

**WHEN BABY WAS SICK.**

When the babes had tonsillitis, oh, Lord, but what a time! The father of all poets could not tell it half in rhyme. It was bustle for the doctor at 12 o'clock at night. And scurry to the drug store before the morning's light. Then, baby's pills at seven and other ones at eight. Prescriptions next in half an hour, don't be a minute late. And don't forget the powders and the iron for the blood. And peptonoids at eating time to take the place of food. And when the darlings waked and cried, "Twas papa walk the floor, With twenty pounds on one arm, on the other fifty more. And keep the house warm all the time, and don't get in a draft. And don't mix the medicines. Why didn't I go daft? The doctor brought them through all right, and thank the Lord for that. And both are strong and rosy now and both are getting fat. He showed most wondrous skill, I think, as doctors often do. But what I marvel most at is that wife and I lived, too. —Buffalo Express.

**ROSE AND MARIGOLD.**



HERE is that troublesome boy now?" exclaimed Mrs. Hicks, one morning to Nancy, her maid of all work. "He can never be found when wanted. Little zood one gets by keeping a pauper, anyway." "Sure, an' an' I saw him a goin' to the duck pond a spell ago," returned Nancy. "He said he was goin' to fix it up, as the water was getting too low for the ducks to swim there." "Well, call him, and tell him to come here immediately." "Charlie, Charlie, oh, Charlie!" "Ho, Nancy!" returned a cheerful voice from the pond. As he came up smiling, he asked: "Do you want me to chop some more wood?" But his smile soon changed into a frown as she replied: "No, Charlie. Mrs. Hicks wants ye. It's a dreadful humor she's in, too, an' ye had be after hurryin' ye had." "Nancy," replied Charlie, vehemently, "I hate Mrs. Hicks, and when I get to be a man I am going to go off and work until I get rich; then I will come back and take ye to my house to bake chicken pie and doughnuts. Little Mary shall come too, so that she won't have to be scolded by that cross old Mrs. Hicks." "The powers protect ye," cried Nancy, "but if ye don't hurry in there won't be much of ye left to grow bigger at all." Here Mrs. Hicks' shrill voice was heard again, and Charlie hurried into the house to be greeted with: "Now, ye lazy little pauper, go out to the store and order a dozen bottles of beer. Stop," she called, as he started off, eager to get out of hearing of her sharp voice. "Bring a couple of bottles with you. There is no knowing when they will be sent. And be quick about it; if ye loiter on the way, not one mouthful of supper will ye get, and ye may sleep out of doors for your trouble." Charlie did not know any of the village boys, as Mrs. Hicks did not allow him to visit any one in the neighborhood, or attend the village school, taught by a widow, Mrs. Norman, so he did not have much opportunity to make an extended acquaintance. However, at no time was he stolid or negligent, but on this occasion he endeavored to execute his errand with all possible speed. Upon his return he found Mrs. Hicks in a worse humor. She called him an ungrateful scamp, and charged him to be gone and remain away until she summoned him to return. Charlie hurried out, feeling too indignant to cry, for he had run all the way. As he went through the kitchen he noticed that Nancy's wood-box was almost empty, and so thought he would fill it for her; he went right out to the wood-shed to carry his plan into execution and lo! there was Nancy with lots of bread and butter and chicken pie for him. "Sure an' ye went as fast as anybody what travels on his own legs could, an' ye shant' do without yer supper while Nancy Mahoney is in the kitchen," she exclaimed, smilingly, as she extended her gifts to him. "Oh, Nancy," said Charlie, "why can't ye be rich instead of Mrs. Hicks? You are so good and she is so mean!" "Och, me darlint, one person can't be everything, ye know. If I was rich I might be mane; an' sure it's Nancy Mahoney as would rather be good and poor, than rich and mane. But now I must be hurryin' back after me pie!" With this she hurried off, leaving Charlie to his reflections and his supper. He ran down to the duck pond to eat it on the big rock under the tree, and to be out of sight of Mrs. Hicks' window, and there he found little Mary, who waited on Mrs. Hicks. "I knew you would come here to see if the water had filled the hole that you fixed for the ducks, and so I brought you some supper down here," she said, handing him some doughnuts and a mug of milk. "Mrs. Hicks gave me the doughnuts for fixing her beer, but I was so angry at her for treating you so mean that I could scarcely thank her." Charlie put everything nicely together on the rock, saying:

"It is not so bad to go without supper, after all, is it? We can have a jolly little picnic here all to ourselves." Mary did not want to eat any, but Charlie insisted, and, as there was an abundance for both, they sat down on the grass by the rock, and ate and talked about how they hated Mrs. Hicks and how they liked Nancy. "Do you know what I wish?" said Charlie. "That we had more chicken pie!" said Mary. "Oh, no, I wish that I was bigger and that you were bigger, and that we had a place just like this, only no Mrs. Hicks in it, and we would always keep Nancy to bake chicken pie. Would not that be jolly?" Mary said it would, but she must go in or Mrs. Hicks might wake up and want her. "I brought you a shawl so you would not catch cold to-night," she said as she was leaving him. "Where are you going to sleep?" "I don't know," said Charlie. "Mamma used to tell me pretty stories about sleeping near flowers, and that angels would watch over us then," said Mary. "I will try it to-night," said Charlie. "What flower will I choose?" "I would sleep under that large white rose bush by the fountain; the roses are so lovely and fragrant," replied Mary. "That will be a nice place. I had thought of the marigolds because they always remind me of you." "Of me?" said Mary, pouting. "Those big yellow flowers like me! I am not yellow." "Oh, no!" said Charlie, "but your name is Mary, and your long curls are so golden, that I always think of you as 'marigold'."

"How funny," said Mary, laughing, as she ran off before he could say any more, and left him thinking and watching the stars make their tardy appearance. Presently he bethought himself of Nancy's empty wood-box, and after replenishing it and the water bucket, she gave him such a bright smile and pleasant good-night that he forgot about Mrs. Hicks. The moon had risen and was shining brightly across the lawn when he took his shawl and went over to sleep under the rose bush by the fountain. Through the leaves he could see the beautiful fountain playing and hear the rippling waters. The fountain represented an angel of mercy with a cup of water in her hand, surrounded by little fairies and Cupids with their bows and arrows. The soft sound of the rippling waters seemed like music to Charlie as he lay listening to its play. Soon the sounds grew fainter and fainter until he could scarcely distinguish them at all. He was fast asleep. Charlie was awakened by the old rooster crowing in the barnyard. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. It was not quite daylight. He looked toward the house which was usually dark and silent at this hour, and saw lights flitting from room to room. He at once conjectured that something must have gone amiss, and hurried to the house where all was confusion. "Och, is it yerself?" cried Nancy, as he entered the kitchen. "Sure and when ye see the missus now, it's sorry ye'll be for her. Indade an' it's a sorry night she's stop. The doctor is here and he says she cannot live at all, at all. She's been a callin' ye all night long, an' thinks ye've been drowned in the duck pond, an' she's been askin' the doctor to send for Mrs. Norman, that little woman who teaches the school. She says Mrs. Norman is yer mother and yer name ain't Smith at all. But ye had better get up to see her." Charlie ascended the staircase to Mrs. Hicks' room feeling considerably bewildered. The doctor was there and several neighbors, and little Mary had her place by the bedside. But Charlie did not notice any of these, he felt sorry for Mrs. Hicks. She was sitting bolstered up in bed with her eyes staring wildly around. When they rested on him she said: "Ha! ha! that's the little boy! He was drowned in the duck pond. This is only his ghost. Come here, little ghost." Charlie felt afraid, but the doctor told him to go. She grasped his hand firmly, and, looking into his eyes, continued: "I know you; you are Charlie Norman's ghost. How you wanted to go to Mrs. Norman's school! You did not know then that she was your own mother, but I did, ha! ha!" She continued to rave for some time, and from what she said they ascertained that Charlie's grandmother had been her sister, and that property had been left to Mrs. Norman, but she had defrauded her out of it; and when the Normans were all down with the fever, Mr. Norman dying, and Mrs. Norman out of her head, Mrs. Hicks had stolen the two children and sent them away. When Mrs. Norman recovered she was told that the two children had died at the same time as their father. Soon after imparting this information Mrs. Hicks died; but before her death she had a lucid interval during which she told them where they would find the papers to the same effect. Charlie was greatly rejoiced to learn that sweet Mrs. Norman was his own mother, and that Mary was his sister, and that they would always live together in that delightful old place. Although the sad circumstances attending Mrs. Hicks' death cast a tinge of melancholy over them, it was not very long until they were forgotten, and Mrs. Norman and her children were very happy together. Nancy, of course, retained her place in the kitchen. "Sure an' it will be a sorry day for Nancy Mahoney when she leaves ye," she said to them one day when they had expressed the desire that she remain forever. —Waverly Magazine

**WORTHLESS METHODS**

**DEVICES THAT ARE HURTFUL IN SCHOOL WORK.**

Educational Journals Filled with a Multitude of So-Called Helps that Are Worse than Useless—Instruction of Children the Work of Women.



Misleading Illustrations. THE use of worthless and unphilosophical methods and devices is, in my judgment, a hurtful mistake in school work. The educational journals of to-day contain a multitude of so-called helps, methods and devices for the use of teachers. A few of these are good and usable; some are of doubtful utility; and many are positively disadvantageous. No amount of this ready-made school provender can take the place of hard study and careful preparation on the part of the teacher. It would be well for him, of course, to understand something of the methods of others; yet he should devise his own methods, in the main, and retain his own individuality. Young and inexperienced teachers often retard instead of foster the mental development of their pupils by attempting to apply the various educational aids now being heralded as improvements. Some teachers, it would seem, keep the younger children dawdling with objects long after they should be laid aside. The use of beads, buttons, shoe pegs, grains of corn, molding boards, etc., for weeks and even months, in order to teach numbers and geography, is nonsense. Shoe pegs are very useful in the sole of a shoe, and may, perhaps, be used in a child in learning to count, with profit for a while; but they are means and not ends. Much of the so-called "busy work" is of doubtful utility. A good story is told of a teacher who gave a little boy some beans to count, merely to keep him busy. After a while the teacher looked around and found that the little fellow had eaten them up. He doubtless understood the use of beans better than did his teacher. Another thing equally vain and useless is the scrap-bag method of recitation. It consists of combining with a particular study a multitude of odds and ends pertaining to other branches. For instance, a teacher will sometimes attempt, in connection with the reading lesson, to teach a great many things concerning language, history, geography, etc. The mind can not well give attention to thought study and form study at the same time. While we are endeavoring to get thought, let us not be concerned about the manner in which it is expressed; and then we can consider forms of expression at some time when we are not concerned about thought. Another mistake, as I believe, is the notion that the work of our pupils must be made so easy, by means of helps, devices, and ingenious appliances, and become so much like play, that the pupil will actually enjoy it, and be relieved, as far as possible, of hard study and close application. The valuable discipline of faithful and long continued mental labor is lost by this attempt to make everything easy and pleasurable. Learning without joy is better than joy without learning. There is no royal road to learning, and if there were, the learning would be of a useless character. The mind, like the body, grows by exercise; it is only by vigorous and continued effort that our faculties are developed. Sometimes illustrations are used which are misleading. A little boy, in studying his geography lesson, found the island of Nantucket near Massachusetts, but complained that he could not remember the name. In order to help him over the difficulty, this suggestion was made: "Suppose an old woman had a daughter named Nan, whom she wished to tuck a dress, she would say, 'Nan-tuck-it.' Now just think of that when the question is asked by your teacher." So when the class was called, and the question was asked, he began snapping his fingers, indicating his eagerness to answer. "All right, Johnny," said the teacher, "what is it?" "It is Nan-hem-it!" said the boy, with an air of triumph.—Prof. Williams, in Educational News.

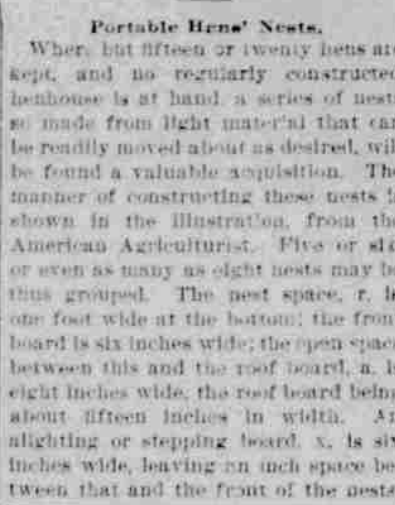
Women and the Public Schools. The education of children, with all that it involves, is surely the work of women. More and more the foundation of education, the primary efforts in schools, are being understood by women as belonging to their interest. Not only those relating to their own children but to others, especially those who are under public school drill. A true mother should be a citizen mother, interested in the city and country because children live and grow in them. She should know about the sanitary conditions because these affect the homes; must see that the streets are clean, as the children walk and play in them; must desire truth and honesty in officials, because they come in touch with childhood's. Above all else, the mother will care for the schools how they are conducted, how built, how situated—not only the special school where her children go or have been but in schools, in education. True motherhood is not selfish, but broad. The very word is the glory of womanhood and many women are "mothers" who have no other reason for so being than that childhood means so much to them, and they are so impressed with its responsibility. Froebel has taught anew what childhood, child-study, represent. Schools have taken on a deeper significance because the realization is becoming more and more vivid that the schools are now, so will be the homes and nation of the future. Woman's

**REAL RURAL READING**

**WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.**

Convenient and Practical Row of Hens' Nests—A Mistake in the Management of Root Crops—Gauging a Plow's Depth—Agricultural Notes.

Portable Hens' Nests. When, but fifteen or twenty hens are kept, and no regularly constructed henhouse is at hand, a series of nests can be made from light material that can be readily moved about as desired, will be found a valuable acquisition. The manner of constructing these nests is shown in the illustration, from the American Agriculturist. Five or six, or even as many as eight nests may be thus grouped. The nest space, *r*, is one foot wide at the bottom; the front board is six inches wide; the open space between this and the roof board, *a*, is eight inches wide; the roof board being about fifteen inches in width. An alighting or stepping board, *s*, is six inches wide, leaving an inch space between that and the front of the nests,



MOVABLE HENS' NESTS.

for refuse to pass through. The langes, *s*, may be of any strong material and hung upon spikes, driven at the proper place and in a slanting direction. This row of nests may be changed from the inside to the outside of the building, or placed where most convenient. Where nests are located singly, and some distance apart, the laying hen will occupy the nest with another especially if both are in the habit of dropping their eggs in that identical nest. By this system of grouping, when they reach the stepping board, or walk, and find one nest occupied they pass on to another, without molesting the occupant. Another point in favor of portable nests is that they are readily taken down, and every part can be thoroughly cleaned. Those who have tried this plan of grouping nests find it extremely convenient and practical.

Plant Food. The established fact that plants are able to gather up a certain amount of the nitrogen of the air, either directly or indirectly, has led to free nitrogen of the air, suggests that it may be worth while to investigate the foraging powers of different plants for other nutrients. Every one knows that in any given soil different plants are grown with different degrees of success, and it seems quite likely that some plants are able to use certain compounds of potash or phosphoric acid in the soil which are not so readily available to others, just as leguminous plants can obtain nitrogen from sources that are not available to the grasses. Some tests were made at the Maine Experiment Station last year to ascertain the capability of different plants to appropriate phosphoric acid, and they seem to indicate that wheat, barley, corn, peas, and especially turnips, can secure this food from crude, finely ground South Carolina rock with greater or less ease, while beans and potatoes derive no benefit from it. Of course, definite conclusions can hardly be drawn from one year's work, but these investigations are being continued. It would be a distinct gain to horticulture and agriculture if it could be known in what particular form each particular plant preferred to have its food.—Garden and Forest.

A Gauge Runner Plow. The value of a gauge on a plow to regulate the depth at which a plow shall run is so obvious that nothing need be said in its favor. The cut shows an attachment for that purpose. A flat wheel on the beam is so arranged that it can be raised or lowered by operating a lever on one of the handles, and, when set for any depth, "staying out." This device may be used without stopping the plow or stepping from the furrow. The plowman has complete and instant control. The wheel is made to fit either a wooden or iron beam, and is held perfectly rigid. Among its advantages are: When one part of a field is sandy, and another is composed of hard clay or is stony, the plow can be run at the same depth, and in a fruit orchard the plow can be instantly raised or lowered when passing near a tree, so as not to injure the roots.—Farm and Home.

Protecting Bees. Bees will come out of their hives if the weather becomes warm for a day or two. They then clean out the hives and remove the dead bees. The animal heat in the hives when the outside temperature is high causes greater activity in a strong colony than may be desirable. Should the temperature fall slightly while the bees are working many of them will be overcome with cold and perish. The hive should be in some place where it is protected from sudden changes of temperature.

Keeping Potatoes Assorted. Potatoes that are piled in cellars need pretty close looking after in winter. Sometimes the danger is from frost, but it is much more often due to a warm atmosphere. There is rapid exhaustion of the vigor of potatoes kept for seed by having the eyes push forth pale or white shoots, as they will when kept



PLOWING AT ANY DESIRED DEPTH.

**INCUBATORS FOR WINTER HATCHING.**

It is not natural for hens that are kept in vigorous health to want to set in winter. The incubator is at this season an absolute necessity for those who would rear early chicks. Art is in this instance better than nature. The heat can be regulated more certainly and evenly with an incubator than most hens will do it. The hen has really very little sense. If the fit of sitting leaves her a few hours she will expose the eggs to be chilled, and then return after every germ of life is destroyed and set patiently on the eggs until they are at last taken away from her. In midsummer or late spring the hen can do the work as well and as cheaply as an incubator will. She may not set much more steadily, but not so much depends on her fidelity, as in warm weather the air is very near the right temperature to develop the young chick in its shell.

**Snow Over Winter Grain.**

All farmers who grow winter grain like to have plenty of snow in winter. It is not so much to protect the ground from freezing, for severe cold will freeze through a light snow, and a light covering is better than a heavy one always. What the snow does is to cover the leaves so that they do not evaporate moisture, as they are always doing when exposed to currents of air. The destruction of woods in many States has made winter grain a more doubtful crop than it used to be. It sweeps the snow that should be a protection for the whole field into banks on the leeward side of fences. It also blows away a good deal of surface soil, as is seen by the blackened surface of snow banks opposite winter grain fields late in the winter.

**A Common Mistake.**

One mistake is frequently made in the management of root crops at the time of harvest. Many people, when tapping their roots after or just before gathering, cut off a portion of the root itself, as shown in the figure at the right in accompanying illustration. I would rather go to the other extreme, says a writer in American Cult.



WAYS OF TAPPING ROOTS.

erator, and leave a portion of the tops on, as shown in the figure at the left of the sketch. In one case we not only cut away and waste good material, but also facilitate the escape of juice, by cooling out and evaporation. In the other case we save everything worth saving. Let us be economical even in small things.

**Caution as to Temperature.**

Sudden extremes of temperature disintegrate. Don't chill the cream with chunks of ice in the churn and expect the best results. Don't heat it suddenly from a low degree to the churning temperature and churn immediately. Let it stand for some time at the right temperature and better results may be expected. Don't even heat milk just as it enters the separator. Warm it gradually and in advance of the separation. Temperature has very much to do with success in handling milk and cream—the right temperature is one of the essentials. But not only has the degree of heat very much to do with results, but sudden changes have peculiar effects and should be avoided, especially just previous to, or during, manipulation.

**Farm Notes.**

The exact temperature for loosening the hair from the skin of a pig at butchering is 180. The pig should remain a full minute in the water at this temperature to give time for the hair to be loosened.

Do not forget that a grade animal will not breed all his good qualities. Nothing but a thoroughbred will give you improved stock from your mares and heifers, or from the droves and flocks. Do not waste your time.

There is no point in the life of an animal when it is not making gain or losing, and every pound lost is two pounds to gain. All classes of stock should be kept growing. If the animals lose weight under favorable conditions it is an indication that better stock should be used.

Mr. J. V. Strong, Adams County, Indiana, has a Holstein-Friesian cow that gave eight gallons of milk per day and made eighteen pounds of butter on a week's test of fair average feeding. He thinks this cow at four or five years will make twenty-one pounds of butter a week on a good feeding ration.

The Engineer's List says: "A good preparation for preventing tools from rusting is made by the slow melting together of six or eight parts of lard to one of resin, stirring till cool. This remains semi-fluid, ready for use, the resin preventing rancidity and supplying an air-tight film. Rubbed on a bright surface ever so thinly it protects and preserves the polish effectively, and it can be wiped off clean if desired, or it may be thinned with coal oil or benzine."