HOUSEHOLD.

Tea and coffee stains should taken out of linen while yet wet. Hold them over a bowl and pour boiling water through them.

Boston cooking schools, having graduated 1,800 girls during the year. "The Chicago Tribnne" raises the important question, "Can they cook?"

The market is asking us for granulated butter, says Mr. Gould, and if we will fill the boxes with the best granulated butter, and then take a butter ladle and smooth it all slick, we have lost that granulated surface and lost a point with the buyer.

It is said that a certain cure for a felon is to wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder till the affected part is entirely covered. Keep the whole wet with strong spirits of camphor. Another species of felon is quickly suspended by twisted hemp.

Two pairs of stockings may be made of three old pairs. The long hosiery of the day will bear having the heel and sole cut out and then be ample in length. A new heel and sole may be cut from the third pair, and neatly fitted in; if the seams are carefully and closely overcast, the most fastidious need not object to them on ordinary occasions.

Cold on the Chest.

For a cold on the chest there is no better specific for most persons than well-boiled or roasted onions. They may not agree with every one, but to most persons with good digestion they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough, and the clogging of the bronchial tubes which is usually the cause of the cough, but if eaten freely at the outset of a cold they will break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.-Chicago Ledger.

Rump Steak, Victoria Style.

Cut two pounds of rump steak into sprinkle with pepper and roll in finely chopped parsley. Put on each piece of steak a very thin slice of bacon, roll up and tie tightly with a twine. put any pieces of suet that were left in a frying pan to melt, put the meat in the hot fat and brown quickly, then place the rolls in a saucepan. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the fat remaining in the pan, cook until a dark brown, add a pint of stock or water, stir continually until it boils, and strain over therolls. Cover and simmer gently one hour. While this is cooking remove the stones from a dozen olives, throw them into boiling water, boil rappidly for five minutes, then throw them into cold water until the meat is done; arange the rolls neatly on a platter, remove the strings, throw the olives into the sauce bring quickly to boiling point, and pour round the rolls.

Grease Your Shoes.

cared for, will last much longer than if neglected, as is too often the case. A French kid shoe, if carelessly cared for, will not look as well nor last as long as one of an inferior quality that is looked after properly. When creases, smoothed out with the hand and placed away in a shoebag or box away from the dust, and when wanted for use they can be taken out eady for wear. Where there is not a box or bag for the purpose a closet as the next best thing. Shoes will ast much longer if, when new, they are rubbed with castor oil. Hold them in front of a fire and rub the oil well into the leather. The oil them. At first the oil, after standing, iressed it gives them a nice soft finish.

Practical Points. From the Christian Union.

The most valuable goods, it said, are are done up in the smallest parcels, so sometimes the most help tul suggestions are in the fewest words. The following paragraphs have been picked up from various sources, and are offered as a nosegay from an old-fashioned garden:

A man must ask leave of his stomach to be happy.

Salt fish of any kind is quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Fish may be scalded much easier by lipping into boiling water about a ninute.

In watering plants, put a teaspoonbl of ammonia into water once a week. Ripe tomatoes will remove inkstains from white cloth and also from the hands.

with white clothes will aid the whitenng process.

Boiled starch is much improved by

the addition of salt a little or dissolved gum-arabic. Windows should be opened at both

top and bottom in order to secure proper ventilation. To attempt hard work or close

some food and drink. tan be made less so by properly might be only the first step in a understanding and practicing the down hill course to ruin.—Once a Week. aws of breathing.

Corrent Wit.

Love is blind, they say. Before marriage he certainly is, and after marriage he needs to be.—Somerville

Joseph Chamberlain says that the home rule question is losing its importance. Perhaps he will not think so after he has been married longer.

When it is a man who is about to be told a secret he shuts the door. When it is a woman she opens it to make sure there is no one listening

"The only color," says a scientific note, "that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue." True enough. A man always knows when he feel

Judge-"Miss, how old are you? Witness-"Well, I am thirty." "Thirty what?" Well, between thirty and forty." "I'll put your age down at thirty-nine; I guess you won't loose anything by that."

There was company at dinner and Bobby's mother was somewhat surorised when Bobby refused pie. "Why, Bobby," remarked one of the guests. 'aren't you fond of pie?" "Yes, marm, I'm as fond of it as any little boy, but my sister made that pie."

The Little Judge-"On what grounds do you wish me to hold this man?" Officer Lammen-"Well there was a murther committed, sor; and, although Oi have me doubts about this man bein' the criminal, it wouldn't do to let him go until we catch another felly."-Puck.

Helen, six years old, had a copy of Æsop's Fables" given to her. She looked at the title page attentively for a few moments, noticing probably the diphthong E, in capitals, for the first time. "That A is in a hurry, isn't it, Auntie?" she said. "Why so?" said her aunt. "Because it's crowding the E."-Boston Times.

A mother was correcting her little boy the other day, and appealing to him, asked how he would feel if he had a son who didn't do this and didn't do that, and so on. When she had reached the end of the inquiry he answered: "Well, mamma, pieces about four inches long and if I had a little boy eight years old, two inches wide, says the Table Talk, I don't think I'd expect the earth of

> Society Reporter-"I'd like a vacation of a month, sir." City Editor-"Why, what do you mean? We can't spare you now, right in the midst of the season. What's the matter?" Society Reporter-"Oh nothing much; only in writing up the Blowout wedding I said: 'The happy pair enterlife under auspicious circumstances," and it appeared in the paper suspicious. I guess I'd better go south for the rest of the winter."-Toledo Blade.

Joshua, said a farmer who fived a few miles from a Western town, in conversation with his son, where do you think we had better plant our potatoes next Spring .- Idon't know, father, I hadn't thought ofit. How would the land down by the creek do? -Down by the creek? repeated the old man, scornfully. We'll plant them at the corner of One Hundred and Eighteenth and Gay street, lot 6, block 317, Jenkin's addition to the Shoes that are worn regularly, if | city of Swamp Hollow.

Von Bulow was walking one day in Berlin, when he met a man with whom he had formerly been on somewhat intimate terms, but whose acquaintance he was desirious of dropping. The quondam friend at once acshoes are taken off they should be costed him. "How do you do, Von thoroughly brushed, to remove all Bulow? delighted to see you! Now dust that invariably collects in the | I'll bet that you don't remember my plied Von Bulow, and turning on his heel he walked off in the opposite di-

A teacher in the infant department of an Eighth Ward Sunday-School recently observed a five-year-old girl in the class making desperate efforts to suppress the exhibition of something which seemed to please her wonderful. makes the leather pliable, fills up the ly. Thinking that relieveing her pores and prevents it from cracking. | mind might quiet the child, the teach-Where boots are worn every day er inquired the cause of her merrionce a fortnight is not often to oil ment. "Why," exclaimed the child, "my dramma's dead, and papa's will give them a gray look, but when | goin' to let me sing at ze funeral zis af'ernoon.'

> An English rector in a Sussex parish once visited a poor old widow who had nine or ten children. All of them except the daughter had gone out into the world and left her. At last the daughter married and left the mother alone. "Dame." said the rector, "you must feel lonely now, after having had so large a family.' "Yes, sir," she answered, "I do feel it lonesome. I have brought up a large family, and here I am now living alone. And I misses'em and I wants 'em; but I misses'em more than I

Philadelphia man (in Dakota:) 'What did that man do, steal a horse?" Leader lynching mob. Worse." "Kill somebody?" "Worse 'ner that, stranger. We don't lynch fellers fer hoss-stealin' and killin' no more. We're a law-abidin' people wen we an't pushed to hard. But, you see, there an't no law to reach A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled that feller's case." "There isn't?" "No Sir. He's one o' these ere eastern covotes wot comes around suggestin' jawbreakin' Injun names for north and south Dakota."

About Character.

Nothing can be more certain than that the character can be sustained study within an hour after eating and strengthened only by its own invites derangement of the digestive energetic action. The will, which is the central force of character, Because the air is invisible it is no must be trained to habits of decision; reason why pure air is not as essen- otherwise it will be able neither to tial to good health as are whole- resists evil nor to follow good. Decision gives the power of standing So-called unhealthful occupations firmly, when to yield, however slightly,

Is Marriage A Failure?

'You've read all this controversy

about marriage, Tom?" Tom was reading the morning paper at the breakfast-table, and, like most men under the circumstances, did not want to be interrupted. In fact, he was not interrupted. He gave an unconscious little "Hmm" of inquiry, calculated to gain more time for the interesting paragraph, and went on with his reading. Edith's pretty brows gathered themselves into a knot that would be a frown when Tom should look at her. But Tom didn't look. Totally oblivious of the growing coldness of both his coffee and his wife, he finished his paragraph and began another.

"Tom, I do wish you wouldn't bring that horrid newspaper to the table!" she burst forth at last, out of patience. "It is dreadful impolite! What would you think of me if l should bring a book to the table and read straight through the meal, never even answering your questions?"

"What?" cried Tom, bewildered by this volley ofwords. "Did you speak to me, my dear? I really didn't hear you. I beg your pardon." The offending newspaper disappeared under the table.

"That is just what I am camplaining about-that you did not hear me," said Edith, somewhat mollifled by her husband's frank apology. "Won't you promise to leave it in the other room after this, Tom? I scarce ly see you except at meal time, and then when you read all the time I don't feel as it I had seen you at all."

"But, my dear," said Tom, casting a rueful glance under the table, "that is the only time I have to read the

"Oh!" Edith's eyes were round with overdone astonishment. "Then it is really only a choice between your wife and your newspaper, and the newspaper wins!"

"Now, Edith-" "Stop and think a moment, dear," interrupted his wife. "You know we are not very well off-in fact, there are some uncharitable people who would call us even poor if they could see our make shifts and little pretences. And yet haven't I made your home a pretty place?"

She looked around with a pardon- added. able pride at the handiwork of her dainty fingers, visible in all corners of the little rooms. Here, a gay lamp-mat of odd pieces of silk; easel made from an old fish-pole of Tom's, with the aid of a little varnish, while on it stood a panel delimore or less than an old pine board with the edges smoothed off to represent a bevel, and with a gilded rope round it to represent a frame.

This was behind the scenes, however. To those few fashionables who honored the poor clerk's wife with a calling acquaintance these things appeared as a dainty mat, a rug such as everybody was having made at exorbitant prices, and an æsthetic easel with a handsome picture in a unique frame. Then they wentaway and wondered how "that poor Tom Nester's wife could afford such extravagant things!

and countless other trifles, and then back to Tom. "How much time do you think I

Now Edith's eyes glanced at these

read a word in that new novel that Mrs. Brooks lent to me, and I must take it back to morrow? I don't regret it, dear-not a bit," she finished brightly, "only-if you read your bring my novel and read it, every

When she had finished the table was no longer between them; that is to say, Edith was snugly ensconced in Tom's arms, while Tom's lips pressed kisses on the top of her curly brown head. And the newspaper under the table could not so much as rustle a protest.

"But you have not told me yet what your question was about," himself, or, it may be, shown himself said Tom at last, returning to the that he was wrong and saved a blunoriginal subject with the true thor- der.' ougness of the masculine mind that tears down the fairy structure of hidden foundation is of stone.

gotten all about it. I only asked you if you had read this nonsense about marriage being a failure." "I've read what the papers say-

why do you ask, little woman?" matter, dear?"

where a lot of fashionable dolls get together to discuss matters of which to the weary partner of their cares. they have not the faintest comprethey have not the faintest comprehension."

"Reading societies!" "Well, debating club, then, if that newly cultivated ear."

Tom was certainly losing his temper. Edith's eyes flashed at the sneer no lives can be broken or bruised. If the words conveyed, but she thought: he did not speak of it she must, she

-by and by." Then she sighed out-right as the ridiculous story occurred to her of the man who stopped to

count a hundred, when angry, before he spoke. But her laugh died. 'How could I manage it if he should refuse to let me go?" she thought "Oh Tom!" she cried, "you wouldn't be so cruel as to deprive me of this pleasure when I have so few!" Her face disappeared in the sure refuge of womanhood her handkerchief.

"You may do as you please, Edith," replied Tom coldly, catching up his over coat as he went to the door. "I have never imposed a restraint pon your actions; but I should think, if you have so much time to spare, that you might even manage to finish your novel." With this Parthian dart he disappeared. As the door closed Edith emerged from behind her handkerchief. Her eyes were full of tears, but her eyes were laughing.

"How like a man! she said at last Now why couldn't he say to me kindly: 'Edith, dear, I know it would be a pleasure to you, but I would rather not have my wife in such constant association with these "fashionable dolls"; I want to keep her to myself. Will you not give this up as you have so much else, for my sake? Now, why couldn't he say that: And then ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have answered fervid-"Certainly, my darling. Will you have the heart out of my boscm, too?""

Things did not seem to go right that morning down town. A curly brown head and two tearful eyes kept getting between Tom and the page of figures before him. "I was a brutel" he said to himself after a long inward struggle. "The child shall have her reading club if she likes. I won't say another word against it."

After that decision he felt better, and, manlike having decided the question, he at once forgot all about it, while his wife at home thought of nothing else all the morning, and changed and turned the subject, inserting a word here and an expression there, until by noon she had almost lost the real facts in the case in an ocean of possibilities.

She was surprised when noon and Tom came, and nothing more was said about the morning's dispute. Tom was full of a new project. On his way home he had stopped by an old friend and addressed in the following mysterious manner:

"Say, Tom, would you like to go into business for yourself?" Tom looked at him uncertainly, scarcely believing his ears.

"I don't understand." he said. "Well, I'll tell you about it. Let's walk on; I'm going your way. You walk, don't you? So do I-it's healthier." And cheaper, Tom could have

"Well," went on Mr. Chester, who was a man pleased with the sound of his own voice, "these are the facts; Browthwell is managing our business up at Ashlands, and he wrote to there a rug deftly woven from me that he had a smart fellow that woolen scraps; in the corner, an I could trust to go into partnership with him and do the headwork-Brothwell never was much on headbusiness, you know-he thought he could make the business pay double cately painted, and being neither what it is doing now. It popped into my head the minute I saw you: 'Here's the man we're looking for.' Come, now, what do you say?

Tom considered a moment, after he had asked enough questions to thoroughly satisfy himself on all

"I'll tell you this afternoon," he said at length. "I will talk it over with my wife.' 'What?" exclaimed Mr. Chester.

"I said I would talk it over with my wife," repeated Tom quietly. "What do you want to do that for?" grumbled his friend. "Women don't know anything about business, and she'll be sure to raise some non-

sensical objection." Tom laughed. "I've always found, Chester," he said, "that the man who talks things over with his wife makes a great many mistakes less than the man whose have for reading, dear? Do you wife knows absolutely nothing about know that I have not been able to his business. It is adull woman who cannot understand a simple explanation lucidly given. As my wife once said to me: 'Oh, you men say we can't understand business, with the business in capitals, when if you paper at the table any more, I shall took the pains to tell us once or own.' you would find comprehend even such knotty questions as profit and loss.' And even supposing they don't, Chester," he went on, unconsciously warming to the subject, "even supposing they don't. It clears a man's ideas wonderfully to have to marshal his argument to convince his wife. And if he knows she doesn't understand them, why, he's convinced

> "I never should have thought of it me know this afternoon."

Tom found Edith mending his shirt. Her lips were pressed firmly together in her efforts to get the needle through Well that's what I wanted to tell the starched linen, but they softened you about. You remember Mrs. | quickly when he stooped to kiss her, Simmons called here the other day as he had every day through the two mentous question as to whether marand asked me to join the society years they had I en married. It riage was or was not a failure?" askthey were just starting-that's the may be that some of our readers do name of the society, you know-so not stop to kiss their wives when yesterday I went, and, oh! Tom, you | they leave and return to them. They you can't imagine how nice it was! may forget it, or they may think Mrs. Ellsworth said I really ought to that it takes too much time from be elected president. What's the their business; but if they could know how much brighter the little Tom had set her hastily down and attention would make the day to risen to his feet. His brows, which the tired wife toiling at home, how were not so pretty as Edith's were many cross words and unhappy unmistakably drawn into a frown. | thoughts it would save, some of them, "Edith." he said sharply, "you I think, would be illing to go withknow how averse I am, and always out that last muffin or pancake that | marry until they find a periect wife, reported the matter to the owner, have been, to these reading societies. | they are only because it looked so inviting, to devote the extra moments

sat down. Would he say nothing of the morning, when they had promised each other never, literally, to sounds more euphonious to your allow the sun to rise or set on their she added noting Tom's smile. displeasure?

Oh, golden rule, following which same time. I shall have time enough | an's place to be the first to acknowl- | bearance, confidence and truthful- | seemed to suffer no further, damage. | the colts can run loose.

edge the wrong, a chaps sile would be satisfied if the man responded to her advances when made.

"They're pretty old aren't they, dear?" he smiled, looking at the refractory shirt half wistfully. She smiled back at him gladly.

was thinking so" she said. "Tom, how much do new shirts cost?" "Those that I wore in my unhappy bachelor days cost me about \$30 a dozen. I am willing to wear them

ready made now." Edith thought of the gloves and ribbons, and ruches and handkerchiefs, that she went without, and smiled to herself. "A man wants so few things, I suppose it is natural that he should be particular about them," she thought.

Then Tom told her of Mr. Chester's proposal. She looked at him with bright eyes and a flushed face.

"Of course you told him that you would, Tom," she exclaimed eagerly. "I told him I would talk it over with you and let him know this afternoon," replied Tom. "It would mean more privation for you for a time, dear, and then, I might not be capable of filling the position."

"Capable, Tom! Why, what nonsense you talk. You not capable of -of anything! Perhaps it's just as well that you did not give him an answer this noon; he'll be all the more determined to get you if he thinks you are not anxious for it. But hurry right off after dinner and tell him you have decided to accept his offer, before he gives it to some one else,

his wife's advice! How quickly the morning's clouds

A few words in Tom's ear and he exclaimed, "Don't speak of it, my darling! I was cross-brutally cross, to want to deprive you of any little enjoyment vou can have." But he noticed that she did not offer to give up the reading club. The weeks sped by rapidly. It was now close upon the first of the year when Tom was to enter the new era in his business

Edith was, as may be supposed, very busy indeed; and vet Tom. coming home unexpectedly early, had several times found her absent from the little home where he had been picturing her weary with work.

"The reading-club, of course," Tom thought but asked no questions when she made her appearance, nor did Edith wolunteer an explanation; so the little cloud grew as little clouds will when the soft southern breeze of confidence blows from the north and becomes the storm-brewing wind of doubt. One eventful afternoon Tom came home saying, "Edith, I can have the afternoon if I want it. Now is your time to go through Herbert's art store, if you go for so long.

pointedly, "I-I can't. I must go to Mrs. Denton's. It's my last chance to—" She stopped abruptly.

'Very well, Edith," said Tom, quiet-"I shall know better than to think next time that I might be of more importance to you than a crowd of frivolous, gossiping women. Probably the club will take me in." With that he walked out of the house but he did not go to the club. He went back to his desk, and went to work furiously trying to crowd out the recollection of two tearful, pleading eyes. The whole of his sky was overclouded now, and the clouds were so thick that it did not seem as i the sun could ever pierce through again. It might seem a little thing to one who does not know that little things are more than great things in this queerly constructed world of ours, but to Tom it meant that his wife was drifting away from him; had so far drifted already that she could keenly hurt his feelings rather than give up an afternoon of shallow so-

He did not go home as early as usual; he felt almost as if he would rather not go home at all to the himself in quietly; the house was dark

save for a low light upstairs. yet. It was another blow upon his aching heart, "This is a crisis in our happiness," he thought. "I must or carelessly, the child soon learns to be firm for her sake, as well as my

He lighted a match and turned up the wick of the lamp, which caught the blaze and sent a ruddy light through the dainty paper shade. Then he looked sadly around. Sud- sults will soon become apparent. A denly his eye caught sight of a parcel lying on a chair near the window. A large piece of paper was laid up against it and instinctively he stepped nearer to read the words. This is what he read:

"Goose!" written in very large letters," This is the 'debating club." He opened the bundle, scarcely understanding what it meant. There in that light," remarked Mr. Chester, lay a dozen glossy new shirts marked his present joy to be sure that the dryly. "It might be better if she with his name, the work for all these didn't understand. Well, don't let | past weeks of his wife's untiring fin-"Sure enough! I declare, I had for- me destroy any illusion, my boy. gers. How she had done it she alone Go your own way about it, only let | knew, she and kind Mrs. Denton, who had insisted on lending her sewing machine to the labor of love. There was a little gurgle of laughter behind him; he turned to clasp Edith, half laughing, half crying, in his arms.

"Well, did 'the club' decide the mo-

the claws of a dead tiger. "We didn't discuss it, Tom. That was a joke to keep you from suspect- had about given up all hope of seeing tion. There are men who will not horse's escape. He immediately or if the one they marry turns when several of his neighbors went out to possess a flaw they at once with him to relieve the horse of his

ness, and happiness will be sure to

"Then, to sum up these convincing arguments, based on sad experience, said Tom, "whether marriage is failure or a gigantic success, depends largely upon who's married."—Kate A. Bradley, in Detroit Free Press

A Woman's Smile.

For good or evil the power of woman's smile is very great. It the outward and visible sign of a talent of pleasing which she has re ceived to enable her to be an in fluence for good in the ordering and government of the world. Men are very much what women make them and it is by rightly using their talent | coming industry in New York state. of pleasing that women can make men what they ought to be. The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household, but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her greates! privilege. It is one of the duties of women to beautify the world, and especially their own homes and their own persons, to arrange the furni- frequently he made more profitable ture and ornaments of their own rooms tastefully, and generally to give a touch of seemliness to that part of the world with which they havetodo. To shed joy, to radiatehappiness, to cast light upon dark days to be the golden thread of our destiny, the spirit of grace and harmony, and it will be rendered perfectly sweet No wonder Tom was willing to ask is not this to render a service? Here again. Take care that it is throughand there we meet one who possesses the power of enchanting all about cleared up before this burst of sun- her; her presence lights up the house, her approach is like a cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile and we are | milk, without injury to the cow, happy. She is the aurora with a taking into consideration all the human face.

In a New Zealand cemetery on a gravestone is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words, "She was so pleasant!" What a delightful character she must have been to have an epitaph like that! proper means to secure a glossy coat. It makes one think that a choir of Let the heels be brushed out every nightingales is perched upon her night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, grave, and singing melodious chants | causes sore heels. to her memory.

"she was so pleasant" that friends used to come first to her in seasons of sorrow and sicknesss for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand worked wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall ready for Spring use. Give them a from her lips in the ears of a sorrow- thorough cleaning, oil the machinery ing sister did much to raise the load of grief that was bowing its victim

down in anguish. ness, and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he entered the cosey sitting-room, and saw the blaze of the bright fire, and met the like. You know you have wanted to smiling face of this sweet-minded woman, he would succumb in a "Oh, Tom!" cried Edith, disap- moment to the soothing influences his sinking spirits. The rough schoolboy fled in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smiles; the little one, full of grief with his own large trouble, found a haven of rest on her breast. All these and many woman's smile mourn for her now better rations for cattle. that she has gone, because "she was so pleasant."-From "The Five Talents of Woman.

Brushing Children's Hair.

Frequent and thorough brushing of the hair is extremely desirable. It not only improves temporarily the appearance of a child, but tends at the same time to keep the scalp in a healthy condition. It stimulates the growth of the hair, and prevents it from becoming dry and harsh. Care should be exercised in selecting a thick, soft brush, and due attention be paid to the manner in which it is used. There is a right way and a wrong way of doing many things, house where discord reigned. He let and in hair brushing the latter is too frequently employed. The mother or nurse who assumes this important Evidently Edith had not returned duty must take plenty of time and give her undivided attention to it. If the operation be performed hastily dread it; while on the other hand, if it it is always associated with a few earth. Dry earth is a great disinpleasant words, a short fairy tale or something of the kind, the operation ground dry earth should occasionalwill give pleasure to both of the par- ly be added. Then the ground is ties concerned, and the beneficial re. | warmer than a floor would be. comb is an implement of doubtful utility in the nursery, and certainly one which is capable of doing as much harm as good. For parting the hair a coarse comb with blunt, rounded teeth may be used; but for dealing with the inevitable snarls which so often occur in the best regulated locks, a brush, suplemented by gentle fingers, should only be used. Under no consideration should a comb be allowed to come in contact with the delicate scalp of a child, and the use ture, such as was formerly in vogue, ought in this enlightened age to be relegated from the nursery to a chamber of horrors.-Babyhood.

A Long Fast.

is the owner of a valuable horse. ed Toma little while later. He could A short time ago the horse strayed joke about it now, as one will examine off, and a diligent search failed to locate his whereabouts, and Mr. Pratt ing until to-morrow, and then you the animal again. Thirteen days were so cross you spoiled it all, you after he was missed, a negro boy. bad boy! But I think," sitting erect, while hunting in the creek swamp, her cheeks flushing with earnestness, found the horse in the bed of the "that no one honestly, in his inner- creek standing in the water, the high most heart, has a doubt of the ques- banks on either side preventing the declare marriage a failure. Let them long imprisonment. The bank of the

THE FARM

Agricultural Notes.

Prof. Short says that submerged milk produces more cream than by any other process, and prevents contamination by any impurities in the

The propagation of game should be taken up seriously, and become a branch to be fostered and encouraged in the same manner as the methods of the fishculturists.

Col. Curtis at the Kirby Homestead, turns each sixteen pounds of milk into a pound of butter. He believes that winter dairying is the Keep the flocks healthy and avoid too much dry food. Remember to

give roots regularly, or ensilage; in

the absence of roots or ensilage try

mill feed and a little oil meal. With proper provision of warmth and shelter, and a good store of ensilage and hay, winter dairying can than summer; labor is than cheeper

and butter higher. The farming world (English) says: 'If you have any butter that has a rank flavor, mix to each pound a a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda,

ly mixed. As an exchange remarks the great question is and will continue to be what will produce the most and best circumstances under which we are

Use the currycomb lightly. When used roughly it is the source of great pain; brushing and rubbing are the

An excellent way to utilize dull days, when but little work can be done, especially during cold or rainy weather, is to sharpen all the tools and implements, so as to have them and keep them in a dry place.

John Gould says that farmers may Her husband would come home as well stand by each other as to be worn out with the pressure of busi-|"held up" by a speculator. If they will discard all jealousies and work each for the interest of all, there is no reason why they may not receive all the benefit of a co-operative

The silo has brought new revelawhich were like a balm of Gilead to tions to us and given us a value in fodder-corn that we never had before, at least it has called our aftention to it in a way that we have never had it called before, so that we now have begun to make a study of fodder-corn and what it may do for us others who felt the power of her in the way of giving us cheaper and

Seed corn should be saved from some variety that has given good results in the section where it was grown. To change the seed without first experimenting in order to learn if the variety is adopted to the soil and climate may entail a loss of the crop. There is no cereal that combines so many different varieties as corn, and the crop that flourishes in one section may be early and prolific, but when transferred through the seed elsewhere often proves the poor-

est that can be grown. There are certain essential principles that must be kept clearly in view in swine husbandry, says the American Stockman. For instance stock hogs should have plenty of exercise, and be made to take it. The log house is essential in stormy weather, as our correspondent says, but it should always be constructed with a clear view to perfect ventilation. It is a question if a floor is better than fectant, and when hogs are upon the

Move the Hogs Along. Hogs in condition to go into good pork should be turned in that direction within the next few weeks, says Orange Judd Farmer. Under the law of averages it would not be surprising if February and March should be quite cold. When a porker is fairly "ripe," and weighs about 240 pounds, it is not business to feed against cold weather. The mud of the latter part of a fine-toothed instrument of tor- of March is almost as objectionable as is the cold-if the blizzards should not come. It is some satisfaction to keep ahead of the plague, too. But one who has corn cribs by the acre filled, and no prospective pigs for the corn, may usually teed longer with profit-if he will protect the animal Bub Pratt, of Troup county, Gorgia, from the wastage of food required to counteract extra cold.

Diarrhea,

The cause of scours in colts, says the Breeder's Gazette, is the indigestible food upon which the animals subsist. Such food as straw and corn stalks is little more than ordinary woody fiber, which irritates the digestive system, causing catarrhal condition of the same. Give to each cols from three to six ounces of linseed oil with half a drachm of laudanum mixed with it, varying the dose according to the size and strength of look into their own thoughts and accreek had to be dug down, and when the animal. After it has operated tions and see if they can find enough the incline was completed the horse be particular as to food given. Oat perfection there to deserve perfection lost no time in rushing to the top, meal drinks and linseed tea should in return. Oh, and women, too!" though he was much exhausted by be given in preference to cold water. the terrible exposure, He had been For solid food give small mashes of "Some of them want a leopard to in the creek thirteen days without bran and oats to which a little linchange his spots in a week, and have other food than he had picked from seed meal has been added. Give in not the patience to smooth the ruts the almost bare banks. The hair small quantities and often. Limit worn deep by the habits of years. about his legs all dropped off from the amount of hay given for a time. "Both of us must not be angry at thought. It seemed to be the wom- But let both begin with love and for- being in the water so long, but he Keep indoors in a warm shed where