

THE ACCOMPLISHED GIRL

A girl should learn to make a bed,
To make good biscuit, cake and bread;
To handle deftly brush and broom,
And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to dress with speed;
And hold tight lacing 'gainst her crew;
To buy her shoes to fit her feet;
In fact, above all rain-deed.

A girl should learn to keep her word,
To spread no farther gossip heard,
Home or abroad to be at ease,
And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to sympathize,
To be reliant, strong, and wise;
To be very patient, gentle, too,
And always truly womanly.

A girl should learn to fondly hold
True worth of value more than gold;
Accomplished thus with tender mien,
Reign, crowned with love, home's cherished queen.
—New Orleans Playmate.

POOR LITTLE JANET.

POOR little Janet! The great solitary house seemed full of resounding echoes—the shadows clung darkly to the room where her adopted father had died—the birds drooped, and even the tropic ferns and white-blossomed gardenias in the conservatory made her think, with a vague shudder, of the wraith they had just laid upon his coffin-lid.

He was dead, the kind, silver-haired old man whom she had loved so tenderly, and she was all alone in the world.

"Well, Miss Janet," said Mrs. Farquarson, the hard-featured Scotch house-keeper, meeting the pale, heavy-eyed little girl, as she wandered forlornly about the deserted rooms, "what are you going to do now?"

"Do?" Janet Amory looked vaguely at her. "What shall I do, Mrs. Farquarson? I shall go on with my music and French, I suppose, after a little; and I'll begin that course of English history that Uncle Ethan always wished me to undertake. I've always dreaded Rollin and Hume, but now it will seem, the quick tears starting in her eyes, "as if it were doing something for him."

Mrs. Farquarson looked rather curiously at her.

"Miss Janet," she said, "don't you know? Haven't they told you?"

"Told me what, Mrs. Farquarson?"

"That you've no more right here than I have. That your adopted father was no real relative to you. That you must go away."

"Yes, I know," said Janet, solemnly. "We were not related. But Uncle Ethan always told me I should be provided for in his will, just the same as if I were his own daughter."

"Child! there is no will."

"He said he should make one!" said Janet, still calmly assured that her Uncle Ethan, as she had called the old man, would never leave his little cosset lamb to the mercies of this cruel world.

"And I don't doubt," said the house-keeper, "that he intended to make one. But he failed to do so."

Janet looked puzzled. Poor child! she knew as little of the legal machinery of the world as she did of the Sanscrit alphabet.

"Even then," she said, "how can all this affect us?"

"The property all goes to the heir-at-law, don't you see?" said Mrs. Farquarson, impatiently.

"And I?" gasped Janet.

"You have—nothing," was the reply.

"But," hesitated the poor girl, "what am I to do?"

"That's your lookout," said the Scotch woman, brusquely.

"I have no right in this house?" faltered Janet.

"Except as the heir-at-law chooses to allow you to stay here," Mrs. Farquarson replied.

"And the money I gave the lame beggar at the door yesterday?"

"It wasn't yours to give."

"And the new mourning that Madame Doyle is making for me?"

"Well," said Mrs. Farquarson, doubtfully, "I suppose the estate will pay for it, but legally, they are under no obligations to do so."

At the drawing-room door she met a servant with a card on a silver tray. Was it her imagination, or did the man really look at her with eyes of compassionate pity, as she took up the card and read the name of "Mrs. Otto Carisbrooke?"

Her eyes brightened, her heart gave an upward throb.

"Why didn't I think of her before?" she asked herself. "Charlie Carisbrooke asked me to marry him week before last. She will give me a home until I have one of my own. I—I don't think I care much for Charlie Carisbrooke, but I must do something or go somewhere at once, it seems."

Mrs. Carisbrooke was a plump, simpering young matron, in a seal jacket, diamond earrings and a French hat, all rosebuds and blonde. She was "so sorry for dear Janet," she hoped there was some provision made; it was "so unfortunate," she said, "that this sad event should happen just at the beginning of the ball season. And now, if darling Janet wouldn't consider her intrusive, what were her plans for the future?"

Janet lifted her large, tear-dimmed eyes to Mrs. Carisbrooke's face.

"I was thinking," she said, "of coming to you, Mrs. Carisbrooke, for the present."

Mrs. Carisbrooke recoiled a little. She had heard there was no will.

Janet colored high.

"He asked me to marry him not a fortnight ago," said she, quickly.

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Mrs. Carisbrooke. "But you refused him, dear, you recollect?"

"No, I did not," said Janet; "I only asked time to consider his proposal."

"Oh, well, it amounted to the same thing!" said Mrs. Carisbrooke, glibly. "At least, he understood it so. And Miss Goldthred was very much in love with him, and it's a very desirable match all round. By the way, my dear, Mrs. Prickett has just lost her companion—and I was thinking what a very delightful situation it would be for you."

Janet Amory bit her lip.

"I do not regard it in that light," said she. "To be a drudge to the whims and caprices of a deaf, ill-tempered old woman, at ten dollars a month—"

Mrs. Carisbrooke rose up with a toss of the rosebuds and blonde.

"Really, my dear," said she, "it is your business to conquer this false pride of yours. Good-by. Pray command me, if I can be of any service."

"Stuck up little minx," said she to herself. "As if Charlie were going to marry a beggar out of the streets! For that is exactly what she is, in spite of all her airs and graces."

Poor Janet, left alone in the gloomy silence of the great drawing-room, burst into a passion of tears.

"I'll go to Mr. Moneybags, the bank director," thought she. "He always used to say he loved me like a child of his own. He will at least advise me what to do."

Janet put on her sad little crape hat with its thick veil and its buckle of jet, and bade Michael, the coachman, drive her to the bank. Mr. Moneybags received her with a cold nod, as he glanced at his watch.

"Very sorry," said he, "but I've only five minutes to spare. A most unfortunate thing, Colonel Ethan's dying without a will. But Colonel Ethan never was a business man."

"I was thinking—" began poor Janet, with a falling heart.

"I dare say—I dare say," said Mr. Moneybags, hurriedly. "Sorry I've no time just at present. Accept my best wishes. Wheeler, show in the gentleman from Nevada."

Once more Janet found herself rebuffed. Alas! what a wide gulf lay stretched between the rich heiress of yesterday and the penniless girl of today!

She was walking quietly home—crying softly behind her thick crape veil, when James Aldrich came up to her side—honest James Aldrich, whom she had liked and laughed at, and who had surprised her so much, six months before, by telling her that he loved her.

As if she cared for James Aldrich, who couldn't waltz like Charlie Carisbrooke, nor sing baritone solos like Paul Romney, nor quote poetry like Claud Nevers. And yet—there was something lovable about James Aldrich, after all.

"Janet," said he, "you are in trouble. Can I help you?"

"No," she cried out, passionately. "No one can help me. No one cares for me any more now."

"I do," said James Aldrich, quietly drawing her arm within his. "Little Janet, stop crying. Trust your future to me. I've just got an appointment to a good place in the custom house—and when the letter came, Janet, I thought of you. Oh, my darling! my darling! I have loved you so dearly all these years! Only promise to be mine, and I solemnly swear to you that you shall be sheltered from all life's storms, so far as my faith and love can shelter you."

She looked up at him through her tears. How good and noble he was! How true and constant! Why had she never known him before, as he really was? And then she put her cold little hand in his.

"James," said she, "I am not half good enough for you, but—"

"Let me be the judge of that," said he, with an infinitely contented air.

They walked home together, discussing the relative merits of "flats" and country cottages, Irish and German help, and cheap styles of furniture. For they had decided that it was best to be married at once, and go housekeeping in a small way.

On the drawing-room threshold, Mr. Tapley, the lawyer, met them with an excited face.

"Miss Amory," said he, scarcely pausing to greet young Aldrich, "allow me to congratulate you."

"Thanks," Janet answered, rather coldly, as she wondered how Mr. Tapley had already become cognizant of her engagement.

"The most unexpected thing in the world!" cried the lawyer.

"Yes," said Janet; "I think myself that it was rather so."

"How did you hear of it?" said Mr. Tapley.

"Just what I was going to ask you," replied Janet, with a faint smile. "We have only been engaged half an hour."

"Oh!" said Mr. Tapley. "H'm! ha; you allude to—ahem!—a matrimonial engagement. In that case I may also congratulate this young gentleman, wringing poor James Aldrich's hand until the knuckles cracked. "But I am speaking of Colonel Ethan's will, found in an old tin box, with a quantity of papers which we were about to burn as useless. And which—prepare yourself, my dear young lady—constitutes you the sole heiress of his large property."

And so Janet's troubles were over at last, and Charlie Carisbrooke, who didn't marry Miss Goldthred, after all, lost his chances with the heiress—and Mrs. Otto's name was stricken remorselessly off her visiting list, and the great Ethan account was withdrawn from Mr. Moneybags' bank. And no one was quite satisfied except James Aldrich and his happy little wife.—London Tid-Bits.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Short-Sightedness Is Often Caused by Poorly Printed Text-Books—Public Schools Should Be Kept Free from Politics—Corporal Punishment.

How Eyes Are Injured.

Prof. E. W. Scripture, of the psychological department of Yale University, has been investigating a subject that will interest every parent in the land who has a child in the schools. Some time ago it occurred to him that it would be a good plan to find out why there was so much shortsightedness in the children who are attending the public schools, and other schools for that matter, and the result of that line of investigation will be something of a revelation to the fathers and mothers in this country who have little ones in the various institutions of learning. In a word, Prof. Scripture declares that out of every 100 cases of shortsightedness more than ninety cases are the result of school work. A representative of the New York Times called on Prof. Scripture recently, and in answer to a number of questions on this subject the professor said:

"Spectacle dealers are very serviceable to humanity, yet I propose that the parents and teachers of the land join in a benevolent boycott to drive them out of business. I don't mean to boycott the dealers directly, but to boycott the bad eyes by which we give them trade."

"Do you know why you wear glasses for shortsightedness? Did it ever occur to you that somebody is to blame for all the shortsightedness in this world? It seems a strange and almost incred-

ulous you can make all measurements yourself; I mean the steel rule that is marked in sixty-fourths of an inch. Requirements to be met: Height of smallest 'n', at least 1-16 inch; thickness of line in 'n', at least 1-1000 inch; distance between letters, at least 3-100 inch; space between lines, at least 1-19 inch; length of line, at most 4 inches.

"I picked up a few school books the other day. Among them was a primer; type fairly good for little children, but under the different exercises were lines in thin italics, which were trying even to my own eyes. Italics should be absolutely forbidden to children under 10 years of age anyway. Should not the conscience of the lady author trouble her for the eyes she has ruined? A beginner's reading book, the very first lesson starts out with fearfully fine-lined italics, type not half big enough for the little eyes. An elementary arithmetic, the same one I had when a schoolboy; best type in the book just comes up to the least requirements for the worst books in the highest grades; more than half the book is in smaller type; and as for the minutely printed portions and the complicated fractions—heaven preserve our eyes! And so on; worse and worse they grow. Compare especially your children's geographies with the specimen. Shortsightedness—it is the blackmail we pay to careless publishers and ignorant school authorities for the sake of getting an education."

The Public Schools.
They must be kept free from the influence of politics. I frankly state that I, for one, would not send my boys to a public school unless I believed the school to be a good one. Whatever other motives may influence parents, there is no doubt that many are annually deterred from sending their boys to a public school by the conviction that the education offered to their sons in return for taxes is inferior to what can

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURISTS.

Hints on the Cultivation of the Castor-Oil Bean—A Convenient Butter-Making Device—How to Fight Weeds—To Prevent Smut in Oats.

Castor-Oil Bean Culture.

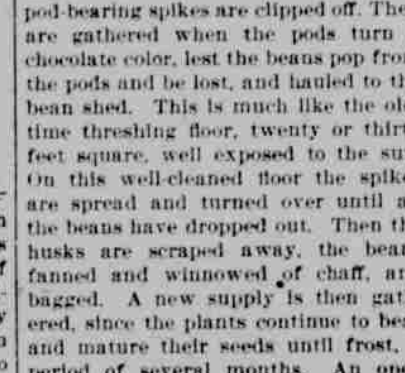
Light, sandy loam soil, with a sub-stratum of clay, is the best land for castor beans, says a writer in the American Agriculturist. The ground is broken well, as for corn, and rows laid off six feet apart. Between every seventh row an interval of six feet is left, to admit the passage of a horse and slide when the beans are being gathered. Before planting, the seeds are soaked over night in lukewarm water. The



CASTOR-OIL PLANT.

hills are six feet apart, and six seeds are dropped in every hill. When the young plants have become too large for the cutworm, which is their deadliest enemy, they are thinned out until only two are left in each hill. It is necessary to keep the crop clean, first with the plow, then with the cultivator, and now and then the hoe is used to draw a little soil around them. No work is necessary after the plants have attained a height of two feet, unless after a long rain the earth is loosened with a cultivator. The beans ripen in late July and early August. After the ripening a horse and slide are brought into play and driven between the rows, when the pod-bearing spikes are clipped off. They are gathered when the pods turn a chocolate color, lest the beans pop from the pods and be lost, and hauled to the bean shed. This is much like the old-time threshing floor, twenty or thirty feet square, well exposed to the sun. On this well-cleaned floor the spikes are spread and turned over until all the beans have dropped out. Then the husks are scraped away, the beans fanned and winnowed of chaff, and bagged. A new supply is then gathered, since the plants continue to bear and mature their seeds until frost, a period of several months. An open shed is better than an unprotected floor, as the beans would be ruined by getting wet. The average yield is twenty to thirty-five bushels per acre, and one bushel of seed yields from six quarts to a gallon of castor oil. The crop is fairly profitable in Missouri and Kansas, and has brought good returns wherever raised. While it may do well over a large portion of the Central West, the market for the beans is comparatively limited, the crop going largely to the castor-oil factory at St. Louis.

Home-Made Wagon Jacks.
Two wagon jacks are shown in the cut, Fig. 1 being made of two three-inch oak boards (A) bolted together at the top with a small piece for a filler at the top (B) of about two or three inches. The lever (C) is two feet long and two and one-half wide and extends about six inches through the upright A. Put a bolt through the boards A and lever C; then take any kind of smooth wire and make the rod D and



WAGON AND BUGGY JACKS.

You have a very strong jack. Fig. 2 is a very handy buggy jack and easily made. Cut a board the desired height from the ground a little below the axle of the buggy, as shown above.—Farm and Home.

Harrowing Pastures.
There are many old pastures which can be much improved by harrowing with a forty-tooth drag that will cut into the surface soil. This will admit air to places covered by moss, and enable the grass to grow more vigorously. Of course some of the roots of the grass will be destroyed; but the stirring of the soil will make more grass in their place. If there is much moss on the surface it will require underdraining to remove surplus water to make a permanent improvement.

Keep Ahead of the Weeds.
There is only one economical way to fight weeds that is, to keep ahead of them. When they are just breaking through the ground, says the Agriculturist, they can be slaughtered with less labor than at any other time. That is the time to take them in hand. A little later and the work will be doubled. Too many overlook this fact. In many towns 5 per cent. off is allowed on all taxes paid before a certain date, and

men hustle to pay their tax and save that five per cent. A much larger per cent. off is secured by the man who takes the weeds in season. One can go over a garden with an iron rake when the weeds are just breaking ground, and in an hour's time accomplish wonders. A week later he will have to take his hoe and laboriously cut, cut, cut. And even then he doesn't destroy half as many of the roots of weeds as he would have done a week before with the rake. Neglecting the weeds is something one simply cannot afford.

Preventing Smut in Oats.

It is now considered as a settled fact that the smut of oats may be absolutely prevented by treating the seed according to the Jensen plan, says Hor's Dairyman. This is simply to immerse the seed oats in hot water for a short time, by which every smut spore is destroyed and a crop free from disease is insured. No expense is involved and but slight labor. All that is to be done is to soak the seed oats about ten minutes in water at a temperature of nearly 145 degrees—not much more or less—and then spread them where they can drain and dry as rapidly as possible. Use a thermometer to insure the right temperature, which may be regulated by adding hot or cold water, as is required.

An Economical Engine.

The experience and observation of the writer enables him to recommend the hydraulic ram, where conditions are suitable, as one of the most economical and efficient and durable engines ever invented, says the Economist. At an original cost of \$75 water may be brought to the house from a spring 150 yards distant on an elevation of many feet. If there is a spring which will keep an inch and a half drive pipe full, and a fall of from six to ten feet can be had, a reliable and practically permanent water supply may be carried a distance of from 150 to 300 yards and elevated fifty to 100 feet. There is a ram which can be driven by branch water and pumps the spring water, and in that case practically the whole spring supply can be utilized—Exchange.

The "Jersey Baby."

This illustration represents an ordinary Jersey milk jug converted into a churn. It is fitted with a view glass and made air-tight by a simple arrangement of the lid. When suspended, as shown in the cut, it will swing with a range of several inches, and although it has no internal beaters or dashers it will make butter in from five to ten



AN IMPROVED CHURN.

minutes. Of course, a device so small as this is not intended for making butter in great quantity, but as much as five pounds may be made in it readily. The illustration is taken from Cassell's Magazine.

Out Meal for Young Chickens.

Whole oats are not the best feed for hens that are laying. They are not concentrated enough, and wheat, which contains much the same elements of food as does the grain of the oat, is much better. But for young chicks there is no better food than ground oats sifted so as to take out the coarser chaff, and made into a cake. This will be eaten readily, and it will make the young fowls grow thriftily, even while producing feathers, which is always the most critical period of their growth.

Cayenne Pepper for Sparrows.

To kill sparrows, put cayenne pepper in the crevices of buildings they infest. Or support a long and wide plank by a stake, scatter grain under it, and when the sparrows are busily eating pull the stake away by means of a string, and the heavy plank downfall will kill the sparrows. Others will quickly return to take their place. Many believe the English sparrow does more good than harm.

Does Not Always Pay to Clear Lands.

A great deal of time has been spent digging and blasting rock from which labor the farmer has not received ten cents a day, says the New England Farmer. Sometimes it pays to clear off the very rocky fields, but more often it doesn't pay. Better leave them to pasture, or plant them with apple or improved chestnut trees and turn in the hens. Rough land, orchards and poultry make a very good trio.

Crops Out of the Usual Order.

These questions should be asked and answered: Can't I grow something this year out of the usual line of crops that will pay me? Can't I find a better system of marketing what I produce, as shipping direct, supplying the consumer direct, etc.

Scratches on Horses.

For scratches nothing is better than a real physic, followed by two days of rest. At the same time, clip the hair from the heels of the horse and apply sulphur one part to crude petroleum two parts.

Sell Hogs for the Market.

Sell hogs when the market is best and they are ready. There is no wisdom in keeping hogs until they weigh just so many pounds.

Changing the Seed.

A change of seed is often beneficial. Seed from a distance can frequently be substituted for home growth with marked profit.

TEACHER'S COMING.



TEACHER'S COMING.

ble statement that, with a few very rare exceptions, all the shortsightedness in the world has been manufactured by man himself, yet this is the truth. Manufactured! Yes, manufactured by those who had charge of our childhood's days. Our parents, our teachers, our guardians, and our playmates are the persons to whom we owe the irreparable injury of the beautiful eyes that God gave us all. Manufactured! Yes, manufactured by our early sports, by our early lessons at home, by the occupations of the kindergarten, by vicious school books, and so on.

"I have a couple of children for whose education I must begin to provide; they need and must have something to do; they must have books and toys and school. In a short time the school days must begin. But can I, as a father, send them to the schools for which we pay so much, when I know the chances of ruined eyes? Can I trust them to teachers who will oblige them to use bad books—yes, 'bad' books, for a book that ruins the eyes is just as bad as a book that corrupts the morals? Who is to blame for this difficulty? Not the publisher; he makes books to sell, and will make whatever the school authorities will buy. Not the boards of education; they are busy men of the world, and, of course, have knowledge of the safe requirements for the eyes. Not the superintendents, principals and teachers; they have had no instruction on the subject, and know no better. Are the normal schools and training schools to blame? They are supposed to teach all things necessary for school work, but they are apparently ignorant on this as well as many other subjects.

"What is the cause of shortsightedness? It is the amount of work near the eyes which we do during early life, and this is mainly school work. The child's eye is very soft. The strain of near work causes the eye to lengthen, and it does not recover from this lengthening. "I cannot on this occasion discuss the extensive and careful investigations which prove that shortsightedness is due to school work. The results make it thoroughly safe and reliable to say that out of every 100 cases of shortsightedness more than ninety cases are the result of school work. I also cannot relate the great disadvantages of shortsightedness and the evils that follow upon it; the oculists and physicians can tell the story better than I can. Moreover, I will pass over for the present certain crimes of the kindergarten, although when I think of the little ones now being ruined all over the country I can hardly justify my conscience in keeping still. All small objects and fine work must be held near the eyes, in order to be seen. Consequently all fine work is a direct inducement to shortsightedness.

"But the books in the school—are they dangerous? I will let each parent answer the question himself. Get together the books your child uses in school. Now, I will give you the measurements for the worst book to be allowed in any school. If you have one of the ordinary steel measures used by

Pastime of Parisian Swelldom.

A white terrier belonging to the Comtesse de Breteuil had on white doekin leggings the other morning in the Bois when it was muddy, and," writes Vogue's Paris correspondent, "I counted five different coats, all being embroidered with heraldry, on one fat pug in one day during a stay at Biarritz last summer. Another sight there was a small, elegant perambulator, wheeled by a page, in which was a black poodle with two squeaking puppies, all three curled, beribboned and bangled in the very latest mode. Incredible as it may seem, some have complete wardrobes, with flannel night-shirts and other underclothing. Countess Mensdorff, a well-known Austrian grande dame, was in the habit of serving the meals of her four dachshunds in the daintiest silver and china on a low table, around which the four little black-and-tan creatures sat like babies in cushioned chairs. Napkins were tied around their necks and two milkmaids with white aprons and caps, whose sole duty it was to look after the quartet, fed them on chicken, sweetbreads, game, consommé, and caviars. The Countess had visiting cards for her dogs, on which were inscribed the following names: Count Aleck Mensdorff, Countess Maben Mensdorff, Count Bob Mensdorff, and Countess Tiny Mensdorff."