CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"The whole business will come out to-night if mother's been down here and seen Minnie," he said to himself, thoughtfully. "Well, I'm almost glad of it. Sooner or later it must be known, and I shan't feel like a sneak any longer when it is."

Still, though he said this, he felt very much inclined to send an excuse, and stay away from Moor Royal this night, when he pictured the sorrow that would shade his mother's eyes when she looked at him and knew the truth.

"I have been a fool," he said passionately; "but I will be the only sufferer by my folly; poor Minnie shall never feel it, even if she does cost me the love of my mother and sister."

Jenifer was standing in the hall when he went in, and he knew by the way in which she came forward and linked her arm within his, and drew him into the library, that the climax was rapidly approaching.

"Mother went to your house to-day, Jack, and now she knows what I have been afraid of for a long time."

"Jenny, darling," he blurted out, leaning his head down on his sister's shoulder. "Oh, Jenny, don't break me down completely till I've been man enough to tell you all the truth. It's too late, dear, for anything to be said or done. I married Minnie in Exeter yesterday, and, I suppose, mother and you'll cut me?"

For answer she laid her hand on his and led him to his mother's room.

"I knew you would come, my boy; I knew, I knew," the widow said, trying her hardest and bravest to speak calmly and brightly; "and I know you will listen to your mother, and give up this terrible folly that will poison the happiness of us all if you carry it——"

"Wait, mother, dear," Jenifer's voice interrupted; "Jack has come to tell you everything, and you will hear it patiently, won't you?"

She looked from her son to her daughter in bewilderment.

"Mother, forgive me! I married Minnie yesterday."

He was so excited and agitated as he spoke that he was scarcely conscious that his mother recoiled from him, and cried out, in the bitterness of her grief and anger that she "would rather have seen him in his coffin than have heard this truth."

But Jenifer saw and heard it all, and knew how little it was meant in reality, and was gratefully glad that Jack's mind was too preoccupied to take in the full force of it.

"Dear Jack," she whispered, soothingly, "go to the drawing room now. Leave mother, like a good boy, and you shall see her again presently. Go to Hubert and Effie; have no concealment from them."

As she spoke, the last dinner bell rang, and Jack went out to meet Hubert and his wife with his heavy secret unknown.

There was no opportunity of telling them, for dinner was served, and they were under the vigilant eyes of the servants. Presently, Jenifer came in, and took her place opposite to Jack, with an apology for her mother's absence from the dinner table.

Jack had been nerving himself for the manly performance of a task that was odious to him during the whole of dinner; and as soon as they were left alone he began cracking filberts industriously, and prepared himself for action.

"Effie," he began rather hoarsely, and with his fair boy's face looking strangely white and pale-lined, "you are vexed with mother for not dining with us to-night, but you should rather be vexed with me."

She turned her face toward him, and the bright smile that flashed out from her big, blue eyes and small, gleaming teeth reassured him.

"I have told my mother to-night something that has distressed her dreadfully [illegible] that perhaps she will never [illegible] me too," he said, with a gulp [illegible] Hubert and you to tell you [illegible] I think you'll stand by us and [illegible] I married Minnie Thurston yesterday, and—as you treat [illegible] my wife."

[illegible] determined to associate with a [illegible] on terms of equality [illegible] with all her accustomed [illegible] "As her husband [illegible] a blackguard [illegible] have been [illegible] and I would [illegible] marry me."

[illegible] was going to take up his precious wife because I fooled him to the top of his bent about her. I wish Edgecumb would take the plunge, then I should be rid of the lot of them. I do wonder that old Mrs. Ray is mean-spirited enough to stay on here when she must see that I want her to go."

"Won't you go and say a word to mother, Effie? She's feeling this about Jack awfully," her husband said, coming in to her presently.

She shrugged her pretty, slender shoulders, and told him "No; family bothers were things she did not mean to take to herself."

CHAPTER X.

"Mother, you're not as happy here now as you would be in a little house of your own, are you?" Jenifer said, coming in and casting her arms round her mother's neck that night as soon as she could escape after dinner.

"Happy! that I can never be anywhere again, Jenny; my day is done."

"No, no, you shan't say such things—such futile, untrue things. Mother, darling, you're our own mother still, and you have your work to do for us, though we have disappointed you," Jenifer cried out, weeping as bitterly as if she and not Jack had married beneath her, and degraded the family.

"Jenifer," Mrs. Ray said, solemnly, "what does this mean—that you're going to marry, and offer me a home with you and your husband? Jenny, I won't have you throw yourself away for my sake! I want but little here below, and shall not want that little long. You shall not sacrifice yourself to Mr. Boldero, good, excellent man as he is, for my sake."

"Mother!" Jenifer cried out, "are we all going mad because of this trouble about Jack? Mr. Boldero! Stars above me, I should as soon have thought of you as of him! Why, mother, he's not 'a good, excellent man' only in my eyes, he's ever so much more, and more like what a man ought to be than—than any other man I know. He would as soon think of the harness house cat for a wife as he would think of me; don't speak of him in that way to me. I can't bear it."

Old Mrs. Ray thought very desperately for several minutes. In her pocket she had a letter from this Mr. Boldero, asking her consent to his wooing her daughter. The letter had reached her just an hour or two ago—just an hour before Jack had come to her with his bitter confession. And she had put it aside as unimportant—as comparatively unimportant, at least—because her heart and mind were full of the imminent peril of her son Jack.

But now she was compelled to think of it.

"Jenny, my child," she began, very gently, "forgive my forgetfulness of you. Something that concerns you nearly and dearly has come to my knowledge today," and with this she fumbled in her pocket and brought Mr. Boldero's letter out of it.

Jenny read it, and understood it at once. There it was, an offer, a plain and distinct offer of marriage from the most honorable and fastidious gentleman whom it had ever been her lot to meet.

And this offer of marriage was made to her, Jenifer Ray, a girl who was just disgraced by the folly of her brother! A folly of which Mr. Boldero knew nothing, of which he could take no cognizance, but which would bitterly aggrieve and disgust him when he came to know it.

"He shall never smart through me; he's as the stars above me," the girl said to herself in the one brief minute in which she held the letter in her hand trying to read it, and failing by reason of the tears of pity for herself that were half blinding her. And this not because of any strong sentiment of love for Mr. Boldero, for in these days of which I am writing Jenifer Ray had hold of her own heart still. And though she thought of Mr. Boldero as of a man whom any woman might love, she did not know that she loved him herself.

So, after holding his letter in her hand for a minute after she had read it, she handed it back to her mother with these words:

"It's one of the things that might have been if everything had been different, mother; as it is—well, I wish with all my heart that Mr. Boldero had never thought of me in that way."

"If you were his wife you'd have no money to hear anything that your brother may do, or have done," said old Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] marry any thing in order to [illegible] my share of a family trouble, [illegible] dear," Jenifer said, sharply.

[illegible] her mother pleaded Mr. [illegible] over again, but bringing [illegible] to bear on the subject, but urging the girl to accept the offer as a happy and safe release from all the home dangers and difficulties.

And at last her arguments prevailed to a certain extent. At last Jenifer began to remind herself that not only would she herself be lifted out of the domestic mire which was stifling them now, but that her mother also would be once more honorably placed, and treated with the deference and consideration that was her due.

But she would not accept the offer which Mr. Boldero had made in ignorance of Jack's culminating folly till she had given him an opportunity of retracting it. He must have gone straight home from the "meet," and written to her mother with the memory of the unavailing prayer she had made to him for her brother fresh in his mind. When he knew how fully all her worst fears for Jack were realized, would he still want her to be his wife?

"May I come in?" Jack's voice, broken by sobs, asked at the door.

"Oh, not to-night—not to-night!" poor old Mrs. Ray whispered. "Jenny, tell him. It would kill me to see him to-night—my own boy! And to think of his going away from me to such a wife!"

So Jenifer went out, and, with her arms round poor, unhappy, miserable, awakened Jack's neck, broke his mother's decision to him as gently as she could.

"Be strong, and bear your punishment like a man, Jack," she murmured. "In time we shall all be happy again. Meantime don't get to think hardly of our mother, even if she does seem a little hard to you now; it has come upon her so suddenly."

It was a sad going away from the old home for the poor, misguided boy, whose own willful infatuation had marred his prospects in life. His mother lifted up her voice and wept as she listened to his receding footsteps along the corridor. But she would not recall him to say one pitying, tender word. The thought of the disgrace and sorrow he had brought upon them all was too new to her for her to take him back to her heart, though her heart was bleeding for him.

"Well, Jenny, this is a pretty business of Master Jack's! 'Pon my word, I think I shall sell the place, and get away beyond the reach of the rumor of it," Hubert said, impatiently, when Jenifer went back to the drawing room to say good-night.

"Running away from the rumor won't do any good to either you or Jack," Jenifer said, curtly, for Hubert's absorbing selfishness jarred harshly on her this night.

"It's just like the charitable Jenifer to uphold evil-doers," Mrs. Ray said, with her faintest smiling sneer. "Now, I can't pretend to want to do good to Jack, or to wish to see any one else do good to him; he has behaved like a fool, and I hope he'll have the fool's reward. But I do like to see good done to myself; and the best good Hubert can do me is to take me away out of reach of ever hearing anything of his extremely obnoxious brother and sister-in-law. To do that he must sell Moor Royal; and so I hope Moor Royal will come to the hammer without delay."

"Hubert, you won't?" Jenifer cried.

"When a fellow's worried as I have been to-night he hardly knows what he'll do," Mr. Ray replied.

"Moor Royal has been ours for so many generations," Jenifer said, sorrowfully.

Then they went on discussing their plans of pleasure, and speaking of possible purchasers of the property as unconcernedly as if Jenifer had not been present.

"I'll marry Mr. Boldero and put mother on a throne again, and love him better than a man was ever loved before for enabling me to do it," the daughter thought, with a swelling heart, as she wended her way back to her mother's room, leaving the light and airy young couple in undisputed possession of the situation.

The following day, long before Mr. Boldero received an answer from his letter to old Mrs. Ray, he had a visit from Hubert Ray.

Briefly, and not at all bitterly, the elder brother told the tale of the younger one's delinquencies to the family lawyer. Then he added:

"This crowning act of idiocy on Jack's part has naturally upset my wife terribly."

"How about your mother and sister?" Mr. Boldero interposed, quickly.

"Oh, my mother is a good deal cut up, of course, partly because Jack was always a pet, and partly because it may affect Jenifer's prospects of marriage. Now, I don't distress myself about that for a moment, because I happen to know that Edgecumb will marry her to-morrow if she'll have him, and Effie and I both think she is ready to do so."

Mr. Boldero rang for coals and when the little interruption caused by their being put on the fire was over it was he who took up the ball of conversation.

"Jack has had plenty of advice against this crowning act of madness. I know his sister stood like an angel of mercy in his path, and warned him against following. And Mrs. Ray and you can't have been ignorant of his being in jeopardy. You have surely tried to save your brother?"

"To tell the truth," Hubert said, in some embarrassment, "my wife always urged me to let Jack alone. She had an idea he was so pig-headed that opposition would only urge him on. Poor girl! she would have done anything to stop it—anything. In fact, she's so distressed about it that nothing will induce her to live at Moor Royal any longer. She couldn't have any of her own people down to stay with her after this; she's awfully sensitive, in fact, and I may as well tell you at once that I've come to speak to you about selling Moor Royal."

"There's one clause in your father's will which you seem to have forgotten, and that is, that for three years after coming into possession of the property you are bound to reside at Moor Royal; you can neither let nor sell it."

"Meantime, as I can't sell it, I'll cut down timber," Hubert said, recklessly. "It's all very well, Boldero, but a man ought not to be hampered and fettered by another man's whim. The sale of Moor Royal would be the making of me; and it shall be sold the day the three years are up."

"You forget that your father's latest wishes are still unknown to you," Mr. Boldero reminded his client.

"Ah, the sealed letter which you hold! Its contents can be of no importance; they can only concern trifles compared to the Moor Royal property, and that's indisputably mine."

After his guest departed, Mr. Boldero sat alone, thinking mournfully that all the sorrowful prognostications about his two sons which had darkened the squire's last days were being fast fulfilled.

"He always had the notion that Hubert would wreck his bark against the rock of extravagance, and that Jack would fall into low company and dissipated ways through his overweening fondness for sport; yet his love for Moor Royal was so much stronger than his love for anything else on earth that he has protected it as jealously as if it had been a cherished child. And, through no act or deed of hers, and without my aid, Jenifer will be a rich woman, heaven bless her! and able to endow this man Edgecumb, whom she loves, with as good a property as there is in the neighborhood."

Then he went on to accuse himself of having indulged in self-confident vanity in having supposed for an hour that fair young Jenifer Ray might have preferred him, the sober, middle-aged lawyer, to the handsome young soldier officer, who (according to her brother Hubert) was her heart's real choice.

He felt manfully and generously that as things were going now, and with his knowledge of how these things would act and react upon the future of Jenifer and her brothers, he could resign all thoughts of her far more readily than he could have done had she been likely to remain dependent Jenifer Ray at Moor Royal—dependent on the capricious bounty of her sister-in-law. Had this latter been the only fate before her, he would have used his utmost eloquence, and brought his most urgent claims to bear upon her, convinced as he was that he had the power in him to make her a happy and contented woman. But now—now it would be well for him to resign her "in the interim" to what she would think the brighter fate, if she loved Edgecumb.

"In the interim" it would soon pass away, and then the contents of the sealed letter would be made known to Hubert Ray and whomsoever else it concerned.

And then? Why, then, possibly Jenifer would be another man's happy wife, and it would never be known what fortune, hope and love the family lawyer had let slide through his grasp in renouncing her as he meant to renounce her now, even if she thought herself able and willing to complete the sacrifice he had proposed to her mother the previous day.

Old Mrs. Ray's letter reached him in due time. Jenifer was grateful and honored—this last word was old Mrs. Ray's interpolation, and had not been dictated by Jenifer—but before she could answer him she must see him and tell him something that had happened which might alter his views materially. Would he, therefore, come to Moor Royal that afternoon at four o'clock? He rode up to Moor Royal, knowing that before he left it he would have flung away his heart's best hopes and happiness.

His knowledge of the contents of that sealed letter was costing him dear indeed.

(To be continued.)

Crows Make Life Miserable.

The village of Matternich Island, off the coast of North Carolina, in Pamlico Sound, is suffering from a pest in the shape of an immense flock of crows, which for some unknown reason settled down upon it two weeks ago. One night the villagers heard a great commotion, as of thousands of flapping wings, mingling with the familiar hoarse notes of the crow. Morning broke upon hordes of them, covering the house tops, fences and in many places the ground.

Since then they have proved singularly persistent and destructive. Nothing that is edible can be left outside the houses, and in many instances the feathered pirates have entered buildings when a door or window was left open, seeking what they could devour. Clothing that has been left exposed, washing on the lines and other valuables have been torn to pieces or otherwise ruined. Numberless chickens, pigeons, and in some cases small dogs have been attacked and killed.

Many expedients have been resorted to by the villagers to rid themselves of the plague, but only temporary relief has resulted. The negroes and whites who inhabit the island are of the most ignorant class, and their superstitious regard for the crow prevents their turning to any measures which involve injury to the birds.—Philadelphia Press.

Rooster as a Witness.

When the case of Ohio vs. Joel Deeg, charged with stealing chickens, came up for preliminary hearing in Justice Chapman's court at Elgin, Ohio, the prisoner strenuously denied his guilt. A coop of chickens was offered in evidence, but Deeg claimed he bought them of a peddler, and his lawyer claimed they could not be identified. Their owner, Dr. Ray of Sheffield, was present, and taking a rooster from the coop, set him on the floor, calling it by name and the bird answered with a flap of his wings and crowed. He then shook hands with the doctor and the identification was complete. Deeg was bound over under $500 bond.

At the Present Day.

The ancient city of Jerusalem, which has figued so largely in scriptural history, is seldom considered in secular affairs. Yet it has a considerable commerce, milling being among its prominent industries. From the 1894 report of the Austro-Hungarian consul at Jerusalem it appears that Palestine is quite a milling section, and that Jerusalem alone has five steam mills. In 1894 these mills made 28,000 to 30,000 sacks of flour, of 98 pounds each. They have capacity to make twice as much if the conditions of the trade demanded it.

As to Pearls.

The beauty and value of pearls depend on their color, form, texture (skin), transparency (water), and lustre. A pearl to be perfect must possess the following qualifications: It must be perfectly round or drop shaped, and have a perfectly pure white color, must be slightly transparent, free from specks, spots or blemishes, and must possess the peculiar lustre characteristic of a gem. Round pearls above the weight of 80 grains are so rare that they command exceptional prices, depending on the circumstances of the sale to bring almost any figure.

The older a man becomes the more hills he is compelled to climb.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Suggestions for Brightening Farm Life—How to Secure Regular Salting of Cattle—Thorough Cultivation Will Kill Canada Thistles.

To Make Life Brighter.

We want to see more beauty and greater abundance in fruits about the farm house. We want to see more contentment and pleasure there. We urge the cultivation of flowers for the pleasure it affords, and the raising of more fruits and better gardens for the increased vigor and health such things impart.

We have a vineyard that begins to ripen its fruit about the first of August, when there is a certain amount of languor and listlessness in the atmosphere, a time when fevers are apt to take root in the system, and when every one feels more or less run down. But since our vineyard has been bearing, and we can go to it of an early morn, before breakfast, and eat the fresh, sweet, ripe grapes, there comes a revived feeling, breakfast tastes better, and the system is toned up for the day. It is one of the wise provisions of nature to ripen grapes just at the time of the year when they are best suited to the health and appetite.

We urge the planting of vineyards and other small fruits. A fruit garden is of greater necessity, in so far as the health and happiness of the family are concerned, than the corn field. The peasants of Spain, it is said, eat fruit more than anything else, yet they are noted for their strength and vigor. Fresh fruit is filled with the very essence of the life-giving principle. It is nature's storehouse of the most beautiful and pleasant elements of the soil and the air, such as are bound to impart renewed strength to the consumer. It is beauty and vitality combined and condensed.

How much more of happiness and pleasure there is sure to be in the home that is surrounded by beautiful flowers, and fresh, sweet fruits! How superior in every respect is such a home in which to raise our children, compared to the barren home of the thoughtless and shiftless, that give no heed to the better and more elevated system of living that comes of cultivating nature in her higher branches. Think this matter over.—Colman's Rural World.

Salt Boxes for Cattle.

In order to secure a regular salting with a large herd of cattle it is necessary to have salt continually before them for use at their leisure. Many farmers use rock salt, scattering it about over the pasture, but even with this there is waste in wet weather, and some danger that cattle will lick out large lumps in such a way as to make a cavity, which sometimes will fill with water and become brine, and too much of this will produce more or less disorder. Where barrel salt is used there is much waste in wet times from melting. The "Denver Field and Farm" suggests a salt box for cattle where barrel salt is used that seems to meet the case, as follows:

"In salt boxes for cattle in pasture the writer likes the kind resembling in appearance an ordinary school desk. It is entirely home-made, and the stock will soon learn to lift the lid and help themselves. In order to teach them how it is done cut a semi-circular opening in the top part of the front side, just below the lid, and fill with salt so as it can be licked without raising the lid. They will come and taste the salt and keep helping themselves right along, lifting the lid to get to it. The lid protects the salt from rains and saves from waste and from getting packed in a hard lump. Fasten the box at the height that will be convenient for the stock, making fast to a post or a tree."

A box of this kind is easily made and is worth trying.

Ashes for Sandy Soil.

Almost all sandy soils lack potash. Even when it is present, unless there is also some vegetable matter in the soil to furnish carbonic acid gas, the potash forms a union with the sand, and thenceforward can only be released as it is some way made soluble. The benefit from applications of potash to sandy soil is direct. They supply the kind of plant food in which it is deficient. But the use of potash in the form of ashes is not restricted to sandy soils. Most heavy soils have more or less potash in insoluble form. As the caustic potash in the ash changes it makes the potash and phosphate in the soil near it soluble also, and thus potash will sometimes oblige the soil to supply to the plants the phosphates they require to make a grain crop. But in such cases the potash does not take the place of the mineral. It simply enables the plant to get phosphate that was in the soil but not in soluble form.

Killing Thistles with Hoed Crops.

One year's thorough cultivation will entirely eradicate not merely Canada thistle, but all kinds of perennial weeds. But the cultivation must not let up even for a single week. If any sprout reaches the surface and gets to the daylight, it reinvigorates the root, and such half cultivation may be kept up for years without greatly lessening the pest. Wherever attempts are made to kill thistles by growing a crop of corn or potatoes on the land, the month of August will be found a very critical time. It will be necessary to examine the hills closely so that no shoot creeps in with the corn or potato crop in the hills. The cultivator alone cannot be depended upon to do this work. Hand labor, either literally with the thumb and finger or with the hoe, will be necessary several times in August and September, if the work of destroying the thistles is to be completed. A little salt applied to the latest appearing shoots will set them to rotting, and that is better than cutting them off at the surface of the ground.

Early Fattening of Pork.

Corn is not so exclusively the feed of hogs at any age as it used to be. Instead of growing pigs on their swill with pasture, and thus stunting their early growth, it is the practice of the best farmers to begin the high feeding from birth, keeping the pig always in condition for the butcher, and topping off the last few weeks with a clear corn diet. Many farmers prefer that pork for their own use shall not be thus topped off. It is sweeter but less firm in texture, containing more moisture. This, however, only means that the pig killed after being fed so as to waste in cooking is by that fact shown to be in healthy condition. All animals in perfect health are composed largely of water. This is evaporated when internal fevers evaporate the internal moisture, and the meat is then said to be firm, solid and will waste little in cooking. Whenever pork of this kind is not wanted, it should be fattened with boiled vegetables or fruit mixed with wheat middlings and bran to make the right proportion of nitrogeneous matter. We have often more than half fattened hogs on boiled pumpkins and windfall apples, and never had pork that tasted better than that thus fattened. Even before we knew that it was unwholesome, we never much liked the pork fattened on corn alone.—American Cultivator.

Mexican Sheep.

The old Mexican sheep are the direct descendants of the original Spanish Merino brought over two hundred years ago by Spaniards to Old Mexico. They have been bred with scarcely any outcross, and are a very distinctly marked breed. They have long legs, a long, thin body, not very deep; small, rather long neck, and a long, thin head, carried high. The wool is fine and thin. To the eye they appear almost worthless as mutton, and of still less value for wool. Their good points are that they are hardy, excellent travelers, will keep in good condition on the poorest and driest of ranges, are fairly prolific, and can be herded in bunches of almost any size. They fatten easily, though never getting plump and fat like the Northern sheep. When they reach the Chicago market, if in good condition, they outsell all other sheep, for they shrink very little in dressing, the meat has an excellent flavor, and the hide is so thin, firm and soft as to command the highest price.

The Dairy.

A gallon of milk weighs eleven pounds.

When the cows have been long in milk, the churning becomes more difficult.

Divide the pasture into two or more lots and you will gain in food and milk.

The rate of consumption of cheese in America is about three pounds per capita per annum.

A good dairy cow should be trained to stand quiet in milking, so that the milker can readily use both hands.

It is less work to wash the buttermilk out of the butter when in a granular form, and it can be done more effectively.

Once in a full year should be considered often enough for a milker to bear a calf and for younger cows once in fourteen to sixteen months.

How have you got the best results from your milk—sending to the factory, making butter at home or peddling to local customers?

Let one person do the milking, if possible. Cows get used to a milker, and almost invariably "hold up" their milk when a new milker comes. Too frequent changing of milkers has ruined many a cow.

Don't hire at any price a man who has a bad temper; he will ruin your cows. Don't hire one who is not a good milker; he will dry off your cows. Don't employ a man or boy who is not willing to learn to carry out your instructions.

Odds and Ends.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory handled knives which have become yellow from age or usage.

A person broken out with prickly heat will find great relief if the parts affected are dusted over several times a day with rye flour.

If hot meats and soups are covered before they are perfectly cold they will surely spoil; the hot air must have a place to escape or the meat will be affected.

Bread that has been cut in slices and become stale may be freshened by laying the slices together and folding a damp napkin around them; put the napkin in a paper bag and place the bag in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

The most wholesome way of cooking a potato, says the New York Sun, is to bake it. A small piece of the skin should be cut from the ends before putting the potatoes in to bake. If a baked potato stands after it is cooked it is likely to become soggy. To avoid this, when the potato is done fold it in a napkin and roll the potato between the palms of the hands until it cracks open. Treated in that way, the potato will always be mealy.

For a sprain use hot fomentations or a very hot bandage, and rest the hurt limb until it is knit together well. In all cases of sprains and broken bones the patient should be kept perfectly quiet until a physician arrives. Burns are painful and hard to heal if not well cared for. If the skin is off, creosote is a good remedy. Do not remove any dressing until a skin is formed under it. If nothing else is available, flour or cornstarch are good, as they keep the air from the skin and allow it to heal.