

WOMAN AT HOME

NEEDS OF AVERAGE WOMEN.

WHAT does the average woman need? In the first place, a thorough manual training. She needs to know how to cook a wholesome meal properly, to put it on the table appetizingly, and to do this with the minimum expenditure of energy. The need of practical domestic training for girls has probably been sufficiently emphasized, but in the general readjustment of occupations and duties going on between men and women it is more and more apparent that boys as well as girls need a certain amount of elementary domestic training. There are many families in which family happiness, comfort and prosperity would be greatly promoted if the husband and father could, at least in an emergency, take a competent share in the routine work of the household. There are many generous and kindly husbands who would be glad to help, but who are incapable through lack of elementary training.—Science Monthly.

The New Carass.

Society now eschews kisses—that is, those of the good old-fashioned sort. Kisses are filled with microbes! So said the scientists, therefore society took fright and vowed that it would



SOCIETY'S LATEST CARESS.

kiss no more. Two pretty girls meet. There is a faint murmur from both, a slight inclination of the body, two rosy cheeks are pressed against each other for an instant, and there you have the new kiss. There is much to commend in this latest fad. Kissing is certainly vulgar, but this little cheek carass has much of daintiness and tenderness in it. It is done so quickly, so gracefully, that it really seems a spontaneous carass of affection. Of course, it is not. For society never gives public demonstrations of affection, but the new kiss is a very good substitute.

Resting.

There are times when to think is a burden. Then one should sleep. No medicine does such good as restful slumber. Vacation is needed by all who do faithful work. Some people boast that they never take a vacation and reflect unfavorably upon those who do. This is unkind and unjust. Some people never do enough to know what it is to be actually tired. They can have no sympathy for those who are so worn with fatigue that life itself is a burden, much less can they give safe advice. Change of work, say some, is all you need. This is often the sheerest nonsense. It is disastrously false in some cases. When the body is tired, it must rest or break. If the brain is overtaxed, it is not enough to stop the mental strain and overwork the body. Rest!

Take time to just be and enjoy the exquisite sense of living. This is a beautiful world. Stop a bit and enjoy it and be glad with Him who makes and keeps it ever fresh and glorious.

A Great Queen.

Upon a beautiful obelisk in a temple at Karnak, Egypt, are inscribed the name and cartouche of Queen Hatshepsu, daughter of Thothmes I. (B. C. 1600), the woman who raised Egypt to the pinnacle of its highest greatness and made Thebes as a capital more glorious than Babylon or Nineveh. Her reign lasted twenty-one years and was memorable for the energy of her administration and the prosperity of her people.

Latest Coiffure.



Dress in Plain Garments.

Those wise little mothers who deny the American habit of over-dressing wee bits of babies will be interested to know that Prince Albert, the small mite of 4 years, who is in the direct line of succession to the throne of England, wears the plainest of frocks and bonnets.

The children of the royal family are always clothed simply. Their little arms are unhampered with frills and turbans, and ribbons and bows are

not continually getting into their precious mouths or tickling their soft, pretty necks. Little Prince Albert wears tucked skirts of pique and blouses of the same material, trimmed with braid of thin white or turkey red. The children of many of the well-to-do Americans are costumed in small garments every bit as costly.

Prince Albert's youngest brother, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George of York, who is one year younger than the eldest baby of the Duke of York's interesting family, plays his baby games in ordinary frocks of nainsook, trimmed, perhaps, with a few dainty trims or edgings of delicate hand embroidery. The little sister, Princess Victoria, who was 1 year old April 25 last, has for everyday wear plain, fine little slips, that have neither heavy lace-trimmed flounces to hamper her small legs nor elaborately made yokes to fret her infant mind.

Home.

Here is a greeting for those at home—the home which many of us possess, some of us have missed, but for which each of us longs. The wretch who makes the doorstep his bed does not desire it more than many a luxurious wanderer in foreign lands, whose very prosperity, it may be, has divorced him from the place he once called by that dear name. The child who strays from the familiar door weeps till he finds it again; the man who leaves it feels himself a suppliant to fate till he can once more speak the word "my home," and to the woman it is a concomitant of life. Deprived of it, she misses her best happiness and her finest dignity. Even her beauty suffers, for it is true (is it not?) that part of a woman's loveliness lies in her environment, and that in her chosen and fit surroundings she has a charm which is lacking when she is elsewhere. Home is, moreover, her field of achievement, her jousting ground, the place where she properly tests her strength and her abilities, as men test themselves in business or in battle. How ever brilliantly she may succeed elsewhere and in other things, if she does not succeed at home, she is, in a sense, a failure, nor will her heart let her deny this fact, however passionately she may protest against it.—Self-culture.

She Went to the Front.

Elsie Reasoner is the only American girl who was at the front during the Spanish war. She is a bright and pretty miss of 20 years. She was born in



MISS ELSIE REASONER.

Kansas, the daughter of Judge Calvin Reasoner, formerly a Chicago newspaper man. She wanted to see what war was like, got an assignment from a magazine and followed Gen. Shafter to Santiago. She was present at the charge of San Juan hill.

When "Mothers" Mean Everything. "The first thing one of those young soldiers thinks of on the battlefield when he is struck by his mother," says a steward of the First United States Cavalry. "While we were going up the hill at San Juan a shell struck a boy beside me in the back of the head. He dropped and kept up a constant groaning of 'Mother! mother! mother!' I felt that it was inhuman not to carry him to the rear, yet I know that my country needed me badly right there. I could stand the bullets and shells, but that perpetual 'Mother! mother!' became unbearable, so I moved to another position and continued the fighting. The boy died muttering the word that meant everything to him at that moment."

To Remove Liver Spots. This may be done by the application of any remedy which will destroy the vegetable parasite. It is, of course, desirable to make use of some agent that will not irritate the skin. The following prescription is recommended: Take six drachms hypophosphite soda, two ounces of glycerine, and four ounces of water; mix, and with a piece of fannel or a stiff brush, rub it thoroughly over the spots. This treatment should be continued for a week or ten days after the skin has regained its normal condition, since otherwise there may remain some seed of the plant which will soon start again to vigorous growth.

The happiest disposition in the world is the one that adapts itself to every change gracefully.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Feed Wheat Should Be of the Best and Thoroughly Cleaned—Fertilizers in Grain Drills—The "Razor-Back" Hog for Bacon—Farm Notes.

Cleaning Grain for Seed.
Too many farmers forget that as they sow so shall they reap. When seed time comes they use whatever is most convenient, and pay very little attention to its being properly cleaned and selected. Looking after the seed wheat first look around and see what variety has done best in your locality, and if you have not grown that variety find out where the best seed can be obtained. Get it when it has been threshed by a good machine, where grains have not been cut, and as clean as possible. It is best to procure your seed from grain that has been stacked and gone through a sweat, as it will be plumper and better in every way. Store it in a dark, dry place if you have it about the barn, and, sometime before seeding give it a thorough scouring and cleaning. See that there isn't a single grain of anything else in it. Very few fanning mills are to be found on farms these days, which is probably the reason why so much poor seed is sown all over the country. But it will pay any farmer to keep a wheat fan of modern pattern if for no other use than to clean his seed wheat. If you don't own a fan, arrange to have one for a day in order that you may have clean seed.

If you can't do better take your wheat to the nearest mill, where you can have it scoured and made perfectly clean for a very few cents a bushel. It always adds to the ready sale of a wheat crop to have it clean and nice. And if you will look around you will find that the very few farmers who have the reputation of growing nothing but pure, clean seed wheat can most always dispose of their crop at an advance over regular market rates among farmers who desire to change their seed.

Some farmers make it a rule to buy their seed wheat each season, procuring grain that has been grown upon land different in formation from their own. Thus the farmer on clay land will go to the farmer that grows wheat on sandy soil and vice versa, but whether or not there is enough in this sort of exchange to pay for the trouble, we will not stop to argue. At any rate, when seed is procured from abroad, particular attention should be paid to cleaning same, or you are likely to get some sort of weed pest on your farm that you do not care about. Have your seed particularly clean of smut.

A very successful wheat grower once told us that he never had smut for the reason that he always wanted his wheat to get dead ripe before it was cut, and when he did this he never had any sign of smut in his crop. If the price of wheat is to remain low we must work up to better crops if we expect to make a profit, and begin our next crop with as perfect seed as possible.—Farmers' Guide.

Fertilizers in Grain Drills.

To very many farmers it is not merely a surprise, but almost incomprehensible, how the small amount of fertilizer, usually not over 150 to 200 pounds per acre, can produce such results as they are used to seeing. It may help farmers to arrive at just conclusions in this matter if we explain how the fertilizer works. In the first place, it usually has a small percentage of nitrogen in available form. This is just what the young plant wants. It is not a stimulant, for plants have no nerves. But to supply them with what they need is to plant much the same as a stimulus is to man. It incites the roots to spread out in every direction, and as each rootlet carries both carbonic acid gas and a small proportion of ammonia, both are powerful solvents. Thus it is that the young grain, which is thus fertilized so quickly, extends its roots into adjoining root drills marks that it apparently and really injures those which have not received such abundant supplies of plant food. If any one will examine the roots of grain in drills, he will find that within ten days they have extended into the rows of the drills not fertilized, enough to dwarf the growth in the latter. Where all the drill tubes distribute fertilizer this effect is neutralized.

The New Bacon Hog.

Strange as it may seem, the "razor-back" hog is assuming considerable prominence in several sections, both North and South. It is being boomed as the coming bacon hog, and there are many who believe that the perfect bacon hog will be found in a cross of the razor-back and the Berkshire or Tamworth, of more civilized antecedents.

There has been a great change in the demand for bacon. Formerly consumers were satisfied with one streak of lean to two of fat in their bacon, but now they want it regularly striped with lean and fat, and the more lean the better. This new fashion is an important one and comes from those who have learned how delicious Danish and Irish bacon is. American feeders have this problem before them, and until they solve it they must be content to take the lowest price for their bacon.

The razor-back makes good bacon when well fed and given unlimited opportunities to roam at large. The Berkshire is the most active of the popular breeds, and a cross of these two promises to make a great improvement in the bacon produced. It is predicted that the razor-back cross will infuse vigor and a tendency to produce muscles instead of fat, and our Southern brethren on the farm are working at the problem of producing a bacon breed

With considerable enthusiasm. The Northern breeder watches this work complacently, knowing that no possible cross could make a more unpromising animal, so far as appearances go, than the pure razor-back that glides through the forests of the South with a nose so long that he seems balanced on his fore legs and an anatomy so thin that the old story of tying a knot in his tail to keep him from crawling through the fences does not seem entirely ridiculous.—Farmer's Voice.

Wet Grain in Mows.

During the rains which have lately fallen, much grain has been put in mow and stacked in much too wet a condition to keep well. While the grain itself is in not much danger, because it is surrounded by chaff, which being always dryer helps to take up its superfluous moisture, there is danger that the straw, especially where the bands enclose the bundles, will rot, and this may extend before checked all through the bundle, and may even affect the grain. It is a great deal of work to turn over a mow and relay it again, especially if this is done when the air is nearly saturated with moisture, so that exposure to it dries it out very little. The best remedy we know is to thoroughly dry some bricks or tile in an oven, and after digging down into the stack, deposit a few of these through it. A well-dried brick or tile will absorb nearly or quite its own weight in water. In other words, weigh it when you put it in and when it is taken out, and any one will be surprised at the increase in weight after a few weeks exposure to damp grain. Care is needed when threshing such grain not to put the brick or tile through the threshing machine. The remedy for damp grain is applied without this danger if brick or tile is put among grain in the bin.

Bees and Fruit.

The charges that bees pierce the skins of grapes and feed on the juices of this fruit are wholly mistaken. The bee cannot bite anything as hard and smooth as a grape skin. But there are many kinds of grapes that have the bad habit of cracking. The Concord sometimes does this, but still more often the Creveling and Hartford Proflic. This kind drops from the stem, and where the grape is joined to the stem the bee can get an entrance and suck the juices. Bees also often gather on the bruised surfaces of apples, pears and peaches which have fallen to the ground. Though the bees are very fond of these fruit juices, it is not good for them to indulge. It is mostly done because honey flowers are less plentiful at this season than they are in June and July. A field of buckwheat coming into blossom at this time will be visited by millions of bees every day wherever there are many bees kept within a mile or two. It is far better to make even buckwheat honey than to force bees to sip the juices of grapes and other fruits. They weaken the bees, giving them a diarrhea, and often this involves the loss of the swarm of bees the following winter.—Exchange.

The Country Boy.

The country bred boy has the distinct advantage over the city bred fellow in two things: His strength is greater by reason of his country birth, and he has a clearer idea of hard work. The country bred boy, as a general rule, has to struggle for his existence; he has to help on the farm, and generally it is at hard work. This gives him strength and power of endurance, while all the time he is breathing an atmosphere of pure air into his lungs. Experience prepares such a boy for hard work. The city bred boy hardly knows what hard work is, and when he meets it as a young man he cannot endure it. It is true that the country boy approaches city problems with a lesser knowledge of them than does the city bred boy. But often, as has been said, the two fundamental essentials in carving out one's way to a successful career are good health and hard work. With these a young man can accomplish almost anything he desires; without them he can do nothing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Feeding Chickens for Eggs.

By actual experiments, I found it pays to feed my chickens twice a day, although they have the free run of the fields. Whenever I feed only once a day, my egg receipts drop off 50 per cent. I feed wheat which costs me 65 cents per 100 pounds. I have the pure Golden Wyandottes and also R. C. Brown Leghorn hens crossed by roosters of the former. They lay eggs the year round. They bug my potatoes, worm my cabbage, and by liberal feeding they never trouble my garden stuff. I find this cross the most profitable, all plumage alike; no black chickens, good size, quick to feather and mature, and very healthy.—G. Camerer, in Practical Farmer.

Signs of a Good Cow.

One or two signs will denote a good cow, Prof. Haecker says, as well as twenty; in a poor cow the thigh runs down straight, so there is no space between the thigh and the udder on one side and the tail on the other. One of the best ways to tell what kind of a cow you have is her temperament. A good dairy type has a sharp spine, strongly developed nervous system and sharp hip bones. A good cow has a large, wedge-shaped stomach, for she must have a large and powerful digestive system to use up her food quickly and make the best returns for it.

To Destroy Ticks.

To get rid of ticks on the pasture keep the cattle away until the grass has attained height and becomes dry. Then set fire to the dry grass and burn the field over clean. Any spots not burned over should be fired again, using straw or other material. The grass for next season will not be injured by this method of destroying ticks.

HER OLD SPINET.

Within her old spinet he hid
So many quaint, dead melodies,
I think if she but raised the lid,
Or idly touched the yellow keys,
Their ghosts would throng the quiet room,
Like the faint perfume of a rose
That died in some forgotten June.

Within her old spinet are laid
What memories of vanished times!
In this same seat, in stiff brocade,
She sang, perchance, her gallant's
rhymes.

I wonder if the powdered beau
Who bent to murmur his applause,
Felt the same passion that I know.

Sweetheart, within your old spinet
I, too, methinks, will breathe my pain,
So, when some idle day you let
Your hands stray o'er the keys again,
Haply they'll whisper back to you
The story of one long forgot,
Who worshipped where he dared not sue.
—Life.

A SACRIFICE FOR LOVE

FOR a whole week a high class Shakespearean company had occupied the boards of the Theater Royal in the provincial town of L—. And night after night they had played to crowded houses.

The great actress who was the star of that particular heaven had smiled into the boxes, graciously accepted bouquets from the stalls and bowed her thanks to the gods in the gallery. But she had never yet been conscious of two pairs of eyes which each evening had followed her every movement from the pit, while the owners of those selfsame eyes had hung breathless on her every word.

But not both the owners. At the commencement of the week they had both been absorbed in this beautiful woman, who, with her dazzling loveliness and fair, gracious presence, walked the boards each night in some new character, but as the week waned Gilbert Stone found that the tiny, slight girl beside him was occupying more of his thoughts than the brilliant creature who impersonated Shakespeare's heroines so perfectly.

Who the girl was or where she sprang from he had not the least idea. She might think it was mere coincidence, but the man knew it was no accident which placed them side by side each evening in their modest seats in the pit. That first night it had been chance, but the second and the third it was not, and he could hardly have confessed to himself what the feeling was which made him watch for her so eagerly at the early door.

Love? No, it was not love; not such an everyday thing as that, surely! It was worship—a blind, mad worship which he had suddenly conceived for this fragile child.

Gilbert was a mechanic—a very God-lath, Tall, broad and strong as a giant, while she—she was a slender, dainty thing, with a white, oval face which seemed all eyes, as she looked at him gravely and handed him back his program or her opera glasses, which they had got into the habit of sharing. He couldn't believe it was love. It was reverence, devotion; and yet, if there had not been that strange, invisible barrier between—that barrier which men are so much quicker to recognize than women—it might have been love—nay, love it should have been!

But she was as far above him as Juliet was above Romeo in the balcony scene. And there was no climbing up for him, no hope of her descending to his level; that he knows well. But while he might, he would sit there under the spell of her sweet presence, and perhaps some day there might be a chance when he would be able to serve her. Shakespeare had been his ruling passion from his boyhood up, but now this unknown girl had changed all that.

And she—Vivian Sydney—this week had been an epoch in her life. Her father, a colonel in the Indian army, had died years ago, leaving her and an invalid brother alone in the world. Excepting for the care of this brother, Vivian had lived in a world of dreams, a world peopled entirely by imaginary heroes and heroines. When she was quite a tiny fragile child Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" had been her ideal of everything. As she grew older the great plays became her familiar friends; and now—in spite of the fact that she must face the crowd alone, in spite of her brother's feeble remonstrances, in spite of the fact also that she must deprive herself of all hope of a winter gown by spending her slender savings on this treat—the fascination was strong upon her, and go she must.

So to and fro she went, and as she left the theater she was always dimly aware that a strong, protecting arm came between her and the crush; there was always room for her in the hurrying crowd from the pit door.

At last the week drew to an end, and Gilbert Stone sat beside his girl comrade for the last time. Comrades they were in their love for the immortal bard, and perhaps—who knows?—it was this link which had knit their souls in yet stronger, closer bond. As he turned to make one of his few brief comments to the girl, Gilbert met her eyes full and fairly for the first time—met, and for a moment held them by the great and uncontrollable longing of his own soul. Then the curtain was rung up on the final scene, the lights were suddenly lowered, and all eyes were turned on the stage once more.

All eyes save Gilbert's, and his drank in the girl's fragile beauty, under cover of the dim light, as though he could never drink his fill.

He knew now that he loved her. It was no longer the worship at a distant shrine; it was the passionate love of a man for woman! But even as she raised her hand to put back a stray

lock of hair he noted the slim, white fingers, the little blue-veined wrist, and, glancing from that to his own toll-worn palms, he told himself once more that she was not for such as he.

Poor she undoubtedly was, poorer probably than he, or she would not be taking her pleasures thus. But no matter what her circumstances, that great barrier, "class," stood between. Men marry beneath their class every day; women seldom or never.

II.
But hark! A low murmur rose behind the stage, which quickly swelled into a cry of terror, and a multitude of human voices joined in that awful paralyzing cry of "Fire!"

In one moment the scene was one of wildest confusion. The fire began behind the stage, but that wonderful iron "curtain," which was to be such a safeguard in emergency, had grown rusty on its hinges, and no one had time or presence of mind to remember how it worked. There was one thing better than presence of mind, and that was absence of body.

In the midst of the race for life around them Gilbert's only thought was how he could save Vivian, and, stooping, he lifted her in his arms and placed her on her feet on the seat; then, still with his arm close around her, he paused to think. There was no hope that the panic would subside, no hope the flames would be suppressed, for already they were leaping and dancing in fury among the "wings," and red tongues of fire were shooting upward and licking the "flies."

The crowd surged on toward the exit. Women were being trampled under foot. Men, in a very frenzy of terror, were fighting their way; utterly forgetful of their manhood, they were hurling aside all who came in their path. It was useless to enter the contest and strive to make a way through this frantic throng.

Suddenly an idea came to Gilbert, and quick as thought he lifted the girl in his arms and prepared for action. Opposite to the exit where the human stream was flowing was a narrow window—which he had noticed often. It was high up in the walls, but he remembered that passers-by at the stage door used it as a peep-hole to see if the house was filling; it was near to the stage entrance and close to the open street.

Still holding Vivian, he made his way through the blinding smoke; the window was higher than he thought, quite above his reach, but with almost superhuman strength he wrenched the benches from their places and piled one on another till he could reach the sill. The aperture was small, he knew—too small for even an ordinary sized man to scramble through; but she was a slip of a girl—she would have room enough.

The flames were rising higher, the cries of those in peril more terror-stricken than before, when at last he succeeded in breaking the glass and wrenching the woodwork from its frame.

"Come," he said hoarsely, "while there is time! There is a door close to your left hand—a swing door; it is sure to be open to the street."

"But you!" the girl cried. "You go first and draw me up?"

"No, no!" Gilbert saw she had not realized that if she were saved at all she must be saved alone! She must not realize it now, or it would make his task well-nigh impossible, and with a great effort he spoke calmly:

"This is the better plan. Do as I tell you and when you are safe you shall give me your hand."

Silently the girl obeyed him, and for one moment her arms cling round his neck as he raised himself to his full height on the tottering, piled-up benches. The blood surged to his brain, and the flames roared hoarsely in his ears. He would have given the world then for one kiss and thought it well lost, but he must not startle her by betraying himself. She would be safe, and—well, who knows?—in heaven there will be no barriers of "class."

In another moment she was seated on the stone sill, and Gilbert had caught and knotted the silk sash she wore.

"Now," he whispered, "when I lower you down you will go as fast as you can to the door? You promise?"

"But you are coming? Oh, you are coming, too?" she cried in anguish, and her tiny hands clung to his own.

For one moment he gazed into her eyes; then, raising himself with difficulty he pressed his lips to the fingers lying in his grasp.

"Remember," he said, "the door is to your left hand. You have promised to find it quickly. Now go. Go!" he cried, for the smoke was becoming denser, and the heat of the curling flames grew hotter and hotter.

"And you—where shall I meet you?" "Never think of me," he said. "I shall meet you by—another way."

Then he lowered her gently, and let the scarf—the last link which bound him to her and earth—slip from his grasp. And the girl, half stunned with terror, stumbled along as he had directed, the words ringing in her ears: "I shall meet you by—another way!"

And Gilbert turned again to face the blinding, suffocating smoke, the angry, lurid flames. He knew what he had done—he knew there was no hope of escape for himself; but what of that? She was safe—this girl, who had come into his life and filled his heart for so brief a space, was safe.

When a man loves well and truly he gives his life to the woman he loves; why should not he—Gilbert—give his for her instead?—Answers.

A horseshoe brings good luck if it happens to be on the foot of the winner.

Civility costs nothing, but it often gets things that gold cannot buy.