

## TIED.

Would I were lying in a field of clover—  
Of clover cool and soft, and scented sweet,  
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,  
And scented silence at my head and feet—  
Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry  
In eager haste from Thought's impatient rush,  
And watch it rushing in its heedless hurry,  
Disdaining wisdom's call, or duty's hush.  
Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting,  
And daisies hiding, so to bide and rest;  
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,  
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—  
Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing  
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song;  
Our souls require at times this free unshackling—  
All words will rust if scabbard-kept too long.  
And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,  
So tired of all my tired hands find to do—  
I yearn, I faint for some of life's free beauty,  
Its looser beads with no straight string run through,  
Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;  
But women sometimes die of such a greed—  
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,  
And the assurance they have all they need.  
—Mary Ashley Townsend.

## QUESTION OF EXPENSE

When a "new man" came to town to start a paper, occupy a pulpit, practice law or open a grocery store he became the talk of the place. You must bear in mind that Williamsburg is a small town and in appearance just like scores of other towns in Missouri. Prairie country on one side, woods and a "crick" on the other, with hills between. The roads that are dignified by the name of streets are yellow in Williamsburg. In summer they are ankle deep in dust, in winter knee deep in mud. The walks, where there are any at all, are made of two planks laid about a foot apart—the plank itself too narrow for two, so that when particularly interesting pairs of young people walk home from meeting or the opera house under the Williamsburg moon they wonder what could have been the purpose of the inventor of that sidewalk in putting the boards so far apart.

Williamsburg has a "square," with a rickety court house in the center, toward which equally fallen-down stores face each other from each of the four sides. A few trees lean about the court house, losing limbs in every wind-storm—limbs that hang there until they die and the town boys pull them down and a poor ducky takes the branches home for firewood. "Hines' grocery house" was the biggest store of the kind in Williamsburg several years ago. It sold more Vandalia flour than all the other stores put together. Old Hines was a man whom nobody liked, but always kept a good stock. His clerks were three bright young men, who made friends and kept them as patrons of the store.

"I've heard" said the old man, one evening after business was over, "that some dern fool is thinkin' about startin' another paper here. Lord knows the Banner's done poor enough."

"Yes," said one of the clerks. "I heard the same thing this morning. Young fellow from Kentucky's going to start it. Over at the Merchant's Hotel last night he told some of the boys that he was going to call her the Champion."

"Hub," granted Hines. "That's a good name." Here he blew out the lamp on one of the counters and moved forward toward the door—"and I'll double all your wages if it's runnin' this time next year."

The quartet moved toward the door, blowing out the lamps as they went. They stood in the darkness under the wooden awning just a moment.

"Yes," went on the old man before saying good-night to his clerks. "Let's see, this is the first. Just for luck I'll pick the 25th of February next year, it bein' leap year, an' if the Champion, as you call it, is runnin' then I'll give all of you boys \$10 raise o'picee March 1!"

The "boys" said nothing. Old man Hines said good night and started for home. After he was well out of hearing the young clerk who had mentioned a knowledge of the Champion remarked:

"The old man has been losing money on the Banner ever since he bought part of it. No wonder he doesn't want any fresh opposition."

"Sarah Merner has been setting most of the paper, too, at \$6 a week," suggested another of the boys. "He could not hire a man to do the work for \$15. It would be tough on him if the new paper'd get Sarah."

With a few more words concerning the prospects of the new journal the three clerks separated for their homes. In the morning all of Williamsburg was talking about the new paper that was to be started. The editor had been "around the square" at an early hour, receiving hearty encouragement in nearly every store. Some of the merchants contributed small advertisements, nearly all subscribed for the Champion, a few paid in advance. Hickman Arnold was the name of the new editor. He was a tall, handsome fellow of 28, with a small, curly, light mustache that he twisted and pulled almost constantly. His hair was light and curly, too, massing closely about a high, broad forehead, under which shone large blue eyes, full of honesty.

"He acts like a hustler," old Hines had to admit, as he saw the young man had

gone out of his store without receiving a word of encouragement, "but mark my words, boys, you'll not get a raise of your wages next March first or a double in a year. He ain't the kind that'll last. Wait till he pays \$15 a week for a printer for a dozen weeks—he just won't do it, that's all."

Each of the three clerks resolved that it would be a good thing for them to do their best work, very quietly of course, to keep the new paper on its feet at least beyond March 1. The first issue came out in a week, full of bright locals, but alarmingly deficient in advertisements. "We are here to stay," was the announcement at the head of the editorial column, whereas old man Hines shook his head gloomily and murmured that he doubted it.

The first thing that suggested itself to one of the clerks, as he thought of schemes to help the young paper along, was to quietly arouse Sarah Merner's interest in the Champion, so that she would go there for a small raise in pay. That would save Arnold at least five or six dollars a week, quite an item in the journalism of Williamsburg. But he did not have to arouse that interest. Sarah Merner felt it from the moment she saw the handsome young editor strolling about the streets. Sarah was a bright-eyed girl, with rosy cheeks and hair that made their color stand out the more because of its blackness. Her hands were of the plump variety, so fat that her knuckles were marked only by dimples. The first fingers of the right hand were hard on the inside of the first joint, made so by the steady picking up of the type—not callous, but much harder than they would have been had they touched piano keys instead of long primer. She sat on the high stool in front of her case in the Banner office and looked out on the street. Young Arnold was just passing. He involuntarily looked up, not at the girl so near the window, but at the office of his contemporary. His eyes met those of the young compositor however, and he got to thinking—not of the pretty girl, but of the business stroke that she suggested.

"That's the scheme," he said to himself, as he walked toward the office of the Champion. "I'll hire a woman printer. She's just as good for a country office and a good bit cheaper."

With that idea in view he went into the store of a friend whom he had known for several years. He explained what he wanted.

"Now," Arnold went on, "where can I get her?"

"There's no girl compositor in town except Sarah Merner," said the young editor's friend, "and she's working for the Banner, where she learned her trade."

One of old Hines' clerks was in the store. "I heard," he spoke up, "that Sarah is going to quit the Banner because she's mad at Bill Cannon, the man who edits it. But of course I don't know how true it is."

As a matter of fact, he had stated pure fiction. He was out of the store in a moment, however, bound for the office of the Banner. He went up stairs and into the editorial-room. Cannon was not there. He went through a door where two cases of type and an old Washington hand press stood.

"Good-day, Miss Sarah," he said, half out of breath. "Just heard you was going to quit."

"What?" the girl exclaimed. Then she remembered that the young man was one of Hines' clerks. Still, that did not enlighten her.

"Who told you?" she proceeded, diplomatically.

"Oh, just heard Mr. Arnold, the new editor, say that he'd hired you, or was going to."

"Well," said Miss Sarah, "I don't know anything about it."

Of course the young clerk did not say anything, but somehow the next day old man Hines was astonished by the announcement that he and Cannon would have to get a printer, while all of Williamsburg was talking about Sarah Merner's two-dollars-a-week raise by going to the Champion office.

"You will not have to assist at making up the forms, Miss Merner," the young editor said, as he came in with a bunch of copy. "I know enough of the art preservative to do that. I hope that your work on the Champion will be pleasant."

She said "Yes, sir," or something like that, for in truth she was nervous under his steady, blue-eyed gaze. She sat on her stool all day, picking up the new type and placing them, one by one, in her "stick." But when evening came she found that her day's work was not up to the standard. She had not set as much type as usual. It was because it was new, she thought. But that was not a good reason. Then her fat hand twitched as she heard the door open.

"No," she said to herself as young Arnold came in. "It is not that."

"Still at work?" the editor asked, cheerily. "You are putting in long hours. You've set a good deal of type, too—more than your high-priced predecessor got up in twice the time."

"Thank you," Sarah murmured, "but I am afraid that you will find the proof very bad."

"Guess not," returned Arnold. "This one here seems to be all right at a glance."

The girl got down from her high stool and went to a basin in the rear part of the room, where she washed her hands. She took her apron off and put on a pretty, round, all-season hat. Then she said:

"I'm going, Mr. Arnold, good-night."

"Good-night, Miss Merner," the young editor responded, as the girl reached the door. Just as she was passing out he looked up suddenly.

"I say," he called, "where do you live?"

"Oh, only a little way—about half a mile south."

"Let me go with you, then. It's getting dusky."

Sarah hesitated in the open doorway.

The young editor was looking at her, waiting for an answer. Then she said: "Thank you, Mr. Arnold, but I will go alone." Then she pulled the door shut. Arnold opened it in an instant.

"Miss Merner," he said, "I hope that you did not think me impertinent in offering my company, for surely I was honest in feeling that you should be escorted."

"Oh, that's all right," the girl answered, lightly. "Williamsburg is a little place and there's no danger. I'm used to it. And—"

She stopped. Her heart was beating so loudly that she almost heard it.

"Yes, Miss Merner?"

"And—well, you know I've only been here a day, and—but, you oughtn't to go home with me. Mr. Arnold, that's all."

"Not for the world, let me assure you, if that's the view you take of it. I beg a thousand pardons for offering myself."

The door closed and Mary went home alone as she had done scores of times while working at the Banner office. This time she was thinking very seriously. Had she made a mistake in changing from the old well-established paper to the new one? But the confidence of youth buoyed her and she concluded that everything was right. Mr. Arnold was surely a gentleman, and if she conducted herself as she had in the past there could be no gossip, even in Williamsburg. Many of her friends congratulated her on the change that she had made. In fact, she soon felt sure that there was no mistake in it. The next day passed as pleasantly as the first. Arnold worked hard and was enthusiastic.

"I get new subscribers every time I'm on the street," he said to Sarah. "If advertisements were a trifle more plentiful there'd be no trouble ahead for the Champion."

The girl's eyes sparkled. "I hope not," she said; "there's room in Williamsburg for a good, real newspaper."

"Something different from the Banner, eh?" Arnold laughed. "Well, we'll try to give it to 'em."

Thus the days wore on. The winter did not prosper the Champion, for the country roads were blocked with snow and ice so that the farmers could not come in. Without them business is always very dull in those interior towns. Twice in January Arnold was not able to pay Sarah on Saturday, but on each occasion he handed the money to her on the following Tuesday.

"Wait till spring opens and we'll be all right," he said, "but in the meantime it's uphill work. I'm sorry to put you off this way for your salary, but I've got to pay the paper bills first or the agent will come out from St. Louis and take the press. We couldn't get out much of a paper without the press, could we?" he laughed.

"Don't worry about my pay, Mr. Arnold," she said. "Any time within a week will do me."

The Banner was having an equally hard time. It was a more expensive paper than the Champion. Cannon, the editor, drew out enough money to maintain his family, and the \$15 a week printer had to be paid, too. Half a dozen times did old man Hines have to go down in his private purse for money to maintain the paper.

"It ain't this dead loss that bothers me," he muttered. "What I want to know is, who's backin' the Champion? If that thing hangs on till the roads break up and dry out I'm a ruined man."

But the Champion was not backed. Arnold brought a little money to Williamsburg with him, but he had spent it in equipment. By making explanations to his landlady he secured an extension on his board bill and by the hardest kind of hustling he raised enough money each week to defray the expenses of his little paper. In February, however, matters began to look very blue. He had collected every available cash subscription and every advertisement was paid a full month ahead. One day near the end of the month Arnold came into the office looking very gloomy. He knew that the Champion's days were numbered.

"Miss Merner," he said, "I am sorry to say to you that our next issue will be our last."

"What?" Sarah fairly screamed. Her "stick" half full of type, fell on the case. "It's too bad," she said, more calmly. Then she bent her head down on her arms and began to cry.

"Here, there, Miss Merner," Arnold exclaimed. "Don't. I'm sorry enough, myself, goodness knows, but I don't see any way of avoiding it. I'm sorry for you too—it's all my fault that you left a good situation on the Banner."

"No, no, Mr. Arnold, I came because I wanted to, and—and I'm glad I did."

"Well, to tell the truth, I am, too," Arnold returned bluntly. "But there's no use crying over spilled milk. I've written a little editorial here explaining that this field is too small for two papers. When you set it we will be ready to go to press."

The tears were still running over the rosy cheeks of the girl on the stool. She wiped them away with her apron and, picking up the copy that Arnold laid before her, she began looking it over. It told the usual story of hard times, poor appreciation of honest efforts and a limited field of operation. After Sarah had read it through she let the sheets drop. They floated off the case and fell about the floor. She was dressing. For a quarter of an hour she sat without moving a muscle, looking straight into the little type boxes before her. Her face was red from the roots of her raven hair to the simple bit of edging; that filled the neck of her dress. Her heart beat loudly. Her hands were feverish. She picked up the "stick."

"I'll do it," she murmured.

Then she began to pick out the type, one by one. She dropped them into their places faster than ever before. Her eyes flashed and her hands trembled as they worked. In a moment she

was through. Again she let the "stick" fall heavily to the case. She looked over the lines that she had just set. They were full of mistakes. Little matter. Sarah got down from her stool, and taking the type she got a proof of it on the little roller press near at hand. Then she slipped off her apron and donned her hat. She took the proof into the front room, where Arnold sat, with his face buried in his hands.

"I'm going out for half an hour," the girl said. "Here is a proof of your editorial."

"Doesn't matter," returned Arnold. "I guess it's all right."

Sarah went out. After she had gone Arnold looked up. "Poor thing," he muttered. "She's as badly disappointed as I am. No, that can't be, either, for I not only lose the Champion, but I lose her, too. No use talking, old man, I'm in love!"

He reached across his desk in an absent-minded fashion and took up the proof slip. He didn't look at it at first, but tore off bits of the paper and chewed them. Then he chanced to look at the printing on the long white sheet.

"H'm," he muttered, "she made a mistake. This isn't my editorial. He looked at it again. Here is what he saw:

"To whom it may concern: This is leap year, and with a feeling that I am doing something utterly unwomanly I offer to you my hand in marriage. It will reduce expenses and besides keeping the Champion alive will, I trust, make both of us happier."

Then Arnold got up from his seat and whistled an old soft, long note. He went to the door and looked up and down the street.

"She said that she'd be gone for half an hour. That will give me time."

Arnold went back to his desk. For ten minutes his pencil flew over the paper. Here he took the article up and hastily scanned it. "That will do," he said. He took it into the back room and placed it on Sarah's case. It was a leading editorial and this was its title:

"We Are Here to Stay."—St. Louis Republic.

## AN INGENIOUS BRAHMA.

### Hawk Foiled of His Prey by the Adroitness of a Hen.

J. C. Wheaton, living in McKinney, Tex., has some very fine breeds of chickens which he raises for the Fort Worth market. While most of his poultry is all of the darker breeds, he recently imported a fine pair of white Brahmas, which in due course presented him with sixteen chicks. Last week these little fellows were just good flying size and were ready prey for hawks, their white feathers gleaming in the sun and making them visible from afar. In fact, in spite of Wheaton's efforts, the hawks made away with six of the young Brahmas.

One morning, however, after the remaining ten had been duly accoutred for the night before, Wheaton was surprised, on going to the poultry yard, to see not one single white chicken. The Brahma cock and hen were there all right enough, but instead of their own snowy little ones ten bedraggled, cast-off looking black chicks peeped at their heels. For a long time Wheaton could not imagine what was the matter, but, by and by, concluded that the little Brahmas had got in the seat box by accident and that they were still on hand, though somewhat discolored.

That night, however, he discovered that what he had attributed to error had been done deliberately and with wise intent. Before the old Brahma would let her little ones tuck in for the night she made them dip and sputter in the big chicken trough by the wall. This done, she led the way to an old stovepipe under the woodshed, and made every last chick of them pass through the pipe, wiping off the soot as they went. Of course, it stuck to their wet feathers, and the little fellows came out perfect blackamoors. The old hen circumvented the hawks, however. Her little brood runs about as gay as you please now, and not a one has disappeared since she hit upon so ingenious a plan for their protection.

### The Vitality of Young Chickens.

The first eggs which a hen lays in spring have greater vitality and will produce stronger chicks than those laid later in the season, after a hen's vitality has been partly exhausted by continuous laying. Experienced breeders understand this, and it is the reason why they not only charge more for the earliest settings of eggs, but choose these for setting when breeding for their own yards. The eggs for hens that are confined in close yards are often infertile, or the chicks from them have so little vitality that they easily succumb to disease. The wider range breeding fowls have the more certain their eggs will be to hatch. This makes it generally inadvisable for breeders to keep more than one variety, as unless one or the other is closely confined there is certain to be cross breeding and confusion in the flock, which entirely destroys its value for breeding purposes.

### Great Commanders.

The ages at which the greatest commanders made their reputations are these: Alexander the Great, between 21 and 33; Hannibal, between 29 and 45; Julius Caesar, between 42 and 55; Frederick the Great, between 28 and 51; Gustavus Adolphus, between 36 and 38; Napoleon, between 27 and 46.

### Electricity Supplies Mules.

An electric locomotive has taken the place of mules in a Pennsylvania colliery as the motive power for hauling the coal to the surface up the incline from the face of the drifts to the tipple.

Every man should try to go to heaven as a dual triumph over his enemies, who will probably not be there.

## TOPICS FOR FARMERS

### A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

#### The Russian Thistle in Illinois—How to Use a Crosscut Saw—Signs of Progress in Ohio—Good Varieties of Corn.

The so-called "Russian thistle," or "tumbleweed," has found its way to the vicinity of Chicago, as it was sure to do sooner or later, and is causing no little annoyance to the farmers of northern Illinois and Indiana. It came, of course, along the railway lines with the stock cars, and great patches of it are now found on the outskirts of the city. It first got a foothold in this country over twenty years ago, having been brought by some Russian colonists who settled in the Northwest. It soon took firm possession of the Dakotas, and began to spread itself over a dozen other States and territories. It is a pest that promises to make more trouble than the Canada thistle ever did. Already it causes a loss of several millions annually to the farmers of the Northwest, and its ravages are increasing every year. Thus far science has been appealed to almost in vain for some effective means of getting rid of this extremely unwelcome immigrant.

—Harper's Weekly.

#### How to Use a Crosscut Saw.

Hold the saw in position square across the log, the center of the saw directly over the center of the log, says the Agriculturist. Stand so that you face the line of the cut with the handle directly opposite the center of your body. Keep close enough to let the saw freely miss your body and clothing. Get the stroke with your arms and the bend and turn of your body. Hold the handle loosely in both hands, with the outside hand below. Pull the saw straight through the cut both laterally and perpendicularly. Practice so you can change sides and draw either right or left-handed. With a little practice this can be done more rapidly and easier.

#### A Sign of Progress.

A new law in Ohio permits the use of the Torrens system of land titles, by which it is made as simple, safe, sure and inexpensive to sell and transfer real estate as it now is to trade a horse or sell a cow. Like its sister, the Australian ballot, we believe this reform is destined to make rapid headway in America. It is proving satisfactory in Chicago, has long been in use in British Columbia, and is the sole method in Australia. It does away with the whole army of lawyers that now thrive on the business of land transfer and title.

—Farm and Home.

#### Making Whey Profitable.

Whey is not a perfect ration and it is often said by farmers that a pig fed on it exclusively will starve. But so, too, would a pig fed on fine wheat flour. The difficulty with both foods is that they are too exclusively carbonaceous. The carbon in the whey is mostly sugar. When this ferments it is turned to alcohol and has no nutritive value. Fine wheat middlings or ground oats cooked and mixed with fresh whey make a good ration either for growth or fattening.

#### Varieties of Corn.

J. L. Hills, in the Vermont Station bulletin, gives tabulated data of the characteristics and composition of thirteen varieties of corn. The largest yield of dry matter was made by Virginia Horse Tooth, Leaming and Egyptian Sweet. The dry matter of the Egyptian Sweet corn had a larger nutritive value, pound for pound, than that produced from any other variety.

#### Skilled Farm Laborers.

That the farm laborer should be or indeed can be a skilled workman may seem to some a contradiction in terms. Yet there can be no doubt that in modern farming quite as much depends upon skill as upon strength of muscle. More than this, the unskilled person entrusted with the handling of expensive farm implements will be more than likely to injure them beyond the amount of his wages. Even in doing ordinary farm work skill counts for more than muscle without it. Above all, the worker whom the farmer hires ought to have intelligent comprehension of the business that his advice will be worth asking and taking. There are a great many farmers who think they know it all, who might profitably receive counsel from their hired help. Two heads are better than one, even though one be a sheep's head, is an old and true saying. There is an advantage which some intelligent hired men have over many farmers in a wilder experience under changed conditions. The man who has worked for a number of good farmers and has gained some new ideas from each becomes an invaluable assistant. His counsel may need to be modified sometimes, but he will make many suggestions that can be turned to good account.

#### The Quality of Eggs.

There is much difference in the value of eggs apart from their size and freshness. It depends in a great degree on what the hens are allowed or forced to eat. All have noted the fine quality of eggs in winter and early spring, when the hens have mainly a grain diet. As warm weather comes and the hens go on range for grass and insects the quality of the eggs becomes poorer, partly because the food is inferior. When meat is cut for hens, care should be taken to see that it is not tainted. The hens will eat meat that is half rotten, but it will certainly affect the quality of their eggs. The same is true about the water they drink. It should be always pure and protected from being

count should dishes be allowed to stand with water for fowls where they can get their feet in the dish, as they most certainly will, and drink from the same just as if nothing had happened. A hen has no sense of neatness or taste either as regards food or drink. But as the quality of her eggs depends on what she eats and drinks, her owner should see that she has nothing that would make her product either offensive or injurious to himself.

#### Raising Pigs Without Milk.

Milk is the perfection of feed for young pigs, but they will thrive on other material, when properly prepared. Boarding house or city swill, so called, says the Agriculturist, seems to be the best of anything aside from milk, probably because of the variety of the material of which it is composed. If this is used, add just enough hot water to warm the mass. If this cannot be obtained, you can resort to the more expensive method of cooking up small potatoes, odds and ends of vegetables generally—the greater the variety the better—and mix in some grain, such as best wheat bran, corn and oats, ground together. To make a forty-four gallon cask of swill, you would want about half a bushel each of vegetables and corn-and-oats. Put the grain in the cask and scald thoroughly with boiling water. Pour in the boiled vegetables, well mashed and feed warm when properly thinned. Pigs, as a rule, do not like thick swill, and a sloppy article seems to be best in every respect. Sugar beets, raw, are an excellent winter feed, and will go a long way toward supporting pigs if a little swill is allowed. If cattle are fed corn in the ear and pigs have the sun of the manure, they will do first-rate with a little swill only. Pigs also do well on a mixture of chopped beef and warm water, with a little grain.

#### Best Breeds of Geese.

The result of the second season's experiments at the same station in crossing geese have been quite satisfactory. Various breeds and crosses have been raised and compared with each other as to growth and quality, says Farm Poultry. Pure black African, Embden and Toulouse geese have been grown, as well as crosses from Embden and Toulouse, black African and Toulouse, and Wild Canada and black African or India. The goslings were hatched on or within a day or two of April 30, were fed and pastured alike, and the weights of each kind and cross were recorded at regular intervals. According to the results, the black African is the best pure bred for profitable production, while the Embden, as regards early growth and quality when dressed, is more desirable than the Toulouse variety. First crosses from the best breeds gave better results than the pure breeds.

#### Few Stock, but Good.

It is not the number but the quality of the farmer's stock which determines whether he is prosperous or otherwise. In olden times mere numbers were counted, as there was probably less difference in the specimens than there is now. Probably the thousands of sheep and camels owned by the patriarch Job would not to-day be worth as much as one thoroughbred animal of the present day. It is sometimes said that having too valuable animals is risky business, but it will be recalled by those who read their Bibles that Job lost his entire stock, and from a position of affluence became a poor man.

#### Keep Up a Steady Pull.

The object in farming should not be so much to increase production for a single year as to strive for a permanent increase of the fertility of the soil, which would necessarily result in a diminished cost per bushel or ton. The attempt to cultivate too large areas, too many acres, in an indifferent manner is yet by far too common. Many a land-poor farmer would do well to begin at once and lessen the area in acres, and devote the capital acquired by the sale to the better culture of what remains.

#### Odds and Ends.

To whiten the teeth take a leaf of "common or garden" sage and rub well on the teeth. It has a wonderful effect.

Silverware will not tarnish as quickly if wrapped in blue tissue paper. Wash silver in soapuds and wipe, without rinsing, with soft linen.

To clean marble, use common dry salt, which requires no preparation, but may be rubbed directly on the soiled surface, leaving the marble beautifully clean.

Dandelion leaves are said to be a sure cure for insomnia. Before going to bed chew two or three of the leaves, and they will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous and worried a person may be.

In planting the large flower beds for the lawn remember that cannas and rhizoms give a tropical effect, and should be freely used for the center of large beds and as a background for other plants.

Before putting down the carpet wash the floor with spirits of turpentine or benzine, and you may be sure moths will give them a wide berth. This must not be done with a fire in the room, or with any matches or light near.

A lady remarks that, old-fashioned though it may sound, there is no better bed for a baby than a bag of clean oat chaff laid in the bassinette, which should be emptied, aired and refilled once a month. This, she says, is cheap and clean and sweet.

Carpets will wear years longer if never touched with a broom, but wiped with a wet cloth. This is as bad for the worker's life as it is good for the carpets. Ox gall put into the water will tone up the colors, though they may have been dulled by time or service.