

**TRAMPS' GATEPOST SIGNS**

Explanations Which Will Help You to Understand Them.

The rude drawings hardly need a key. When on some white gatepost I found the sketch of a gun, I stole farther down the road. I had a strong objection so early in my career to being riddled full of holes by some atrepid farmer. The outline of a dog of warlike proportions, with wild eyes and ferocious teeth, was wont to make me go breakfastless. My summer wardrobe was not in condition to allow of further mutilation. If I felt brave enough to kick a yelping cur, I sauntered in recklessly at the gate which bore a portrait of a toy dog. Once past him one could usually get a bite.

A big round "O" did not make one wild to approach the premises it adorned. It generally portrayed a bossess with a nature of adamant. A single "X" stood for a cross saw, which with small manipulation might earn a meal. Two X's made a tramp of none too vigorous a makeup go farther down the road. It suggested considerable wood cutting in exchange for a meal.

The sign every tramp looks for anxiously is a crudely drawn table, with a lopsided coffee cup and a plate upon it. Beyond that gatepost dwells a sweet, simple, motherly soul who will welcome the most dilapidated hobo into her spotless kitchen and set before him a good square meal. She may sit beside him, inquiring as to the safety of his soul, and she may give him a mother's gentle advice or she may have a story to tell tearfully of a wayward boy lost somewhere in the great world, and all the fee she asks for her gracious hospitality is a simple request that in the wanderings of her guest he may look about for her absent boy and give him a loving message of a mother's longing and watching.—Good Housekeeping.

**DAIRY NOTES.**

Good butter should be solid from the time it is put upon the table.

Any excitement in the dairy cow tends to lessen the flow of milk.

Failing to get all the buttermilk out causes butter to become rancid soon.

To obtain the best results in churning the cream should be only slightly sour.

In winter the cream should be warmed up to about 66 degrees before putting in the churn.

One advantage in brine salting is that it almost entirely avoids streaked or mottled butter.

The milk should always be skimmed while sweet and the cream then allowed to turn slightly sour.

Sometimes butter has white specks distributed through it. This is caused by oversourness in the cream.

In butter making next to controlling the temperature is to churn often while the cream is in good condition.

With temperature under control and churning done at the right time the butter will become solid and be easily handled.

On the farm to make the most out of the milk and butter some of the cows should be bred to come fresh in the spring and some in the fall.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Simple Remedy.**

The readiness of some people to send for a man to do those little things about the house which the smallest amount of enterprise or ingenuity would enable them to do for themselves is illustrated by an incident reported in the Chicago Tribune of a family named Chuckster.

They had bought some new gas burners with mantles. For a week or two the light was satisfactory; then it grew dim and dimmer until Mrs. Chuckster sent for the gas fitter.

"It grows worse all the time," she explained.

"When was it put in?" asked the man.

"About a month ago."

"Ah, yes; I see."

Then he lifted the chimney off, took it out to the kitchen, washed it with soap and water, and the light burned as brightly as ever.

"Fifty cents," said the man.

**An Argument For Social Frankness.**

It is best to be sincere, as a family in Germantown recently found out. They had been entertaining a distinguished novelist from abroad who was not altogether acquainted with society's way of saying things it does not mean. The time came for her departure, and as the host was handing her to the carriage he said very courteously, "I am sorry you cannot stay longer."

To which came the unlooked for retort, "Oh, but I can!"

There was only one course open. The trunks were taken down, the carriage sent away, and to the consternation of her hosts, the lady re-entered the house.—Philadelphia Times.

**Red Snow.**

In the arctic regions early explorers were astounded to find large areas of red snow, but the phenomenon is now familiar to men of science, who know that red snow, like a green garden fence, is due to the presence of unicellular algae, the only difference being in the coloring matter of the protoplasm. It is said that acres of snow are frequently covered in a single night by these tiny plants.—Good Words.

**The Climate.**

"Don't you think you have a very changeable climate?" said the stranger.

"No," said the native. "It changes fast enough when it's pleasant, but when it's disagreeable it hangs on like grim death."—Washington Star.

Access to books is an open door to wide knowledge, to a disciplined mind and to immense extension and variety of interests.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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**LITERARY SECTION.**

How poor are they who have no patience.—Shakespeare.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—Thomas Moore.

He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small.—S. T. Coleridge.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of Truth.—Bacon.

A moral, sensible and well-bred man will not affront me, and no other can.—Robert Southey.

Happiness depends, as nature shows, less on exterior things than most suppose.—William Cowper.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great.—R. W. Emerson.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from the hand no worthy action done.—P. J. B.

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw or hold so fast as love can do with a twined thread.—Burton.

Love is indestructible. Its holy flame forever burneth; from heaven it came; to heaven returneth.—R. Southey.

Those who inflict, most suffer, for they see the work of their own hearts and that must be our chastisement or recompense.—P. B. Shelley.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven; a spark of that immortal fire with angels shared, by Allah given, to lift from earth our low desire.—Lord Byron.

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