold, boiled ham, rolled and served.

Potato omelet is convenient when eggs are high and scarce. To make it, chop two boiled potatoes fine. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when hot, add the potatoes, stir over the fire until a nice brown, sprinkle with chopped parsley, salt and pepper; set to keep warm. Make a plain omelet; when half done, spread over the potatoes, cook one minute, roll and serve.

Bread omelet is another economical omelet. Beat three eggs, add the yolks to a small cupful of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated bread crumbs, season with salt and pepper, and add the beaten whites of the eggs, mix very lightly. Put a teaspoonful of butter in a frying-pan, let heat, turn in the mixture, and set over the fire; shake until set, when put in the oven one minute; take out, slip on a warm plate and serve immediately.

A plain omelet may be made, and spread before rolling and dishing, with tomatoes, onions, mushrooms, chicken, beef, oysters or salmon, all of which will be found dainty and appetizing.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

HINTS ABOUT BABY.

A successful doctor says that a healthy infant will take water every hour, and be the better for it. The less rocking, tossing, patting, combing, coaxing, teasing and promiscuous kissing an infant is obliged to endure, the better his health and good nature. See that he sleeps in a cool room, with mouth shut and head uncovered. If you wish to rest at night, think how you would swelter between two giants, and do not put the baby to bed with two grown people. Have all garments loose enough for comfort at throat, arms, waist and wrists, and be sure to have the shoes and stockings large enough. A child should not be given meat until he is two years old. Do not try to teach a child to stand. He will stand by himself when his body and bones are in condition. Use no starch on any of his clothing, and keep his bibs dry if you have to change them every half hour.—Housekeeper.

A STEUBEN COUNTY MIRACLE.

A YOUNG LADY'S GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A TIMELY RESCUE.

MISS LILLIAN SPARKS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH AFTER MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED—HER CONDITION THAT OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER LADIES, WHO MAY TAKE HOPE FROM HER STORY.

(From the Hornellsville Times.)

Painted Post is the name of a pretty little village of one thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Erie railroad, in Steuben county, two miles from Corning, N. Y. The name seems an odd one until one learns the circumstances from which it was derived. When the first settlers came here from Pennsylvania, all this beautiful valley was heavily wooded, and abounded in many kinds of game, and was a favorite hunting-ground for the Indians who then claimed exclusive right to the territory. An object which attracted the attention of the first settlers and excited their curiosity, was a painted post which stood prominently in a small clearing skirted by great, spreading trees. It was stained red, as some supposed with blood, and evidently commemorated some notable event in Indian life. And so from this incident the place naturally took its name. The city of Baton Rouge (which means "painted post"), La., also took its name from a similar circumstance.

But the main purpose for which your correspondent came here was to learn the particulars of a notable—indeed, miraculous—cure of a young lady and her rescue from death by the efficacious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Your correspondent only knew that the name of the young lady was Lillian Sparks, daughter of Mr. James W. Sparks. On inquiring at the post-office for her father's residence, we learned that he lived on the road to Hornby, five miles from Painted Post village. "And," said a young man who overheard the conversation with the postmaster, "it is his daughter who was so sick that the doctors gave her up and she was cured by Pink Pills." And the young man volunteered to guide me to Mr. Sparks' home. The courteous young man was Mr. Willie Covert, a resident of the place, organist in the Methodist church, and formerly organist for the Young Men's Christian Association of Rochester. So getting a horse we started in the storm, with the mercury ranging at zero, for a five-mile drive over the snow-drifted roads of Hornby hills. When we reached our destination we found a very comfortably-housed family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, one son and five daughters. The oldest of the daughters, Miss Lillian, twenty-two years old, is the one whose reported wonderful cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People your correspondent had gone out there expressly to verify by actual knowledge. This is the story told by Miss Sparks to your correspondent in presence of her grateful and approving father and mother, and is given in her own language.

"Yes, sir, it is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was ill for four years, doctoring nearly all the time, but without any benefit. I had six different doctors: Dr. Heddon, Dr. Purdy and Dr. Hoar, of Corning; Dr. Butler, of Hornby; Dr. Remington, of Painted Post, and Dr. Bell, of Monterey. They said my blood had all turned to water. I was as pale as a corpse, weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk, I was so dizzy, and there was a ringing noise in my head. My hands and feet were cold all the time. My limbs were swollen, my feet so much so that I could not wear my shoes. My appetite was very poor. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but still I kept doctoring or taking patent medicines, but grew worse all the time. Last September I read in the Elmira Gazette of a wonderful cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought I would try them. I did so, giving up all other medicines and following the directions closely. By the time I had taken the first box I was feeling better than I had been in a long time, and I continued their use until now, as you can see, and as my father and mother know and as I know, I am perfectly well. I don't look the same person, and I can now enjoy myself with other young people. Indeed, I can't say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I am sure they saved my life. I have recommended them to others who are using them with much benefit, and I earnestly recommend them to any who may be sick, for I am sure there is no medicine

like them. I am entirely willing you should make any proper use of this statement of my sickness and cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." In further conversation Miss Sparks said she fell away during her sickness so much that she only weighed 80 pounds, while now she weighs 107.

"I suppose," said her father, "that it was overwork that made her sick. You see, we have 400 acres of land, keep 35 cows, and there is a great deal to be done, and Lillian was always a great worker and very ambitious until she overdid it and was taken down."

The facts narrated in the above statement were corroborated by a number of neighbors, who all express their astonishment at the great improvement Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have worked in Miss Sparks.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling, resulting therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



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Our Sunday Afternoon.

COMING IN GLORIOUS MAJESTY.

Art thou coming, coming quickly, King of glory, crowned with light? With embattled hosts surrounded, Coming in victorious might? Prophets tell the sacred story, So the budding fig-tree shows; Groaning nations, earthquake terrors, Break the seal of earth's repose. Soon proud Babel shall be humbled, Antichrist in darkness hurled; Soon the brightness of thy coming Shall consume a guilty world, Then the vales shall bloom in gladness, Lambs with wolves shall graze the plain; Zion lift her glorious summit, Peace embrace the world again.

THE UNCHANGING EAST.

STILL the old clocks on the mosques at Cairo and Jerusalem strike nine at three o'clock in the afternoon, and three at nine in the morning. It is the ninth, or it is the third hour of the day, which begins with them at sunrise and closes at six in the evening.

Still the two women grind at the mill, and, like Sarah, bake the fresh cake for you while you are waiting in the tent. Still the country people, like Boaz and Ruth, sleep in the harvest-fields, and still the men reap and the women glean. Still you are offered a handful of parched corn, and water from a leather bottle.

Still they "put off their shoes from off their feet" when they enter holy ground, and still they pray with their faces to the ground. Still the blind man sits by the wayside, begging, and the lepers crowd, in pleading wretchedness, outside the city walls, and afar off. Still they hold the plow in one hand, and, like Shamgar, the oxgoad in the other.

Still the virgins go out to meet the bridegroom, and the mourners wail and make a noise at the funeral scene. Still they carry their bed as they go, and make it in the street, or wherever they happen to lie, and when they rise they "take up their bed and walk." Still they all "dip the sop" in the same dish, and eat it with their fingers.

Still it is always the woman you find at the well, or carrying her great earthen vessel of water on her head. Still they cover their head, unlike us, and uncover their feet, wearing sandals for convenience in removing them. Still their loins are girded as of old, and their treasures are all carried in their girdle or their bosom, which is wallet, purse and traveling-bag all in one.

Still there are the six seasons—"seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat."

Still "the mountains are around about Jerusalem," and the stars of heaven shine as brightly as when they spake to Abraham of his seed—and Jehovah's covenant. Still Ebal and Gerizim face each other across the valley, and Carmel looks out upon the sea, and Hermon is an "exceeding high mountain—apart," and Zion stands on "the sides of the north," and Jerusalem is "beautiful for situation."

O wondrous, changeless land, fit frame for the wondrous, changeless Book, which, like its author, is "the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—Christian Alliance.

A WORD FOR THE TEMPTED.

"I know where thou dwellest—where Satan's seat is." This word is for those who are beset with hindrance and temptation. "I know," saith the all-glorious Lord, "where thou dwellest. I know, for I have lived there, where the scorner sits, and all that the heart holds dear is ridiculed, and all the dearest and deepest convictions of the soul are mocked. I know what it is," saith he, "to have the efforts to do good mistaken and misrepresented." From what a depth of lonely darkness, from what incessant strain of temptation comes this "I know." Think of that life at home, how he came and went, ridiculed, suspected, condemned; think of all that lies in those words—"neither did his brethren believe in him." What a deep, dark gap was that which lay between him and them! The Pharisees, the most respectable and religious people of the day, said that he cast out devils by the prince of devils. Think of him pinched by hunger and parched by thirst, and the tempter hanging beside him with horrid whisper, "Command that these stones be made bread." Think, as he wrought that supremest miracle of the world's redemp-

tion, that putting forth of infinite love and infinite endurance, how he is met with the terrible cry of scorn: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." "I know," saith he to the tempted, "I know where thou dwellest."—Hugh Price Hughes.

A QUIET LITTLE WOMAN.

"Such a quiet little woman; I don't believe she ever attended a convention in her life." We happen to know the little woman of whom the above remark was made, and this is what we know of her: Every evening she attends a convention of well-clothed, well-fed, well-trained boys and girls, who gather at the home fireside and worship at the home altar—a happy family circle with mother for its center. Once a week she attends a Sabbath convention, where children are taught not only to "remember," but also to love the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Now and then she attended a reform convention, where, under the sweet influence of her Christian life and example, sons and daughters, and others also, are inspired to attempt better things. There is also a worker's convention, and a young people's convention, where her presence is an inspiration and her influence is felt, even though it be only within four walls. Some day she will attend a convention of the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and will be surprised, possibly, to find her sphere of work greatly enlarged by the announcement: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

RED-HOT RELIGION.

The prophet Micah, writing of men who are energetic in doing evil, says they do it "with both hands earnestly." Would not this be an admirable motto for such as are striving to oppose the evil? Should there not be as much zeal shown in doing good? Alas! many who claim to be on the side of good, work not at all; and many more are working with but one hand. The other hand they keep lazily in their pocket, or apply it to things which pertain not at all to the kingdom of heaven.

Some there are who serve with both hands, who pray as well as pay, who are Christians in the counting-room or the mill as well as in the class-room or the meeting; and these, of course, are an immense improvement on the preceding. But how few there are who do it "earnestly," taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves in God's cause as if they really meant business, as if the master were indeed at the door, and as if the success of his work depended on their faithfulness. These are they after God's own heart, who belong to the "Secret Society of the Holy Ghost," for "the secret of the Lord is theirs."—Zion's Herald.

IN SEASON.

A lady, once writing a letter to a young naval officer, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" And lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the words, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." In trembling she folded it, and sent it off. Back came the answer: "Thank you so much for those kind words. My parents are dead. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died long years ago." The arrow, shot at a venture, hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Christians, how often do we close a letter "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus?—Christian Witness.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

This question is an interesting one to all—a vital one to many. We answer, "Yes." It is, however, true that in a large majority of cases it is not cured. So great is this proportion that the statement that one can cure consumption meets everywhere with great incredulity. Drs. Starkey & Palen, the discoverers and sole dispensers of Compound Oxygen stake their personal and professional reputation on the assertion that they have often cured consumption in their practice of twenty-three years. They licourt the fullest investigation of this declaration. They will prove it in the very words of many of the best and best known people in the country. They will, on request, mail a book which shows how and why Compound Oxygen cures this dread disease. If you have consumption; if you are threatened with consumption; or if your friend is so menaced, do not give up hope, but rather write us a plain statement of the case and have pointed out to you, without any expense, a well-traveled way of escape. Investigate and act at once. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

HINTS FOR WORKERS.

One of the most charming things about those New Testament Christians is that they understand how to work without worrying. They simply did the duty that came to hand, and did not trouble themselves whether anybody noticed them or praised them, or whether any great result should come of their honest endeavors. Mary breaks her costly perfume on her master's feet without the least idea that all the world should yet hear of the gracious deed of love. Dorcas plies her needle, and Tertius drives his pen as Paul's stenographer, and Phebe goes off to Rome with the Epistle to the Romans in her satchel, and none know or care that they will ever be heard of again. The apostles were wonderfully calm men; they faced duty and endured obloquy, and committed all results to God. If Paul ever worried, he never told us of it. He was the cool man on board of the tempest-tossed corn ship in the hurricane. His assurance to his fellow-Christians was, "The peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your thoughts in Christ Jesus." This is the deep, inward calm—like the tranquility which reigns an hundred fathoms down in the Atlantic, while the billows are raging upon the surface.—Times of Refreshing.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is for plain people. It is not made only for scholars; if it were so, it would be of but little use. It is a plain book, written in plain words. The teachings of our Lord were addressed to common people, in language which they could understand. Indeed, one chief beauty of the Scriptures is their marvelous simplicity. Especially in all that pertains to life and salvation, the path is made so plain that the wayfaring man need not err. From this it follows that in most cases the obvious meaning is the true meaning. We do not underrate the learning of scholars, nor the advantage of being able to read the Scriptures in the original tongues, but that is by no means necessary. The common English Bible, in the grand old King James' version, is good enough. Let a man of ordinary intelligence read it every morning and evening, not trying to twist this and that passage into a particular significance, in order to support some preconceived theory; but with an open mind and honest heart, desiring only to find out what the author of the Bible intended, and he will grow, day by day, into a knowledge of the truth which is to the saving of the soul.

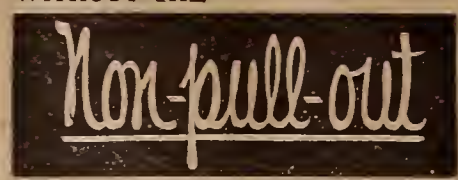
CHRIST WORKING IN US.

He who made every power can use every power. Memory, judgment, imagination, quickness of apprehension or insight, specialties of musical, poetical, oratorical or artistic faculty, special tastes for reasoning, philosophy, history, natural science or natural history—all these may be dedicated to him, sanctioned by him, and used by him. Whatever he has given he will use, if we will let him. Don't you really believe that the Holy Spirit is just as able to draw a soul to Jesus, if he will, by your whisper of one word, "Come," as by an eloquent sermon an hour long? I do. At the same time, as it is evidently God's way to work through these intellects of ours, we have no more right to expect him to use a mind which we are wilfully neglecting, and take no pains whatever to fit for his use, than I should have to expect you to write a beautiful inscription with my pen, if I would not take the trouble to wipe it and mend it.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

WHAT TO READ.

If you are down with the blues, read the twenty-seventh Psalm. If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelation. If you don't know where to look for the month's rent, read the thirty-seventh Psalm. If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm. If the stove-pipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe, wash your hands, and read the third chapter of James. If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians. If people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of John. If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm 126 and Galatians 6:7-9. If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.—The Bible Reader.

WITHOUT THE

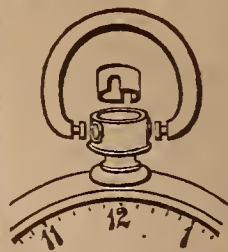


BOW (RING)

it is easy to steal or ring watches from the pocket. The thief gets the watch in one hand, the chain in the other and gives a short, quick jerk—the ring slips off the watch stem, and away goes the watch, leaving the victim only the chain.

This idea stopped that little game:

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.



Sold by all watch dealers, without cost, on Jas. Boss Filled and other cases containing this trade mark—Ask your jeweler for pamphlet.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

Advertisement for Hires' Root Beer. Includes illustrations of people and text: 'ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME', 'Hires' Root Beer', 'It gives New Life to the Old Folks, Pleasure to the Parents, Health to the Children.', 'Good for All—Good All the Time.', 'A 25 cent package makes Five gallons. Be sure and get HIRE'S.'

Advertisement for a DUEBER watch. Features a large illustration of a pocket watch and text: 'DUEBER Solid Silver FREE', 'CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, genuine DUEBER silver watches by express for examination; you examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal to any \$15.00 watch you ever saw, pay our sample price \$2.98, and express charges and it is yours, with the watch we send a 50-year guarantee for the case and 10 years for the movement, also our printed guarantee that you can return the watch at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you one free. The Nat'l Mfg. and Importing Co., 334 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for WIZARDS MAGIC PURSE. Includes an illustration of a magic purse and text: 'WIZARDS MAGIC PURSE. The most bewildering illusion discovered in this century! A very strong purse of the finest dressed kid strongly sewed and beautifully embroidered. (Regular goods of equal quality sell for 50c to 75c.) Comprises 3 pockets, which we GUARANTEE to open in 3 hours without knowing the secret. It has baffled all experts in puzzle-mystery. A great novelty, a wonderful mystery and a useful article, all in one. Your money and secrets are safe inside this purse! Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sample with secret in sealed envelope post paid with Catalogue of 1000 useful articles, 25c; 3 for 60c; 5 for \$1.00, \$1.50 Doz. B. H. INGERSOLL & BRO, 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y.'

Advertisement for ELGIN, Waltham or Springfield watches. Includes an illustration of a watch and text: 'ELGIN, Waltham or Springfield. GOLD FILLED, GUARANTEED 20 YRS. Best in the World.', 'CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the elegant watch to you by express for examination, and if you think it equal to any \$30.00 watch you ever saw, pay our sample price, \$9.50, and it is yours. We send with it our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell six we will give you one free! Write at once, as we shall send out samples at this price for 60 days only. Address, CHICAGO WATCH CO., 281 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Text: 'WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY Has the Largest Circulation of any Magazine of Music published in the world. One Dollar per year. AGENTS wanted in every city, town and hamlet at liberal salary. For a sample copy, with five complete pieces of the latest vocal and instrumental music, full sheet music size, send four cents in stamps. These pieces sell for \$2.00 at Music Stores. WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., Cor. E'way & 13th St., New York.'

Please mention this paper when answering advertisements.

Farm Cleanings.

IMPROVEMENT OF EXISTING ROADS.

The ONE leading topic of to-day is that of better roads. There is need of and there must be a general and determined effort made toward their repair, reconstruction and permanent improvement.

In the proper consideration of road improvement, "theory must shake hands with circumstance." It is highly important that we agree upon the best methods of improving the roads we have until we can get rid of them by substituting permanent ones of broken rock.

Bad, as altogether too many of our roads are, they are capable of being made better at no appreciable increase in expense, provided the usual annual repairs are made in accordance with the best known principles of road making and repairing. If the supervisors would meet, exchange experiences and decide upon the best methods, irrespective of their individual notions and prejudices, the improved condition of our common roads would be the best evidence that individuality had been supplanted by an agreed-upon method of uniformity.

The proper location of a road has much to do with its subsequent value and the cost of keeping the same in repair. The danger to life is greatly lessened by avoiding steep grades, to say nothing of the manifest advantage of a gentler grade on account of the less power needed to move heavy loads. High grades should not be tolerated when it is possible to avoid them. The roads needed for the comfort and convenience of the public should be located by experts, and then be so constructed as to be permanent. The best at the least cost to the public, should be the aim, and this can only be accomplished by the adoption of a general system of roads to be placed under the immediate and constant supervision of a competent head. In this way only can the best results be secured.

In repairing roads, no sods or vegetable matter should be used on the road-bed, and in repairing holes or depressions, use, as nearly as possible, the same kind of soil as that forming the general roadway. Road repairs should be constant. The present method of making repairs in the spring, and little or no repairs in the fall, leaving holes and ruts in which the water collects so that the whole road-bed becomes softened, is the worst plan of all, and when winter sets in "the last condition of that road is worse than the first." There is no real economy in our present system of annual road patching. It is the most inefficient and worthless of all plans. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Why perform work which must needs be done over again the following year? If the actual cost of teams and labor be counted it will be seen that the system of road patching referred to costs more during each decade than the labor and materials required to build a good road-bed and keep it in repair. For many years to come our main dependence in nearly every locality must be on dirt roads. These should therefore be properly graded, under-drained, surface-drained, and then be thoroughly harrowed and rolled. Where graveled roads are made on a good, well-drained, compact foundation, and the coarsest gravel is put at the bottom and well rolled, and additional layers of finer gravel are put on and rolled also, a good road for a reasonable amount of travel will be formed, which will last several years. It is a serious error to put either gravel or broken stone upon a road-bed which has just been graded, without first making the road-bed as firm and solid as possible. No road should ever be left in such a condition as to force the travel to the sides of the roadway.

The main thing to be done in repairing a road is to open the water courses, put in under-drains in the wettest places; fill up the depressions with dirt that will become firm quickly, and then surface with fine gravel or finely broken stone. The general surface should be kept a little full, so that the surface water will quickly get to the side drains. This plan insures a reasonably hard and comparatively dry surface that does not cut up easily. In no case should water be allowed to cross the road except through a good culvert. Instead of covering the rough, rocky places with dirt, break off the projecting rocks with hammers and level off with the smallest pieces or with gravel. Previous to adding dirt or rock to the sur-

face, clean out any mud that may be in the part to be repaired, loosen the surface over which the repairs are to extend, with a pick, in order to effect a good bond with the old bed, then fill up with dirt and roll or pound the same until it is even with the surface surrounding the place repaired. Such a road will remain in fairly good condition the entire year. All the stones lying about loose on the roadway and at the roadside should be gathered up and put in piles to be broken or crushed for use on the surface where most needed. The breaking of such stones as could be broken with a hammer into pieces small enough to pass through a two-inch ring, would afford employment to persons unfitted by reason of age or physical infirmity from performing any other kind of manual labor.

No road when completed should be left even for a short period uncaared for. It needs constant watching, especially in all the southern states, where sudden and violent rainfalls of a tropical character are common. These sudden showers do more damage in half an hour than can be repaired in a day. Eternal vigilance is the price of good roads. Our common roads need the timely care of a "section boss" as much as do our railway lines. He should always be on the alert during bad weather, ready to repair the roadway by filling up with road materials any hollows or ruts where pools of water are likely to be formed.

"No class of persons appreciate good roads more than the family physician in the rural districts, and to none would they bring more direct personal comfort and even practical financial help. On a good road the doctor can travel ten miles an hour, while on a poor one barely five. The time required in doing his work is doubled, the physical weariness is increased, and the amount of visiting rendered is curtailed. Besides this the patient suffers, for the doctor's visits are delayed and less frequent. He cannot, therefore, watch the patient so closely, and he brings to his work a wearied body." In case of sudden illness, or of poisoning, or of severe wounds, when the saving of a life might depend upon the speedy arrival of a physician, a good, smooth road, over which he could reach the patient quickly, would prove of incalculable value.

The construction and care of a public road where teams are constantly passing each other, is a very different affair from that of one leading from one's farm or plantation to the depot or landing. In the latter case an excellent roadway can be formed by slightly grading up a narrow one of not more than ten or twelve feet in width and then running a very light, straight furrow down the exact center its entire length. A two-horse team in hauling trucking or other produce to market, if driven astride of the furrow will cause the formation of two ruts at an equal distance from the center. By keeping the ruts filled with either oyster shells, clean gravel or finely-broken stone, a good roadway of a most excellent and durable character will be formed at a comparatively small expense. W. M. K.

TALKING TO THE HORSE.

Following the course of a brook, with rod and reel, I came to a pool in the deep woods near the highway. The rattle of wheels heralded the approach of a wagon. As it came nearer, at the slow pace of an easy-going horse, a man's voice was heard apparently in earnest conversation.

"I tell ye, Jerry, I'll hev ter give ye er good trouncin' ef ye don't mind what ye're erbout. What d'ye mean by gittin' wrathy an' backin' up ter ther store hard 'nough ter purty nigh knock ther buildin' over? I didn't say nothin' ter ye ther, 'cause I don't b'lieve in hev'in' fambly rows afore ther public, but, I vum, I'm er mind ter give ye a tech o' thet new whip I bought ter cattle show, when we git hum. I tell ye, I won't hev sech goings on—"

The speaker had passed uow, and I heard no more. Peering through the foliage I saw a man riding alone. He was talking to his horse, and the horse, a roly-poly kind of a uag, was ambling along in a satisfied and contented way. Judging from appearances, the horse was accustomed to the sound of his master's voice and enjoyed it. And why not?

The horse is not less intelligent than the dog. The dog "knows" more than the horse generally, because he has been petted more and talked to more. Any one interested in dogs knows how the dog brightens when his master speaks to him. The dog knows his name; the horse may know his name, and when called, respond as quickly as the dog.

A wagou-load of wood was caught in a

mud hole. The horse, a fine-spirited animal, tried three times to draw the wheel out, but failed, and became nervous and excited. The farmer threw the reins over the horse's back, and going to his head, took the horse's nose in his hands, began to stroke and to talk to him. "Now, Charlie, don't you fret. That was my fault, getting into that hole. Try once more. You can do it. We'll lift on the wheel and help you all we can. Now, a long, steady pull and we're out of the hole." The voice of the master quieted him at once; he arched his neck, carried his ears forward and seemed to "beam" upon his master, and when he pulled again, the load went forward. The farmer stopped him as soon as free from the mud and rewarded him with an apple, and talked to him "and thanked him."

The reader may smile, but any one who studies the horse knows that kind and soothing words will accomplish more than harshness and the whip. The gentle voice of man has a soothing effect upon most domestic animals, especially when the voice is familiar.

Every man who wishes to get the most from his horse must make the horse's acquaintance, and yet there are horses and men who have been together for years and are not acquainted. A milkman left his horse and disappeared around a corner. As he was coming back, he heard shouts, "Whoa! Whoa!" and reaching the corner saw his horse running away at full speed, frightened at a steam gong. As the horse turned into a side street, the milkman ran back to intercept him if possible. He gained the corner of the street just after the horse went by. The milkman shouted at the top of his voice, "Whoa, Jack!" The horse stopped as suddenly as if drawn up by the rein, and wheeled around as far as the thills would let him to look for his master. When he heard the familiar voice—the voice connected with kind treatment—he knew that he was safe, and all fear vanished. This episode I witnessed myself.

Many persons have no idea, apparently, how much intelligence may be developed in a horse, or how affectionate a horse may become under the right treatment. It is believed that the horse that is never petted, that seldom hears the voice of his master, and has no kind and sympathetic words addressed to him, lives a lonely, a kind of half-horse existence.

The horse is a social, companionable being, and craves sympathy, the companionship, and the affection of man. I know that if I did not speak to my dog, if I passed him without a word, he would slink away with his tail between his legs as though he has been whipped, although I do not know how he looks when whipped, as he has never been whipped.

I drove my horse "Billy" one day, six miles without saying a word, as I was busy "thinking." We came to a water-trough, and I drove up to it that Billy might drink. The check was down and he could help himself, but instead he turned and looked at me—he had no blinders; no horse ought to have blinders. "What are you looking at, Billy? Why don't you drink if you want to?" Then he carried his ears forward, a horse's way of expressing satisfaction, and plunged his nose into the water. As I was accustomed to talk to him, I believe that he was disturbed, or whatever the word may be, by my long silence, and would not drink, thirsty as he was, till he heard it.

Every admirer of the horse who has not seen Bartholomew's horses perform, should improve the first opportunity. Every exhibition of these horses helps man to appreciate the noblest animal placed at the service of man. It is hard to believe that animals endowed as the horse is, were intended to be shut out of the affection and companionship of man—companionship as a friend as well as a beast of burden and draught animal.

The man who regards his horse in the "higher light," must read with indignation, even with feelings of horror, the account of the race between Berlin and Vienna. Throughout the civilized world the humane man, whether acquainted with horses or not, especially the friend of the horse, must cry out in righteous wrath against such horrible cruelty as resulted from the race. Beautiful, fine-blooded horses were driven till their hoofs fell off from the heat. Some died of sheer exhaustion, and a few, "by being savagely beaten, were forced to the end and were dragged to the goal dripping with blood and shrieking with agony, their spines twisted out of shape."

The riders of these horses, instead of receiving the "plaudits of the multitude" and the "magnificent trophies" bestowed by

the emperors of Austria and Germany, deserve to be drawn up by their thumbs and knouted on their bare backs. What is the soul of man who drives a horse to torture and to "an agony of death" for notoriety and a bauble? GEORGE APPLETON.

THE VALUE OF DOGS.

There are in the United States, according to the statistics of the department of agriculture, 44,938,365 sheep, valued at \$116,121,270. The same authority places the ravages of dogs upon the sheep industry of the United States at the very modest sum of \$4,000,000.

Nobody doubts the accuracy of these figures. No one can fail to see the injustice done to sheep raising. This is not a new or exceptional hindrance to flock owners. It is the old, old story. No remedy seems possible. Dogs have more friends than sheep.

This is a fearful loss of property. If dogs killed one fourth that amount of ducks and geese, there would be "wailing and gnashing of teeth," and a dog-killing from one end of the land to the other. It is a joke to many people when dogs get into a flock of sheep and kill and worry them. It is a serious outrage if a dog or a lot of dogs kill somebody's little bunch of geese.

Remedy? Is there any? Yes, there is a cure for everything that is wrong and unfair. What should a sheep owner do when his rights are invaded and his sheep worried and killed? He has a perfect right to get furiously and fearfully mad. If, when thus aroused, he sins a little—yes, a good deal—he is excusable before the laws of men, at least. An ordinarily good man will not fail to act badly under these most aggravating circumstances. He will not stop to ask if it is wrong to shoot dogs, to poison dogs, or catch them in traps, or any other way of getting rid of the prowling, cowardly, protected, beloved dog.

This has been continually going on in this and all other sheep countries during the centuries. It has been periodic in all our experiences as sheep handlers, and will be repeated. The writer of this, with a record and experience, concludes that, beyond the shot-gun and strychnine, a dog-proof, barbed-wire fence is a cure.

R. M. BELL.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

CURE		STONE
MANY		UP THE
DISEASES		SYSTEM
WHEN		AND
ALL		RESTORE
OTHER		LOST
REMEDIES		VIGOR.
FAIL.	TRY	
GET ONE.	DR. A. OWEN.	ONE.

A GENUINE CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY is generated in a battery on the Belt, and can be applied to any part of the body. The current can be made mild or strong as the case may require, and is absolutely under control of the wearer at all times.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Contains fullest information regarding the cure of Acute, Chronic and Nervous Diseases, Sworn Testimonials with portraits of people who have been cured, Price List and Cuts of Belts and Appliances, and how to order, published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian Languages. This Catalogue will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

THE OWEN Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

Main Office and Only Factory, THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING, 201-211 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. The Largest Electric Belt Establishment in the World.

When visiting the World's Fair do not fail to see Dr. A. Owen's exhibit, Electricity Building, Section U, Space 1. When writing mention this paper.

\$3.50 HUNTING CASE GENTS OR LADIES FREE.

SIZE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you ONE FREE. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only.

THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

HAVE YOU had one of these rings, warranted solid gold? Over 8000 girls have had one and we are ready to give away 10,000 more, FREE for a few hours work among your friends. Write at once.

L. M. ASSOCIATION, 269 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Our Amusement Corner.

Providing Entertainment and Instruction for Our Subscribers, with Suitable Rewards for Successful Contestants.

NAME THE ISLAND.



In the above picture is represented the name of a small American island, on which is located one of the greatest cities in the world.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be divided among the first five Farm and Fireside subscribers who correctly

NAME THE ISLAND.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber sending the correct name of the island.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber east of the Rocky mountains, and outside of Ohio, sending the correct name of the island.

\$1.00 will be given to the first Ohio subscriber sending the correct name of the island.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber west of the Rocky mountains sending the correct name of the island.

\$1.00 will be given to the first subscriber south of Tennessee, or in the New England states or Canada, sending the correct name of the island.

Not more than one reward will be given to one subscriber.

This contest will close June 15th, the result to be announced in our issue of July 1st.

Answers to this contest should be addressed to

FARM AND FIRESIDE,
ISLAND CONTEST,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

WINNERS OF PRIZES OFFERED MAY 1ST.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

"Why is the present volume of FARM AND FIRESIDE like a sweet young lady?"
Answer—Because it is sweet sixteen.

Waldo F. Brown, Oxford, Ohio, receives one dollar for sending the first correct answer.

Mrs. C. A. Pilquist, Marianna, Ark., S. V. Hartsock, Sprink Valley, Ohio, Mrs. Wm. M. Craig, Long Beach, Cal., Mrs. Geo. A. Johnson, Providence, R. I., each receive one dollar for sending the first correct answer received from their several divisions of the country, as outlined in the above contest.

POPULAR CONTEST.

In the voting contest for the most popular department in FARM AND FIRESIDE, the Household and the Farm departments took the lead, "Our Household" finally leading by a few votes.

A. M. Hendee, Danville, Ky., receives one dollar for first naming the most popular department.

Pet Daniels, Iuka, Ill., Louise C. Bliss, Conneaut, Ohio, Mrs. M. R. Halstead, Pasadena, Cal., Miss L. Fitzsimons, New Orleans, La., each receive one dollar for sending the first vote received from their several divisions of the country for the Household department.

NONSENSE ABOUT TOMATOES.

An idea has gained currency during the past few years that the tomato as an article of diet is likely to produce or encourage the terrible disease of cancer, and not long ago it was also stated that the use of this vegetable had been forbidden at the cancer hospital. So widespread has this notion become that Dr. Marsden, chairman of the medical committee of the cancer hospital, London, has thought it advisable to give it official contradiction. He says that his committee has been inundated with letters on this subject, and he begs publication for the following statement, which we hope will settle the matter once for all. It is the opinion of the committee "that tomatoes neither predispose to nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease, but on the contrary are a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked."—Chamber's Journal.

Our Miscellany.

It would save no end of trouble and thought if the housekeeper would make out a week's menu at a time. The food would be better and there would be greater variety than when the list is made out from day to day. It is quite impossible to follow daily bills of fare that are so often published. Only the person who keeps house herself is able to do this satisfactorily, although there are often many good suggestions made in them.

A MOTHER, indignant to find her little daughter low in her class in school, exclaimed wrathfully, "I'm out of all patience with you, Mollie! I should just like to know why Sally Jones is always at the head of her class, and you are always at the foot?"

Mollie hesitated for a moment, and then, looking her mother squarely in the face, said demurely, "You seem to forget, mamma, that Sally Jones has very clever parents."

AN English story is told of an old woman who had never attended church, but was at last persuaded to go to a harvest thanksgiving service. "How did you like it, Eliza?" asked a friend afterwards. "Oh, mighty fine. I'll gang again some day," answered she. The church was right pretty with flowers, the music grand, and best of all, at the end they passed round a plateful of money for us to take what we liked, and I took half a crown. There weren't any larger pieces in it."

THE Baroness James Rothschild has the most extensive collection of fans in the world. Several of them are worth from 8,000 francs to 10,000 francs each, to say nothing of a Watteau example, valued at a much higher figure. At Chantilly the series of beautiful fans of the Duchess d'Aumale has excited the admiration of the connoisseurs; while in her palace of Castile the Queen Isabella of Spain has about 800 highly artistic examples. The empress of Russia has also an extensive and beautiful series. Before the disasters of 1870-71 the Empress Eugenie had a number of precious examples, one of the most beautiful being designed for her by Cavarni. Vienna rivals Paris in the number and beauty of its fans, while Spain surpasses both by a long way in the matter of quantity; still, there can be no question that the most artistic and the most costly are produced at Paris, and there is no reason whatever to fear that the gayest city in the world will ever lose one of its most characteristic luxuries.

HEATING AND COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

The dream of the housekeeper and electrical enthusiasts has been to see heating and cooking done by electricity. Electricity has been applied to almost everything else, and the people have not been able to understand why houses cannot be heated and cooking done by the same means. There is no question as to the many advantages possessed by such applications of an electric current. In cooking, for instance, the heat is turned on at the moment it is wanted and applied just where it is needed, and there is practically no waste; whereas, in the case of a coal fire, much heat is lost in the process of bringing the temperature up to the required degree. With electric heat, however, the full degree of heat is available in a moment, and there is no long waiting for it to cool down as in the case of coal fires. The total absence of all the disagreeable features of coal fires, such as handling coal and ashes, etc., is another great argument in favor of electric heating, and the possible extra cost for current would be more than offset by the satisfaction and enjoyment resulting from its use. In the summer-time what could be more convenient than electric heat to cook with? What is there that is as near the ideal method of heating and cooking as such use of electric current? All of these advantages are now available in any house where an electric-light current enters, or can be put in; but as to the cost of electric current for such purposes we are not advised. Considering its advantages, however, thousands of householders would be glad to pay the extra cost for the luxury in having such heat. On the other hand, central stations, where the current is generated, would derive an immense benefit from an extensive use of current for such purposes. It is a question with most of these stations how to make them pay during the daytime. If electricity should become extensively used for domestic purposes, as indicated above, the problem would at once be solved, as the greatest demand for current for house uses would be made in the daytime. —Electrical Age.

EVIDENCES OF GLACIAL MAN.

The period at which the glacial epoch existed in this country has long been an interesting problem to scientists. With few exceptions, geologists have united in placing the date within comparatively recent times, and evidences are multiplying that the great ice age in North America actually occurred during the present era of human life. These evidences consist in the finding of stone implements of ancient man in undisturbed glacial gravels. Among the discoverers of these relics is Dr. C. C. Abbott, a distinguished archaeologist of this city. The specimens were all found by him in the Trenton gravels at Trenton, at recorded depths and in undisputedly undisturbed glacial deposits. Prof. Putnam also found specimens in the same locality, and other

scientists have come upon implements of stone in similar deposits in various parts of the country. The most convincing, however, is a find made some time ago by Mr. W. C. Mills at New Comerstown, Ohio. In a glacial gravel terrace in that town, at the mouth of Buckhorn creek, he came upon a stone implement fifteen feet below the surface, and which is now in the Western Reserve historical society of Cleveland. The gravel in which this relic was found was covered by six inches of sand, several feet of supplementary gravel, and from three to five feet of earth.—Philadelphia Public Ledger and Daily Transcript.

WAS ATLANTIS AMERICA?

Ignatius Donnelly finds a supporter of his Atlantis theory in Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the University of Toronto, who declares, after a great deal of search, that the lost Atlantis was not a myth, but that it was really the continent of America. He accounts for its disappearance from view in a different way, but that is merely incidental. Donnelly's theory was that the land was submerged by some great volcanic upheaval, and that from those who escaped to the continents of Europe and Asia came the tradition of the deluge. Sir Daniel rejects this explanation as being disproved by the fact that there are no traces of such volcanic action either on the continent or in the ocean bed. He believes that the ancient Egyptians, the most progressive and adventurous people of ancient times, discovered the continent, but that in the decline both of their learning and power it became lost to view and existed at the time our knowledge of Egypt begins merely as a shadowy tradition. It is his opinion that traces of the Egyptians of those days are to be sought in the ruined cities of Central America, whose origin has never been determined or even been made the basis of any reasonable theory. Such a discovery would furnish a substantial basis for the legend of the lost Atlantis, and the theory invests those wonderful ruins with a new interest for the antiquarians.—Milwaukee Journal.

GREEK WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

For centuries we have been taught to look upon the Grecian type of beauty as the ideal of all loveliness. To tell a woman that her nose, or left ear, or right eyebrow, was pure Greek, was the highest compliment one could pay her. Now comes an iconoclastic traveler to declare that the Grecian woman is short, broad and stout, with a pale, creamy skin, dark hair and beautiful eyes, features fairly regular, but not classical. The prevailing impression that she leaves upon the Englishman is that she has a squat figure; for the women of Greece destroy their figures on account of the sedentary lives they live. It is the custom

of the country for women to remain in the privacy of their homes, a casual traveler catching only an occasional glimpse of them at the upper windows of some private dwelling or shop. In rural Greece the women take a more active part in their every-day life, and work in the fields with their veils hanging loosely over their heads, ready to be folded across the mouth should a strange man approach.—N. Y. Sun.

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Selections.

A FEMININE WEAKNESS.

FULLY half the virtues for which their owners are praised are of spontaneous growth, and really reflect little credit upon those who practice them.

Let us take a case in point—that of a woman who has a pet extravagance. It is teacups. She loves pretty clothes, but she can gaze at the latest fabrics in the windows of dry-goods shops without being tempted to purchase, and can even survey, unshaken, invoices of Parisian millinery, gowns and gloves. She has a sweet tooth, but when occasion requires, she can steer a steady course between Pursell's and Armand's, or Hnyler's and Deane's, without swerving to the right or to the left. But when she nears a china shop, her steps falter.

Strange to say, the very high-priced shops do not most beguile her. Her attraction is towards those fascinating little establishments that display cards bearing the legends, "Special Sale! Great Reduction!! Marked Down!!!" Like a moth to a candle is she drawn towards the place of temptation. All china is dear to her heart, but she can resist plates, teapots, and even cream-jugs, of which every housekeeper knows one can never have too many. But when she beholds a cup and saucer ticketed "Only 24 cents," she is sure to succumb. She can hold out a trifle longer if she reads, "39 cents," and twice she has been known to walk on, with an air of dignity, as far as the corner, before she could make up her mind to go in and buy the cup and saucer billed "For to-day only, 59 cents." Don't think she is reckless in her selection. She always prefers pretty china, and generally shows excellent taste, but she will buy even a plain cup sooner than refuse a bargain.

Now, this woman is known as a good wife and mother. She is praised for her housekeeping, which she likes; for her devotion to her husband and children, whom she adores; for her pleasant, cordial manner, which is entirely natural, and for her philanthropy and benevolence, which are innate. But should she tell of the times when she scores a veritable moral victory by crossing the street to keep away from a china shop, or recites poetry to herself to aid her in forgetting an advertisement of a "Closing-out Sale, Cups and Saucers of Fine Doulton, Copeland and Limoges at only 63 cents apiece," everyone would laugh, and no one would think it worth while to account her resistance of temptation as a long step in the path of self-control and self-denial.

Which goes to prove the force of the sentence that prefaces this truthful narrative.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GLEANINGS.

IN the reign of Louis XVI the hats of the ladies were two feet high and four wide.

SEVERAL thousand of hair-pins, in many styles, have been recovered from Pompeii.

To make good sticky fly-paper, mix by heat three and one half ounces raw linseed-oil, one pound resin, and add three and one half ounces of molasses. Apply to the paper while warm.

It is getting to be the fashion to address and stamp envelopes on the back. With the direction written across the folds, the letter cannot be opened by an unauthorized person, without the fact being detected, and such an opportunity is made very difficult.

A CITIZEN of New Jersey, who has had practical experience, treats mosquito bites by carrying a small piece of soap, with which in case of a bite he makes a lather over the affected part and allows it to dry. He declares that the relief is instantaneous and that all pain soon ceases.

A GOOD remedy for whitening the hands is made as follows: Melt Castile soap, add a little water, perfume slightly, and stir in a little common oatmeal. When washing the hands, rub on this preparation and allow it to remain a few minutes. It removes the dirt and whitens the skin in a most astonishing way.

It sometimes happens that a pricked finger will leave a blood stain upon some delicate work. It is a good thing to know that a paste made of uncooked laundry starch, if spread upon the stain immediately and left to dry, may then be scraped off and with it will disappear all traces of the stain without injury to the fabric.

AN old umbrella-frame that is in good condition can be covered with black satine at a trifling expense, and answer admirably for children to carry to school, or to use in case of emergency. Two yards of best black sateen will be required, and one section of the old cover can be used for a pattern. The new cloth should be cut a seam smaller than the old to allow for stretching. After you have cut as many sections as the old one had, seam them together and hem the edge, and tack it onto the frame.

JOSEPH GILLOTT, of the well-known firm of steel-pen makers, says a steel pen will last for months with careful use. He remarks: "If your pen gets scratchy and doesn't write well, don't cast it aside for a new one. This is folly. The pen is not worn out, but simply tired. Give it a rest a day or two, then hold it in a gaslight for perhaps fifteen seconds, not longer, and resume your writing. If you are not pleasantly surprised at the results, I'll set myself down as a poor prophet."

THE cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not because it is more important, but because it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from good sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the more satisfactorily will be the more healthy, moral and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and unhappiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. Indeed, a long list might be made of nervous disorders and other maladies that sleep will cure.

MRS. EVERETT, the wife of a master drayman of New Orleans, is said to be one of the best veterinary surgeons in that city. She began by treating her husband's horses during an influenza epidemic. After the horses had all recovered, Mrs. Everett, encouraged by her success, studied every book she could find on diseases of horses and mules and their surgical treatment, until she could set a broken leg, extract a nail from the hoof, and treat influenza and lockjaw, for which last disease she is said to have an unfailing cure. She compounds her own prescriptions and takes no pay for her services, doing the work out of love for animals.

MISS INGELOW is one of the few women poets of England. Her name was even mentioned by some for the lanreateship on the death of Lord Teunyson. She was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, nearly sixty-three years ago. She has written four novels and three volumes of poems. Twenty years ago her verses were very popular, and to-day she has many readers among those who can appreciate good poetry. In appearance she is a handsome old lady with silvery hair. She gives much of her time to works of charity, and among other beneficent acts is the habit of giving to the poor—old and young—at regular intervals, what are known as "copyright dinners," from the proceeds of her books.—*Yankee Blade.*

MRS. LELAND STANFORD possesses one of the most remarkable collections of jewels in the world. It is valued at \$2,000,000, and in it are included a set of pink diamonds, one of blue, one of yellow and one of white. Some of her jewels were once owned by the Empress Engenie, and she has others which belonged to Queen Isabella, of Spain. A burglar-proof steel safe with a time lock holds these treasures; but they cannot absorb many of Mrs. Stanford's thoughts, if one may judge from the seven kindergartens she directs, and the eight other institutions supported by her in various parts of the country for the education of young girls. She is said to care little for dress or fashion, and she is keenly interested in all of Senator Stanford's benevolent schemes.

A FRENCH physician claims that yawning is very healthy, and that artificial yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh, and like troubles. It is considered as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined. During the act of yawning there is considerable stretching of the muscles of the pharynx and soft palate, which in this way are put through a sort of massage; besides this, in the act of yawning the throat tubes contract and drive into the pharynx the mucus that has accumulated. If one is at a loss how to produce artificial yawning, try slowly raising and lowering the chest by means of the chest muscles, not by the lungs, which, by the way, is another exercise highly recommended.



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Smiles.

YE CRYNOLYNE.

Ye crynolyne is lyke to grace
Ye worlde of fashion for a space;
But I woulde counte a lesser fryl
Ye broade Elyzabethan fryl
Wherewyth to frame ye ladie's face.

Adde beautie to thy gentyl race,
Or paffe, or paynt, or courtlie lace;
But fyght, O ladie, wyth a wyll,
Ye crynolyne!
For thou art weene in any "case,"
But surelie thou art oute of place
In such a rounde disguise, untyl
Thou hast a bodie fyt to fyll
Ye crynolyne!

ONLY A HORSESHOE NAIL.

She was a beautiful girl, upon whose
lustrous curls twenty summers
had laid their roses in showers of
color and fragrance, and upon
whose fair shoulders the decree of
fashion had placed a pair of sus-
penders.

If any who read these lines have not yet got
themselves upon this fact, they should at once
look up the latest fashion-plates.

She was radiant in her loveliness, and the
young man who sat beside her when the shadows
of evening fell was as happy as she was beautiful.

It was an iridescent combination.
He had proposed and been accepted, and he
had just concluded a wild, impulsive embrace,
that now was tapering off gradually in a ten-
der, one-armed hug, as lingering as a case of
the grip in a hard winter.

"George," she murmured, "will you do me a
favor?"

"A million!" he exclaimed, with tropical
luxuriance; "a million times a million, dar-
ling."

"One is enough, deary," she said, with a soft
little smile of joyous contentment.

"What is it, darling?" he whispered, draw-
ing her closer to him.

"Will you lend me a horseshoe nail?" she
lisped, blushing. "We have busted my gal-
lons."

And George's great heart yearned and broke
then, for he had come to the trysting-place
without a horseshoe nail.

A BITE.

Mr. Jones kept a toy shop, and among vari-
ous things sold fishing-rods. For the purpose
of advertising them he had a large rod hang-
ing outside, with an artificial fish at the end
of it.

Late one night, when most people were in
bed, a man who was rather the worse for his
night's enjoyment, happened to see this fish.
He looked at it and then went cautiously up
to the door and knocked gently. Jones did
not hear this, but after the man had knocked
a little longer he responded at the window up
above.

"Who's there?" said Jones.

"Don't make a noise," said the man in a
whisper, "but come down as quietly as you
can."

At the request our friend thought there
must be something the matter; so after dress-
ing and coming down as quietly as possible,
he proceeded to know what it was.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Sb!" said the man. "Pull your line in
quick; you've got a bite!"—Yankee Blade.

HIS MATCH.

The burglar stepped lightly into the room.
He moved forward in the dark, with a pistol
in one hand and a bottle of chloroform in the
other. He was desperate and ready for any-
thing.

Especially anything to eat.

Suddenly his foot struck something, and the
next second an indefinable body hurled itself
upon him. With a muffled shriek of fear he
dropped his weapons and grappled with the
monster. He fought and tore; he struck savagely
at it in the dense darkness, but all to no
purpose.

He was as a child in the awful grasp of a
giant. Only for a moment the unequal battle
raged; then he sank upon the floor, conquered.

They found him the next morning, cold and
stiff, but they were too late. And as the head
of the house disentangled the wires of his
wife's hoop skirt from about the unfortunate
burglar's neck, he said softly, "Poor fellow!
Set it again, Maria!"—Truth.

A HALCYON MOMENT.

One of the greatest feelings of pleasure that
falls to the lot of man is experienced when,
after waking up with the impression that it is
time to arise for the day and lying in bed for
some minutes fighting off drowsiness, he finally
looks at his watch and finds he still has four
good, long hours durlug which he may sleep.
—Truth.

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report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola
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anything about," remarked Snooper.

"What particular piece of luck has he struck
now?" asked Skidmore.

"He put up a \$5,000 house on a lot which
cost him \$3,000, and sold the place for nearly
\$12,000."

"I don't see anything lucky in that."

"Don't you? Nothing lucky in a profit of
\$4,000?"

"You didn't say he made a profit of \$4,000."

"Well, I thought you could add it up for
yourself. Three thousand for the lot and five
thousand for the house make eight thousand,
and the sum of the two subtracted from twelve
thousand leaves four, don't it?"

"You poor deluded man."

"What's the matter?"

"I see that you never built a \$5,000 house."

EMBARRASSED.

She was so pretty that the clerk felt sure it
would be a pleasure to wait on her, as she
stepped up to the stamp-window.

"I—I—" she began tremulously, "can I get
you to lamp this stick for me?"

"Excuse me!" said the clerk, growing red
and wondering what was wrong with his ears,
"what did you want?"

"I—I would like to get you to stamp this
lick," she answered, the color coming into her
face. Then realizing she had made a mistake,
she hurried on, "I mean to stick this lamp—to
stack this limp—oh, this, this!" and she held
it out to him.

And the clerk, pale but brave, ran out his
tongue till it touched his chin, and slapped
the Columbian poster down on it.—Truth.

ONE KISS MORE.

Robby (at the breakfast-table)—"Maud, did
Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats
from the hall last night?"

Maud—"Why, of course not; why should he,
Robby?"

Robby—"That's just what I'd like to know.
I thought he did, because I heard him say,
when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just
one, and—' Why, what's the matter, Maud?"

—Harper's Bazar.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

Newly imported domestic—"Th' ledly tould
me to be sure to put th' parley lamp ont for
th' uoight. Oi've heerd tell of puttin' th' dog
out and puttin' th' cat out, but by th' saints
above us, Oi can't see th' sinse av puttin' a
lamp out."

SHE EVIDENTLY MADE AN IMPRESSION.

Mrs. Cumso—"I've been to hear the celebrated
lady evangelist."

Mr. Cumso—"What did she preach about?"

Mrs. Cumso—"I don't know that, but she
wore the loveliest bronze silk I ever saw."

NOT SINGULAR.

"He's a great editor, isn't he?" said one re-
porter to another.

"I should say so. Why, he gets so used to
saying 'we' that he often pays two fares on
the tram-car."

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

Skidds—"When you proposed, I suppose she
said, 'This is so sudden!'"

Spatts—"No; she only remarked, 'You
might have had me a year ago, George.'"

HER VERY OWN.

Dyspepsia specialist (irritably)—"But, mad-
am, you must chew your food. What were
your teeth given you for?"

Female patient (calmly)—"They weren't giv-
eu to me. I bought 'em."—Life.

LITTLE BITS.

Teacher—"Spell 'slippers,' Johnny."

Johnny—"S-l-a-p-p-e-r-s."

Teacher—"That spells 'slappers.'"

Johnny—"Same thing."—Harper's Bazar.

First Chicago boy—"What is a golden wed-
ding, Jimmie?"

Second Chicago boy—"When dey gits mar-
ried for the fiftieth time."

Elevator boy (to fat old lady)—"Goin' up,
mum?"

Old lady—"Yes, I'm goin' up; but sakes
alive, a little boy like you can't pull me up in
that thing!"

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that I have a positive remedy for the above
named disease. By its timely use thousands
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in own handwriting MISS EDNA L. SMYTHE, Box 1101, South Bend, Ind. Mention paper.

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LADIES willing to assist us in writing, mailing and ad-
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plete without our
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at home," are merely imitating Miss Flora A. Jones.
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Gleanings.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

"What shall we have for dinner?" Do not ask me that again, I am so sick and weary of that merciless refrain. It's meat, potatoes and dessert—dessert, potatoes, meat, Till I think a Chinese diet might be a joy and treat.

"What shall we have for dinner?" I hear seven times a week, And now it would be a relief to have it asked in Greek, Why is it people must have food? House-keeping would be sweet, But for that one recurring thought: "What can I get to eat?"

If we were like the fairies, and could thrive on honeydew, This world would be a paradise, with pleasures ever new, E'en Jupiter the pampered did not bother and entreat, The goddesses untiringly for "Something good to eat."

Oh, is there really nothing new that's edible? I think Our learned modern scientists, instead of wasting ink On "Survival of the Fittest," and all such themes, might give Some hints for the survivors, who indeed must eat and live.

For now not only through the day, but in my dreams at night, I try to plan some odd menus, the palate to delight, And still my tortured brain can think of nothing else to eat But meat, potatoes and dessert—dessert, potatoes, meat.

—Good Housekeeping.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

IN the glittering but chilly salons of Versailles, doubtless it was for comfort that Josephine wore the cashmere shawls that the Egyptian expedition introduced into France, and which her husband, with his characteristic regard for the rights of others, pulled from her shoulders and put upon the blaze of an open fire. These properly folded, or any long narrow piece of good fabric, worn as a long scarf, will add flowing lines to the front of the figure, and short horizontal ones not too rigid to the back.

A good critic says of it: "To wear it is a proof of grace, and it imparts great elegance, especially to a tall woman. In the old portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Gainsborough, by Sturt and Copley—further back, in the Empire days, by David—the scarf has been very effectively used, the long straight scarf drawn tightly across the small of the back, passing over the elbows, and dropping down in front as low as the knees, or lower. Nowadays one sees them worn by ladies who have relatives in the East, who send them scarfs of crape or camel's-hair; and occasionally the French approach the scarf in the style of spring or autumn wraps. It would only take half a dozen ladies who have reputation for good dressing to persistently adopt the scarf for others to recognize its grace and elegance."

The social life of the French Empire being comparatively modern, is more nearly like that of our own time than was Greek society. Especially as our grandmothers adopted this dress under our own institutions, we may reasonably look to its imitation of classic simplicity with a fair prospect of finding profitable hints for our own guidance. We may be sure our grandmothers were dignified and beautiful, with an erect carriage and formal manners, whether they danced the stately minuet, or, in homelier scenes, sitting in narrow-seated high-backed colonial chairs.

Now that so many more fabrics are at command than in the early part of the century, now that skill in the manufacture of clothing is so much more general, we may hope to reproduce the charm of our grandmothers' gowns without their defects. We should not need to expose health as, perhaps, they did, for we have warm, elastic undergarments that ease the body without interfering with its motion or with its intrinsic beauty.—Harper's Bazar.

NO PEANUT SHELLS.

There will be no peanut hulls in the Exposition grounds next summer. Although the concessionaire expects to sell many million bags of the succulent food, he must shell his goods before offering them for sale. The Committee on Ways and Means have decided this point, and also fixed the quantity of shelled nuts which must be sold for a nickel at two and one half ounces.

CHERRY PRESERVES.

The Morello cherry is one of the most delicious of fruits for preserves or desserts. It develops its peculiar flavor only after cooking. Sweet cherries, when ripe, are always a delightful dessert, served fresh; but they lose a large portion of their deliciousness in the process of cooking. The Morello, on the contrary, gains. Though this fact is known to the French cooks, it is not generally appreciated in this country, and the sour cherry is usually left alone on its tree.

For preserving, stone five pounds of fine, sour cherries. Put in the preserving-pan three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, the juice of the cherries from stoning and the stones. Add water enough to make a rich syrup if there is not enough juice. Boil the syrup fifteen minutes. Strain it over the cherries and cook them in it for twenty minutes, making a rich, heavy preserve. If there is too much juice, boil it down and put it over the cherries after they have been put in the jars. This is not a very sweet, but a delicious, slightly acid, preserve.—New York Tribune.

BITES AND STINGS.

The stings of insects are not usually serious, yet there have been cases where severe cases of poisoning ensued even from mosquito bites. They are painful enough, however, and a knowledge of simple and readily available remedies is very desirable. In all cases, whether of mosquito bites or the stings of bees or hornets, an immediate application of cologne water, ammonia or camphor will give immediate relief, unless the sting remains in the skin. In such a case, the sting should be pulled out with delicate forceps, or it can be removed, though somewhat clumsily, by the pressure of the two thumb nails on opposite sides of it. The presence of a bee's or wasp's sting in the wound is not dangerous, as has been popularly supposed. It will, however, greatly aggravate the soreness, and it generates offensive matter, which is especially disagreeable. The sting remaining in the wound is easily discernible, as a black spot in the center of inflammation.—New York Tribune.

FRENCH—ENGLISH.

The early education of many competent, intelligent housewives and good cooks has been neglected in the stern needs of life, and so many French names are used in the present day in recipes and on menu cards, I'll append a few of the most used with their definitions:

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Bouillon. | Beef tea. |
| Boeuf. | Beef. |
| Bifteck. | Beefsteak. |
| Bisque. | Broth. |
| Braised. | Stewed. |
| Consomme. | Gravy Soup. |
| Crouton. | Crust end; bit of toast. |
| Cafe au lait. | Coffee with milk. |
| Entrees. | Course of dishes. |
| Fromage. | Cheese. |
| Fricassee. | Fried hash; a medley. |
| Glace. | Iced; frozen. |
| Gelee. | Jelly. |
| Gateaux. | Cakes. |
| Grille. | Broiled; toasted. |
| Jambou. | Ham. |
| Legumes. | Vegetables. |
| Mouton. | Mutton. |
| Mayonnaise. | A dressing of eggs, oil, Egg. |
| Oeuf. | Egg. |
| Puree. | Pea soup. |
| Pate de Foie-Gras. | A pie made of goose liver. |
| Santee. | Fried lightly. |
| Timbale. | A raised pie. |
| Veau. | Veal. |
| Rissole. | A fritter with minced meat in it. |
| Augratin. | With bread dressing. |

SNEEZING.

The practice of saying, "God bless you!" whenever a person sneezes must be widespread indeed when we find a similar salutation *Mbuka!* (literally, equals live!) obtaining among the Fijians. It has been said by a London physician that one is nearer death at the actual moment of sneezing than at any other period of one's life. Herein, perhaps, lies the reason for the kindly wish, and may account for the prevalent idea that it is dangerous to interrupt a person in the act of sneezing.—Notes and Queries.

KEROSENE FOR THE HANDS.

"Never use turpentine to take the paint off your hands, but always use kerosene," said a pretty and energetic lady who plies the brush most vigorously, albeit in a very utilitarian fashion—painting her boats, doing all the necessary household renovations, and not disdaining even to varnish her own village-cart when it needs it. "Turpentine roughens the hands excessively," she continued, "but kerosene, on the contrary, keeps them beautifully soft and white. For your brushes, you should always keep a small keg of the oil ready, and put them in it directly, until you are ready to wash them. It quite ruins your brushes to let them get dry with the paint on."

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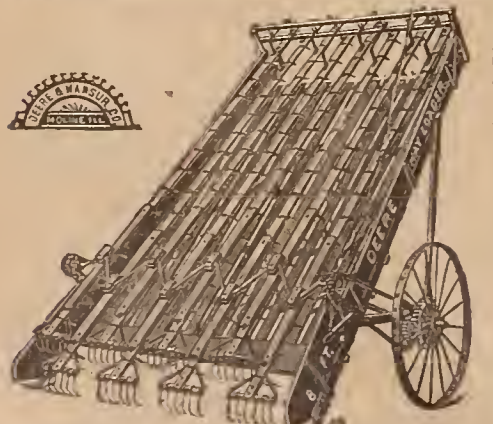
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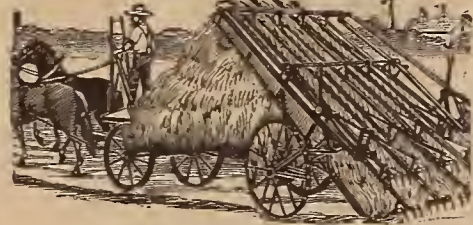
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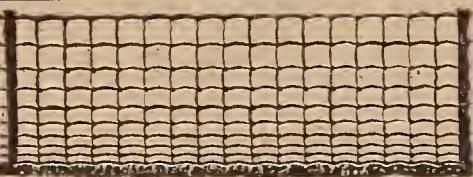
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They can't go back on this Statement.

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MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. Address ROCK ISLAND PLOW COMPANY MENTION PAPER. ROCK ISLAND, ILL.



Neither Bayonets Nor Daggers

Are needed by the Coiled Springs when on guard. They stand up for right, but in a quiet genteel manner. No barb-erism, no slaughter-house tactics in any case. Simply this: "You can't pass here without an order from the boss"—and they pass not.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for farm engines, featuring an image of an engine and text: FARM UPRIGHT & HORIZONTAL ENGINES From 3 H.P. Upward. with STEEL BOILERS. Specially adapted and largely used for driving Grinding Mills, Wood Saws, Corn Shellers, Saw Mills, etc., affording best power for least money. Send for pamphlet and state your wants to JAMES LEFFEL & CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, or 110 Liberty St., N.Y. City. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for a 5 horse power engine and boiler, featuring an image of the engine and text: 5 HORSE POWER Engine and Boiler \$165 SAW MILL ENGINE AND BOILER, \$450.00. Other Sizes in Proportion. ENGINES and BOILERS FROM 2 TO 500 H. P. For Circulars address ARMSTRONG BROS., SPRINGFIELD, O. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for a low-down champion thresher, featuring an image of the thresher and text: THE LOW-DOWN CHAMPION Lowest. Lightest. THRESHER. Simplest and Best Machine made. Write for Catalogue. Address, mentioning this paper, Orrville Machine Co., Orrville, Ohio. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for Rumely traction and portable engines, featuring an image of an engine and text: RUMELY TRACTION AND PORTABLE ENGINES. Threshers and Horse Powers. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed Free. M. RUMELY CO., LAPORTE, IND.

Advertisement for fencing, featuring an image of a fence and text: FENCING WIRE ROPE SELVAGE. McMULLEN'S GALVANIZED WOVEN WIRE. RAILROAD, Farm, Garden, CEMETERY, LAWN, POULTRY and RABBIT FENCING. Thousands of miles in use. Catalogue FREE. Freight Paid. McMULLEN WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Mention this paper when you write.

Advertisement for Ross ensilage masticators, featuring an image of a masticator and text: ROSS Ensilage Masticators. CATALOGUE FREE. The E. W. Ross Co., Springfield, Ohio. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different articles advertised in several papers.

Advertisement for a potato digger, featuring an image of the digger and text: "GREAT SUCCESS" POTATO DIGGER is very light draft, weight 80 lbs., a boy can operate it; leaves the tubers compact and ground comparatively level. It is one of the wonders of the 19th Century. We guarantee it to show the largest measure of efficiency, simplicity and economy of any Potato Digger in the World. "Proof of the pudding is in the eating" and we ask you to take a slice" of ours before you buy any other. Where we have no agent, we will send it on trial, if good reference is sent. Send for our 92 endorsements and full particulars. Give county and name plainly. RETAIL PRICE \$12.00. Address, D. Y. Hallock & Son, YORK, PA.

Advertisement for a buggy, featuring an image of a buggy and text: CATALOGUE FREE. A FAIR GOOD BETTER BEST BUGGY FOR \$45.00 \$55.00 \$65.00 \$75.00 BUY of the Manufacturers. SAVE Middleman's profit and Traveling man's expenses. Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Wagons and Carts. We are the only manufacturers willing to ship you any vehicle in Catalogue to be returned to us, at our expense, if not found as represented. PIONEER BUGGY CO., Columbus, Ohio. All Vehicles Warranted for two years. Capacity 100 finished vehicles daily.

Advertisement for expanded metal fence, featuring an image of the fence and text: A SOLID Expanded Metal FENCE. The best and most easily erected fence in use. Not wire. Cut from solid steel plates, better known as Combines beauty, strength, durability, and economy. Write for Catalogue No. 33, giving particulars and showing this material framed in ornamental designs for lawns. Central Expanded Metal Co., 531 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Advertisement for harnesses, featuring an image of a horse and harness and text: HARNESSES FROM \$5.00 UPWARDS. This cut shows our \$5.50 Harness which we make a specialty of and DEFY COMPETITION. BARKLEY \$10.00 ROAD CARTS and upwards. For Style and Finish they can not be surpassed. We also manufacture a complete line of GOAT and DOG HARNESSES from \$1.50 to \$12.50 per set. GOAT or DOG CARTS from \$4.00 to \$7.00. Write for GOAT CATALOGUE. For 22 consecutive YEARS we have manufactured and sold to dealers, BUT NOW we are selling direct to consumers, saving you the traveling man's expenses and dealer's profit. Write for illustrated catalogue and prices. GARDEN CITY BLOCK, FRANK B. BARKLEY MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertisement for Buckeye rakes, featuring an image of a rake and text: BUCKEYE RAKES HAY. No Ratchets or Cog Wheels to Get Out of Order. PRACTICALLY A Self-Dump Rake. HIGH WHEELS with tires bolted on. Teeth are long and adjustable. Made of Crucible Steel with Oil Temper. Has a Lock Lever and Swinging Cleaner Bar. We make both COIL and DROP TOOTH. We also manufacture Buckeye Grain Drills, Buckeye Cider Mills, Buckeye Riding and Walking Cultivators, Buckeye Seeders. NOT EXCELLED BY ANY RAKE IN THE MARKET. BRANCH HOUSES: PHILADELPHIA, PA.; ST. PAUL, MINN. Write to either of these firms or to P. P. MAST & CO., 502 to 520 River St., SPRINGFIELD, O.

Advertisement for Alliance Carriage Co., featuring images of various carriage models and text: ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. You should order no BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, WAGONS or HARNESSES from any one until you have seen our New Grand Catalogue for 1893, which is mailed free to any address. It shows over one hundred new styles, with prices of vehicles ranging from \$30 upward, and Harness from \$5 upward. Our goods are strictly hand-made and fully warranted for two years, and our Spiral Springs are warranted for 12 years. We are recognized manufacturers for the above organizations. Examine our mammoth display at the World's Fair, in Chicago. The only manufacturers in the world that sell their entire output direct to the consumer. Factory and Salesrooms: CINCINNATI, O. BYCAMORE ST. FROM COURT TO CANAL ST.

Advertisement for saving money on buggies, featuring a list of prices and text: SAVE MONEY \$150 Top Buggy... \$75.00 \$100 Top Buggy... \$52.50 \$85 Top Buggy... \$40.00 \$85 Spring Wagon... \$43.25 \$10 Single Harness... \$5.25 \$28 Team Harness... \$14.50 \$16 Texas Saddle... \$9.25 ALL GOODS FULLY WARRANTED and shipped anywhere to any one at WHOLESALE prices, with privilege to examine. We are headquarters for Buggies, Carts, Phaetons, Express Wagons, Harness, Saddles, etc. Send at once for free catalogue. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 168 W. Van Buren St., B 16, Chicago, Ill.

Advertisement for Sedgwick Bros. Co. fences and gates, featuring an image of a fence and text: Best Fences and Gates for all purposes. Free catalogue giving particulars and prices. Write THE SEDGWICK BROS. CO., RICHMOND, IND. Mention Farm and Fireside.

Advertisement for a wind mill, featuring an image of a wind mill and text: IDEAL In Name and In Fact. Steel WIND MILL and Three Post STEEL TOWER. The LATEST and BEST. Sizes 8-9-12 ft. Geared. 10 and 12 ft. Ungeared. TOWERS, 30, 40, 50 & 60-ft. Mills with or without graphite bearings. STOVER MFG. CO., 607 River St., FREEPORT, ILL.

Advertisement for a free piano catalogue, featuring an image of a piano and text: FREE. Our large 24-page Catalogue, profusely illustrated, full of information on the proper construction of Pianos and Organs. We ship on test trial, ask no cash in advance, sell on instalments, give greater value for the money than any other manufacturer. Send for this book at once to BEETHOVEN ORGAN CO., WASHINGTON, N. J. P. O. Box 629. Mention this paper when you write.

FARM AND FIRESIDE



EASTERN EDITION.

F. Terry
 1894
 Hollisville N.Y.

VOL. XVI. NO. 18.

JUNE 15, 1893.

TERMS (50 CENTS A YEAR.
24 NUMBERS.)

The Circulation of FARM AND FIRESIDE
this issue is

250,600 COPIES.

The Average Circulation for the 24 issues of
the last 12 months has been

250,887 COPIES EACH ISSUE.

To accommodate advertisers, two editions
are printed. The Eastern edition being
125,300 copies, the Western edition
being 125,300 copies this issue.

Farm and Fireside has More Actual Sub-
scribers than any other Agricultural
Journal in the World.

OFFICES: 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
and Springfield, Ohio.

Current Comment.

LAWs are well enforced when there is a strong public sentiment in favor of their enforcement, and the people do not unwittingly hinder it by their own actions. If people would do what they can and what they ought to do to protect themselves, there would be much less trouble about enforcing laws.

In the following on adulteration and low prices, our new contributor, "David," makes his points clear, and we commend them to consumers for careful consideration:

"In a FARM AND FIRESIDE editorial, a point is touched upon that has seemingly been overlooked by many in their fight with dealers in adulterated food. The consumer is urged to be on his guard, and is warned against being tempted to buy an article of food because the price is low. There is one great hitch in our efforts to enforce pure-food laws. The public is urgent for low prices rather than for true cheapness, and its influence, perhaps unwittingly, is on the side of the adulterator. The manufacturer and dealer cannot be censured too severely, as any one who harms the public health is morally depraved. This is granted and insisted upon, and we want to push the fighting against adulterators and uphold our commissioner in his attempt to protect us; but the consumer should change his method and bear in mind that extreme low prices are not always a boon.

"Take your stand in a store and note the remarks of customers. A comes in for coffee and is told the price of the brand kept. 'I can get coffee one cent a pound cheaper at X's store,' is often the reply. The storekeeper knows that his brand is more nearly pure, and believes that A thinks so, too; but he is put in the position before the people of being a 'high-priced' man; a reputation that kills trade. Now, if he be strictly honest, he will stick to the good brands and wait for time to vindicate him; but the consumer has tempted him to offer low-grade goods, to deal in adulterated food. This does not excuse a dealer—far from it—but it does put upon the consumer a full half of the blame.

"Pure food, like all other articles of merchandise, can be sold at a reduction from former prices. The tendency of prices is downward. But the public should know that there is a limit, and that when prices are demanded that are below their true value, adulteration naturally becomes a factor. It is true that inspection rarely determines the true value of groceries, etc., and we must depend upon brands and chiefly upon the representation of the dealer. There is not necessarily any vir-

tue in high prices. I paid a high price for maple syrup last winter, only to find afterward from our state chemist's analysis that the article was bogus; but if I had insisted on having a syrup that cost fifty cents a gallon, there would have been no justification for any complaint on my part when it proved to be a fraud. As it was, all the blame attaches to the manufacturer, as the dealer knew a pure article would be gladly paid for, and made an honest effort to get it.

"Let's draw the line fairly. When a dealer offers goods at a price below the first cost of a pure article, our trade should go to a more honest man, and we should not try to beat his prices down to the adulterated standard, if they appear to be full strength and genuine when brought to our tables. We want cheap food, but not the lowest-priced. We must not hold the whip of adulterated goods' prices over the heads of merchants when goods appear pure. As a farmer, I must buy at reasonably cheap prices, but this craze for low prices drives merchants into the purchase of the very goods we denounce. Let us stand by pure food, and refuse to patronize all who allow competition to lead them to deal in the lowest-priced and badly-adulterated goods. Purity first and price second."

ALARMED by the agitation of the money question, and fearing a change in our monetary system, foreign capitalists for three or four years have been withdrawing from investments in this country. They have sent back American securities to the estimated value of \$200,000,000. What does this country gain or lose by this? American capital now holds these securities, and the interest on them does not leave the country. This is a gain. On the other hand, if this foreign capital had not been withdrawn, American capital to the same amount would have been invested in new enterprises, giving employment to wage-earners and adding greatly to the prosperity of the country.

During this period the country has been prosperous, or American capitalists could not have taken the securities offered by foreign capitalists. There would have been greater prosperity if this foreign capital had not been withdrawn.

Not many months ago, when the balance of trade was in our favor \$200,000,000 annually, the return of American securities was hardly noticed, although the net imports of gold were only a small fraction of this amount. But now, when the balance of trade in our favor is very much less and this country is exporting gold in large sums—about \$75,000,000 in the last six months—the change of capital in American investments is seen clearly. As soon as confidence is restored this foreign capital will return.

"Silver, in its relation to the fiscal system of the country," says ex-Senator Ingalls, "is either a money metal or a commodity. If the former, then it is entitled to free admission to the mints, at the option of the owner, on terms that will make a silver dollar as nearly as possible intrinsically equal to a gold dollar. If it is a commodity, then there is no more reason why the government should purchase and store it, and issue certificates upon it to circulate as money, than there is why the government should purchase wheat or pork, sauerkraut or dried apples, and issue certificates on them to circulate as money. The principle is the same in either case."

THE sole object set forth in the following circular is to assist and protect young women going alone to visit the Columbian exposition or to secure employment in Chicago:

OFFICE OF
THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
ROOM 61, 243 WABASH AVENUE,
KIMBALL HALL. CHICAGO.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago, now sixteen years old, has always been an aggressive body in aiding young girls depending upon their own resources for support. It has continuously, since 1876, kept a home for young girls, strangers in the city, opening from time to time new ones. Now it has four homes, located at the following numbers: No. 288 Michigan avenue; 5830 Rosalie Court, near Jackson Park; 367 Jackson boulevard (West Side); and 3258 Wentworth avenue. These homes are given as landmarks of safety to young, respectable girls who need protection or information in coming alone to Chicago. These homes, with their limited capacity, if full, can direct to suitable lodgings. The great feature of the work of the Young Women's Christian Association is the "travelers' aid department," about four years old. Paid agents wearing a blue badge marked "Young Women's Christian Association" meet the trains, to aid women in traveling alone to make changes, or direct them how is the cheapest and safest way they may reach their destination. No charge is made for this service, as the agents are paid by the association. Girls are warned not to speak to strangers, but go direct to the waiting-room, and remain until the badge is seen. The agents may be delayed a trifle, but will gratuitously direct as well as aid in finding the friends or shelter sought by women or girls traveling alone. Young girls proposing to visit Chicago should, three days prior to leaving home, address the head agent, Miss Auson, 5830 Rosalie Court, Jackson Park. State the exact date and time of starting, as well as the railroad they will come over.

The sole desire of the Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago is to aid young self-supporting girls and women, and protect them from imposition. Respectfully,
MRS. LEANDER STONE, President.
MRS. A. S. CHAMBERLIN, Secretary.

Our exchanges are requested to assist in giving this circular as wide publicity as possible.

THE proposed taxation amendment to the constitution of Ohio, to be voted on next November, should receive the support of everyone in favor of reforming our present system of taxation. If the amendment is adopted, it will confer on the general assembly the power to make many needed changes and improvements. Under our present system there are such unjust things as double taxation and what is equivalent to taxation on debts. There is unequal undervaluation of property, and property, moneys, etc., to the amount of many millions are fraudulently withheld from taxation. A radical reform is necessary.

No citizen truly patriotic objects to paying his fair share of the taxes necessary for the maintenance of good government. He gets back much more than he pays in the protection afforded by good government to his life and property. If everyone paid his just share, the burden would be a very light one. It is unequal taxes that rightly cause discontentment.

In order to carry, the amendment must receive more than one half of all the votes cast. Every ballot that is not marked for it counts against it. Twice has a similar amendment been lost through default. Vote for the amendment by making the cross-mark in front of "Taxation Amendment—Yes." Only the ballots so marked will count for it. Do not let the amendment go by default this time.

Real estate does not escape the assessor's eye. Farm stock cannot easily be concealed when he comes around. So, in process of time the farmers have come to

carry much more than their fair share of the burdens. They should be particularly interested in having this amendment carry.

DAIRYMEN who are almost persuaded to build silos and adopt ensilage feeding, now is the time to get fully persuaded. Preparations for building a silo to be filled this season cannot safely be delayed any longer. The silo should be ready for the crop when the time comes to fill it.

Last year hundreds of thousands of acres of corn were planted very late on account of unfavorable spring weather. An unusually good growing season followed, but many million bushels of corn ripened long after the usual time of killing frosts. An extraordinary season made and saved an immense corn crop. It is not wise to feel absolutely sure that all the remarkable conditions will be repeated this year. There has been a repetition of a cold, rainy spring, late planting of corn, and, so far, of good growing summer weather, but can we safely count on an usually late fall?

With good silos, a portion of the late corn crop can be saved when there is danger that it will all be injured by frosts. This is a minor feature of usefulness about a silo that may be of no little importance this year.

The food value of the grain is about one half that of the whole corn-plant at maturity. The great usefulness of the silo for all seasons is that it is the best means of preserving the full food value of corn. The silo has solved the problem of saving the whole crop. It can be saved in other ways, but not as easily and cheaply.

Winter dairying with ensilage feeding is the most profitable branch of the business. There is less competition. The product brings higher prices. With proper grain rations and good, sweet ensilage, a pound of butter can be produced for less in mid-winter than from grass in June.

THE London *Times* throws some light on the great Australian bank failures. It says:

It is difficult for people not thoroughly well acquainted with Australian affairs to understand that the term "bank" is applied in Australia to various corporations which would be more correctly described as land-mortgage companies, as well as to the few real banks which exist there. Companies of this kind are indispensable to a new country, and if properly managed, are a source of profit to their proprietors; but they cannot safely employ as large a proportion of the money at their disposal as banks in London, or in other places where it is comparatively easy to employ money for short periods. Points of difference between London banks and Australian "banks" are shown thus: "Here banks keep on the average about twelve and one half per cent of their liabilities in cash, another ten or twelve per cent in loans at call or short notice, and another fifteen per cent or so in investments on which money could be borrowed easily. In a new country, some of these modes of employing money safely do not exist at all. In addition, the contents of the London bank's bill-cases are presumably falling due and being paid daily, while good bank bills are, for various reasons, not easy to get in Australia. Of course, if the London bank invests an excessive amount in long-dated paper, or allows a customer to become its debtor to an extent beyond his real means, it may be in no better position to stand a run than the Australian banks which have lately failed. As we remarked a few days ago, these Australian banks not only borrow too much money, but pay too much for it, and this unfortunate error drove them in turn into lending too much at rates which were too high for safety."

There is a warning in the Australian bank failures to our building and loan associations. The higher real estate speculation goes, the more necessary it is for them to continue a safe, conservative course in making loans.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

ISSUED 1st AND 15th OF EACH MONTH BY
MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK.

THIS PAPER HAS BEEN ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

We have an office at 927 Chestnut Street, Phil-
adelphia, Pa., also at Springfield, Ohio. Send your
letters to the office nearest to you and address

FARM AND FIRESIDE,
Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, - (24 Numbers), - 50 Cents.
Six Months, - (12 Numbers), - 30 Cents.

The above rates include the payment of postage by
us. Subscriptions can commence any time during the
year. Send for Premium List and see premi-
ums offered for obtaining new subscribers.

Payment, when sent by mail, should be made in
Express or Postal Money Orders, Bank-checks or
Drafts. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED,
send the money in a registered letter. All post-
masters are required to register letters whenever re-
quested to do so. Do not send checks on banks in
small towns.

Silver, when sent through the mail, should be care-
fully wrapped in cloth or strong paper, so as not to
wear a hole through the envelope and get lost.
Postage stamps will be received in payment for sub-
scriptions in sums less than one dollar.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to
which each subscriber has paid.

When money is received the date will be changed,
which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to
say it is a renewal. If all of our subscribers
will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided.
Also, give your name and initials just as near on the
yellow address label; don't change it to some other mem-
ber of the family; if the paper is now coming in your
wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your
letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

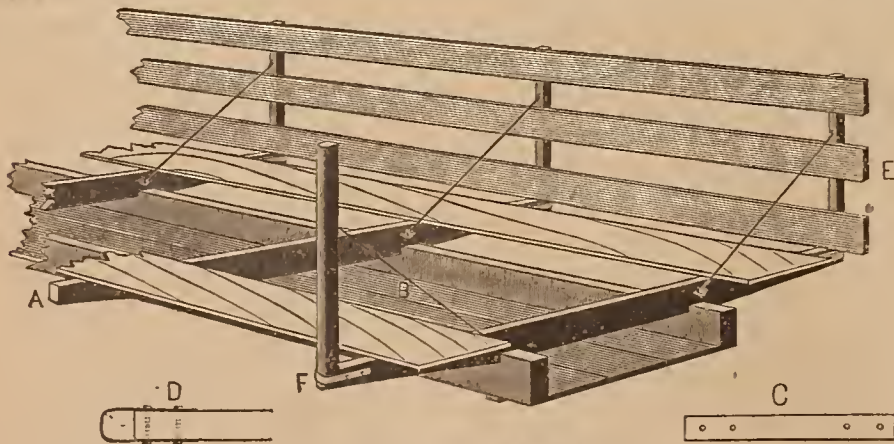
We believe that all the advertisements in this paper
are from reliable firms or business men, and do not in-
tentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from
any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of
them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it.
Always mention this paper when answering advertise-
ments, as advertisers often have different things ad-
vertised in several papers.

Our Farm.

IRRIGATION IN IDAHO.

EASTERN people cannot fully
realize the advantages of hav-
ing a supply of water to furnish
plenty of moisture to growing
crops, especially fruits, with-
out having paid a visit to some
country where irrigation has to be prac-
ticed. In our arid regions we have almost
constant sunshine from March to Novem-
ber. When we supply plenty of moisture,
our crops are not only large and perfect,
but we insure such annually.

In fruit-tree growing we have our trees
in bearing, while in countries where they de-
pend on rainfall alone they have only small
trees. I know of Silver prune-trees pro-
ducing over 41,000 pounds to the acre when
only five years old, fruit that would readily
bring three cents per pound, green. The
cost for fruit-trees, irrigating the whole
season, is from \$2 to \$2.50 per acre, and I
have to raise my water by mechanical
means twenty to forty feet above the river.
To irrigate an orchard the main ditch is
constructed along the highest piece of
ground in the field, and from that lateral
ditches are made to carry the water. These
lateral ditches are only furrows made with
a plow. We usually let the water run in
these furrows for from one to three hours,
and then change to new ones, often having
twenty to thirty small streams running at
one time; and it is best to go over the same
ground the second time the following day.
When through the second time, use the
cultivator to loosen up the soil in the bot-



HAY-RACK ATTACHMENTS.

tom of the furrows, killing all small weeds,
and mulching the ground to stop evapora-
tion.

In planting out an orchard, the first
essential thing is make all uneven land
level; that is, cut down the little ridges or
humps and fill up the low places, tending at
all times to have your land on a somewhat
uniform grade or slope from the highest
point, be that at center or edge of field; the
longer the rows or the less very short ones
the less the expense of attending the water
when irrigating.

In any fruit country, if water can be sup-
plied to bearing trees during the hot
months of July, August and September,
the results will astonish everybody. The
matter was very forcibly brought to my
mind from an old apple-tree on my father's
farm in Otsego county, N. Y. It grew close
to a small creek, sending its roots out in
the gravel under the bed of the same. This
tree was an annual and heavy bearer. The
most noteworthy feature was the fine,
smooth, crisp specimens of fruit that
kept in good condition much longer than
the same variety of fruit grown in the
orchard on ground that could not get any
artificial moisture. Do not understand fruit
wants wet, soggy land. Fruit of all kinds
wants dry, sandy or gravelly land to do its
best; in all events land must be of such
nature that it can be drained from all sur-
face water during the wet season.

While it is considerable expense to start
an orchard in some localities and pre-
pare for irrigating same, the results are
soon satisfactory. I send you a photograph
of a two-year-old peach-tree grown on sage-
brush soil that would not grow wheat or
oat hay without water. Peaches from
such trees sold in Spokane Falls, Wash.,
markets for \$1.75 for a twenty-pound box
in competition with California peaches. I
think this tree was the finest in the row of
forty-eight, but they averaged about one
hundred and twenty pounds of fruit to the
tree, some specimens weighing twelve
ounces and measuring fourteen inches in
circumference.

The illustration, showing part of my
peach orchard and house, shows what irri-
gation can do for us, as this is the result of
less than five years' work on sage-brush
soil, without means except as produced
from the place. The income from the place
should exceed \$8,000 for this year's crop,
and double it the following year.

We raise here apples, pears, peaches, ap-
ricots, nectarines, plums, prunes, cherries,
all small fruits, melons, sweet potatoes,
peanuts, etc., depending wholly on irri-
gation, and much of the water has to be raised
twenty to one hundred feet by mechanical
means above the river to get it on the
land.

We send our fruit as far east as Chicago,
and can most successfully compete in any
eastern market. Our fine fruit wherever
shown and eaten brings forth remarks of
admiration and surprise. We raise im-
mense quantities of grapes, mostly the
foreign varieties, such as are only grown
under glass in states east of the Rockies,
except in the South, comprising varieties
such as Black Hamburg, Alexander,
Malaga, Black Morocco, etc., single bunches
weighing from three to six pounds. With
the permission of the editors we will send
a photograph of single vines when bearing.
I hope all readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE
who visit the world's fair will in particular
examine the display of fruit from Nez
Perces county, Idaho. They will not only
see specimens of the fruit from the tree
illustrated above, but the whole display
will fully substantiate all that I have said
in reference to our productions.

Idaho.

L. A. PORTER.

HAY-RACK ATTACHMENTS.

To make grain-loading an easy matter
was what I sought for many seasons.
After much study I made an attachment
for a hay-rack which may be used to good

advantage, as a boy ten years old can load
with the greatest of ease. Take to your
backsmith some old rake-teeth and some
double wagon-tires. From the rake-teeth
have as many hooks and staples made as
there are crosspieces in the rack. The hooks
are to be about three feet in length. From
the wagon-tires have strips of iron bars
made, one foot long, with holes drilled in
each end, as in C. Have these bars made
so as to represent the letter U, and then
place them at A on the crosspieces of the
rack, as represented in D, and securely

bolt them. Next get as many pieces of
wood, two inches square and any height
that is desired, as there are crosspieces in
rack and carefully fit into the U-shaped
holders, as in F. By fastening the hooks,
as in E, and as represented by B, you have
braces to firmly hold the side pieces. Then
take and nail thiú basswood boards the
length of the rack on the stakes and you
have a rack which needs no loader.

C. STANLEY SPALSBURY.

New York.

SELLING CREAM.

One branch of dairying which formerly
has received but little attention, but is be-
ginning to be developed somewhat in cer-
tain localities, is the selling of cream on
city routes instead of
the whole milk. To a
limited number liv-
ing near our cities
and larger villages,
this branch of the
dairy business offers
remunerative re-
turns. Combined
with this the furnish-
ing of vegetables,
fruits and eggs, as
customers may want,
forms a suitable and
paying adjunct.

Since the advent of
the low-priced freez-
ers and the developed
taste for ice-cream,
with other ways in
which cream finds
use in the homes of
the more independent
class of people, there
is constant demand
for cream, and the
demand has thus far
kept ahead of the
supply of an article
of satisfactory qual-
ity.

The milkmen who
supply milk routes
are not in a way gen-
erally to furnish
cream in much quan-
tity. First, because
usually the class of
cows kept are not butter-makers, but
kept for the production of a large quan-
tity of milk, without much regard to
quality. Again, the milkman who is get-
ting ten to fourteen quarts of milk a day
from his Holstein or grade cow thinks
he sees more money in it at six cents a
quart than he can realize for a less amount
setting his milk and selling the cream from
Jersey cows.

As experience is always better than
theory in the demonstration of practical
problems, I will give the outlines of a suc-
cessful venture on the line spoken of,
which is widening in scope and profit each
year.

This is the case of a young married man
who started on a mortgaged farm six miles
from a city of 20,000 population. After
buying his farm he purchased six cows,
with some other stock; set his milk in
shallow pans, and his wife made butter
while he tended a flock of fifty or sixty
hens, raised some garden truck and did the
marketing. He picked his customers and
supplied them with butter the year round
at twenty-five cents per pound. His skim-
milk he fed to his hens and to small York-
shire pigs, and marketed his pork twice a
year after he got established.

After running a year or more, delivering
his butter once a week, and his eggs, string-
beans and cucumbers in their season, and
such other truck as he raised, to the parties
who bought his butter, there began to be a
call from his customers for sweet cream,
which he supplied. His trade in cream in-
creased shortly, so he provided quart, pint
and half-pint cans for its delivery, making
the necessary provision for carrying on ice
in hot weather, selling it for thirty, fifteen
and ten cents a can respectively, cans re-
turned.

This he soon found paid better than to
make butter, and consequently solicited
customers for his cream, till at the end of
the second year in his business he found it
necessary to add four more cows and put
in a creamer for setting his milk.

The third year he dropped butter-making
entirely and sold all his cream except suf-
ficient to make butter for home use. In
establishing his cream route he found it
necessary to go the round twice a week
instead of once, as he did when he sold
butter. As the business developed he de-
veloped with it. He was scrupulously
prompt, neat and honest in all his trans-

actions, which worked to his credit and
widened his business.

Meantime the hens and pigs were not
neglected; the care of the milk now mainly
devolved upon the husband, which left the
wife free to attend to the poultry, which,
under her careful supervision, flourished
and turned about an even hundred dollars
for poultry alone at the holidays.

Within five years from the start eighteen
cows were on the farm and a hand De Laval
separator creamed the milk, which left the
skim-milk sweet and good, and this found
ready sale at two and three cents a quart.

This farmer was a real dairy student, and
looked after the details of his business, and
as a whole. A Babcock tester was brought
into requisition to size up his cows, and



TWO-YEAR-OLD PEACH-TREE.

those that were found deficient, or not pay-
ing a fair profit, were discarded and others
purchased. He remarked to the writer that
the tester treated him to several first-class
surprises, but heeding its testings led him
in the right direction every time.

At first the main reliance for feed con-
sisted of the fine English grasses and clover
the farm produced, with purchased mill-
feed, corn, cotton-seed meal and bran. The
idea occurred to him, after following this
course a couple of years, that with the
amount of dressing he accumulated, the
farm ought to be nearer self-supporting.
That instead of paying out so much cash
for mill-feeds the farm should be made to
produce it.

As his business increased the necessity of
employing an additional hand came with
the increase, and this favored giving addi-
tional attention to farm crops.

The outcome was the construction of a
silo, occupying a portion of the mow
where the hay was stored, planting corn to
fill it, and the growing of mixed grain—
peas, oats and wheat—as a supplement
grain food to balance up the ensilage.

Since the silo has come into use he says
he has doubled the productive capacity of
the cultivated portion of his farm; that is,
with the same land under the plow in the
rotation which formerly supported six to
eight cows, he is now keeping more than
double the number. I will add that the
mortgage on the farm was lifted some time
ago, while the improvements and addi-
tional implements, stock, utensils and
various expenses incident to an increasing
business, have all been paid and the owner
is to-day square with the world.

L. F. ABBOTT.

LEGUMINOUS FORAGE PLANTS.

The common expression that one does
not know beans is, I suspect, when taken
literally, much more true with regard to
many of us than we are inclined to admit.
I was recently urged by a dairyman of
national reputation to make the experiment
of growing Soja beans to mix with corn for
ensilage, as recently suggested by Prof.
Robertson, of Cauada. I found upon inves-
tigation that horse-beans were meant. The
latter are raised in England, the former in
China.

Among the leguminous plants which
have been recommended as forage or seed
plants for this country are:

1, The field or horse bean (*Faba vulgaris* or *Vicia faba*); 2, the Soja or soy bean (*Soja hispida*); 3, the field-pea (*Pisum sativum*); 4, the cow-pea (*Dolichos siuensis*); 5, the common vetch (*Vicia sativa*); 6, the chickling vetch (*Lathyrus sativus* and *sylvestris*).

The field or horse bean, of which the broad Windsor bean of the gardens is a variety, is raised to a great extent in Europe and Canada as a stock food. Statistics show that Great Britain raised in 1887 370,000 acres of beans.

This bean should not be confounded with the common gardeu, bush or kidney bean, which belongs to the genus *Phaseolus*, as do also the Lima and pole bean.

Speaking of the culture of beans in England, Stephens says: "The bean crop is valuable both for its straw and grain. Though the crop fail in seed, it seldom fails to produce good fodder, provided it can be well secured. A dry season stunts the growth of the haulm, but produces beans of fine quality; and a wet season prevents the growth of the bean, but affords a bulky crop of fodder. * * * The produce of the bean crop varies from twenty to forty bushels per imperial acre, the prolificness of the crop palpably depending on the nature of the season. * * * There are several varieties of the bean in use as horse-corn, but I do not know that one is better than another. The small, plump bean is preferred to the large, shriveled kind. * * * New beans are indigestible and flatulent; they produce colic and founder very readily. They should be at least a year old."

An analysis of the whole plant of the horse-bean made by the Massachusetts agricultural experiment station shows that for the sample analyzed it has less nutritive value, assuming equal digestibility, than a good quantity of clover hay. I do not expect that the horse-bean will take the place of corn fodder or silage and clover hay, or even profitably supplement them in this latitude. It is altogether probable that further north it would succeed better.

The Soja bean is a recent introduction from Asia, and is mildly championed by Prof. Georgeson, of the Kansas agricultural college, who was formerly professor of agriculture at the University of Tokio, Japan. The plant is an erect, rank-growing plant, about four feet high, with large leaves and thick stems, and would appear to be a rather woody, indigestible fodder plant. The chemical composition of the whole plant indicates that it does not equal clover hay in nutritive value. The seeds are characterized by their large amount of albuminoids and fat, containing thirty-eight per cent of the former and nineteen per cent of the latter. The leguminous seeds are usually deficient in fat. The horse-bean contains less than two per cent of fat and thirty per cent of protein or albuminoids.

Inasmuch as plants introduced from Japan usually succeed better south than north of the Ohio river, it is probable the Soja bean will succeed better in Kansas than in the states farther north.

The field-pea is only a variety of the common pea—garden-pea. Like the horse-bean the pea is largely used for stock food in Europe and Canada. Peas are much prized as food for sheep. Great Britain in 1887 raised 230,000 acres of peas. She raised of beans and peas together about 40,000 acres more than of potatoes.

Field-peas are not grown as a forage crop, but as a seed crop, the straw or haulms being of little value. They are very apt to lodge, and it is sometimes recommended to sow with oats, one bushel of peas to two bushels of oats, in order that the oats may hold the peas up, although frequently something is needed to hold the oats up. When sown alone three bushels per acre is recommended. I found no difficulty in sowing them in an ordinary wheat-drill. In Canada thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre have been reported. In one experiment at the Pennsylvania station, which I conducted, only about one third that yield was obtained, although the peas were planted rather late. They should be planted rather earlier than Indian corn. With regard to all plants coming to us from Great Britain and northern Europe, it should be recognized that they are apt to do better in Canada and in the states north of the forty-second parallel than farther south, and it should also be remembered that both Indian corn and Medium red clover can be grown easier and with greater luxuriance between the thirty-eighth and forty-second parallels than farther north. Burnnda grass and Japan clover are very valuable for pasture and hay plants in the South, but they would not be of any special

value in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, even if they grew equally well in those states.

The cow-pea is reported to be a valuable forage plant for the southern states. It grows luxuriantly, and has undoubted renovating value. To be used for the latter purpose it probably has no equal among annual plants, particularly in the South. As forage, about the only way it would be practicable to use it in this latitude would be for soiling purposes or for silage. In an experiment at the Pennsylvania station the yield of dry matter did not compare favorably with Indian corn, planted at the same time and under similar circumstances. It is decidedly a warm-weather plant, and should not be planted in this latitude until June.

The common vetch, or tare, has been tried more or less ever since this country was first settled, but has never come into general use. In Great Britain about 400,000 acres are raised annually. While it is not probable that it will be found generally successful in this country, it is undoubtedly a valuable soiling crop in England. This is largely due to the highly nitrogenous character of the fodder, containing as much as one pound of albuminoids, or muscle-formers, to two pounds of carbohydrates, or heat-producers. Pasture grass and clover hay contain but one pound of digestible albuminoids to from five to eight pounds of digestible carbohydrates. By planting vetches at various times during the year the English dairyman has green vetches to feed from the first of May to the first of October.

The chickling vetch, of which there seems to be two species striving for recog-



RESIDENCE AND PARTIAL VIEW OF PEACH ORCHARD.

inition in this country, has come into some prominence through persistent advertising as the greatest of all "nitrogen traps" and the use of the name of a distinguished German investigator. I do not know of its having been tried with any success in this country, although there are some unfavorable reports of it from the Mississippi and Louisiana stations. It has long been used in southern Europe, by both man and beast, and it is of interest to note that the Century dictionary says:

"Its cultivation has sometimes been prohibited, as its continuous use is said to induce paralysis of the legs in man and animals." This statement is made with regard to *L. sativus*. *Lathyrus sylvestris* seems to resemble closely *sativus*, if it is not identical with it.

All the above plants are annuals, and while it is desirable that they should be carefully tested, because of their nitrogenous character as a fodder and because of their renovating value to the soil, yet it is hardly probable that any of them will be generally successful between latitudes thirty-eight and forty-two.

THOMAS F. HUNT.

Ohio State University.

GOOD NEWS FOR CLUB RAISERS.

Club raisers for this paper will be given larger cash commissions than have ever been offered before, and more liberal than given by any other publication. We wish to interest everyone of our readers in raising clubs, and our new terms are so favorable to the club raiser that it will be an inducement to many to devote all their time to the work. Write at once for "Special Cash Terms to Club Raisers." You will certainly regret it if you do not.

NEW POINTS ABOUT INSECTS.

THE GRAPE-VINE LEAF-HOPPER.—I have had frequent inquiries about remedies for the grape-vine leaf-hopper (often called thrip), and probably the insect is quite common, doing considerable damage. Yet it is easily dealt with if taken in time. After the eggs hatch the diminutive young hoppers remain for some time on the lower older leaves. At this time they are readily killed by spraying with kerosene emulsion. Go at them as soon as the young hoppers have made their appearance; don't wait until they have acquired wings. The emulsion need not be very strong, and a single application, at the proper time, will be sufficient to protect the vines from serious injury. Reduce the emulsion with fifteen times its volume of cold water, and try to reach the under side of all the leaves, especially the lower ones. Dr. J. A. Lintner, New York state entomologist, from whose report (read before the Western New York Horticultural Society) these directions are taken, thinks it strange, when this insect can be so easily destroyed, that there should be so many complaints every year of severe injuries sustained from it.

CABBAGE PESTS.—The maggot troubles us still. The latest device for circumventing the pest, invented by Prof. E. S. Goff, seems to offer a way of escape. It consists of hexagonal disks of tarred paper, with which the stalks at the surface of the ground are surrounded. Mr. Goff has devised a tool with which to cut these disks quite rapidly and without waste of material. Each disk has a star-shaped cut in the center, and is opened from one of the

The gipsy-moth committee of Massachusetts has experimented with the commercial washing-powders, like Babbitts' 1776, Gold Dust, etc., and found that a solution of one pound in about six gallons of water would surely kill worms, etc., where sprayed upon them. These remedies are usually kept on hand in most families, and in the absence of others they might be tried for cabbage pests. I prefer the cheaper muriate of potash. In the Massachusetts trials Gold Dust seemed to give the most uniform and satisfactory results.

THE CUCUMBER-BEETLE.—I am still receiving calls for information how to fight the cucumber-beetle, and I will once more state that I have for years had good success by the free use of tobacco dust and bone-meal, either mixed or alone. But it will not do to depend on a single application, nor on light applications. You should put the stuff on by the shovelful to the hill rather than by the handful. Surround the plants an inch deep with the dusty material; renew it from time to time, and you will be reasonably sure to keep the beetles away.

For the black, ill-smelling squash-bug no reliable remedy has yet been found outside of the old one of hand-picking. This does not mean that you should pick up the bugs with your fingers. You can use a pair of tweezers made of a piece of band steel or of wood. Or you may mash the bugs between a couple of blocks in any way you please. There is no difficulty to find them. Just lay a few small pieces of wood, shingle or any kind of rubbish or small stones as traps around each hill of plants. Then hunt the bugs up for a few mornings in succession and kill them. You will find them hidden under the traps, usually in pairs. A little time spent in hunting the bugs in this manner will prevent injury to your plants.

THE RADISH-MAGGOT.—This is a foe that I dread. It ruins many a sowing for me, especially the first of the season. The fly, their parent, makes its appearance as soon as we have warm days. I noticed them even in the greenhouse in April this year. Spraying the young plants once a day with strong lime-water or with strong potash solutions promises to keep the maggots off the roots.

THE CUTWORM.—This is a night-feeder. Of course, we might kill him with poisoned bait, such as bits of green sod sprinkled with Paris green water, and scattered about the area that is to be set with cabbage and tomato plants. But I dislike to have poison lying about in this way. A good method is to hunt the patch of newly-set plants over by lantern-light and catch the thief that comes in the dark. Or if we do not like to be out at night, we should get up very early in the morning, for "the early bird catches the worm." Wherever a plant is found cut down, the culprit should be hunted up and destroyed. Usually it can easily be found close by.

T. GREINER.

LIME AND DRYNESS.

A lump of stone lime in each corner of the poultry-house will do much in the way of absorbing moisture, and when the lime is slaked, and becomes fine, no better use can be made of it than to scatter it over the floor, and to use a portion as whitewash on the walls. Lime will do much to ward off disease, and it is so cheap that quite a large quantity may be used at but a small cost.

A Little Red Spot

Appeared on my left leg below the knee, and it gradually spread until I was covered with blotches and patches, which the physician called psoriasis, itching and burning terribly. I scratched and scratched only to increase my agony. Finally Rev. Father Cantaveel urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so with joyous and wonderful result. The large scales peeled off, the spots grew less and disappeared, the itching and burning subsided and I am perfectly cured, equal in health to any man. And it is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla." THEO. DESTICHE, Green Bay, Wisconsin.



Mr. Destiche.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

When other preparations fail. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Be sure to get Hood's.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Our Farm.

GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

SETTING OUT PLANTS.—Plant-setting at this time of the year is a rather common operation. The home gardener will plant out a few dozen cabbage-plants and a hundred or two of celery, while the trucker must set his thousands and tens of thousands. Somebody with a sarcastic vein, pens the following paragraph: "Oh, yes, you must set your cabbage-plants after a good rain, or better still, during the rain, with the cold drops trickling down the back of your neck as you bend over your work. It is such fun!"

There may be cases when working out in the rain is a necessity, and I have now and then indulged in that practice, especially in my younger days. Now that I have grown older (and I hope wiser) you won't catch me out working in the fields or garden during a shower any more. What any one can gain by doing so, he will lose ten and more times over. People should take better care of their health. Only too many of our farmers grow old and feeble, and bent up with rheumatism, when they should be rugged, in the prime of life, simply because they have "braved the storm." Even from a money view, it pays to take good care of oneself. Sickness is expensive at best; and for the one hour's work done during a rain, you may lose days and weeks of labor by sickness, and have to pay the high-priced services of the doctor, and the modest profits of the druggist (500 to 1,000 per cent) besides. My advice to farmers and gardeners is, "Don't work in the rain, unless it is an absolute case of necessity."

On Lovett's nursery grounds the men would have to work right through during showers every spring, setting and digging plants, filling orders, etc. This probably could not be helped, for time in the planting season is precious. The soil there is a sandy loam, easily worked in almost any kind of weather. With us, on our heavier loams, plant-setting during a rain, or even immediately after a rain, is entirely out of the question. The soil becomes sticky, "greasy," just as soon as rain strikes it, and it is a mechanical impossibility to set a plant properly in wet soil. Again I say, don't try it! The soil is in best condition for plant-setting when it is moist and crumbly, neither dust-dry nor wet. In such soil you can set plants with a reasonable assurance of success, even without watering afterwards, or without a rain following soon after. To insure this proper condition of soil, and success in the operation of transplanting, I have always made it a rule to set plants (same as sowing seeds) in freshly-stirred soil.

In many cases, as I have often stated, we can avoid transplanting, and secure a good crop of certain vegetables, by sowing seed directly where we want the plants to stand. I invariably do this with late cabbages and cauliflowers. I can start a cabbage patch by dropping a pinch of seed right where I want a plant, in a mere fraction of the time that it would take to set the plants; and I invariably raise good cabbages in this way. Let me repeat the directions. Get the land in proper order; then make light



strawberry, marked by leaf-blight, in its early stage (*Sphaerella fragariae*.)

marks (with a garden-marker) of proper distance, say two and one half or three feet apart, and you are ready for sowing. Put the seed in a little cup, or in the palm of the left hand (if only a small patch is to be sown); start at one end of first row, pick up a pinch of seed, five or six, between thumb and index finger of right hand, and drop it in the mark where wanted. Then wipe your right foot over the place, lightly stepping on it afterwards, and take one step in advance to repeat the operation. You can plant an acre in a hurry. When the plants are a few inches high, thin them, leaving only one good plant in a place.

RHUBARB GROWING.—An inquirer grows

rhubarb (pie-plant) for market. The patch is a number of years old, and at first yielded nice, fat stalks, but now they are long and slender; so he proposes to set a new patch, but feels hardly safe to use sets from the old patch.

The question of strong, heavy stalks, with rhubarbs as well as with asparagus, is largely one of feed. These crops need heavy—extra heavy—manuring in order to give you real fine shoots. Before I would plant rhubarb, I would cover the patch with plenty of good old compost, especially old rotted cow manure, then plow and harrow until the soil is in the best of order and mark the piece four feet each way. Take up some of the old plants (never mind if the stalks have been somewhat slender for a year or two), divide them, and plant one good root in each cross-mark. Give good cultivation right along. But don't think that the one manure application will last you five years. You must give annual dressings, and these, the heavier the better. However, there is no necessity of always putting on stable manure or compost. It may do just as well to apply some good fertilizer in alternate years, say at the rate of at least 1,000 pounds to the acre. Occasional dressings of wood ashes, poultry droppings, etc., will also come acceptable. Don't be afraid to injure your rhubarb patch by "too much" manure.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—It is now just the time to plant cucumbers for pickles. These can often be made a very paying crop, especially when you grow a miscellaneous lot of vegetables for a retail market. Most people like small pickles; those of two or three inch size being preferred to larger ones at the same price. If you have nice, rich loam, and use manure moderately free, you can easily raise 150,000 to 200,000 of these small cucumbers on an acre of ground. Pickle-makers are usually willing to pay about twelve cents per hundred for them. This would give you about \$180 to \$200 per acre. Of course, the average crop of the average pickle grower is less, say 80,000 to 100,000; but the average is always far below the yield of good cultivators. It is so with tomatoes, with pickles, with squashes, and with any other crop. A good gardener should not raise less than 150,000 pickles on an acre, and more in proportion on a smaller scale. When you retail pickles by the hundred, the usual price is twenty-five cents a hundred, and often the demand for them is in excess of the supply. At this rate your crop, say 1,000 pickles to the square rod (or 160,000 per acre), will or should bring you \$2.50 per rod, or \$400 per acre.

It would not be wise for the gardener who supplies regular retail customers to confine his pickling material to cucumbers. He should grow a miscellaneous lot of vegetables, such as people like to put up; namely, cauliflower, small onions (Barletta or Queen), cabbage, peppers, green tomatoes, etc., and then put up these miscellaneous materials in pails or baskets, and offer them for a good price. Mrs. Gaillard once told us of a particularly shrewd way of manauaging. She got hold of a good recipe, and had a lot of them printed. The materials in proper proportions were all put up in pails, with one of the printed recipes on top, and then offered to customers. A thriving trade was soon established. This is a remarkably good method of tempting retail buyers, and a safe example to imitate. Be sure to put up only first-class articles, and warrant them to be such, and you will succeed beyond expectations.

JOSEPH.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

SOME DISEASES AND INSECTS OF THE STRAWBERRY.

DISEASES.—The strawberry is subject to several diseases, but only one is very serious. It is commonly called "leaf-blight," "rust" or sunburn," (*Sphaerella fragariae*). It is a minute parasitic plant which hives in the tissues of the leaves and stem. In the early spring small purple or red spots appear on the new leaves. About the time the plants are exhausted by fruiting, or perhaps before the fruit is fairly ripe, these spots increase rapidly in size, and in a few days what was a promising strawberry bed is dried up and worthless. Many varieties that are hardy otherwise have foliage that is susceptible to this disease, and some kinds should not be planted unless some fungicide is used to protect them from it.

Our growers at present prefer to obviate the necessity of using fungicides by plant-

ing only those varieties that are very robust and healthy. However, it may be desirable to grow some varieties with weak foliage such, for instance, as the Captain Jack, a fine bisexual kind that was formerly very healthy, but of late years has frequently been ruined by blight. In such a case the newly-set plants should be sprayed three or more times the first season, commencing as soon as the young plants are well established, and twice the following spring, with Bordeaux mixture or some other fungicide. To do this requires no more labor or expense than it does to spray for the potato-blight the same number of times, and the grower will be well repaid in the increased crop. Highly cultivated plants are less liable to diseases than those that are neglected.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE.—This is made by slaking two pounds of quick-lime in twenty gallons of water in one barrel, and dissolving three pounds of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) in two gallons of water in another barrel. A piece of coarse burlap is now put over the barrel containing the sulphate of copper, and the slaked lime and water is strained through it and the two compounds are well mixed. It is now ready to use, and should be applied with a spray-pump. This is the same solution that is so successfully used to prevent blight and rot on potatoes, mildew on grapes, etc.

WHITE GRUB (Lachnosterna Sp.)—This is the common white grub found in sod land and in manure. It is the larva of a large beetle, and may be very disastrous when the plants are set on sod land, but is seldom if ever very injurious under other conditions.

LEAF-ROLLER.—This insect is injurious in the larva stage. In feeding it folds up



A, young black raspberry cane as it appears before pinching. B, the same a short time after being pinched, showing the way growth starts from the buds.

the leaves by drawing the edges together by silken threads and then eats out the soft parts. There are two broods of this insect during the year. The females deposit their eggs on the leaves, where they soon hatch, and the worms commence their work. The second brood winters over in the pupa state in the ground near the plants.

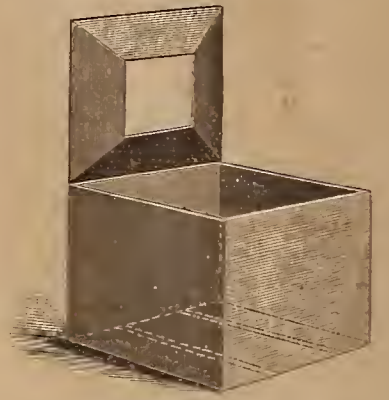
REMEDY.—The larvae are not easily reached with any insecticide, as they are nicely protected by the folded leaf. The first brood is rather difficult to destroy without injuring the fruit. Since the second brood does not appear until July, they may be destroyed by mowing off and burning the foliage of the plants. Where there are but a few infected leaves they should be crushed in the hand, a few trials showing the best method of crushing the worm inside.

DRY BERRIES, "NUBBINS."—Sometimes the berries fail to fill out evenly all over, or are small and mostly dry and hard or one-sided. This probably results from the pistils, or a part of them, being injured by the frost, dry wind, or an unusually severe rain or hail, which, by destroying the delicate pistils, prevents the formation of seeds and the development of the berry adjoining, for it has been conclusively proven that unless the seeds are perfected the fleshy part near them does not fill out. Sometimes the blossoms are stung by a snout-beetle; then they hardly form berries at all.

PRUNING AND THINNING.—At the last meeting of the Minnesota horticultural society, the largest grower of berries in Wisconsin made the remark that he believed the sooner the young growth from raspberries was pinched the better for the fruit prospects of the plant. He said he had been in the habit of pinching at eighteen inches or two feet, but believed that one foot was a better height for pinching them. It has been conclusively shown by careful trials that a much larger amount of fruit is produced on canes that are pinched, that is, that bear their fruit on the laterals, than on those bearing their fruit on the main cane. The cut herewith shows the way in which growth starts from a pinched cane.

A CONVENIENT BOX-HOLDER.

Thayer's berry-pickers' box carrier (see figure), for use in picking raspberries and blackberries, is made of tin of a size to easily hold a berry-box. It has straps to fasten around the waist of the picker, and a slatted bottom, so the berry-box may be easily pushed up from the underside when taken out. Its chief advantage is that it leaves both hands of the picker free to



A CONVENIENT BOX-HOLDER.

gather fruit and keeps dirt out of the boxes. It can be readily made by any tinsmith, and is not patented.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

To Destroy Curculio.—P. A., Greenville, Ohio. The curculio may be destroyed by spreading sheets under the trees and jarring the trees early in the forenoon, when the beetles are dumpy and will readily fall to the ground and may be destroyed.

Is Spraying Dangerous?—A. B., North Vernon, Ind., writes: "When the Bordeaux mixture is used for spraying fruit-trees or grape-vines where grass is growing under them, can such grass be pastured or cut and fed to stock without danger of poisoning the stock? Can salad or garden vegetables grown under trees sprayed with London purple solution be used on the table without danger of poisoning?"

ANSWER:—Careful experiments conducted at the Michigan agricultural college several years ago, showed that there is no danger of poisoning domestic animals by the London purple or Paris green that is liable to fall on the grass near sprayed trees. In the experiments made the grass was heavily sprayed with the poisoned material and then fed as soon as dry to cows and horses, and without any apparent injury whatever. From what I know of Bordeaux mixture I am very positive that there is no danger of any animal being poisoned by eating grass having a small amount on it. Yet in any case I would be as neat as may be in using any of these applications. If garden vegetables are well washed before using them, no danger need be feared from the London purple spray that may get on them, providing, of course, that sprays containing only the ordinary amount of the poison are used.

Commencing with the date of this issue, new terms in the way of liberal cash commissions will be given to club raisers for this paper. Write at once for our "Special Cash Terms to Club Raisers," giving full particulars of a plan which practically insures the success of every club raiser.

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Our Farm.

"EXCHANGE OF COURTESY."

WHY any one of recognized influence should seek to commend habitual borrowing in a journal of general circulation is beyond my comprehension. Neither can I see wherein it is more shiftless for a woman to borrow a cupful of coffee or a pint of oil, because she happened to be out, than for a man to borrow a hoe, shovel or any other article of trifling cost. Nor why the hired girl may not as properly be borrowed as a horse or yoke of oxen. If the girl is mistreated and gets no dinner, or a very meager one, she can say she will never be borrowed again. Not so with the horse or ox.

I have heard, however, that some men claim an occasional kiss from the hired girl, and of course if she were loaned out and the man of the house failed to secure his accustomed treat, he might become more cross and surly than if he had loaned his dumb brute. "Of course, there are many farmers who cannot kiss the hired girl if they want to. They have none, and their neighbors' hired girls live too far away. Then the farmer must kiss his wife or be contented to do without." Some may exclaim, "Well, that's what every farmer ought to do." "Kissing is merely giving and taking for what is practically a consideration—consideration of one kind or another—return of compliment, brotherly feeling and good will." "Man may theorize till his hearers or readers go to sleep, but this 'exchange of courtesy' is really a part of life, a factor in the problem of peaceful living." "Kissing may not be the price of good will, but it may be assumed that the refusal to kiss might be the price of ill will, and if it should prove to be the price of enmity, it is the most costly thing the farmer ever bought." "Better for him that he loaned his hired girl freely than that she should knock his teeth down his throat, or his wife pull his hair all out and he be forever after a bald-headed farmer."

But let us see how this "exchange of courtesy" works. Mr. A "lives in a community in which 'exchange of courtesy' has been going on for thirty years." (The old settlers and savages are supposed to have known better.) He is a good-hearted, large-souled farmer who would do anything in the world for a neighbor except to loan him his hired girl. He has gone out to plow half a mile from the house, and is just ready to start the plow when neighbor B comes up all out of breath. After talking an hour or so Mr. B remarks: "I came over to borrow your scoop-shovel to unload some corn I bought of C yesterday. I might have bought a scoop at D's store as I came by last evening, but I thought it was only a quarter of a mile to your place and I would just come over and 'exchange courtesy' with you this morning."

"All right," says A. "I would rather go to bed without my supper than not to be able to have an 'exchange of courtesy' with my neighbors. It is really a part of life, a factor in the problem of peaceful living."

He then unhitches from the plow, ties his horses to the fence, if he can find a place where the briars will permit him (for "exchange of courtesy" will take so much time he cannot keep his fence-rows clean), and goes with B to the barn. He might have told B where to get the scoop, but it was used last in the granary, which is locked, and he has forgotten whether he hung up the key or placed it in the pocket of his Sunday vest. While A hunts the key and gets the scoop, B "exchanges courtesies" with Mrs. B and the hired girl, looks over the garden, tramps on the onions, breaks down some choice chrysanthemums, etc.

With some further talk B departs, and A starts to the field. He has gone about two thirds of the way out when Tommy, the ten-year-old son of neighbor E, comes running after him.

"Say, Mr. A, the carpenter has come on to roof our smoke-house, and forgot to get any chalk. Pap thought mebbe you-uns had some."

Yes, Mr. A had just bought an egg of chalk the day before to use in reroofing the milk-house, but he had laid it in the granary when he put away some grain-sacks, so he goes back to get it for Tommy. Tommy scares the hens all off the nests, steps on the baby's toes, pinches his fingers in the granary door, and after thus "ex-

changing courtesies" returns home. A goes to the field singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but discovers that Tommy, in chasing a squirrel along the fence, had frightened the colt and caused her to break loose. The bridle is broken, so he secures the mare with a line and returns to the house to mend the bridle. He looks for the rivets, but remembers F borrowed them last August, and G has the bridles for the new wagon harness, breaking some colts; so he takes one of the carriage bridles and goes back to the field, whistling "Little Annie Rooney."

The rest of the day passes off quietly; the remaining articles borrowed through the day being a hoe, shovel-plow, wire-pliers, hog-ringers, post-digger and wheelbarrow. In the evening as he returns from the field he makes the clear air ring with "Sweet Evelina." He does up the work and is comfortably seated in the kitchen, watching Polly do away the supper dishes, when H comes to the door, is invited in, and after a pleasant chat says, "Mrs. H is going to visit her mother who was taken suddenly ill, and I would like Polly to come and stay a few days, my oldest girl not being quite old enough to go ahead with the work."

A had noticed H watching Polly a little more closely than he thought necessary; now he understands it all.

"Neighbor H, you know I like to accommodate everyone. It is really a part of life, a factor in the problem of peaceful living; but really, I don't know how we can spare Polly. Annie and Laura are going to school and wife is busy sewing, so I depend on Polly to help me with the milking."

"I spoke to Mrs. A as I came past the garden, and she said she had just finished her sewing, and that the teacher was sick, so there would be vacation the rest of the week. She thought she could get along very well."

"Come to think of it," says A, "I shall be from home several nights this week, and Polly will have to be company for wife. I am always glad to accommodate you, but we cannot let Polly go."

Thus failing to "exchange a courtesy," H goes to neighbor I, whose daughter promises to care for his children and household affairs during his wife's necessary absence.

The next morning A rose to find it raining, in that slow, lazy manner which indicates an all-day shower, and knowing he cannot plow he decides to clean up the timothy seed from the barn floor, and Polly can take turns with Benny turning the fanning-mill. He hitches to the wagon, goes to J's, who borrowed the fanning-mill last September, but finds the crank is lost, the turkeys have roosted on the mill all winter, and the rats have eaten a hole in the chess-box. He drives home through the increasing rain, humming "Mollie Darling," and gets Polly and Benny to aid in getting the mill in position, when he discovers the scoop and half-bushel gone. Polly says K's hired man got it to measure some potatoes. Benny is told to go to K's, and if the measure is not there to go to the hired man's house, a quarter of a mile farther on. He finally tracks it to L's, where the man had bought the potatoes, and where it was retained to measure some oats. A himself goes to B's for the scoop. B looks for it in vain, but the girl who is doing the housework in the absence of Mrs. B, says "Jimmie was using it for a sled to pull his sister during the morning, and they must have left it out somewhere."

"All right," says A, "it is only a trifle, and not worth considering in the long run," and returns home whistling "Those Bonny Blue Eyes," in a mechanical way, while he muses: "What are we on this earth for? Are we not here to wait on each other? 'Is everything in this life to be weighed out exactly and reduced to dollars and cents?' 'I shall never refuse to loan anything but the hired girl, and will borrow all I can, if it does take half my time.'"

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

CONTRACTION OF CULTIVATED AREA.

It is a good sign, the contraction of the cultivated area on farms. At first glance this may not appear encouraging, that a diminution of area means less crops, and a relegation of a part of the farm to sprout land, or at least to pasture.

It may sound paradoxical, but the contraction of the cultivated area of a farm to-day leads ultimately to an increase of the cultivated area and to larger crops. Usually, the contraction results immediately in adding to the pasture, and this may and may not indirectly increase the

fertility of the farm; it depends upon how it is used; if no more stock is kept, the increase of pasturage may yield nothing beyond what the pasturage did before.

For example: Here is a farm of perhaps one hundred acres. The farmer has been struggling for years to keep it up, but owing to various causes, he has been unable to do so. Every year he kept less stock, and thus every year there was less fertilizing material, and yet he attempted to make the means at his command serve him as before; that is, he spread the same labor and manure, the latter all the time growing less, over the same area year after year.

It was hard to abandon original plans and allow a part of it to remain idle or be given to pasturage. The farmer wanted so many acres of corn, potatoes, grass and garden truck. But he saw the folly or the impossibility of keeping or trying to keep up the farm with the means at hand, and some of the mowing lots contiguous to the pasture were turned over to the use of the stock, or allowed to rest awhile, and then the capital, labor and manure that had been expended on two acres was spread or used on one acre.

And what was the result? The farmer began to see it at once. More came from the one acre than had been produced by the two acres. And what is the tendency of this? In a few years the part abandoned to freedom or to other purposes is reclaimed. The product is greater than before, because the cultivation is more thorough, condensed, hand to hand instead of at arm's length; the stock increases slowly, and in a few years the area, the whole area, is cultivated as before. The plan is not new, but it is a good one, and if followed up brings a return of former fertility and former products.

A boy asked his mother for a piece of bread and butter. His mother cut off a thick slice, and taking a bit of butter on the end of the knife, spread it over the slice. The boy exclaimed, "If that's all the butter I can have, put it on a smaller slice." Let every farmer struggling with a large farm with results as above stated, put all capital onto a smaller piece of ground, and he will soon see the wisdom of it.

GEORGE APPLETON.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM TEXAS.—Lometa is a little town on the railroad, with a good college and fine schools and churches. Our land is good, and makes from one third to one half a bale of cotton per acre. Corn yields from 20 to 50 bushels per acre; wheat, 10 to 20 bushels; oats, 30 to 75 bushels. At this time we are having plenty of rain and good health.

O. N. J.

Lometa, Texas.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—The people here are rather provincial, owing to their isolation, and in a great measure to traditional prejudices. But we have begun to make strides, or short steps, rather, toward the good of progress. This is no great farming country. Cotton yields from one fourth to one bale, and corn from five to thirty bushels to the acre. Vegetables and fruits yield fairly well. The country is free from disastrous tornadoes. It is a little too humid and cool here to be always pleasant. But there is no malaria, no chills, no bronchitis. All these have been seen here, but are as rare as snakes; and I haven't seen any of them nor a snake this year. The soil is mostly of a light pebble or gravelly, not easily washed, but easily tilled. The water is clear and as pure as the nectar of the angels. The S. & A. L. railroad will pick yourself or an Irish potato up here at 8 o'clock A. M. and drop you or the potato in Washington at 8 o'clock P. M. Macon is situated in the northeastern part of the state, seven miles south of the historic Roanoke river and Virginia line. Improved land is worth from \$3 to \$10 per acre.

Macon, N. C.

B. I. E., JR.

FROM COLORADO.—Eastern Colorado is popularly supposed to be a region where it never rains, where the cattle exist on scant pasturage, and where the land is not tillable except by irrigation. This is a mistake. Kiowa county is 21 miles wide, and extends 84 westward from the Kansas line. The south line of the county is a few miles north of the Arkansas river. The county throughout its entire length is traversed by the Missouri Pacific railroad. At present grazing is the principal business, because people can make more at it and make it more easily. There is plenty of grass on the ranges which cures like hay and makes excellent winter food. The winters being mild and pleasant, stock requires but little attention, and all kinds of stock do well. Abundance of food can be raised for stock, such as sorghum, Kafir-corn and Milo maize and even corn. Corn yielded from 30 to 75 bushels per acre in my neighborhood last year, and wheat from 15 to 30 bushels in the county. Crops not requiring so much moisture do best, such as sorghums, broom-corn, beans, etc. As the soil is cultivated it becomes better and better every year and more productive. We have

heavy rains sometimes, and the water does not run off in streams as in the East, but soaks down into the porous soil. Last September after a heavy rain the water was nearly six inches deep all over the level prairie. Eads, a town on the railroad, has a fair prospect. A large butter and cheese factory is being built. There is government land near Eads with a variety of soils—clay and sandy loams, and also sandy land, and there is adobe soil in some parts of the county. A large irrigating canal is in the extreme western part of the county, and will soon push its way eastward along the railroad. A gentleman living a few miles from me has an orchard that has been planted two years—apples, pears and cherries. The trees are doing very well. This is a very healthful climate for people with weak lungs.

Eads, Col.

E. P. D.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—Taking everything into consideration—health, charming climate, beautiful scenery, rich soil that will produce nearly all kinds of fruit to perfection—Ventura county is perhaps the most desirable county in the state for settlers. There are large tracts of land lately thrown upon the market that can be bought cheaper now than ever again. The United States supreme court has just decided the case against the Southern Pacific railroad, which throws millions of acres upon the market in this and adjoining counties. The best of these lands are already settled upon; yet there are many very fair tracts to be taken. Although California is in many respects the most desirable state of the Union, a would-be settler should, if possible, come and give it a thorough looking over before he decides where he will settle, or even move here. Some prefer the northern end of the state, where they have cheaper lands and more rains and irrigation is unnecessary. Here irrigation is absolutely necessary for some lands and some crops. Citrus fruits can scarcely be raised at all without it. My land is high and dry, and I irrigate almost everything but small grain. The Sespe and Santa Clara rivers are fine streams for this purpose, as water can easily be taken from them and carried upon the rich bottoms, where it is needed for the growing crops and trees. I can see the junction of the two rivers from my door, and can trace the course of the Santa Clara far up the stream; and still farther down, almost to the ocean, twenty miles away. From a hill near I can see the Catalina island, in the Pacific ocean. Trains daily pass up and down the valley, coming within half a mile of my house. Across the valley, at the foot of the distant mountains, are many oil-wells, and up the Sespe a few miles, still more. Here they are quarrying beautiful brownstone, which is shipped to Los Angeles and San Francisco. A neighbor who has two hundred swarms of bees a few rods from my house recently took a ton of honey to market. Cattle, horses and sheep all do well here. The great crop for big money (hundreds of dollars per acre per annum) comes from the orange orchards, although the lemon, olive, walnut, and probably the fig, plum and prune, will soon become a good second, if some of them do not even surpass the orange. We are now in the midst of our barley harvest. When that is taken off, people who have land suitable will irrigate and raise a crop of corn. This is the banner bean county of the state; these require no irrigation, and many car-loads will be raised this year in Ventura county.

S. P. S.

Fillmore, Cal.

The Picket Fence advertised in this issue by the De Kalb (Ill.) Fence Co. is a superior article, as it overcomes all the serious objections of pickets made of one corrugated wire, which are known to easily bend and break. For BEAUTY AND STRENGTH it is hard to beat. Write them for descriptive circular.

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Mention this paper when you write.



WONDERS OF FARMING

by IRRIGATION.

Government lands in southern Colorado now open to entry or purchase under U. S. laws, with abundant and certain water supply from two rivers, backed by immense reservoirs and canals now ready for use. Home markets, highest prices. Healthful climate: all sunshine; no floods; no droughts; no crop failures; absolute success. Settlers or colonies will be assisted to locate on these lands by applying to

The TOLTEC CANAL CO. ANTONITO, COL.

Mention this paper when you write.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

MORE ABOUT GAPES.

ALTHOUGH we have not forgotten to give hints on the prevention and cure of gapes, yet so many inquiries have come in as to prompt us to call attention to the subject again. The gapes is due to the clogging of the windpipe by a cluster of thread-like worms. How they get into the windpipe of the chicks has not been definitely determined, but it is believed that they (or their eggs) are picked up by the chicks from the ground. The same conditions that serve earthworms seem to be suitable for gape-worms, and that is a rich, damp or shaded soil; hence, old farms upon which fowls have run for years are most affected with the germs or eggs of gapeworms.

The main remedy, known for a century or more, is to draw the gapeworms from the windpipe with the tuft of a feather, a straw, or even a horsehair loop, but such method is slow, and inexperienced persons do not always succeed, to say nothing of the time and labor required for a large number of chicks.

One plan is to place the chicks in a box and dust fine, air-slaked lime over them, so as to compel them to inhale the lime, which dislodges the worms. Another remedy is to give each chick one drop of spirits of turpentine on a bread crumb.

The best preventive is to use air-slaked lime plentifully. Scatter it freely over the ground occupied by the chicks, and keep all of the surroundings clean. In a quart of corn-meal mix a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine, and moisten the mixture with enough water to form a crumbly dough. Feed this to the chicks on the first appearance of gapes, and if it does not effect a cure it will probably prevent the spread of the difficulty. At the same time always look for the large lice on the heads and necks of the chicks.

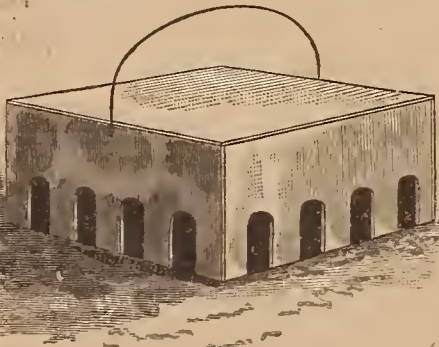
CRUELTY IN SHIPPING.

If for no other purpose than to be humane, do not overlook the sufferings endured by a coop of fowls sent to market during the warm days of summer. A visit along the wharves, or on the streets where the commission merchants do business, in any large city, will show that the poor birds suffer terribly for water. Not one coop in ten is provided with cups for water, and as the birds sometimes remain in the coops for a week or more, exposed to the heat of the sun at times, and are crowded, they require a large amount of water.

A CHICK-FEEDER.

More properly, this may be termed a cover for the feed-dish. Simply attach a handle to an old basket, or a box of any kind, and make entrance holes of a diameter just sufficient to permit young chicks to run in and out. The bottom of the basket, or box, should first be removed.

The object is that when feeding young chicks their food may be so covered as to



A CHICK-FEEDER.

protect it from larger chicks or fowls, while the chicks can help themselves unmolested. Such a contrivance will cost but an insignificant sum, and will be found very useful when feeding the chicks on food prepared especially for their use only. Place the food in a dish or small trough, and then set the cover on the dish.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

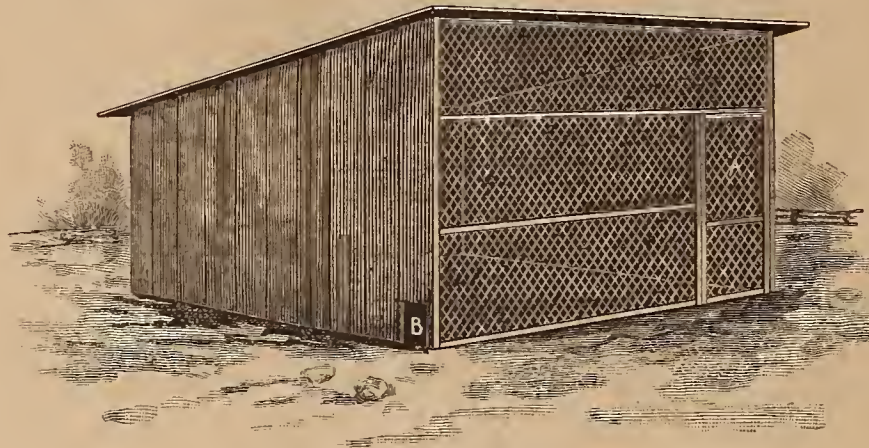
ROUP IN SUMMER.

If the birds have had the roup, and are not entirely cured during this warm weather, they never will be well entirely, and when fall arrives the disease will break out again. The only remedy we can suggest is to kill every one of them, disinfect the premises and procure new stock from healthy flocks.

POULTRY-HOUSE WITH WIRE FRONT.

The illustration is not intended to give a design of a poultry-house, but to show how easily the front may be inclosed with wire instead of with boards, which admits of plenty of fresh air and ventilation.

The door is shown at A, and the entrance for the hens at B. The roosts and nests should be arranged against the rear wall, so as to avoid rains. The floor should be of cement, sloping somewhat to the front. In winter the front may be covered with



POULTRY-HOUSE WITH WIRE FRONT.

boards on the wire, which may be removed in the spring, after the weather opens warm. The number of strips on the front, to which the wire is attached, may be increased, if preferred. A house ten by ten feet will suffice for a flock of one dozen, and the roof may be of tarred paper.

THE EGG BUSINESS.

It is admitted that eggs cost less, and bring higher prices in market, than any other commodity sold off the farm, and there is, consequently, no reason why one should not engage in the production of eggs as a special business. It is true that a large number do not succeed, but it is not because the business is at fault, but lack of knowledge and experience. Enough money must be put into the business to place it on a sure foundation, and the attention to details is essential, as it is the minor matters, so often overlooked, that lead to increased cost and smaller production.

What we wish to impress upon readers is the fact that at this season, though eggs may be cheaper than in the winter, they cost little or nothing in the shape of food on the farm, and there is also but little labor necessary. The prices of eggs may be low, but if compared with other products of the farm, and their cost, it will be found that eggs are far in the lead.

YOUNG TURKEYS.

About this time of the year the majority of the young turkeys will have been hatched, and also beyond the critical stage. After they are three months old they are very hardy, and can stand exposure and other drawbacks well. It is the first ten weeks of their existence that the farmer finds his loss greatest, and a great many of the young turkeys seem to die, or disappear, from some unknown cause, but as a rule, the mortality is due to dampness and to the large lice on their heads. It is unwise to turn them out to roost in the trees after they become feathered, as is often done, for they are thus exposed to rains and drafts. An open shed is an excellent protection for them. They should not be allowed to wander off, to be destroyed by foxes or other enemies, but should be looked after carefully, as they will bring a good price in market when fully matured.

NO LICE ON THE CHICKS.

Because you do not see any lice on the chicks, do not suppose that they are free from lice. There is one kind of the pests that requires diligent and careful search. It is the large head-lice, or blood-suckers, and they work on the skin of the head and neck of the chick. When a chick seems sleepy, look for the large lice. It is also the cause of so many young turkeys dying.

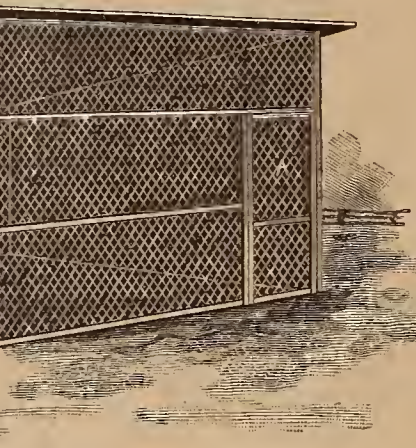
The large lice are never seen except on

the body of the fowl or chick, and when the chicks come out of the shells, the lice leave the head of the mother and go to the chicks. The remedy is to rub a small quantity of lard or sweet-oil on the head of the hen, and about two drops on the head of each chick, twice a week. Too much oil, or grease of any kind, is detrimental; hence, it should be used sparingly. Grease destroys the lice almost immediately.

INSECT-POWDER.

Never purchase insect-powder unless you are sure that it is fresh, as the substance loses its value as an insecticide with age or exposure. The best comes in sealed tin canisters, of about one pound each, and sells for about seventy-five cents per pound.

It may be dusted freely on the hens or chicks, and it is also excellent when dusted in the nests. It may be used with fine



road dust, or coal ashes that have been carefully sifted, about a heaping tablespoonful of the powder being intimately mixed with a quart of the ashes. Hold the hen by the legs, head downward, and over the vessel containing the mixture. Throw a whole handful of the ashes into the feathers, close her wings and roll her in the ashes until they cover every portion of the body. The lice will be killed, or will leave, and if the poultry-house is then made clean and the lice destroyed therein, the hens will remain free from lice.

THE DROPPINGS.

Do not allow the droppings to remain in the poultry-house longer than twenty-four hours, as they will soon decompose during warm weather and give off disagreeable odors, as well as injure the health of the fowls. If the poultry-house is given a cleaning out every day, the work will be easy, as a broom may be used for sweeping the floor, after which dry dirt may be sprinkled over the floor, and especially under the roosts. Scatter the droppings on the garden plat, as they are more valuable when fresh than at any other time.

THE SUMMER GRAIN.

Instead of feeding corn to poultry in summer, it is better to compel the hens to seek the whole of their food, and they will be all the better for it by reason of the exercise and varied diet; but if it is deemed advisable to allow a meal of grain, it should be given at night, and consist of oats, as oats are more suitable at this season. As a change of food, buckwheat may occasionally be substituted, but grain should not be given at all if the range affords plenty of grass, seeds and insects.

KEEPING EGGS.

No one can preserve eggs if they are purchased, as there are too many risks of securing stale eggs. If the hens are not with males, the eggs will keep much more easily than if they are suitable for hatching. There is but one secret in keeping eggs, and that is to keep them cool and turn them three times a week. If kept in this manner, they will appear fresh and good for three months after being preserved.

THE SMALL POTATOES.

When potatoes come in, use the small ones that are of the size of marbles, for the hens and chicks. Cook them and throw them into the poultry-yard, and no preparation will be necessary, as the chicks can easily pick them to pieces. It is economical to use potatoes in this manner, as those that are unsalable can be converted into eggs and assist in adding to the profit from the farm.

The biggest cash commissions ever given by any paper are now given to club raisers for this journal. Write at once for "Special Cash Terms to Club Raisers."

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Dark and Light Eggs.—R. L., Salem, Ohio, writes: "Do dark eggs bring more in market than light eggs?"

REPLY:—It depends on the market. New York prefers light eggs, while Boston and Philadelphia show a preference for the dark ones. There is but little difference in price.

Swollen Joints.—Mrs. M. McC., Wamego, Kansas, writes: "Some of my chicks are troubled with swollen knees, but do not appear to be lame."

REPLY:—It may be due to high roosts, the constant jumping off causing the injury, especially if the birds are fat.

Vertigo.—H. I. C., Christiansburg, Ky., writes: "My hens run around in a circle, their heads drawn to one side, and finally fall."

REPLY:—It is usually due to pressure of blood on the brain, causing vertigo, probably due to high feeding. Damp locations for roosting will also sometimes cause the difficulty.

Late Chicks.—J. R. G., Brownsville, Tenn., writes: "Why are chicks hatched from eggs laid in May always droopy and drowsy? Is it unsafe to have eggs hatched in May or June?"

REPLY:—The difficulty is that the chicks are attacked, after warm weather opens, by the large head-lice, which may be found on the skin of the heads and necks. Anoint with a few drops of sweet-oil on the head.

Preserving Eggs.—R. C. C., Well Spring, Tenn., writes: "Please give me a process for preserving eggs that is, in your opinion, the best."

REPLY:—Keep the eggs in a cool place (the cooler the better), and turn them three times a week. Use only fresh eggs from your own hens, and have no males in the yards with the hens, as infertile eggs will keep three times as long as those that are fertile. Simply lay the eggs on racks, and do not pack them in material of any kind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENSILAGE FOR POULTRY.—When ensilage is fed to poultry, they not only eat it greedily, but it makes them smart and active, have a healthy look and fine, bright plumage, which is a sure indication of good health. During the winter season, ensilage, when fed to poultry, mixing with it a proportional part of shorts or corn-meal, will increase the laying of eggs and fatten them very readily. Recent experiments prove that poultry fed on ensilage, with a sufficient quantity of grain, will do better in every particular than when fed in the old way on grains alone, at one fourth the cost, or at a saving of about seventy-five per cent. One hundred fowls, take them as they run, large and small, will cost to feed them one year about \$100. To feed the same on ensilage and the required quantity of grain would cost not to exceed \$25. Ensilage alone is self-sustaining; the poultry will do well on it and lay well. To feed on ensilage alone would cost about \$14; add to this shorts, corn-meal, buckwheat and occasionally scraps, plenty of gravel, ashes, etc., they will do better than by any known way of feeding. One hundred fowls should produce, at a low estimate, eight hundred and thirty-three dozen eggs in one year, besides laying eggs to set about thirty hens. These eggs, at 20 cents per dozen, would equal \$166.60, and with fair success should raise one hundred and fifty chicks. The reason I discuss this subject is to show that hundreds of mechanics, laborers, etc., who are owners of a small house, with an acre or two of land, and planting it to corn or ensilage, can raise twenty-five tons to the acre. The average cost would be about \$2 per ton in the silo. One can build a small silo not to cost over \$25 to \$40, and less than that, if they can do the work themselves. Fill this silo with the ensilage. You can keep a cow the year around on ten or twelve tons of ensilage; or if fed with some hay or grain, less ensilage. With the balance of the twenty-five tons you can keep from one hundred and fifty to two hundred fowls. Practical experiments prove these results, and for a small amount of capital, I know of no investment that will surely bring as good returns. E. F. S. Christiana, Pa.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Paris Green for Potato-bugs.—G. S. M., Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I would like to know how to kill potato-bugs. I am afraid to use Paris green, as I intend to market them early."

REPLY:—If used properly you need fear no danger from Paris green. A good Paris green gun will distribute a pound of dry powder over an acre.

Cow Sucking Herself.—J. H., Emlenton, Pa., writes: "Can you describe a fixture that will prevent a cow from sucking herself?"

REPLY:—We republish the following description of a simple device that will do the work: Take a piece of tough, hard-wood board about 8 inches long and 4 wide, and work it into the shape of the illustration. Let it be 3/4



of an inch thick on the upper and shave off to 1/4 of an inch on the lower edge. Make the opening just large enough to admit the septum dividing the nostrils and spring it into place. Round off and smooth the projecting knobs, so they will not make a sore, and with this ornament the cow can eat or drink as usual, but she can't drink milk. A smaller one will prevent a calf from suckling.

Celery Growing.—Mrs. J. F. C., Rose Hill, Ill., writes: "Please tell how to grow celery?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I suppose the inquirer wants to grow celery for home use. If she would want to make a business of it, I would first of all advise her to buy one or more of the latest books written on the subject, such as "Celery for Profit," by myself, and published by W. A. Burpee & Co. In commercial celery culture there is too much at stake to go at it in any haphazard way. The grower must know what he is about, and study the subject in all its phases. But for growing a few hundred plants to supply the table, the following way suits me about as well as any other. First select a rich piece of land, the richer the better; then put on fine manure, the more the better; and work up the soil, the finer the better. You may do this as soon as you please and up to middle of July, but preferably a month sooner. Then get some good plants, if possible White Plume or Golden Self Bleaching. Giant Pascal will do for late. Mark off the ground in ten-inch rows and set the plants five inches apart in the row. This crowds them pretty closely together; but if the land is extremely rich, as it should be, they will make an immense growth, and bleach in their own shade. I usually set boards up edgewise all around the outside of the patch. The self-blanching kinds, treated in this way, will become fit for table use without earthing, or boarding up. The late, non-blanching kinds, if wanted before winter, I usually blanch by setting boards up against them on each side of the row. What is desired for winter and spring use needs no extra treatment. The plants grow straight up and close, and will bleach in the cellar or whatever storage-place you give to them. I recommend this method to every home grower. It makes the production of celery as easy as that of carrots. But in dry weather the plants will need plenty of water, and this must be given, and must be given in greatest abundance, or you will be apt to make a failure.

About Wood Ashes.—A subscriber of Highgate, Ont., asks me eleven questions about wood ashes. Here is a reply: (1) Hard wood makes more ashes than soft wood, but the ashes, weight for weight, are of about equal value. (2) The amount to be applied to the acre depends on condition of soil and kind of crop. For garden and fruit crops, and on land none too rich in potash, you can use 50 to 100 bushels, and even more, per acre. Bone-meal is a good addition, as it supplies the phosphoric acid, of which ashes have only one or one and a half per cent, and nitrogen, which in them is entirely lacking. (3) Sandy soil is usually more benefited by dressings of ashes than land of a more clayey nature. (4) I would prefer to apply ashes upon the plowed ground, and mix them with the surface soil by means of any tool of surface tillage (harrow, rake, etc.) (5) You can safely apply ashes to growing crops, as, for instance, on wheat during fall or spring. The potash will do no harm to the plants. For wheat use ten to twenty bushels of ashes per acre if you can get ashes cheap enough. (6) The effects of dressings with ashes can often be seen for many years. The first crop does not take up all their plant-foods. (7 and 8) I would put the ashes on the higher-priced crop or crops, such as fruits, vegetables, beans, etc., and let the grain crops wait until the last. (9) The price that one can afford to pay for ashes depends on how much potash and phosphoric acid they contain, and on the price one has to pay for other manurial substances. Ashes vary. A sample that analyses 7 per cent potash and 1 1/2 per cent

phosphoric acid, is worth per 100 pounds, 7x5=35+1 1/2x8=47 cents, and delivered on the farm at least 50 cents a 100 pounds, or \$10 per ton. (10) There are several firms in Canada dealing in Canada ashes. You find their advertisements in agricultural papers. Get a guaranteed analysis before you buy. (11) If you can get unleached ashes at five cents per bushel, you can get plant-foods very cheap. I would buy all that are offered at that rate. A bushel weighs about 45 pounds, and should have 3 pounds of potash, at 5 cents a pound, worth in all 15 cents, and more than a half pound of phosphoric acid, at 8 cents a pound, so that the bushel of ashes would be worth about 20 cents.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Spavin.—Geo. A., Harrison Pike, Ohio. Please consult FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 15th.

Dropsy.—A. A. B., Logan, Ohio. Your pig suffers from dropsy, and will probably die. If you are anxious to learn the cause of the dropsical effusion, a careful post-mortem examination will reveal the same.

A Coughing Cow.—H. M. P., Alma, N. Y. You simply state your cow coughs. This is only one symptom, common to almost every respiratory disorder. It is, therefore, utterly impossible to make a diagnosis.

Ticks on a Colt.—Wm. C. P., Canaveral, Fla. The best way to protect your colt is to keep the same away from the places where the ticks are abundant, but especially from places where there are live-oak trees. I do not know of any other way.

Probably Stone in the Bladder—A Hard-milking Cow.—F., Waverly, Pa. Have your colt examined by a competent veterinarian, and then, if my diagnosis is found to be correct, the treatment will have to consist in a surgical operation.—As to your heifer, you will have to employ a good milker. The only thing by which the opening in the teats can be enlarged without injury is very energetic milking.

A Pig-eating Sow.—D., Minneha, Kansas, writes: "Can you tell me what will prevent a sow eating her pigs?"

ANSWER:—Keep your sow on a light diet for some time before farrowing. Feed her with grass, clover, occasionally some bran mash, etc. However, a sow that has once killed and eaten her pigs is very apt to do it again, and, as a rule, it is advisable to breed her no more, and to convert her into pork. A fender in the pig pen affords some protection, and close watching also may prevent it.

Worms in the Kidneys.—W. W., Laredo, Mo., writes: "Please tell me if there is any cure or remedy for kidney-worm in hogs. I killed one that was down with it to-day, and found six in the tubes of the left and eight in the right kidney."

ANSWER:—Worms in the kidneys, if you really found worms in them, and also worms in the kidney fat, are inaccessible to worm remedies, and cannot be removed by any treatment. It would have been of interest if you had given a description of the worms, or had sent some preserved in a bottle with alcohol.

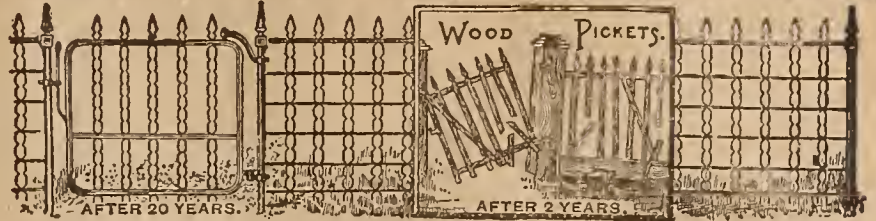
Food for Mare and Colt.—J. W. R., West Union, Iowa, writes: "(1) What is best food for a brood-mare in foal, that is a poor milker? The mare is hearty, thrifty and takes flesh very rapidly. (2) What is the best food and treatment for a foal when dam fails in flow of milk?"

ANSWER:—(1) In the winter good, sound oats and good, clean hay, and in the summer young, sweet grass of a good pasture. (2) Fresh cow's milk, diluted with water and sweetened with enough pure, white sugar to give it a taste similar to that of the milk of the mare. As the colt grows older the admixture of water may be gradually decreased.

A Skin Disease.—E. C., Madison, Ind., writes: "My horses are troubled with what I suppose to be either the itch or mange. They bite and rub themselves. At first they break out with little lumps, then the hair slips out. They have been troubled for three years with it, in the spring, and seem to get better after the hair comes off."

ANSWER:—If the skin disease of your horses is mange, as you suppose, you will never succeed in effecting a cure, no matter what you use as a wash, as long as you neglect to thoroughly clean and disinfect the stable and other places where your horses are kept, and the halters, bridles, harness, blankets, saddles, etc., and utensils which come in contact with them, because a reinfection invariably will take place. If the disease is inveterated, it also will be necessary to give the animals first a thorough wash with soap and warm water, before the wash which is intended to kill the

THE COST IS THE SAME



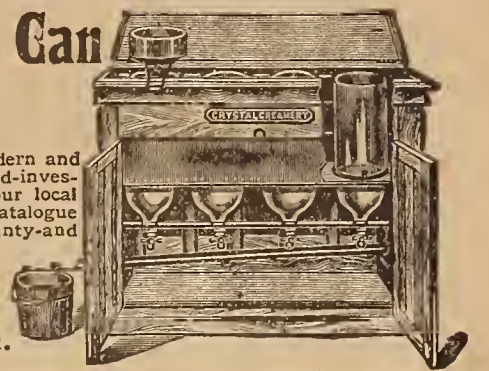
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mange-mites is applied. For the latter, a tobacco decoction, or even a solution of carbolic acid in water (1 to 60), will suffice, but its application must be repeated at least once or twice every five days. I would advise you to employ a competent veterinarian to superintend the treatment, and to see to it that everything is done in a thorough and reliable manner.

Possibly Trichinosis.—M. Y., Mendon, Ohio, writes: "I am fattening some hogs, and several of them are sick. I will describe the symptoms of the one that is the worst. He first seemed stiff and a little lame. He walks on his toes and reels a little sometimes. When I drive him up he squeals or whines. He eats well and drinks slop. The hogs ran in a lot that was rather muddy, until the last two weeks—since then they have been in a lot that is dry. I first treated for kidney-worm, by bathing across the kidneys with turpentine. Then I thought the pores in his legs might be stopped up, and I put soft soap on his legs, over the pores, and rubbed it well with a corn-cob; after giving a thorough rubbing, I washed the soap off. He don't seem to be getting any worse or better under either treatment."

ANSWER:—Your description, it seems to me, is incomplete, but unless some essential statements and important symptoms have been omitted, it is possible that your hogs may be affected with trichinosis. Perhaps, however, there may be considerable swelling in the legs, and the skin of the feet may be sore, cracked or even ulcerating. In that case the stiffness, lameness, etc., would be accounted for, and the whole trouble would be due to the muddy hog-lot. There are other possibilities. It will be best to have the animals examined by a competent veterinarian.

An Open Urachus.—N. A. A., Tippecanoe, Ohio, writes: "I desire information in regard to a disease in colts. The water runs through the navel. We have the third one now which has done so. (1) Could it have been prevented had some one been there when it was foaled, and tied the navel cord? (2) Is there any cure for it? (3) What is the cause, or could it have been prevented? (4) Did you ever know a colt to grow up and get well—naturally, I mean, without doctoring? (5) Did you ever know a colt to get well with doctoring?"

ANSWER:—What you complain of is an open urachus. It is not at all a rare occurrence. (1) The trouble could have been prevented if a ligature had been applied to the navel immediately at the birth of the colt. To apply a ligature after the urine has already flowed through the open urachus can do no good, and is of no avail. (2) Such cases, if attended to in time, are easily and surely cured. (3) This question has been answered in the above. (4) An open urachus will never close unless proper treatment is applied. The fifth question has been answered in the answer to the second question. The treatment, unless used too late, should be as follows: First throw the colt, roll the same on its back and let some assistants hold its legs. Then carefully probe the opening and notice how deep the probe (a perfectly clean, metallic probe with a well-rounded head should be used) goes in until it meets with slight resistance. This done, take a stick of lunar caustic, push it into the open urachus until it reaches the point at which the probe met with slight resistance; it is usually an inch or an inch and a half from the opening. This done, keep the colt lying on its back for about a minute or a minute and a half longer, so as to give the lunar caustic time to partially melt away; let the colt rise, and the operation is finished and the opening will heal. If you have no reliable veterinarian, it will be better that you perform the operation yourself than to send for men who try to close an open urachus by means of a ligature. Before you perform the operation, ascertain first whether there is a natural opening at the sexual organ. If the colt should show slight colicky pains immediately after the operation, the same, as a rule, do not amount to anything.

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Our Fireside.

RESIGNATION.

I was not patient in the olden time,
When my unchastened heart began to long
For bliss that lay beyond its reach; my prime
Was wild, impulsive, passionate, and strong.
Heaven-sent, to come and nestle in my breast;
I could not realize how time might prove
That patient waiting would avail me best.
"Let me be happy now," my heart cried out,
"In mine own way, and with my chosen lot;
The future is too dark, and full of doubt,
For me to tarry, and I trust it not.
Take all my blessings, all I am and have,
But give that glimpse of heaven before the grave."

Ab me! God beard my wayward, selfish cry,
And taking pity on my blinded heart,
He bade me be the angel of strong grief draw nigh,
Who pierced my bosom in its tenderest part.
I drank wrath's wine-cup to the bitter lees,
With strong amazement and a broken will;
Then, dumbled, straightway fell upon my knees,
And God doth know my heart is kneeling still.

I have grown patient; seeking not to choose
Mine own blind lot, but take that God shall send,
In which, if what I long for I should lose,
I know the loss will work some blessed end,
Some better fate for mine and me than I
Could ever compass underneath the sky.

—All the Year Round.

AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.

CHAPTER II.

JOHAN STEBBINS—or Squire Stebbins, as he was always called by his townspeople—had spent more than sixty years of his life in his native town, and belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families of Wyndham county; a family noted for both mental and physical vigor, and for that wise forethought, indomitable energy and courage that are almost certain to bring their possessor material success if not intellectual prominence. At twenty-four years of age he married Margaret Fairchild, a beautiful girl six years younger than himself, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer. The Fairchilds, while an equally old and honorable family and possessed of fine mental and moral qualities, were not as wealthy and influential. For believe as we may in the superiority of such natures, a man or woman must be endowed with a certain amount of coarseness of fiber and self-assertiveness, or they are sure to be crowded to one side by those narrower, meaner natures who are sagacious and selfish enough to demand recognition from others and to take advantage of every opportunity to further their own aims and interests.

Young Stebbins was a thorough scholar, with a clear, logical mind, and upon completing what his father declared was "education enough for any young man, determined against the strong opposition of the latter, to take up the study of law. It was not that John Stebbins, senior, had any particular objection to the profession of law; indeed, he would have preferred it to any other, but that one of the largest and best stock farms in Vermont, one that had been in the family for three generations and grown more profitable, celebrated and valuable with each succeeding one, should at his death pass into the hands of strangers, because his only son had not enough good sense or respect for his father's wishes to continue its cultivation, and openly defied his commands to do so, that made this the most severe trial of his life.

When month after month passed and no financial assistance was rendered young Stebbins by his father, his determination to succeed was strengthened rather than diminished. Indeed, this clash of will between father and son was as "Greek meets Greek," and would probably have continued until ended by death, had not the father rightly concluded that in making this choice his son had been actuated not so much by a distaste for farming and love of the profession of law or desire for its honors, as by a belief that it was a means of obtaining greater wealth. Acting promptly on this decision, overtures were made and a compromise effected; and when John Stebbins was admitted to the bar, instead of undertaking the practice, he returned to the farm as manager and part owner.

The rupture between young Stebbins and his father had occurred and been settled during Miss Fairchild's absence at school, and a knowledge of it no doubt did much to prejudice her in the young man's favor, whom she invested with a nobility of character he by no means possessed. And why should she not, when her estimate of men was formed from elevating reading and a knowledge of the generous, noble principles that governed the lives of her father and brothers. Taught to regard the saving and accumulation of money as essential, but by no means the first object in life, how could she understand such a narrow, selfish nature as that of young Stebbins? That his father had given him half the stock, a deed of an equal share of the farm and the promise of a like portion as the three sisters in the remaining half, at his death, she supposed to be only a generous recognition of his son's noble self-denial and loyalty, and not what it was—the price paid for yielding to his parent's wishes.

Young Stebbins was exceptionally bright, and his two years of village life had done

much to tone down a brusqueness of manner upon which he had formerly prided himself, and to outwardly polish and refine him. The earnest, thoughtful girl with her sweet, womanly ways, aroused his better nature, and their acquaintance, which had from the first been mutually pleasant, soon ripened into love, as sincere on his part as hers, but differing as widely in degree as did their two natures.

After a quiet wedding and a short trip to Boston and vicinity, the young husband and wife assumed the beautiful responsibility of building up another earth home. Were they successful? You shall answer for yourselves. They apparently began life under the most favorable conditions, but in reality they were precisely such as lead to pitiful domestic tragedies.

Because countless thousands of young husbands and wives have awakened to a realization of the deceitful, sordid and selfish nature of the companion they had thought was lovely, true and noble, did not make the suffering of this devoted wife less bitter and humiliating. But gifted by nature with a wonderfully elastic, cheerful, hopeful and courageous nature, and educated in a Christianity that is dependent upon no miraculous interventions, but upon a patient, persistent and prayerful endeavor to govern life by the Golden Rule, she at length fought her way through this "Red sea of trouble," and learned that life has higher compensations than mere happiness. Then, too, the crown of motherhood was early given her, and in its beautiful possibilities and rewards she found recompense for many of the disappointments of wifehood.

The quiet, undemonstrative wife was by no means the complete echo her husband wished her to be (for one need not be false to right principles though compelled, for sake of peace, to refrain from asserting them); but as she was a good housekeeper and prudent manager, industrious and patient, and his will was (seemingly) law in even household matters, his life was an eminently satisfactory one.

But no life is free from trials and sorrows, and when their second-born—sturdy little four-year-old John, so full of "Stebbins' push and energy"—was suddenly taken from the home, the father's disappointment and grief were pitiful. And this loss was all the more keenly felt as years passed and no other son was sent to fill his place. To be sure, John Stebbins was proud of his four beautiful daughters, but one son would have outbalanced them all, in his estimation. And so, when the youngest daughter was eleven years old and one was born to them, the father's happiness was complete. But alas, the long-cherished desire of his heart was gained at a fearful sacrifice. The wife, always delicate, could not rally; the seeds of consumption, inherent in her nature, were slowly developed, and though heroic will-power and overmastering mother-love prolonged her life until little Richard was over a year old, it could not avert the blow.

Margaret, the eldest daughter, was to be married the ensuing year and devote her life to the work of "foreign missions," and the mother insisted that these plans should not be changed because of her death. And so it was that into the hand of seventeen-year-old Maria the dying mother placed that of little Richard, and besought her to love and protect her motherless brother.

Maria Stebbins inherited far more of the characteristics of her father than either of the other daughters; and yet, during her mother's life that sympathetic, wise pacificator had so successfully kept the better elements of her nature in the ascendancy, that no one then would have thought it possible for her to develop into the austere, dictatorial woman we have seen. But when the mother and Margaret were both gone, and the care of the house and of two younger sisters and baby Richard devolved upon her, it was enough to test the metal of a much older and experienced girl. And yet she would have been equal to even this, and have developed into a capable, self-reliant and noble woman, if her efforts had been appreciated and her load lightened as a sympathetic, loving father would have done. But alas, the only person who had power to keep the better, nobler qualities of John Stebbins' nature was gone, and as the years passed he grew more selfish and avaricious in his public life and more exacting, tyrannical and parsimonious with his family.

Rebecca, the daughter next younger than Maria, incurred her father's displeasure by encouraging the attentions of a lover whom he did not approve of, because of an old quarrel with his father, and when she persisted in marrying him, had driven her from home and threatened to disown her.

Dear little twelve-year-old Emeline met with an accident in coasting that made her a cripple for life.

This, then, is the lineage; this the home in which Richard Stebbins was reared.

And now, what can I say of him, other than to describe his personal appearance, that has not already been disclosed or cannot be read between the lines of the two letters given in a previous chapter? And would not even that be useless, for do we not all instinctively give a character we are interested in a face and figure that bears the impress of their personality? If I were to tell you that he was a blonde, with slight figure, self-conscious and retiring, would you believe it? No, indeed. You know that physically, as well as mentally

and morally, he was strong, self-assertive and courageous. What you may not know is that his heart was as tender and loving as his mother's; that, in short, he was gifted with a beautiful combination of her generous, noble qualities and the better elements of his father's nature.

CHAPTER III.

"There, little woman, haven't I always told you that we would go to America yet?" said William Osborne, as he came hurriedly into the house one afternoon early in the year 1833.

"What in the world do you mean, William?"

asked the more moderate, typical English wife.

"Why, I mean just this: That unless Kim-

ber & Sons go back on their word, I have sold

both the house and shop, and in less than a

month we will all be in the United States."

"Oh, William! How I do wish you were not

so inconsiderate and hasty. It can't be safe to

take your family into a country that is in

such a terrible state of war as that is," said

the wife, anxiety already depicted on her

countenance.

"That's precisely what I am in such a hurry

for. That war won't last long, and I want to

make some money out of it while it does. It

will be safe enough where I shall go, but if you

have any fears, you and the children can stay

here for a year." And the enthusiastic hus-

band picked up little four-year-old William,

and tossing him up shouted, "Hurrah for

America!"

Afterwards, with the boy on his knees, he

detailed to his wife the bargain of the morn-

ing and his plans of engaging in a like man-

ufacture (that of gloves) in America.

A few months after the above conversation,

William Osborne had established himself in

business in Lynn, Mass., with seeming pros-

pects of success. But two years sufficed to

show him, as it has many another small man-

ufacturer, that it is impossible to successfully

compete with large firms having unlimited

capital. Instead of acknowledging defeat and

returning to England with the remnant of his

little fortune, as his wife begged him to do, he

entered into partnership with a wealthy

dealer. But why detail how, little by little, he

learned that the Yankee shrewdness of his

partner was united with that selfish, get-all-

you-can nature that no nationality has yet

evolved out of, and the firm was hopelessly

bankrupt.

Terrible as was this blow to one of Mr. Os-

borne's strong moral sense, he would have

rallied from it with credit, for he was neither

lazy or cowardly nor too proud to commence

at the foot of the financial ladder again, had

they not suffered an affliction compared with

which financial ruin was of no consideration.

This was the death, by drowning, of their

sixteen-year-old son, Herbert; a manly, noble

boy, who, even at this early age, had been a

tower of strength to the struggling father, and

whom he confidently trusted would render

him still greater comfort and help in the

future.

Previous to this Mr. Osborne had about

decided to return to England; but when this

country had been made sacred by the death

and burial of his precious son, he determined

to remain. The home was sold, all possible

restitution made to their creditors, and the

family removed to Boston, where Mr. Osborne

secured a fairly lucrative position.

Edith, who was then eighteen years old, was

a tall, finely-developed girl, with a vivacious,

active nature. If her features were too irreg-

ular for beauty, they certainly denoted

strength of character, and they who felt the

charm of her clear, large, brown eyes and un-

affected, sincere manners knew that she had

what is better than beauty—a lovely character.

At that time the independent girl who is as

well fitted and willing as her brother to lend

an oar when the family ship flounders on a

financial rock, was scarcely known outside a

small circle of "strong-minded" people; and

so when Edith Osborne, in her straightfor-

ward, direct way said one evening, "Father,

you have spared neither pains nor expense to

cultivate my voice and give me a thorough

musical education. Why may I not teach

music and sing in church? Professor Durston

says he will help me to make the attempt,"

her father was as much surprised as though

she had declared her determination not to

assist her mother with their domestic duties

any longer.

"Why, Edith, I cannot—"

But a loving hand was placed over his

mouth before he could finish his remon-

strance, and the daughter said coaxingly but

firmly:

"Now, father, please don't say another word

and drive me to rebellion, for I positively can-

not endure another day to see you tugging,

early and late, to support four healthy people

beside yourself."

And this was the first step that eventually

led Edith Osborne to appear in opera, after

which, amid a circle of congenial friends, she

one evening met Richard Stebbins.

This, then, was the noble endeavor that led

him to rightly appreciate her unselfish, lovely

character, and developed his admiration into

warm friendship and love, and that led the

ignorant, prejudiced and obstinate father to

think her the personification of all that was

immodest and vulgar. And yet even this had

not tested her strength of character as the

young lover had been compelled to see it

when, the year following their first acquaint-

ance, the father was suddenly taken from

them by pneumonia, and the entire family

was left dependent upon the efforts of his

remained.

Is it any wonder, then, that when he returned from a three months' vacation the ensuing autumn and found her prostrated with nervous exhaustion and the mother struggling with unskilled servants and exacting boarders to maintain the family, that he risked his father's anger, overruled Edith's proud scruples and made her his wife? Would he have been worthy of her had he done otherwise?

"Now, Richard," said the young wife coaxingly, one evening soon after the correspondence with his father, "out with it. Are you sick, or repenting at leisure?"

"Neither one nor the other, little wife," replied he, imprinting a kiss on first one cheek and then the other; "but you are just finding out what an amiable husband you have. So go and sing me into good humor, will you?"

"Nonsense!" said the young wife earnestly, not heeding his request. "I have known for more than a week that something was troubling you, and I do not feel in the least complimented by your lack of confidence. Have I had such fair sailing that you are afraid to trust me in a storm?"

"God knows I am not afraid to trust you, darling," said Richard, no longer attempting to evade her questioning. "But why torment you with the ignorance and selfishness of a tyrannical father? You know I told you that you only married me."

"Yes, yes, I know. But what I have brought upon you I surely have a right to share. Now tell me frankly, has your aristocratic father heard that you have married a nobody? How did he hear? Has he been to see you? Do tell me all about it!"

Since receiving his father's letters, Richard had often assured himself that, as he wrote the former, it was "no disgrace to be disowned by such a father and for such a cause," and yet the thought that he must reveal the substance of those letters to his wife filled him with the keenest sense of humiliation and disgrace. And now that duty must be met. Further concealment, if possible, would be unjust, and so until long into the night the sympathetic wife listened to the strange story of a life outwardly prosaic and uneventful, but inwardly filled with heart-hunger, repression and injustice. No, his life was not filled with these disturbing elements, for his healthfulness of mind and body, his ardent love of nature and his cheerful, hopeful personality enabled him to keep them in the background much of the time, though they could not fail to exert an unhappy influence on his character.

Accustomed as Edith always had been to associate all that was manly and noble with fatherhood, this revelation of a nature that combined strong mental and moral powers in certain directions, with weakness or an entire lack of either quality in others, and an overmasterly selfishness, was almost incomprehensible. But instead of lessening her respect for her husband, as he had feared, it gave her an exalted sense of his strength and nobility of character.

When the pitiful disclosure was ended, a mutual agreement was entered into that it should not be referred to unless necessary, or allowed to darken their future lives, and in this they were wise beyond their knowing, for heroic endeavor can do more to make life prosperous and happy in the highest possible sense than can any power of circumstances.

The ensuing three years of their lives, though comparatively uneventful, were filled with persistent, worthy endeavor on the part of each, and with beautiful compensations.

Mrs. Osborne, who had suffered most and had little natural rebound to her nature, was yet always cheerful and patient, and leaned on Richard with a trust that was indeed comforting to one who had never known the wonderful power of mother-love.

Richard had little difficulty in obtaining a situation as an accountant, and though the most determined efforts could not prevent an occasional sad hour as he thought of his old home, and of his father and sisters now estranged from him, he came in time to think kindly of their faults and to magnify their virtues, as we do of our dead. His sister Margaret—Mrs. Armstrong—a gentle, lovely woman, the very embodiment of his mother's virtues, Richard thought, had been home but once during his boyhood, but from the warm sympathy existing between them, he had felt certain, if not of her approval, at least of her full forgiveness and perhaps her power to act as a mediator between his father and himself. It therefore was an unexpected and severe disappointment when, in answer to a long, explanatory letter, she censured him severely for his "hasty, unwise act," his "lack of respect" for his father, and besought him to humble his wicked pride and beg forgiveness of the latter. He also wrote Rebecca, thinking that similar treatment by her father might cause her to be in sympathy, not knowing that his acts had given his father a plausible excuse to break the silence of seventeen years, which the news of their financial prosperity had given him a desire to, and to prejudice her by his misrepresentations.

When the young mother proposed that the sweet little baby girl, to whom the entire household offered willing homage, should be christened "Margaret Elizabeth," after her two grandmothers, there was not a dissenting voice. But their rejoicings were turned to

deepest anxiety when, through a long and exceptionally trying New England spring, the young mother seemed unable to rally. Never before had Richard known what discouragement and anguish were; never before had he been willing to humiliate himself before his stern father and beg for assistance, as when the physician had decided that a change of climate was the only certain restorative. Mrs. Osborne, with an aching, yearning heart, thought of the mild, genial spring-time in old England, and Richard of the sunny, southern hillside, where stood the old Vermont farmhouse; and one was apparently as inaccessible as the other.

As he was returning to dinner one evening, filled with these gloomy reflections, he was startled to be met at the door by the usually self-controlled mother in a strange state of excitement, and who, throwing both arms about his neck, cried between smiles and tears:

"Oh, Richard, we have such good news! Our darling will surely get well now, for—"

But she was interrupted by Mary's "Oh, Richard, would you believe—" While William shouted above both their voices, "Do let Dick come into the house and hear the jolly news."

Immediately the mother led the way to Edith's room. The patient invalid seemed scarcely less excited than the others. Though all talked at once, it took but a few minutes for Richard to know that Henry Hunt, an eccentric brother of Mrs. Osborne's, who had long been in India, had returned to England, "Not with fabulous wealth, but with enough," as he said, "to comfortably provide for my favorite sister and all who belong to her; and the sooner they come the more pleased a gouty old man will be."

On Edith's account the necessary preparations for the journey were made as hastily as possible, Richard almost as delighted to escape from all the associations of his youth as the others to return to theirs, and as they watched the receding shores, he confidently assured the brave little wife that together they would see them again at some future day, and be welcomed by those who were unjust to them then.

KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

[To be continued.]

HER SISTER NELL.

I.

When Tom Norton and his wife came from the North to the prairies of southwestern Louisiana to try rice farming, they brought each their most cherished possessions.

Tom's consisted, for the most part, of a varied and interesting collection of theories. He brought, also, a very respectable financial backing and a fund of good, practical common sense. These saved him from collapse when he saw his theories knocked out by the hard facts of his new life.

Mrs. Kate brought her etchings, her water-colors, her jars, vases, rugs and draperies. She had a rather worse time arranging these in a 'Cadian house than Tom had with his theories, which is saying a good deal. Both succeeded fairly well, however, and at the beginning of the second summer their house had become the rendezvous of "the boys," a lot of young fellows from various northern states; most of them, like Tom, rice-planters. Their home was at present a board shanty, set in the midst of far-stretching rice-fields, where they kept house for themselves after the manner of men unwatched of women. Small wonder they found at Tom's a pleasant respite.

John McRae, whose rice-flat was over on Bayou Nez Pique, came oftenest and stayed longest. He was older than the rest, and quieter.

He had dined with them one breathless noon, and afterward crossed to the parlor, which Kate had a trick of keeping cool and shady in the hottest weather. Kate filled the pipes; Tom took the sofa and Mac stretched in a most comfortable chair, smoked awhile in silence.

"You're a decent sort of a fellow, Tom," he said at length, "and I don't envy you a thing; but this"—with a comprehensive wave of his hand—"isn't exactly calculated to make one enthusiastic over Black Jim's house-keeping."

"This" included the excellent dinner just eaten, the cool shade of the pleasant room, and Kate herself in a most becoming gown.

"Well, then, why don't you do as I did—marry your best girl and bring her down here to look after you?" queried Tom.

Mac puffed away awhile before he answered, "I haven't any best girl. I had one once—a nice, sensible girl—"

"I hate nice, sensible girls," interrupted Kate. But Mac went calmly on:

"Father died when I was just out of school, and left me with mother, four children and a mortgage to look after. I laid the case plainly before my girl, told her there was bound to be hard work, but that I knew I could pull through, and if she wanted to take hold and help, all right. If not, say so—and 'Good-by, sweetheart.' She wrote me the nicest kind of a letter; said she couldn't think of coming between me and my duty to my family; but she 'should always,' et cetera. But it was 'good-by' all right enough. I told you she was sensible," he explained.

Here Kate sniffed contemptuously. But even that failed to interrupt the even tenor of Mac's tale.

"So I went to work alone, and by George, how I did work! But I pulled through at last, as I knew I would; paid the mortgage, educated the children and provided for mother."

All this was delivered between the puffs of Mac's pipe, in his usual quiet tone, without a trace of emotion on his thin face, and from first to last his amused smile did not vary.

He refilled his pipe and concluded, as if done with the subject:

"My folks have got out of the habit of thinking of me as a marrying mau, and I reckon, as they say here, they're about right."

"That was all right so long as there was the mortgage, the mother and the children to be considered, but now—" And Kate paused suggestively.

"But now," said Mac, rising, "I've 'no call' to be dawdling here. Carter told me this morning that the twin levees were seeping badly. I've got to hold up all my water if I make a crop, so I came into the Magnolia saloon for something to sharpen up the shovels."

He paused by one of the tables and took up a picture which lay there. It was a bright-faced girl, with an air of spirited self-reliance.

"Now, that's a nice girl," Mac remarked, after a moment's examination of the picture.

"She just is!" said Kate, emphatically. "It's my sister Nell. She's nice, but not 'nice and sensible,' like your stick of a girl."

"Think not?" And Mac continued to give the picture the same careful scrutiny he was wont to bestow upon a seeping levee or a clogged pump.

"No, indeed," replied Kate. "If there was hard work to be done, Nell would go at it with all the energy she devotes nowadays to having a good time."

"That would knock a harder job than yours silly, Mac." And Tom laughed.

"Well, if you don't believe me, just go and see my sister Nell, Mr. John McRae," said Kate with great dignity.

"That sounds alluring, but I am too aged to run any risks. Before I do anything I must be assured of several things."

Mac's eyes twinkled, but he spoke quite as if Kate were an agent for a new pump or a grading-plow.

"What, for instance?" Kate's tone was crisp enough to have warned Tom, but Mac went on calmly.

"Well," he said meditatively, "this"—and again his gesture included the arrangement of the room—"and the dinner you're always giving us, and the way you have of meeting Tom in a pretty gown when he comes in hot and tired. But I don't want to be too grasping. I wouldn't insist—at first, anyway—on sitting with her in the dusk in a hammock, as I saw you and Tom doing the other night."

"Wouldn't you?" asked Kate, with calm derision.

Mac laid down the picture, rose and shook himself.

"Well, Carter'll be furious if I'm not back by supper-time. Good-by."

He came back, however, out of the glaring sunlight to say:

"I fear I must insist upon another thing. I'm not proud, but there's a look upon Tom's clothes that drives me to despair when I contemplate my own raiment."

"Better set up a clothes-brush; it's much cheaper than—any other arrangement," interrupted Kate.

Tom groaned an emphatic assent to this proposition, and Mac finally mounted his pony and took his way across the hot prairie toward the distant timber line which marked the course of the Nez Pique.

II.

This was in early June, and the Nortons saw no more of him during the month. Carter, Mac's foreman whom Tom saw in town, reported, "Mr. John sho' gwine to beat hisself plumb out, de way he's gwine on. He's at dem ar' pumps an' levees early an' late. Say, if de hull rice-flat ain' flooded by de Fo'th o' July, de debbil himself gwine be to pay."

It was in the dusk of one of the first July days that Mac rode to their gate.

"Good-by," he called, without dismounting. They left the porch and came down the moonlighted walk for explanations, which he did not at once offer.

"What is that?" he asked at length, respectfully indicating with his whip the fleecy affair in which Kate had wrapped herself against the chill of the gulf breeze.

"A shawl. Nell made it for me at Christmas," she said, holding up a corner for his inspection.

"I've always thought of shawls as ugly checked things." Mac commenced, and then abruptly, "I'm going North, to see—mother and the boys."

There was a curious pause on this announcement, as if its ending had been reconsidered. Mac's usual quiet seemed reinforced to-night by an added constraint, and after a little he rode away into the soft radiance of the southern moonlight.

III.

The latter part of the week Kate received her usual letter from her sister Nell. The week after there was none, nor the week after that. Her vexation was becoming serious solicitude, when Tom brought her the following letter:



"You see, Madam, Ivory Soap is really the most economical. The cake is so large that it easily divides into two cakes of the ordinary size. It is twenty cents' worth of soap for ten cents. Then it is very economical in use, for although it lathers quickly, it is always firm and hard, even in hot water. As it floats, you can not lose it or leave it to waste in the bowl. We sell it to all of our best trade for general use."

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MY DEAR KATE:—We've been so busy since Mr. McRae came that there hasn't been a moment to write letters. It was awfully nice of you to suggest his stopping off to see us. He talks to father by the hour about the country, and to mother about you. He doesn't talk to me much, but watches me as if I were something unusual.

Father and mother seem to like him, but I don't much. I'll write more next time. He's going tomorrow. Love to Tom. NELL.

P. S.—He's the strangest man I ever saw. Yesterday I left him discoursing to father on "red rice," "high-lift pumps" and all the rest of it, and betook myself to the hammock under the old apple-tree. Presently he followed me with a plan of your house he'd drawn for mother. There wasn't any place to sit except in the hammock or on the grass, and you know how I loathe bugs and worms; so I made room for him in the hammock. But before he sat down he leaned against the apple-tree and laughed and laughed till I felt like a fool. He tried to make it up with me afterward by saying he remembered something you said to him once about swinging in a hammock. It must have been very funny. I don't think I like him at all. N.

P. S. S.—Mr. M. couldn't seem to remember any closets in your house. I asked him where you hid things. He said it must be on top of the armoire. What's an armoire? N.

Kate had barely time to catch her breath before Nell's promised letter came. It was as follows:

MY DEAR KATE:—Mr. McRae didn't go to-day, after all, but he is really going to-morrow. And is coming back in November. And we're to be married then. Tom, don't you let Kate write to know how it all happened, for I don't know myself yet; only, mother has always said some of us ought to go down there to keep Kate company, and you know how self-sacrificing I have always been. I just told John I was writing to you. 'I'd give half my rice crop,' he said, 'to see Mrs. Kate's face when she reads your letter.' Good-by. NELL.

P. S.—I think I do like him, after all—a little. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

The table should be a cabinet council-board, as well as a place to eat. Here the fathers and mothers meet with all the family, as they seldom meet at any other time. With most, it is their only time for sitting down together. Why should not the head of the family at this time consider family matters and discuss affairs of common interest? Is there any reason why he should hold to himself all the business affairs that all are equally dependent upon and interested in, and she, the mother, take no counsel, or get none, concerning domestic affairs? I would advocate a formal council once a day, when each one shall ask advice of the other, and each child, in an orderly way, shall state his troubles and his problems. In such a way our families may cultivate unity of feeling and co-operation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Our Household.

A HOT DAY.

At dawn the air is soft and still,
Without a cooling breath;
The foliage, even on the hill,
Is motionless as death.
The sun comes up, a glowing ball,
Through a thick screen of mist;
Already its fierce rays apal,
Red as an amethyst.
A dull white haze o'erspreads the sky
And dims the faded blue;
A single wavering cloud on high
Reflects the sun's fierce hue.
The day wears on, still more intense
The heat grows with the hours;—
The mist burns up, till every sense
Betrays its flagging powers.
At noon the sun beats fiercely down;
The pavements, white with heat,
Have made a furnace of the town,
And burn the passer's feet.
So through the afternoon the sun
Its fateful power displays,
Till piled-up clouds mount one by one
And jagged lightning plays
Along their crests and thunders roll
Before the tempest breaks;
The rain beats down and woman's soul
In mortal terror quakes.
But soon the freshening rain is done,
The clouds are swept away,
And twinkling stars start one by one
To deck the dying day.
Then each man sits before his door
And says unto his wife:
"I never felt the heat before
So much in all my life."

SOME POSSIBILITIES OF STRAWBERRIES.

It is possible in these days to get strawberries that have all the sweetness and aroma of the wild berry, with the increased size which cultivation gives. Such fruit is not vended commonly in market, but it can even be found in the large city markets, and one possessed of a little skill in gardening can raise such berries at a trifling expense. The majority of the strawberries brought to market are raised by gardeners who care more for quantity and carrying power than for quality, and they are often a disappointment in flavor, being acid and lacking the aroma of the wild berry, which has earned for it the botanical name of "fragaria," the fragrant. Strawberries are just now coming from the South, and are sold as low as fifteen cents a basket, but they are hopelessly acid. It is doubtful if any southern berry attains the perfection of flavor and fragrance, says the New York Tribune. Prof. Orton found strawberries growing under the equator in the Andes, huge in size, but almost without flavor or odor.

The aroma of the strawberry is largely lost in cooking, and it should be used fresh wherever it is possible to do so. In preserving, it is essential to success to can the fruit when luscious and fresh from the bed, and to use a variety of berry that is of rich flavor. The Wiesbaden preservers, who are more successful with strawberries than any one else, do not allow their berries more than a moment. They fill the cans with the fresh fruit, and set them in a

of strawberries may be used for dessert. There are the daintiest of strawberry tarts made of fresh strawberries. These are simply shells of pastry filled with perfectly fresh, ripe berries well sweetened. After filling the "shells" with the sweetened berries, set them in the oven for a few moments to let the sugar melt; then let the tarts cool and serve them heaped with whipped cream. Shells of puff paste can easily be procured from any French baker.

There is no more delightful ice-cream than one made of the juice of rich, ripe strawberries and fresh cream. Stir a heaping cupful of granulated sugar with the yolks of three eggs. Mix well and add to a cupful of boiling milk. Stir the mixture thoroughly in a double boiler, or a saucepan set in another holding boiling water, for about four or five minutes. Then add to the hot mixture a pint of very rich cream and the juice of a quart of thoroughly ripe, rich strawberries. Freeze the cream carefully and serve it with cake daintily iced and flavored with bitter almonds.

A summer drink of strawberries that can be pigeon-holed for a brief time and then tried is recommended by its author as "strong, my friends, but good, very good." Take a glass beaker or pitcher holding over half a gallon. Put in first a layer of ice, broken very small; then a thin layer of powdered sugar; then a gill of cream; then half a pint of crushed strawberries; then another layer of ice, sugar, gill of cream, strawberries; then a double layer of ice; then a bottle of Madeira.

TOILET ADORNMENTS.

With many young ladies of to-day it is quite a fad to have a toilet-table, with all sorts of pretty, luxurious toilet articles. It is to be commended, in a way, for certainly nothing shows plainer on a woman than the care she gives her person.

Clean, well-kept skin, shining hair and well-kept finger-nails, with a pleasant, delicate odor, make a woman very attractive. While unkempt hair, uncared-for, shiny skin, ill-looking finger-nails and an unmistakable odor of perspiration from the clothing is always repulsive.

Some one says, "Three things should always be found on a lady's toilet-table; tincture of myrrh for the teeth, tincture of benzoin to use in the bath-water, and some delicate odor for the hair," which should be brushed well every night, and washed every few weeks to keep it healthy and sweet-smelling.

The toilet-bottles and powder-box we show are in filigree white metal, resembling silver, over glass. They come in clear glass, dark red, green and blue, and cost from \$1.25 to \$1.75 apiece. The powder-box is ninety-eight cents. They are very pretty, and as they do not tarnish, look well with linen accessories.

The rage for everything in linen is not one to subside soon, and really gives one large scope for needlework. All sorts and widths of fine braids are combined with different needlework stitches to form very attractive articles in linen. Filo silk, taken

coarse white thread drawn through them. These are used as receptacles for fine hair-pins and stick-pins.

The fancy braids come at prices ranging from three to eighteen cents per yard. Summer is a good time to do all these pleasant bits of fancy work, as one can sit out on the porch and take in the beauty of the surroundings and reap benefits from the fresh air.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

THE CHURCH LITERARY CLUB.

People who live in country places do not, as a rule, have much opportunity or many facilities for evening entertainments in the winter. For such, what can be better or more interesting than the church literary club? These clubs are becoming popular in the towns, and why not in the country?

A committee is appointed, composed of two or three of the best informed people in the congregation, to select subjects for the year, one subject for each month. Then different people in the congregation or community (it does not matter whether they are church members or not) are invited to prepare and read essays or papers, stories or poems on different phases of these subjects at different meetings, being asked a month in advance. Others who can play or sing are invited to contribute something in the line of music.

I attended one of these club meetings a few weeks ago, and was greatly pleased with the program. The subject was, "The Children of the Forest." There were two articles read, on the subject of the Indians, by two pioneer men, and a beautiful selection from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," that exquisite Indian legend, was finely rendered by a lady who is an elocutionist. These were interspersed with musical selections on the piano and violin, and there were one or two vocal solos.

These literary meetings in the church have several advantages. While they are pleasant to the older people, they are of very great benefit to the younger ones in the congregation, furnishing them with amusement and instruction combined. Young people desire and need some kind of amusement, and if that which is proper is not offered them, they are very likely to seek what is questionable.

The meeting I attended was held in the lecture, or Sunday-school room of the church, which was handsomely decorated for the purpose, with lace curtains at the windows and portieres at the double doors. There were many tiny American flags, which are always beautiful, disposed about the room, and in addition to the usual lights there was a lamp with a handsome, home-made shade, and an old-fashioned candle-tree, or candelabra, now fashionable once more, filled with wax candles, which were lighted.

Outsiders, who do not attend church, may be drawn to feel an interest in the church in which they are invited to take part in one of these literary entertainments, and so become regular attendants.

Of course, there can be an interesting variety to these programs, but there should always be an effort to make them profitable as well as pleasing, and to keep them of a character that will not degrade the place in which they are held.

MARION LEROY.

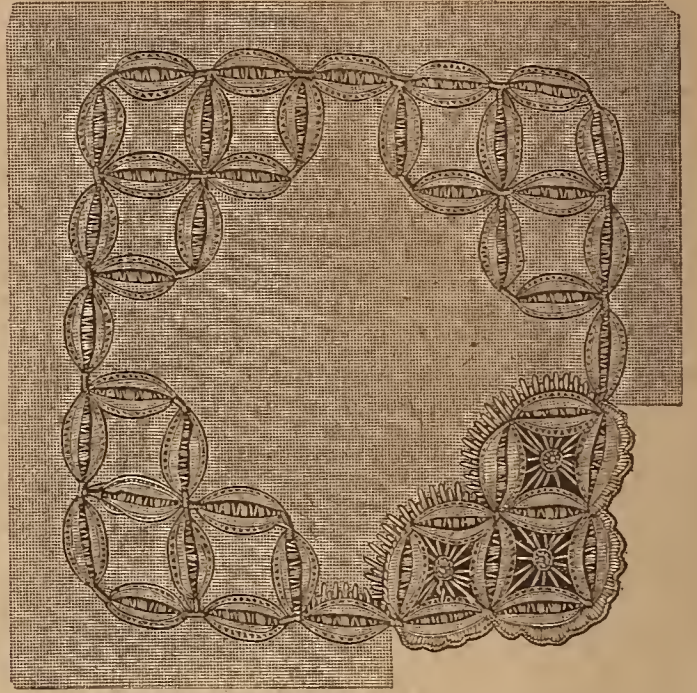
FRIED PIE.

Fried pie is a dish that cannot be found here. It is prepared with dried peaches inserted between half-moons of pastry—turnovers, they are called—with a particular sort of crumple at the edges, seemingly identified with their taste. They are fried in hot lard and afterward sprinkled over with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg. They are served hot, and to make them richer, butter is inserted between the smoking ends. They are considered very good.—New York Sun.

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CHARITY.

There is a downright pleasure in giving outright, and then forgetting all about it. It is a pleasure prompted by love, which by another name is charity, the outgrowth of that love which prompts us to help our fellow-men. But there is a class of people to whom giving outright is not by any means helping; but on the contrary is really a taking away, robbing them of an independent spirit, which, if not manifest, may need only a little help, a little charity, to make it apparent. Let the following serve as an illustration:
She lingered a moment at the teacher's



BRAID FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, DOILIES, ETC.

desk, and then said, in an ask-and-ye-shall-receive tone:

"I can't buy that book we have to get."

A month before a like complaint had been lodged by the same pupil, and the teacher, through a feeling of pity, had said: "Never mind; I'll get you one."

The book was received as a matter of course, and now that another was needed, the way seemed easy to procure it. The teacher thought a moment, and then said, kindly:

"I will get the book, and you may pay me for it."

The mild blue eyes opened in quiet astonishment, with just a faint protest. It wasn't her fault, you see, for because they were a poor family among so many thriving ones, they had been given, given, given, until all inspiration of doing anything for themselves was checked.

"Pay you for it," she answered, in a surprised tone, that conveyed a very probable impossibility. "What can I do?"

"Oh, you may—let me see—you may do my darning."

"I don't know how to darn."

"Well, I'll teach you."

So that very night a lesson was given, not only in darning, but in self-reliance. The girl began to take an interest from the moment she began to help herself. Thus a step in advance was taken and she was that much nearer a useful life.

This is only one example of many like ones, and I fully believe that the true way to help such people is to put them in a way to help themselves.

M. D. S.

THE HOT-WATER REMEDY.

Are you a busy, worried woman, who comes home late at night with temples throbbing and every muscle aching from fatigue? If so, you often say to yourself: "I am dead tired, and haven't the ambition to dress or even comb my hair for the evening." Then you lounge about and go to bed about nine o'clock, with your head still aching and your limbs just as tired as when you came in.

The next time you feel that way just slip off the waist of your gown, brush your hair up on the top of your head, and bathe the back of your neck with hot water. When the pain is a little relieved, wash your face with the same reviver, and by the time that is done, you will feel like brushing your hair and fixing up a bit, or we are very much mistaken. The hot-water cure is quite as efficacious taken externally as internally.—Philadelphia Times.

TO WHITEN THE HANDS AND ARMS.

Make a paste with the following ingredients: Four ounces strained honey, two ounces yellow wax, six ounces of rose-water and one ounce of myrrh. Melt the wax, honey and rose-water together in a dish over boiling water. When melted and hot, add the myrrh; stir until smooth. Apply to the skin before retiring.



TOILET-BOTTLES.

large kettle containing water just hot enough to bear the hand. There should be a wooden rack in the bottom of the boiler, and cloth should be packed around the jars to prevent their touching each other. When they begin to boil, the German preservers watch them, and as soon as the berries rise to the mouth of the jar they take them out and cover them with a rich, cold syrup. By this means the plump appearance of the berry, as well as its flavor, is preserved.

There are many ways in which a basket

doubled, is used for the embroidery, and the work is very durable.

The braid makes very pretty handkerchief corners. It is carefully run on in small stitches first, and then finished with the various stitches. A very sharp pair of scissors must be had to do the cutwork. These doilies can be used for cushion-tops, if preferred.

A novel ornament is a bunch of radishes, made of white satin and painted red with oil paints, the tops formed of pale-green baby ribbon, and the roots simulated with

LITTLE BROWN FRIENDS.

A little brown toad sits in the grass,
Catching the little brown flies;
I wonder what he is thinking about,
Behind his big brown eyes?
It's not about candy or books or ball,
For toads do not have such things at all.

A little brown moth creeps under a leaf,
He has been asleep all day;
He wishes the great, round, shining sun
Would hurry itself away;
When evening comes he's thinking, mayhap,
There'll be an end to this summer nap!

A little brown sparrow swings in the tree,
Chattering every minute;
I wonder what he is talking about,
And how much sense there is in it.
Do you fancy he's saying a grammar rule,
Or something else he has learned at school?

And our little Bennie is chattering, too;
And he's almost as brown
As the swinging bird, the toad in the grass,
Or the moth in its fluffy gown.
The whole day long he whistles and sings,
And talks—sometimes very sensible things.

HOME TOPICS.

LAMB AND MUTTON.—Isn't it strange that it is so difficult to get lamb or mutton in many places in the country? The farmers who keep sheep very seldom kill one, but sell their surplus to the city butcher, and the butcher who sends his wagon on its semi or tri weekly trips through the country, stocks it with beef, occasionally a little veal, but mutton or lamb almost never. When I asked our butcher why he did this, he said, "No one asks for mutton but you; if I brought it no one would buy it." As he butchers for country customers only, he never kills sheep and must buy for me when he brings it. In talking with a gentleman who is very much interested in sheep raising, he said, "Why don't you give some recipes for cooking mutton and lamb? It is the sweetest, most healthful meat in the world, and farmers ought to use it more and pork less." Acting on his suggestion I have selected some recipes which lovers of good living have pronounced "excellent," and hope they may do something toward creating a demand for more mutton and lamb on the farmer's table.

CHOPS.—There is no more delicate dish than one of lamb-rib chops, nicely broiled, and served hot for breakfast. Loin chops are liked as well by some. Mutton chops are best cooked as follows: Trim off most of the fat, put some drippings and butter in a frying-pan, set it over the fire, and when hot, lay in the chops, which have been rubbed with salt and pepper. Watch them carefully, and as soon as brown on one side, turn them. When nicely browned on both sides, pour half a teacupful of boiling water into the pan, cover it closely, set it on the back of the stove and let it simmer for half an hour. In this way the chops are tender, brown and juicy. These are nice served with tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Strain a cupful of stewed tomatoes, put it back over the fire, season with pepper, salt and butter and thicken with a teaspoonful of flour. Pour this sauce over the chops just before placing them on the table.

ROAST LAMB WITH MINT SAUCE.—Pour a teacupful of boiling water over the piece of lamb as it lies in the dripping-pan. Cook in a steady oven, allowing from twelve to fifteen minutes to the pound; if the roast is stuffed, fifteen minutes to the pound is not too long. Baste frequently and plentifully, and turn another pan over it if it threatens to brown too quickly or too much. A shoulder of lamb is quite as nice as the leg, although it is less expensive. Have the bone removed and fill the place with a dressing made of bread crumbs.

MINT SAUCE.—Chop some fresh spearmint very fine, put it into a bowl and add to it a salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pepper and a tablespoonful of white sugar. Rub these well together with a spoon until the mint is well bruised and all are thoroughly mixed, then add a teacupful of vinegar to two tablespoonfuls of the mint. Send to the table in a sauce-tureen and serve with the lamb.

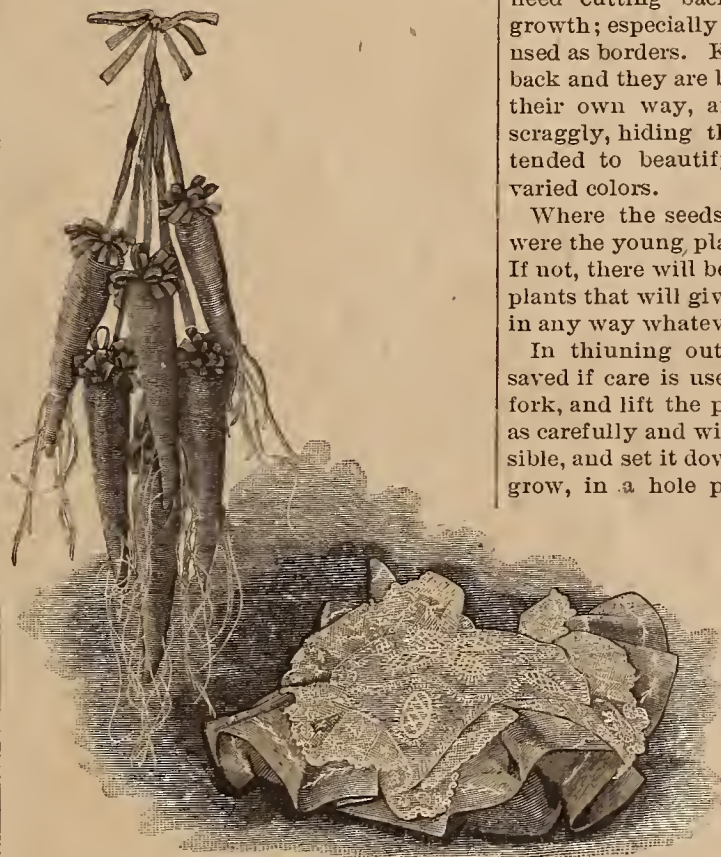
LAMB CUTLETS.—Trim them nicely, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, dip them in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs. Put some drippings with a little butter in the frying-pan, and when it is hot, put in the cutlets. Watch carefully and turn them as they brown, and when they are nicely browned on both sides, cover closely, and let the pan stand on the back of the stove five or ten minutes, turning the cutlets once.

BOILED MUTTON.—Put a leg of mutton over the fire in a kettle of boiling water, salted. As soon as it boils, skim it and set it where it will boil slowly, and let it cook

two hours, or twenty minutes to the pound. Take out the mutton, wipe it carefully with a hot, wet cloth, butter it all over and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and sprigs of parsley. If the mutton is to be served cold, while it is boiling add a tablespoonful of whole cloves and five or six inch-long pieces of stick cinnamon. Slice quite thin and garnish the platter with leaves and flowers of nasturtium. Serve pickled nasturtium pods with it.

ROAST LEG OF MUTTON.—Put the leg of mutton in a pot with a pint of boiling water. Let it boil slowly an hour and a half, adding a little water from the tea-kettle from time to time, if it is in danger of boiling dry. When it has cooked an hour, sprinkle it well with salt and pepper and let it cook half an hour longer, then lift it from the pot and lay it in a dripping-pan; rub it over with a little butter, dust a little flour over it and set it in the oven until it is nicely browned, basting it two or three times with the water from the pot.

BROILED SHOULDER OF LAMB.—Have your butcher bone a shoulder of lamb weighing two or three pounds. Boil it until tender and then press it between two plates until cold. When ready to use, score it with a knife in inch squares and rub well with a powder made by mixing a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and half a teaspoonful of mustard. Lay it on the broiler and broil it until it is hot through, take it up on a hot platter, put a little butter and a tablespoonful of lemon juice over it and serve at once. This is



A NOVEL ORNAMENT.

nice for Sunday dinner, as it can be boiled Saturday, and then it will take only a few minutes to prepare it for the table.

MAIDA McL.

THE FLOWERS.

Do not neglect the flower-beds at this important stage of the plant growth. With the appearance of spring there was a rush for the front yard and garden, with all the rakes and spades and trowels and seed-boxes that the premises could afford. How eagerly and zealously the yard was cleaned, the flower-beds laid out, and the tiny seeds planted. How anxiously the first tiny sprouts were watched for. How carefully the little plants were guarded from weeds and the depredations of any stray chicken. And by the way, what is the use of trying to do anything with the flowers if your yard is not chicken-proof, or the beds inclosed with wire netting? One old hen will destroy more cash in five minutes amidst choice plants than her eggs would buy in a year. So to save vexation and capital, keep the two elements distinctly and decidedly separate.

But the days have grown warmer, spring cleaning has left us tired, and what little energy was left is about absorbed in that perplexing question of summer suits and a wonderful hat to match. The flower-beds have begun to be an old story; the plants have got started; "guess they'll grow." Never a thought for the thirsty little throats that the bright June sun will soon choke if they are not moistened. Do the watering at night, after the sun will not strike the foliage when sprinkled. If the sun shines on some tender plant leaves when they are wet, it will cause them to turn black, or blister, as the florists term it.

Especially is this true of begonias. A friend of mine, who has beautiful begonias, always takes a soft cloth, and carefully wipes the leaves dry after a rain, if the sun is likely to come out bright before the leaves can dry off.

An extremely wet season will produce another result; a neglected growth of weeds (that always grow faster than flowers) will keep the young plants so covered and damp that they will mildew or rot.

Some day you visit a friend, and of course survey her flower garden before leaving. Her summer suit is not yet quite finished; she still wears the spring hat; but the cleanly-kept beds, sturdy little plants with numberless little buds beginning to unfold, all testify to her loving care and thoughtfulness; while her rosy cheeks and rounded form prove that the care did not injure her health. The sparkling eyes and springing steps give their testimony in favor of the outdoor exercise. Her perfect health will enable her to enjoy the summer clothes just as heartily if they are a few days or a week later than a neighbor's.

When the visit is ended and you return home, you wonder how your plants are progressing; they were started as soon as your neighbor's. Did they have the same care? Were the weeds kept out as well? Were the edges of the beds kept cut, to prevent the grass from creeping in and spoiling the outline and shape?

Were young plants pruned and trained to grow in the right direction? Some need support, or they will grow crooked; some need cutting back, to induce a bushy growth; especially is this true of the coleus used as borders. Keep them well trimmed back and they are beauties; let them have their own way, and they grow tall and scraggly, hiding the plants they were intended to beautify by their bright and varied colors.

Where the seeds came up too thickly, were the young plants thinned properly? If not, there will be a spindling growth of plants that will give no satisfactory results in any way whatever.

In thinning out plants, many can be saved if care is used. Take an old table-fork, and lift the plant you wish removed as carefully and with as much dirt as possible, and set it down where you wish it to grow, in a hole previously dug. In this

way the roots are handled as little as possible and the plant more likely to grow. Balsams and asters transplant very easily, and I would put extra plants in the corner of the vegetable garden before I would throw them away, unless they could be given to some friend who was not fortunate enough to have plants started.

Was the dirt kept stirred about the plants enough to insure plenty of freedom for root growth?

If dry and hot, was there water enough given to keep the plants growing? A good shower bath every other night, or even twice a week, will do more good than a little sprinkle every night. The old motto, "Whatever you do, do well and thoroughly," is just as applicable here as anywhere, and the increased and rapid growth of plants will prove that they appreciate a good big drink just as thoroughly as the dusty man in the hot hay-field. A little water on the surface merely hardens it, and the tiny rootlets deep down in mother earth do not get moistened at all.

If the above conditions have been adhered to, you may expect to find your plants prospering in fine shape, and a profusion of blossoms amply reward you for the care. So do not neglect the flower garden at this time of all others, if you wish a satisfactory result through the summer and autumn.

One day's work now will equal two or three in value when the weeds have had a chance for an extra start, and the plants become stunted from neglect. Drop the mop, duster or sewing for just one day's work in the bright June sunshine, and you will be so refreshed that you can return to other work with added zeal, and eagerly watch for a repetition of the day to be spent among the flowers. GYPSY.

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GIFTED CHILDREN.

While I protest against pushing children beyond their strength, or making too great an effort to cultivate any real or imaginary talents in very young minds, I would call the attention of mothers to the proper training of very exceptionally gifted children.

That such are rare we all know, yet that they do exist is an acknowledged fact, and that it is by no means easy to know just how best to deal with such is equally true, for if our efforts are made in the wrong direction, we perhaps prevent the attainment, in a great measure, of the happiness and success in life of the child we are honestly striving to benefit. Children of unusual ability, to say nothing of genius, require not only a relaxation of the ordinary rules of the nursery, and later those of the school-room, but a change in the routine of training and teaching. Any regular system seems to be unsuited to them, and the mother who can adopt a special code suited to the requirements of her child's exceptional wants, has great cause for self-congratulation.

Unfortunately, inattention and carelessness are very common faults with children of good ability. They are capable of learning all ordinary lessons well in a short space of time; but oftentimes the effort is beyond them, when parents and teachers combine in blaming and freely censuring the young culprit, who could do anything if he or she only tried.

And here is where a serious mistake is often made. The child, while very bright, may have an abnormal temperament, with a vivid imagination and a lively fancy, that render regular study out of textbooks impossible. It is, of course, easy by brute force to compel such a child to follow the routine of the school-room; but in doing so, we are very likely to fail in the very effort we are making to educate the young mind.

Gifted children are usually original, and parents and teachers should understand such, if they would guide them aright in the paths of learning. The question will at once arise, what is to be done with such children? Are they to be singled out from their companions, separated from them at school, and trained or left untrained according to their own wilful fancy? By no means. But they are unfit for the ordinary routine of classes where dull children are the pupils, and must be dealt with in accordance with the gifts they possess, in order to bring out the deepest and sweetest music that is within them.

Children's tastes must be consulted, if they show any marked ones, in their mental training, and when once discovered, must be indulged and encouraged.

I know a lovely girl, whose parents were determined she should be a musician, and with a view to making her such, kept her, against her will, at the study of music. At last, in the depth of their mortification at what they deemed her stupidity, they gave up the effort, and allowed drawing lessons to be substituted for the music lessons. In a short time a genius of a rare order asserted itself, and the brush and pencil, in the fingers that failed to bring melody from the piano, wrought lovely pictures, and the happy parents lamented their mistake in not sooner discovering the gift possessed by the child.

Genius, talent, originality are all rare; when they do exist, it is not only wrong to crush them entirely out of life, but to encourage and foster them from the beginning is to make them of far greater value to the world and their possessor. Therefore, every mother should strive for light on the important subject of guiding aright the talents of her children.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

WHY A CEMETERY IS SO CALLED.

Webster says a cemetery is "a place where the dead bodies of human beings are buried." But that is all he says, and there is not a five-year-old child in the land that could not tell as much without referring to his "unabridged."

In tracing the derivation of the word, I find that the root is an old Jewish word, "caemeteria," meaning dormitories, or sleeping-places. Later on, the form of expression was changed to "requietorium." In that section of "Camden's Remains" which has the heading of "Concerning British Epitaphs," I find the following (page 385, edition of 1650): "The place of burial was called by St. Paul 'semenatoria,' in the respect of a sure hope of a resurrection." The Greeks call it "caemeterion," which means "a sleeping-place until the resurrection." The old Hebrew word for cemetery means "the house of the living," the idea being that death is only a protracted sleep that will terminate on the day when Gabriel blows his trumpet.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Our Household.

LIFE.

Two things there are we have no voice in choosing—

Our ancestors nor our existence here,
Fate's mandates here admit of no refusing
From prince or beggar, sinner, saint or seer!

Time leads us onward through the world's
deep mazes;

No horoscope forecasts our end or way;
The keenest thought within the world that
blazes

Cannot elucidate beyond to-day!

We see the footprints of those gone before us;
The heights attained; the ledge where some
fell;

Anon we catch heaven's chimes, sweetly so-
norous,
Or hear a plaint from sin's own citadel.

Our work goes on. We fancy we can fashion
A structure fair, and beautiful, and grand.
We often fail. God can but have compassion
Upon the heart that owns a feeble hand.

I can but think the rudest life-work given
Has hidden in it one fair, polished stone;
Smooth, perfect, beautiful—as seen from
heaven—

Though sunk in chaos, with rank weeds
o'ergrown.

Enough 'twould seem if, with each gift ex-
tended,

We add our fraction to earth's highest good,
That we may whisper, when our life's ex-
pended,

"Though poor my work, I did the best I
could."

—Housekeeper.

AUNT CLOVELLY'S RECIPE FOR MAKING BUTTER.

Do tell me, Aunt Clovelly, how you make such delicious butter," exclaimed Patty. "It has the taste of roses."

"Well," said Aunt Clovelly, in her honey-bee voice that Patty loved, "to begin with, you need four cows."

"Mercy me!" gasped Patty. "It doesn't take four cows to make a pat of butter, does it?"

"Yes, four cows are very commendable. Any one can make splendid butter from four cows, and it's so nice for every family to have their own milk and do their own churning. Then you can have plenty of butter and cream and curd-cheese and all those little preliminaries that are so convenient in setting the table. You not only make your own butter, but you can sell enough to buy your groceries. Besides, you can have milk to feed to the hens; it's very good to make them lay."

"And what else, Aunt Clovelly?" asked Patty, taking out note-book and pencil.

"In the next place," continued Aunt Clovelly, meditatively, "you must have a boy to milk."

"What an expensive recipe!" remarked Patty, noting down, "Four cows, one boy."

"The boy milks," continued Aunt Clovelly, "and you take care of it until it goes into the churn. And one essential, Patty, is to keep all of your crocks and pans and churns scalded sweet and clean; this will make your butter sweet. Never let the milk taste of the tins; never let it stand until it is old and sour."

"And what do you do after the butter comes out of the churn, Aunt Clovelly?"

"Why, you wash it and salt it, of course."

"But how much salt do you put in?"

"Why, Patty," said Aunt Clovelly, reprovingly, "any housekeeper knows just how much salt to put in without weighing it, and that saves a great deal of trouble. And then you put it away until it is salted; but not too long, particularly in the winter season, or it will get too hard. Then you must be careful to work the brine all out. A housekeeper, Patty, takes great pleasure in working over her butter and in shaping the waxy, golden lumps into nice little pats and rolls. And when you have company, there's nothing sets off the table any better than a nice print of fragrant, yellow butter."

"This is a funny recipe," said Patty, puckering her pretty red mouth into proper gravity. "Four cows, one boy, as much salt as a housekeeper likes; put together with quantities of neatness. And, Aunt Clovelly, shall I add lots of hard work and patience?"

"Yes, child," mused Aunt Clovelly. "It's a sight of work, especially when you have the churning to do yourself, as I have the pleasure of sometimes; but it pays. And furthermore, Patty, one of the best things to feed the cows in winter-time is beanstalks. It makes the milk rich. And give

them all the tepid water they can drink. It is much better for them than ice-cold water—but this June weather the water is tepid enough, dear knows." F. C. B.

THE READING HABIT.

Of all the habits that can be cultivated, none is more productive of pleasure and improvement than that of reading, provided the books be well chosen.

Reading is a recreation—the rest and refreshment that make one feel like a new being—but it is much more. It is not only the wine of mental life, it is its daily bread. The study of text-books will by no means take the place of general and varied reading. One may be master of several languages, and yet not be well read. One may have many accomplishments, and even be proficient in one or more branches of science, and yet be unintelligent on general subjects for lack of a habit of judicious reading.

The quantity of reading that may be done in a year by the employment of even small portions of time is surprising to those who have not observed the matter. It is a delight to think of the amount of information and keen intellectual pleasure obtained by those who follow the "required readings" of the Chautauquan courses after spending less than an hour a day upon them, and equal advantages may follow more desultory reading if it be well chosen.

A lady whom we know is the head of a large family, entertaining much company, and doing a great deal of benevolent work. All these things leave her but little time, yet at the end of a year she will be found to have read more, and to have better assimilated what she has read, than the majority of men or women of leisure. In her reading habit is very strong, and leads her to improve every chance moment. Her memory is good and her mental faculties clear, so that she can keep many separate threads of thought in mind without dropping or tangling any. Hence, she finds it profitable to have several books on hand at once. For her own "den," where she is most likely to be found when she has more than a few moments at her disposal, she has always "solid" work of some sort—history, biography, travel or popularized science. In the sewing-room, where she may have to wait short intervals between "fittings," are kept volumes of selections. On her dressing-table is always another book. In her parlor a small-volume Shakespeare is ever at hand. In the dining-room are newspapers and magazines. In a drawer in the hall table, ready to be taken when she is going out, are novels or books of short stories, to be read in carriage or horse-cars. Thus she is never obliged to wait idly through even those moments of waiting which are inevitable in every large family.

A very great advantage of this lady's habit is that her whole family receives the benefit of her ever-overflowing mind. Her children bring their studies, her husband his interests, and she her reading to the common fund of intellectual enjoyment. Their table hours are charming. The husband's business is one involving unusual cares and responsibilities, and he is often too tired to read; but by his wife's flow of lively chat upon every fresh topic, his mind is, as he expresses it, so "irrigated" that it becomes rich and fruitful, instead of the arid waste which a mind exhausted by business and unrefreshed from without must be. Her children derive from their mother's varied stores countless bits of information which enable them to better understand their lessons, and are constantly stimulated to greater efforts.

This useful and interesting woman makes no pretensions to learning, and with the exception of writing and speaking the English language with unusual purity and fluency, has no accomplishments; but she is singularly well informed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOW ONE BABY IS MADE HAPPY.

I was greatly interested in "Kate Granby's" article on "Nursing Made Pleasant." There is a good deal of "mother" in my make-up, and caring for baby is too pleasant a task to give to another. Perhaps my plan may be a help to some busy mother. I had a little slatted pen made, five feet long by three feet wide, and not quite as high as baby's head. On the bottom of this I put a folded comfortable and some small pillows, then put baby and her playthings in. The pen was carried into whatever room I was at work in, and as baby could see mama all the time, she was contented, and was safe if I was obliged to leave the room a moment. For a change

(for baby likes variety as well as "grown-ups"), I made a little house by putting the couch across a corner of the sitting-room, and putting some heavy rugs on the floor. I then tacked some bright pictures of animals, baby faces, etc., on the back of the couch, and when baby had had a nap and been fed, I would put her over there with some playthings, while I would sit on the couch and sew. In this way I could do considerable work without baby fretting. Then I planned to have her nap come while I was getting dinner, and then put her to bed early, and so had the evening to myself. A neighbor used an old chest for a pen, but the baby could not see out of that as in my pen, therefore would not be so well contented.—*Margaret E., in Housekeeper's Weekly.*

CREAMS.

Creams form a dainty and delicious dessert for this season of the year, and have the merit of being very easily prepared, as well as being suitable for company, luncheons and teas.

VANILLA CREAM.—Put half a pint of milk and three ounces of sugar in a small saucepan, set on the stove; when hot, add the yolks of three eggs and the white of one. Melt an ounce of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of water and strain into the mixture and stir. Whip half a pint of cream, take the custard off the fire, flavor with vanilla, set on ice and stir until thick; add the cream, pour in a mold and set on ice to harden. When cold, serve with whipped cream flavored and sweetened.

ALMOND CREAM.—Melt half an ounce of gelatine in a little water, add two ounces of sugar and a tablespoonful of currant or green grape jelly, grate four ounces of almond paste into it, put in a quart cup, set in boiling water and stir until smooth. Set off to cool. Whip a pint of cream and stir into the mixture, pour in a mold and set on ice to harden.

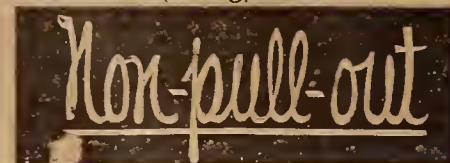
NEAPOLITAN CREAM.—Make a pint of rich custard, let cool. Cut an ounce of citron and two of preserved ginger. Stir an ounce of gelatine, dissolved in a little warm water, into the custard. Whip a pint of cream and add; put the fruit in the bottom and sides of a fancy mold and pour the mixture over. Set on ice to harden.

FRUIT CREAM.—Put a teacupful of fresh milk in a saucepan, add an ounce of powdered sugar and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir over the fire until thick. Let cool, add a pint of berries, an ounce of dissolved gelatine and half a pint of whipped cream. Mix gently, pour in a mold and set on ice. Serve with whipped cream. *ELIZA R. PARKER.*

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SUMMER REST FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

Dear mothers of happy little ones, the summer is here, and a word of advice for general application at this season is to keep cool. If you must worry and fret, do it in cold weather. Learn to let things go a little out of fix, rather than keep yourself constantly overheated. Commit the care of the house partly to one servant. A speck more of dirt than you would like, or a few moth-holes, will not outweigh the good you will surely gain by taking things a little easy.

Do not worry over the children's wardrobes, or undertake to wrestle with the latest styles. Provide plain, substantial garments for them for playing in the yard, or better still, roaming in the woods. A posy of wild flowers gathered with their own little hands is worth all the fine clothes and dainty trimmings that could be put on them. The bright sunshine, the blue sky, the sight of the little brooks, and a romp on the green grass are all the right-ful privileges of the little ones; and let no mother rob them, as well as defraud herself, by having them sit still or stay indoors, to take care of their pretty clothes. Let books and lessons go in summer-time. In the long walks, numberless opportunities for learning things by observation come, and intellects are developed, characters formed, imaginations and fancy cultivated by loving influences that are nature's best teachers.

Another suggestion for overworked mothers is to refrain from planning and talking over the work that the fall must bring in the way of preserving, pickling, etc., and preparing the children for school. Some one has said (and it was wisely said), "If women would consider each day as the whole of life, and not belonging either to to-day or to-morrow, there would be more happy homes and brighter lives."

"The walks my mother would always find time, even in the busiest season, to take with me and my little brothers and sisters, have a place in my memory no other pleasure can ever take, and the lessons then taught me have made me what I am," we once heard a great man, high in the social and literary world, say.

Think of it, mothers, what this close association may do for your children. In your common happiness, sympathy and kindness will naturally spring up in their hearts; there will be fewer causes for punishments and less naughtiness in your homes.

Then rest your weary minds and bodies after the winter's toil, by doing as little work as possible during the very hot weather, thus improving your own health and strength, and making your home brighter, your husband and children happier.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

TO MAKE CORN-BREAD WITH YEAST.

"Corn-bread Made with Yeast" was the subject of the lecture given by Mrs. Rorer yesterday in the model kitchen in the woman's building. She declared few people make a perfect and wholesome corn loaf.

The following directions are given by Mrs. Rorer per request of a correspondent, who asked that they be published in the *Tribune*:

Put one quart of cold water in a kettle; at first boil, add one tablespoonful of salt and sufficient yellow meal to make a mush. Cook one hour. At sponging-time, scald one pint of milk; when lukewarm, add one cupful of good yeast or one dissolved compressed cake; then wheat flour to make a sponge; beat well. Now your mush should be just lukewarm; add it gradually to the sponge, and if too thick, add warm water. Cover and stand aside over night. In the morning, knead lightly, using wheat flour; beat, rather than knead. Add, if you like, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, turn into pans eight inches long and four or five inches wide, and when light and double its bulk, bake in a moderate oven one hour. This will cut down like light wheat bread, will be moist and delicious. Baking-powder may be used instead of yeast, and bread made up quickly, but it must be baked full time and in single loaves.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The queen of the Belgians has just ordered two or three phonographs, the purpose of which is to record her majesty's extempore compositions on the piano. She is a very good hand at this sort of work, but unfortunately, as soon as she has finished a composition the greater part of it has already vanished from her memory.

A MINNEAPOLIS MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF J. B. WHITE, OF THIS CITY.

A CRIPPLE FOR TWO YEARS, PRONOUNCED INCURABLE BY PHYSICIANS AND GIVEN UP BY HIS FRIENDS TO DIE—HOW HE OBTAINED RELIEF AND BECAME A WELL MAN—HIS DAUGHTER'S MARVELOUS IMPROVEMENT.

(From the *Minneapolis Journal*.)

"Precious is the panacea that cures when hope is gone and medical advice pronounces the death sentence—'incurable.' How terrible it is to think of leaving this sweet life before the allotted years of man's time here on earth are spent."

Thus spoke J. B. White, of 1201 3d St., N. E., last night to a *Journal* reporter. Mr. White has been much talked about of late, and the following conversation explains why.

"I have been in Minneapolis for many years. I am now 60 years old. I fell from a building two years ago and broke my thigh, besides injuring myself internally. The doctors could do nothing for me but let the bones grow together as best they could. When I was able to walk on crutches I came near dying from the complications of troubles that had set in after the fall. For one year and a half I walked on crutches, striving in vain to find some relief from the misery I felt night and day. The worst part of my afflictions was that I could not eat anything. If I could have taken nourishment and kept it down I could have stood the pains better. I had four doctors, and kept taking all sorts of medicines. I have enough bottles left to start a drug store. I had to stop all of them or I would have been a dead man. I would be troubled so with headaches, and my hips would pain me so that I often thought I should go crazy. I was so emaciated that there was nothing to me but skin and bone. Last summer I felt as if I was nearly dead. My kidneys then began to bother me. I got so I could not sleep only at intervals. Finally I gave up in despair. One day I was sitting out on the porch. It was a beautiful, sunny day. The singing of birds and the odor of flowers set me to thinking of my childhood days. From that my thoughts reverted to the little French weekly paper, *Le Moniteur Acadien*, that we got, and I thought I would like to read it and see how things were at my old home. I told my wife to give me the last number. She brought me the one that came that morning. The first thing I saw was a long article about the miraculous cure of a cripple. I read on and on, becoming more interested than ever. The patient described in the article said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured him and they would cure others. I told my wife I was going down to the drug store, two blocks off. I took the paper with me and asked Mr. Grotefend, the druggist, if he had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said 'No.' I told him to send for them. In two weeks I hobbled down to the drug store again. He told me that he thought I was fooling. I gave him a dollar and told him to send for them. In a week I had the pills. With a feverish anxiety I watched their effect. I did not expect relief right away, but soon they made the headache pass away. After taking them some days I could eat. People laughed at me when I began to take the pills, telling me I was taking so much candy. But the day I threw away the crutches they thought different. I am now well and hearty as a young man of 25."

At this juncture his married daughter, Mrs. N. White, came into the store. "There," said he, "is another case. She has tried them, too." The reporter thought it would be a good idea to speak of her case, also, since it was a woman's. Mrs. White married a man of the same name as her father, so this accounts for the same name.

"The doctors," she said, "told me I had uterine trouble. I was in a miserable condition. Nothing that I took could alleviate the pains I would feel in my limbs and abdomen. I often had fluttering of the heart, and frequent weak spells. I would eat, but it would do me no good. I could not sleep. I was in misery and despair. My father took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and his improvement was so rapid that I thought I would take them too. At first I felt worse, and then I began to mend so rapidly that I was astonished. I have taken seven boxes and am now nearly well. I can do my own work and can sleep and eat well. In the mornings I feel refreshed after a night's rest."

To verify the above the scribe interviewed the druggist, August Grotefend,

who keeps the Germania Drug Store, at 1011 Main street, N. E.

"I never saw any one so wretched as Mr. White was last summer," said Mr. Grotefend, and he corroborated what Mr. White had said above in regard to his condition. "He hobbled around on his crutches, and that seemed almost impossible for him to do. He took the pills, and the wonderful result you know. His daughter did the same, and I understand that they have almost cured her. I have sold a great many since these cures. Some of the lumbermen going in the woods have taken half dozen box lots of these pills with them. They certainly have done a wonderful lot of good and should have the entire credit of these cures."

On inquiry *The Journal* reporter found that these pills are now on sale at the various wholesale drug houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul and are meeting with a good sale, but not as fast as they will sell as soon as their merit is fully known. He also found that they were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either above addresses. A course of treatment costs comparatively nothing. It is a great boon to poor people to be able to get them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

A tan-colored crepon is effectively trimmed with black satin, outlined with gold; it is made with a double skirt and a seamless bodice. An evening dress for a young girl, that is a triumph of simplicity, is pale blue crepon, spotted with silk; the bodice is drawn into the waist beneath many rows of narrowest ribbon, the same ribbons being knotted into ruching to trim the neck, and small, puffed sleeves—small in the sense of short only.

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

WOULDN'T YOU?

Were I wrecked upon the ocean—
Drifting, tossing, struggling through—
And a homeward barque should bear me—
Friendly sailors greet and cheer me;

If among the maimed in battle
I should be where death-shots flew;
And, amid the wild commotion,
Soldiers came in kind devotion,

If in life's self-building struggle
I should find my comforts few,
And the want of bread should grieve me,
Wrongs o'erwhelm and friends deceive me;

Were the shades of death around me—
Wrath beyond my only view—
And the Lord who oft would have me
Trust the son his mercy gave me,

—John P. Phelps.

GOD GEOMETRIZING.

A PLEASANT writer tells us of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the writer uses the phrase "geometrizing." He thought, "If I could only see plan and order in God's works I could then be a believer." Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having it in these fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another and found it the same.

He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him there were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book and picked up the little flower and kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."—Bright Side.

A TIGHTER CLASP.

A little child was passing along a quiet street, clinging with one hand to the mother's dress; but when crossing one of the busiest thoroughfares, I saw the little hand quickly let go the dress, and seeking a hold of its mother's hand, which when it got it felt safe and content. So it is with us. When pursuing the even tenor of our way, and all goes on quietly and comfortably with us, we are satisfied with the most casual and outward contact with Christ; but when we have to cross the terrible thoroughfares of life, when we are brought face to face with the dangers and distractions of sickness, or bereavement, or sorrow, then we instinctively reach up to clasp the living and loving hand; we long to see the pitying face, and to hear the old familiar voice, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."

CHRISTIANS GIVING UP.

It is a pitiful thing to see a young disciple going about and asking everybody how much he must "give up" in order to be a Christian. Unfortunately, many of those who take it upon themselves to instruct him, give him the same impression of Christian discipleship—that it consists chiefly in giving up things that one likes and finds pleasure in. But a man in solitary confinement might as well talk of what he must "give up" if he is pardoned out of prison, or a patient in consumption about what he must "give up" in order to get well. The prisoner must give up his fetters and the invalid his pains and weakness—these are the main things to be sacrificed.

It is true that the one has the privilege of living without work, and the other the privilege of lying abed all day; these are privileges that must be relinquished, no doubt. And so there are certain sacrifices to be made by him who enters upon the Christian life; but they are "not to be compared" with the liberty and dignity and joy into which the Christian life introduces us; and to put the emphasis upon this negative side of the Christian experience, as so many are inclined to do, is a great mistake.

PREPARED TO MEET HIM.

Six thousand years this world has rolled on, getting hoary with age and wrinkled with sins and sorrows. A waiting church sees the long-drawn shadows of twilight announcing, "The Lord is at hand." Prepare, my soul, to meet him. Oh, happy day, when thine adorable redeemer, so long dishonored and despised, shall be publicly enthroned in the presence of an assembled universe, and crowned Lord of all. Prepare, my soul, to meet him. Let it be a joyous thought to thee, thy "blessed hope," the meeting of thine Elder Brother. The world is now in preparation. It is rocking on its worn-out axle. There are voices on every side proclaiming, "He cometh! he cometh! to judge the earth." Reader, art thou among the number of those who "love his appearing?" Remember the attitude of his expectant saints: "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, will find watching."—Macduff.

PERPETUITY OF THE BIBLE.

The empire of Cæsar is gone; the legions of Rome are moldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs is fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is a rock for bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a rock behind, but the word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it proves every day how transient is the noblest monument that man can build, how enduring is the least word that God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave, intolerance has lighted for it many a faggot; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss; many a Peter has denied it with an oath; many a Demas has forsaken it, but the word of God still endures.—Dr. John Cumming.

THE GRUMBLER.

If you want to know whether you are a fault-finder, just try one day, one week or one month, to get along without complaining, fault-finding, grumbling. Begin this week at home, then carry it into church, and then into business life.

It is not necessary to be told that you are a grumbler, and besides, people may not want to tell you. But in this simple way you can find out in one month whether your wife or your pastor or business men have any right to set you down as a grumbler.

In the place of finding fault with the wrong-doings of others, let us set them a good example, and sweetly and kindly try to get them into a better way of living. A chronic grumbler is a very undesirable companion, a troublesome church member and an annoying business man.—Christian Standard.

YOUR SHOES.

If your feet are "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," you are prepared to travel over rough roads. The reason why some get foot-sore and then turn aside from the strait and narrow path is because they have not good shoes, or no shoes at all.

If you are going to go it barefooted, or with shoes that are only adapted to the parlor, you will have a hard pilgrimage. See to it that your feet are "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." It may be that you may have smooth roads at first, but you may expect some rough roads before you get to your journey's end.

REACHING PEOPLE.

The way to reach them is to reach them. The gospel has lost none of its power. It is efficacious in the case of the most hardened sinners. As our Lord cast the legion of evil spirits out of the man of Gadara in the days of his flesh, so he can now break the bands of sin with which men are bound and set them free. The reason more are not saved is because they do not come or are not brought to Jesus. Too many ministers and other workers to-day are like the disciples who could not cast the dumb spirit out of the one who was brought to

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him. Christ rebuked the faithfulness of these followers of his, and at the same time taught his people an invaluable lesson when he said to the father of that child, "Bring him to me." That is the secret of reaching men. We must get near to them. We must take them by the hand and lift them up, and point them to the Lamb of God.

RELIGION AT HOME.

Piety does not expend its force wholly in prayer-meetings and organized religious activities. Like the leaven put by the good housewife in the batch of bread, it has a quiet, refining, Christ-winning power, in all places and relationships. And perhaps above all other places, the home tests and proves its strength and value.

However wide the field of public service to which any Christian may be called, no unsaved ones will lie so heavy on his heart as his own children. No rattle of applause, no round of outside honors and duties will silence the cry of his soul for those in his own home who do not know his Christ.

One needs no sadder, surer evidence of coldness and back-sliding than indifference or ease about the spiritual condition of the members of his own household.

WISE WORDS.

Let "God and the Bible" be your motto. God and the Bible is your strength; and while you rely on them you will never fail.

I find more need of grace as I progress in my journey toward the saints' inheritance.

Any doctrine which stirs up jealousy, hatred and coldness among brethren, or produces inactivity and sloth, and a lack of love even for our enemies, cannot be of Christ; for Christ is God, and God is love.

Follow no man, or men, unless they have the spirit of Christ, which is not a spirit that manifests itself in a love of self.

It is a sure sign that a man's piety runs very low when he dips his pen in gall and declares war against every petty offense; and love is wanting where words are many and very pointed.—William Miller.

CHRIST AND CÆSAR.

Cæsar had the love of power, Christ had the power of love. Cæsar had as his motto, "Might makes right." Christ had as his, "Right makes might." John the Baptist, in the words, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham," struck down aristocracy. Christ, in the words, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," announced the only method of obtaining liberty. In that great phrase "Our Father," he declares universal brotherhood. In the words, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," he attacked the sanctity of institutions. In dying for all, he announced the equal value of all in God's sight.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

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AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS.

At no time in the history of the country has the future of agriculture been more promising. There was a time, not long ago, when the soil and the farmer were not on friendly terms, when there was a conflict between them. But that time is past, or is passing with the progressive farmer. He has learned, is learning every day, that the fault was with him and not the land. The soil, lacking certain ingredients, could not produce good results. The horse cannot be expected to work at the plow all day, many days, if fed only on dry hay.

To-day the farmer is coaxing his land very much as he does his stock, or he is providing food for his plants with almost as much care as he feeds his animals, if he expects to be successful. The farmer tests his land for himself; he does not wait for the chemist, or prefers to be his own chemist in his way. If potash, nitrogen or phosphoric acid are wanted, he adds them, and he has come to the stage of independence when he mixes his own fertilizers, and knows exactly with what he has to work. That's progress. Commercial fertilizers are the farmers' aids, but the government analysis and inspection has opened his eyes, and he sees now that he may prepare his own fertilizers and save money.

The farmer no longer plants haphazard; he has begun to see that agriculture is an art, a science more intricate than any other; that to be successful in its prosecution he must know several sciences. No longer does he merely drop a potato in the earth, cover it up, keep down the weeds and dig the increase in the fall. He studies the soil and the fertilizer and then the potato. Shall he plant large or small potatoes, cut or uncut, one eye or more, the stem end or the seed end?

Thus throughout the range of agriculture every step thought out and practically made in advance. There are many croakers about agriculture, some editorial croakers in newspaper offices who, possibly, might be able to tell a hay-cutter from a grindstone, who rise up periodically to say with a loud voice (more or less, according to their circulation) that agriculture has a black eye; that it is limping along on one leg, and not a very strong leg at that; and that the whole fabric of agriculture, like the sheep, is going to the dogs.

If these croakers had attended some of the "winter meetings" that have been held in the different states this winter, and seen the interest and enthusiasm, seen the men—aye, the women, too—that assembled and spent two or three days in asking each other questions and comparing notes, the agricultural pessimist would admit, if honest, that there is a force behind agriculture that will not let it stand still. Let every farmer keep his shoulder to the wheel. It turns easier then it did, and does not have to be helped out of so many ruts and quagmires as it did. Let every farmer be proud of his calling, stick to it, dignify it and swear by it (not profanely).

Why, it is not long ago when the farmer at gatherings of any kind took a back seat; it was rare to see a farmer on the platform. All the speeches were made by the lawyer, the clergyman and the "good talker" of no calling or profession. That has changed. The farmer got nearer and nearer to the platform, and now, forsooth, he is on it and doing the talking, and taking no odds of any man. This is not idle talk; it is fact. Agriculture is alive!

GEORGE APPLETON.

PREJUDICE AND QUALITY.

Whenever the attempt is made to supply the consumers in the large cities with poultry of choice quality, the producers are met with the prejudice against dark-leg fowls. There has been for a long time, and still exists, a decided preference for birds possessing yellow skin and legs. It is this desire to cater to the wishes of buyers which makes the Plymouth Rock breed a favorite with many.

It is well known to those who are familiar with the different breeds, and who have compared them for quality of flesh, that such breeds as the Indian Games, Houdans, Langshans and Dorkings far surpass any of the well-known breeds with yellow legs, and this fact has long been acknowledged by consumers in England and France. No breed of fowls is considered equal to the Dorking by the English, yet they have the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and the several Asiatic varieties, while in France the Houdan is found on nearly all the farms. Europeans care very little for the color of

the skin and legs, as such colors do not in the least indicate the quality of the bird for the table.

The main desideratum in a table fowl should be a full breast; not the full breast that receives its round form only when the crop is full, but that upon which the meat is well laid on the breast-bone. When the fowl has large wings it indicates a choice breast, as the muscles of the breast provide the motive power of the wings. Some breeds have very small wings, such as the Brahma and Cochin, but the Langshan is one of the Asiatic breeds to which an exception may be made, for it is not only excellent in quality of flesh, but is well provided with meat on the breast, also.

The only way to dispel prejudice against dark-leg fowls is to send a few to market and induce the customers to try them. The Dorking has light legs, and is an exception. The Indian Game, which has yellow legs, may be used to improve the table quality of common fowls, if the yellow leg is to be retained. Farmers may, however, for their own use, select any breed for the purpose.

APOPLEXY—OVERFEEDING.

When the best hen in the flock (for so it seems) is found dead under the roost, you may rely upon it that you have overfed your hens, have them very fat, and that the cause is apoplexy. When pullets go on the nest, remain there for a short time, and come off cackling but deposit no egg, you may set it down as the result of overfeeding. When your hens lay double-yolk eggs and other eggs do not hatch, the cause is overfeeding. There is but one course to pursue, and that is to reduce the feed, and to reduce it to a very small amount. Leave out grain entirely and feed meat or give milk, and make the hens work. This may not be agreeable to perform, as it apparently places the hens on a starvation diet, but it is necessary if the hens are to lay. Many writers are enthusiastic in urging poultrymen to give plenty of food, but that advice is seldom needed, as the gravest error committed by the large majority of persons who raise poultry is in feeding too much. The difficulty is to induce them to give less food instead of overfeeding their fowls.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

On a New England farm, one day, a farmer inquired, "Which way is the wind?" He wanted to know, and it was necessary to know, but there was no movement of the air, apparently, and there was no weather-vane on his or his neighbor's buildings.

"I'll find out," he exclaimed, and going into the barn soon reappeared with a peck measure in which was chaff taken from the barn floor. He threw the chaff into the air, and found out "which way the wind was." It was toward him, and the chaff settled upon him, filling "face and eyes" and working under his shirt collar.

This may suggest the desirability of having a weather-vane—aye, the necessity of having one. For some reason which may not be easily explained, the barn with a weather-vane appears a little better or a little more attractive than one without. Certainly it adds something to the barn—something that is missed, when absent, to those who are accustomed to see weather-vanes.

It is true, perhaps, that the weather-vane gives an idea of the owner of the farm—an index, not of character exactly, but of inclination and interest. If the vane be a running horse and sulky, it may be that the owner is interested in the turf; if a cow, the true symbol of the farm, then the dairy may be the specialty on that farm. The plow is a good subject for a vane, but the eagle, seen on one small barn, appeared to be out of place. The place for an eagle is on a "liberty pole" or on state buildings, for he is our "emblematic bird," although Benjamin Franklin thought we ought to adopt the turkey instead of the treacherous, cruel and tyrannical eagle.

A farmer added a small cupola and a weather-vane to an unpainted barn. The barn looked so shabby in comparison under the shining cupola and vane that he had it painted. Then the barn looked so much better than the house that the house was painted. The farmer said: "It's all owing to that weather-vane, and I'm not sorry it came. It showed how rusty we were getting."

If there be a jackknife genius in the family, there may be no need of buying a weather-vane. A great many vanes have been produced by the jackknife, and some of them were remarkable contrivances of the whittler or the inventor, for starting

out to make a vane and becoming interested in the jackknife play, surprised, perhaps, at his own ingenuity, produced an extraordinary piece of carving or automatic machinery.

It is easy to make, at little cost, a vane of some kind—one that will add something to the structure on which it is placed and be useful, also. A farmer in town one day stopped at a bill-board to see a man pasting up a large bill. Represented on this bill was a cow of "fine form." The farmer had been thinking about a weather-vane. The cow on the bill suggested an idea.

He bought one of the posters for a few cents, cut out the cow, carried the cutting to a tinsmith, who reproduced it in tin. A socket was soldered to one side and the whole was gilded and placed on the barn. It answered the purpose as well as though it cost fifty dollars. A weather-vane is not a vain thing. GEORGE APPLETON.

ON THE BOOM.

The creamery industry is on the boom this year, over 400 new creameries having been built from January first to April first. Is there any other industry dependent on the farm that has made a greater advance? The future of this industry is very bright, and it is a safe prophecy that in twenty years from now seventy-five per cent of our butter will be made in the factories.

PLANNING FOR THE SUMMER?

Many of our readers are boys and girls who will soon be out of school for the summer, and students home from college, who will be looking about for an opportunity of laying by at least a part of the sum necessary to give them that much-coveted next-year-at-school. Every such one should write to us at once for our "Special Cash Terms to Club Raisers." We have decided to make them the most liberal ever offered by any publishers, and they offer an opportunity that will be gladly welcomed by hosts of our young readers. Do not put this matter off; your interests are too much at stake.

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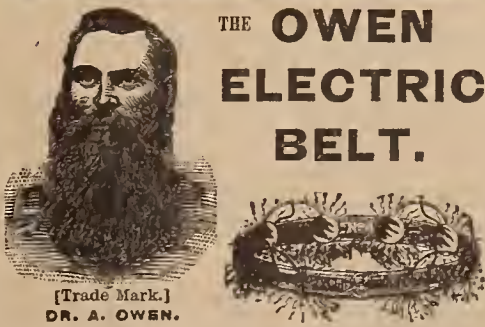
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Will be divided among the first five Farm and Fireside subscribers who correctly answer the following conundrum:

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This contest will close July 1st, the result to be announced in our issue of July 15th.

Answers to this contest should be addressed to

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BILL OF FARE CONTEST.

ANSWERS.

1. Forefather's Stay—*Bread.*
2. Home of the Multitude—*Cheese.*
3. The cause of neighborhood contentions—*Chicken.*
4. What the Prodigal Son had for supper—*Teal.*
5. Hidden tears—*Onions.*
6. Boston's pride—*Beans.*
7. Woman of grit—*Ham Sandwich.*
8. Impertinence—*Sauce.*
9. Satan's food—*Deviled Eggs.*
10. Fine cut—*Cabbage.*
11. What they had in the ark—*Pears.*
12. Musical cake—*Iceing Cake.*
13. Cake hard to beat—*Marble Cake.*
14. Bachelor's comfort—*Coffee.*
15. Nature's strengthener—*Milk.*
16. Ivory manipulators—*Tooth-picks.*

No correct list of answers were received in this contest, so that no prizes can be awarded.

A FAMILY NIGHT.

Make home the happiest place in the world for your children. You can, by taking a little of your time and planning for their pleasure, make home so attractive that your children will have no desire to seek entertainment outside, unless on some special occasion, and even then I should arrange to accompany them, and enter into their joys as one of them.

Mothers—and I would include the fathers, too—we do not realize the importance of becoming companions to our children, making ourselves agreeable. Who in this life has a greater claim on our time and attention than our children? And what is of great moment, it will keep our hearts younger and happier; and best of all, we are making our children happy. When they have grown to manhood and womanhood, and the duties of life have called them away from the home of their youth, oftentimes will their hearts grow warm in the hallowed memories of childhood's happy days, at home with father and mother; and how much it will help them to make the new home also a little paradise for their own children.

SALT OF THE OCEAN.

Prof. Edward Hull, in a lecture to the Victoria Institute, London, explained that throughout all geological time the ocean had been receiving continual supplies from rivers bringing down not only sediments, but salts and carbonates, together with free silica in solution. The sediment was deposited over the ocean floor, and generally not far from the lands, while the dissolved ingredients were carried by the currents into all parts. Meanwhile, the ocean surface was constantly giving off, particularly over the equatorial regions, enormous quantities of vapor, which were carried into the higher regions, and which were precipitated in the form of rain or snow over the lands. Part, of course, fell on the sea again, but the greater quantity fell on the land surfaces, and was returned to the ocean in streams charged with fresh salts and carbonates. The consequences of that process must clearly be that the salient ingredients had been increasing in the ocean's waters from the earliest periods down to the present day.

WESTERN FARM LANDS.

A pamphlet descriptive of the farm lands of Nebraska, Northwestern Kansas and Eastern Colorado will be mailed free to any address on application to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l. Pass. Agt. C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago. Send for one and give names and addresses of your friends.

Our Miscellany.

DELSARTEANISM.

She bendeth low!
She kicketh high!
She swayeth gently to and fro!
She treadeth gently on her toe;
And when I ask the reason why,
The lissom maiden doth reply:
"Dear Edmund Russell doeth so."

"And whom may Edmund Russell be?"
"Tis thus I catechise her.
She looketh in amaze on me;
She saith, "In truth I pity thee!"
She crieth, "Shame unto thee! Why, sir,
The high priest of Delsarte is he;
A type of wan flaccidity,
Our dear devitalizer!"

She fluttereth her wrists
Just like that matchless man;
She battereth her fists,
She doeth wondrous twists,
Though I don't see how she can.
She whirls and spins; insists
She likes it, till vague mists
Swim 'round her and she's wan,
Just like that prince of priests,
The pale Delsartean.

—Buffalo Courier.

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us 'out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

SERVANT—"The mistress says, mum, that she is not at home. Who shall I say called?"

Caller—"You may say that a lady called who didn't bring her name."

25c. for a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS worth a guinea.

A SMOOTH-TONGUED agent can usually persuade the farmer to buy some high-priced machine for labor-saving more easily than a whole agricultural college could persuade him to buy thoroughbred stock to increase his production. Is this because he has such a great desire to avoid labor, or because the agent is willing to give credit for a few months? Or does the lecturer upon improved breeds lack the persuasive eloquence of the salesman? We wait for a reply.

A YOUNG fop, who had just begun to shave for a beard, stepped into a hair-dresser's shop, and after a great swagger desired to be shaved. The hair-dresser went through the usual movements, and the sprig jumped up with a flourish and said:

"By fine fellow, what is the charge?"

"Oh, no charge," said the barber.

"No charge? How is that?"

"Why, I am always thankful when I can get a soft calfskin to sharpen the razor on."

"HAVE you ceased to care for me, Adele? I came earlier this afternoon, and you do not even look glad to see me," said Mr. N. E. Verylate.

"Indeed, I am glad to see you! But this is my hour for resting my features from all expression," said Miss Adele Sartean.

As many bacteria could be laid side by side on a linear inch as earths upon the diameter of its orbit around the sun. Compared with the tree, the bacterium is almost infinitesimal; by the side of the earth the tree is insignificant; in the solar system the earth is but a small factor, and if the solar system were annihilated, it would be millions of years before its loss would be felt on distant stars. Magnitudes are, therefore, relative, and things are great or small according to the standpoint from which we view them.

CURIOSLY tenacious of life is that beautiful plant commonly called ivy geranium. Branches cut off and kept partly immersed in water live for months, not only with small loss of vitality in the larger leaves, but even with some development of leaf buds, and possibly some growth of new wood. This occurs, too, without any sign of root development in the immersed ends. The clippings are peculiarly fitted for indoor decoration in winter, as the green of the ivy geranium is so fresh as to suggest a perpetual spring.

ANOTHER very similar pest to the carpet-bug has been attracting considerable attention of late. It has so far received no name. It is a black beetle about twice as long as the Buffalo carpet-beetle, but more slender in proportion. Its larva is also more slender, and has not the enlarged forequarters. The hair upon the body of the larva is brown, but it is not so erect as in the larva of the other form. Its scientific name is *Attagenus plectus*, and it may be called the black carpet-beetle. This insect has done some little damage in furniture warehouses in Washington, and it has been received from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It works in a very similar manner to the foregoing species, and may be treated in the same way.

AN interesting experiment that proves the value of fresh air in winter, even for very

young and delicate children, was tried a month or two ago in a well-known babies' hospital. All the sick babies that were suffering from chronic indigestion and lack of nutrition, and who would not improve in spite of good food, perfectly ventilated rooms and careful bathing, were taken to the top ward of the hospital, where all of the windows were open wide, wrapped as for the street and put in their perambulators. They were kept in this room from two to four hours daily, and soon showed a marked improvement. Their cheeks became rosy, they gained in weight and appetite, and would often fall asleep and remain so during the whole time they were in the air. Very delicate children had pans of hot water placed at their feet. It is recorded in the account of this experiment that not one child took cold as a result of it.

THREE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

Three expeditions, based upon different theories as to the best way of reaching the north pole, and pursuing different routes, are to set out for that destination this summer. Dr. Nansen is to sail along the coast of Siberia until he reaches a point off the mouth of the Lena delta, near where the Jeannette was lost, and then go north till locked in the ice-field, which he expects will float with him across the pole. Nansen's ship is nearly ready, his stores and provisions are being prepared and his crew selected. His intended associates in the expedition—among whom may be Mrs. Nansen—are already testing their endurance by sleeping in Norwegian snow-drifts, and a depot of supplies is being prepared far up on the Siberian coast. It is here that sometime next July Nansen will take on board his dogs and sledges; for his expedition is to be well equipped for journeying over the land or over the ice, should it become necessary to leave his ship. Nansen has incidentally contributed to the equipment of the other expeditions. His researches, and those of the specialists who have been employed in his interests, have resulted in several new methods of preparing food so as to obtain the most nutriment in the least bulk, and all future explorers will profit by this work. Nansen goes prepared to be gone six years, but hopes to be floated across the pole and into the open water of Greenland within three years.

The other expeditions are both to be attempts to reach the pole or near unto it over land. Lieutenant Peary's plans are familiar, but not so those of Frederick Jackson, who is organizing an expedition which is to sail from Liverpool in June. Jackson sails at once for Franz Josef Land, which lies to the north of Nova Zembla and to the east of Spitzbergen. Its southernmost point touches the 80th parallel of north latitude, and the 60th parallel of east longitude bisects it. How far it extends northward no one knows. Weyprecht and Payer discovered it in August, 1873, and went some distance into the interior. Peterman's Land and Oscar Land lie to the north, in latitude 83 and beyond, and measure the limit of exploration in this part of the Arctic regions. Jackson thinks that Peary has gone north as far as possible on Greenland, and that he will only cover the old ground in his coming attempts to go farther. As to Nansen, Jackson is confident that his ship will meet the fate of the Jeannette and the Tegethof, by being crushed in the thick ice. His own theory is that Peterman's Land extends as far north as latitude 85, at least. This would be within three hundred miles of the pole; a distance which he proposes to cover in boats if he finds an open sea, or on sledges if he finds land or ice. Jackson's party will consist of ten or twelve, and be provisioned for three years.—*Springfield Republican.*

FATAL.

Clifford Harrison, the English reader, has his own ideas of the "total depravity of inanimate things." He says it is usually fatal to introduce an effective pause into a recitation, for something is sure to mar it. He adds, plaintively:

"If I am reciting in a hall where there is a striking clock, or past which a train runs with shriek and roar, I know that striking clock and shrieking train will make themselves heard at a moment when it is most important for me to have unbroken silence.

"I once wrote some verses for recitation, into which I was so injudicious as to put a sudden exclamation:

"Listen! What is that?"

"I might have known what would happen. Clocks chimed, doors slammed, special trains screamed, old gentlemen coughed, some one was seized with an irrepressible sneeze, dogs came from distant parts on purpose to bark, candle-shades fell off, a waiter dropped a tray and teacups, a baby cried, and a deaf old lady was heard to say to her neighbor:

"'Would half a cucumber be of any use?"

"I learned bitter wisdom, and cut the passage out."—*Youth's Companion.*

THREE EXCELLENT DOCTORS.

Some of the eminent physicians of Paris were assembled about the death-bed of Dumoulin, the most celebrated doctor of his day. To their expressions of grief at the expected loss to the profession, the dying man answered:

"Gentlemen, I shall leave behind me three excellent doctors to supply my absence."

Being pressed to name them, as each man expected to be included in the trio, he said:

"Water, Exercise and Diet."

QUOTATIONS.

Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Raptured man quits each dozing sage,
O woman! for thy lovelier page.—*Moore.*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.—*Shakspeare.*
He that would have fine guests let him have a fine wife.—*Ben Jonson.*

Every pretty woman should be a flirt; every clever woman a politician.—*Ouida.*

Reverence every woman's opinion, whether it be to you right or wrong.—*Rice.*

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—*Lamartine.*

Lovely woman, that caused our cares, can every care beguile.—*Beresford.*

Decision, however suicidal, has more charm for a woman than the most unequivocal Fabian success.—*Hardy, in New York Herald.*

THE BEST TIME.

The best time to clear up a misunderstanding with a brother is before sunset.

The best time for a sinner to repent is the present moment.

The best time to do good is whenever we have a chance to do it.

The best time to pray is when we don't feel like it.

The best time to praise is when we are in danger of backsliding.

The best time to let your light shine for the Lord is when all things about you look the darkest.

The best time to avoid temptation is when you feel the strongest.—*Ram's Horn.*

VERY EXPLICIT.

An old Scotch minister who was in the habit of preaching in the open air, took his place on a bank on one occasion, and unfortunately fixed himself on an ants' nest.

The active habits of these little creatures soon made the good man's position very uncomfortable, and afraid that his audience might observe something of his discomfort from his manner, he apologized by remarking:

"Brethren, though I hope I have the Word of God in my mouth, I think the devil himself has gotten into my breaks!"

YOUR MARCHING ORDERS.

The Duke of Wellington once met a young clergyman, who, aware of his grace's former residence in the East, and of his familiarity with the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindoos in support of their false religion, proposed the following question:

"Does not your grace think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the gospel to the Hindoos?"

The duke immediately rejoined: "Look, sir, to your marching orders, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.'"

THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained. Simply double the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which will give the length of the day.

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GOOD NEWS FOR CLUB RAISERS.

Club raisers for this paper will be given larger cash commissions than have ever been offered before, and more liberal than given by any other publication. We wish to interest everyone of our readers in raising clubs, and our new terms are so favorable to the club raiser that it will be an inducement to many to devote all their time to the work. Write at once for "Special Cash Terms to Club Raisers." You will certainly regret it if you do not.

Selections.

"DOWN TO SLEEP."

November woods are bare and still,
November days are clear and bright,
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads.
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things "lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight.
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down full in my sight,
I hear their chorus of "good-night,"
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they "lie down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still,
November days are bright and good,
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
Life's night rests feet that long have stood,
Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

"THE LAND OF THE FUTURE."

CAPTAIN CAMERON, in the course of an interview published in *Great Thoughts*, expresses the strongest opinion as to the immense development which is awaiting Africa. He says: "It has a bigger future than America, Australia or India. It is the richest of all, but of course everything depends on management. Take South America, for instance. It is very like Australia. Already the natives have begun nibbling at the idea of flocks and herds, but the curse out there is that of political mismanagement and the diversity of aims between the English, Dutch and Boer colonists and the Englishmen who become Afrianders. Years ago I proposed chartered companies, but Lord Beaconsfield was afraid of the Radicals. We simply want concessions which will enable us to work the country. The Congo state should become a Belgian colony, and the unoccupied lands should become state lands. Ivory and india-rubber, fibers, gums, every tropical and sub-tropical fruit are there in richest profusion. Indeed, I consider that in Africa will be the coffee and tea fields of the future; and there is really an admirable climate. The Europeans could bring up their children well there. The natives are very teachable. Even the hitherto wild tribes are already drilled into good police, engineers, riveters, etc. Take my word for it, Mr. Blathwayt, Africa is the hope of the future, and will be the salvation of an overcrowded world."—*Review of Reviews.*

A HAMMOCK IDEA.

A young woman who lives in a small New York hotel, and has only one room, had a gift lately of a Guayaquil hammock—one of those great, gaily-colored webs that give so delightfully. It seemed an odd present to a woman who hardly saw a veranda from one year's end to the other; but if she hasn't verandas she has ideas. She had hooks put in opposite corners of her room, and when she wants to deliciously lounge she swings the hammock from them. When it is not in use it is draped by means of a third hook across one entire side of the room, making, with its fringes and tassels, a brilliant wall decoration. Mary Hallock Foote says somewhere that an American back never learns to adjust itself to the luxury of a genuine South American or Mexican hammock. The owner of this one says she has learned more of the real theory of rest since she owned it than she ever knew before. "Since I learned to let go and sink," she said, "I have gained five pounds."

WHAT THE NAMES MEAN.

There are so many odd names given to colors nowadays that it is well to know just what they mean. These are the names, as they come on French color cards, with their meaning: Angelique, a pale apple green; beige, really a beige drab; castor, a dark beige; castile, a bright buff yellow; coquelicot, a bright red, like that of the poppy; diavolo, a bright cinnamon; emerald, a brilliant emerald green; floxine, a brilliant light crimson; geramine, a pale geranium red; mascotte, a medium moss green; paradis, a bird of paradise yellow; pivoine, a deep metallic scarlet; vareche, a deep moss green.

CULTIVATING OYSTERS.

If we cannot "paint the lily," human ingenuity and care can, nevertheless, in many ways improve the processes of nature and their results. Nature alone never could have produced some of the fruits and flowers of our orchards, gardens and conservatories.

Man's assistance has enabled her to develop and expand some of her powers, and by restraining some tendencies and encouraging others has brought about wonderful variations. A recent instance of this is the cultivation of oysters in a tank on the coast of the English channel in France. The oysters have been carefully attended in their artificial home since the spring of 1890.

They have already, in the opinion of the experimenters, developed a size and flavor superior to those attained by any of the oysters in the natural breeding-places along the coast. Suppose it should be possible to improve the quality of oysters as greatly as that of strawberries has been improved under cultivation!

GLEANINGS.

Both Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and Kate Fields use phonographs instead of dictating their matter to stenographers.

Fruit jellies of all kinds will keep perfectly for years if covered with pulverized sugar to the depth of a quarter of an inch.

To remove berry stains from paper, books, etc., hold a lighted brimstone match close to them; the sulphur fumes remove the stains.

Lonisa M. Alcott once put the following query: "If steamers are named the Asia, the Russia and the Scotia, why not call one the Nausea?"

Cane-seat chair-bottoms that have sagged, but are not broken, can be made as taut as when new if washed thoroughly with a soft cloth wet in soap-suds. Let them dry in the air.

In fly-time, gather great bunches of clover blossoms and hang up in rooms where flies are troublesome. As they dry, the perfume of the blossoms will drive away more flies than all the nauseating fly-paper can collect.

There is too much truth in the remark of a speaker at a recent dairy conference, that when we want to make a farmer we take the dullest boy we have, give him but little or no education, get him out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, work him till dark, and never give him any share in what he helps to produce. But he thought a brighter day was dawning for the farmer's boy.—*Examiner.*

Miss Sybil Sanderson, daughter of Judge Sanderson, of San Francisco, is the only soprano in the world who makes higher tones than Patti. She is a tall, willowy girl, with a throat like a white pillar, gold blond hair and black eyes. She dresses beautifully, is extremely bright and intelligent, and was quite a belle when the unusual capabilities of her voice first became apparent and she went to Europe for study.

Miss Kate Holden, matron of the women nurses on North Brother island, where the New York City paupers afflicted with contagious diseases are sent, has for ten years led a life of solitude and sacrifice, frequently spending months at a time without crossing to the mainland. When fifty Russian typhus patients were sent in a single day to this island hospital, Miss Holden spent forty consecutive hours among them without sleep or food.

Though in some matters Queen Victoria is very old-fashioned, and refuses to listen to the voice of fashion, she is ready enough to take up new inventions of a practical nature. In the typewriter she took great interest, and one is in daily use wherever she may be in residence, being used for the writing of the court circular, lists of visitors and other particulars which her majesty edits, and which used always to be written out in the ordinary way for her perusal.

The Circassian beauty of the Turkish harem never moistens her face with liquid of any kind. She keeps it clean by the dry wash—that is, by rubbing some dry substance, as almond-meal, over the face, and wiping with a soft cloth. Many women devotees of facial massage believe soap and water injurious to the skin, and use oil on the face instead, which a few minutes later is wiped off with a soft towel. The towel shows that soap and water, even though diligently applied previously, are inadequate for cleansing purposes. They believe that the skin should be cleansed like leather, with oil.



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Smiles.

"HOW DID YOU REST LAST NIGHT?"

"How did you rest last night?" I've heard my gran'pap say Them words a thousand times—that's right—

LOOK OUT.

There are children saving pennies where the noble Hudson rolls, And the men in California are stacking up their "doles."

—Quips of Buffalo.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

A PRETTY little French woman went into one of the newspaper offices last Tuesday, and with a positive air passed an advertisement through the window.

IT REACHED THE GROUND.

Years ago a uaval academy cadet with very short legs used to answer the gibes of his fellow-students by saying he didn't care—his legs were long enough to reach the ground.

CUTTING.

There is some pleasure in coming upon an anecdote in which the barber does not have the last word. Judy relates this dialogue:

THE VISITOR WAS IMPRESSED.

Dibbs (anxious to impress his visitor. To Mrs. Dibbs)—"My dear, when you go to the country, shall you leave your diamonds with the Safe Deposit Company?"

SUFFICIENT REASON.

"I thought you and Mrs. Toplofty used to be such close friends." "So we did."

FLUNG.

Jack Mittens (mournfully)—"She has thrown me over!" Tom Bigbee (philosophically)—"Well, youth will have its fling, you know."—Puck.

TOBACCO USERS SMILE SOMETIMES

When told how tobacco hurts them; sometimes they don't, because shattered nerves, weak eyes, chronic catarrh, lost manhood tell the story.

AN UNNECESSARY CLAUSE.

A man who was repairing a series of recipes for a cookery-book, engaged the services of a celebrated chef as critic, and to revise his work.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

Carrie LaMode—"So we're not going to have crinoline, after all. What a pity we were all so wrought up about it!"

A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE.

DeGarry—"He is raising quite a muscle. Has he one of those home gymnasiums?"

LITTLE BITS.

"They ought to have a little girl show as well as a chicken show," said Mollie. "I dess there's lots of people who'd like to see me."

Father—"Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other."

Little son (thoughtfully)—"Is that what a little boy has two ears for, papa?"

Teacher (in a grammar school)—"What is the meaning of 'topaz'?"

"A topaz," said the boy, "is where the mules walk when they're drawing a canal-boat."

"I can't see why you charge so much for ice. The crop has largely exceeded the demand this year," complained the consumer.

"True; and that has made the selection of good ice so much the harder. We aren't experts for nothing," said the dealer.—Harper's Bazar.

Two ladies were sitting by an open window while the choir was practicing in a neighboring church.

"How loudly they sing to-night!" said one. "Yes," returned the other, thinking of the crickets in the grass, "and it is said they do it with their hind legs."

Minister—"I didn't see your papa in church this morning, Willie."

Willie—"No, sir; he went out walking in the woods."

"I am afraid, Willie, your papa does not fear the Lord."

"Oh, yes, sir; I guess he does; he took his gun with him."

Tramp—"Beg pardon, sir, but could you render me some slight assistance in a pecuniary way to enable me to return to my beloved home once more?"

Traveler (from Boston)—"Where is your home, my good man?"

Tramp—"Boston, sir. I had enough money yesterday, but there was a hole in the pocket of my pants—"

Traveler—"Sir, you are an impostor! I can do nothing for you. Pants, indeed!"

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Has the most complete and beautiful Sanitarium and Best Resort in America, where not only the cures of Consumption, Nervous Diseases, the Liqueur, Opium, Morphine Habits go on daily, but

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always bite when you use Zampa Compound on your bait. 10 cents worth lasts all summer. Stamps taken Zampa Co., 61 S Court St., Boston, Mass.

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RUPTURE

Positive Cure. By mail. Send for circular. Address Capt. W. A. Collings, Smithville, Jefferson Co., NY

Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water

If afflicted with sore eyes use

Gleanings.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

WORKING DAYS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

THE following figures, compiled by a Polish statistician, shows the standard number of working days per annum in various countries. The inhabitants of central Russia, as might be expected, labor fewest days in the year; namely, 267. Then comes Canada, with 270, followed by Scotland, with 275; England, 275; Portugal, 283; Russian Poland, 288; Spain, 290; Austria and the Russian Baltic Provinces, 295; Italy, 298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil and Luxemburg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Wurtemberg, Switzerland, Denmark, and Norway, 302; Sweden, 304; Prussia and Ireland, 305; United States, 306; Holland, 308; and Hungaria, 312. It will be observed from this that while the Canadian working-man has only to toil stultably 270 days out of 365, he frequently crosses the boundary-line into the United States, where he is expected to labor for 306 days. The Irishman and the Prussian are in the same category with 305 days, or 30 days more than the Englishman and the Scotchman. -London Engineering.

FASTING IN ACUTE RHEUMATISM.

Dr. Wood, professor of chemistry in the medical department of Bishop's college, Montreal, reports in the Canada Medical Record a number of cases in which acute articular rheumatism was cured by fasting, usually from four to eight days. In no case was it necessary to fast more than ten days. Less positive results were obtained in cases of chronic rheumatism. The patients were allowed to drink freely of cold water, or lemonade in moderate quantities if they preferred. No medicines were given. Dr. Wood says that from the quick and almost invariably good results obtained by simple abstinence from food in more than forty cases in his own practice he is inclined to believe that rheumatism is, after all, only a phase of indigestion, to be cured by giving complete and continued rest to all the viscera.

A FAIR PINCUSHION.

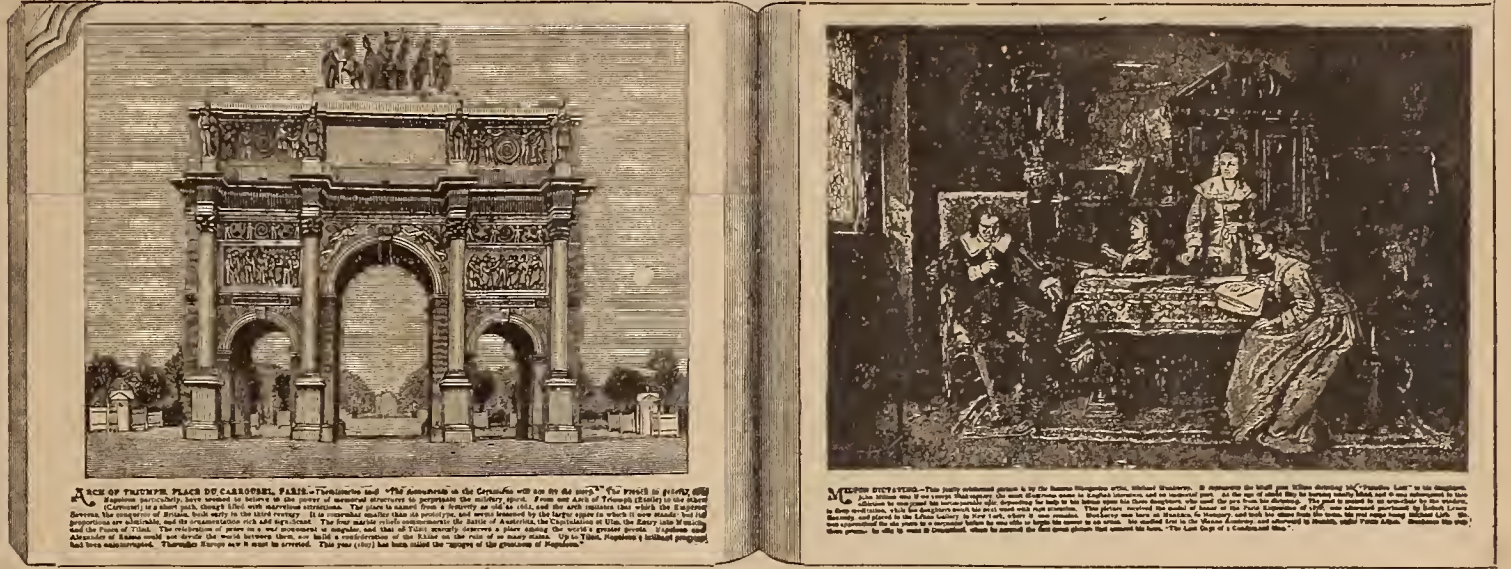
A pincushion-table for a fair is full of charming possibilities. If a young girl were to ask each one of her friends to make a cushion of some kind for the toilet-table, what a quantity of lovely designs in exquisite materials would come to her. There would be the old-fashioned cushion, about nine inches square, of pale yellow or pink brocade, with a deep frill of lace; the orange cushions—orange in color and shape—made of six pieces of velvet pointed at the ends, and widening at the center like a section of orange peel. The cylindrical cushion for hat-pins could be ornamented to look like a roll of music, and there would be cushions to look like flowers. Perhaps a prize would be offered for the handsomest cushion of all.

A FROG'S RESURRECTION.

Some of the lower forms of animal life can exist a long period without air or food. Both frogs and toads hibernate—that is, sleep through the winter. The skin of these reptiles has a property of imbibing water, so that if an apparently emaciated frog is placed in a damp place it will soon look quite plump. A Vermont man sealed a frog up in a stone box and buried him three feet under ground, and yet when he opened him up at the end of fourteen months the frog hopped off about his business as though nothing unusual had occurred. He must have felt, though, while shut up in that box, about as a man does waiting at a country station for a late train.

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