HEZEKIAH HAYFIELD, SR.

My neighbors, Peter Tompkins an' Ebenezer Hev sold their farms an' fixin's an' are movin'

They're gettin' tired o' farmin' an' they want to rest, I guess, I'll bet you they are sick o' town in thirty days

Ef they can stan' it, but I think it's hard to How they can live shut up in town the way There's houses on both sides of 'em ap' ors all around; Can't hardly raise no garden truck they'll hev

Can't keep no pigs or chickens, or their neighbors they'll complain; Won't hey no eggs to sell, nor cheese, nor butter. stock or grain.

They'll hev to git some office, or fall back on An' do a sight o' mowin' in their meader of ex-

It's allers been a puzzle what so many town To make a livin'; yet somehow they seem to worry through. But there's nothin' like the country of it's com-

fort thet you want; Where the prairie chickens muster an' the rabbits hev their baunt.

Where the larks is up an' singin' in the mornin' 'fore it's light, An' the katydids is drummin' at their orchestra

Where the choir at the fish pond run a sort o' music race With whatever else is singin', bringin' in their An' the moonlight's sort o' mellow, an' the

An' the barn is full of portume from the new hay in the loft. Where the apples in the orchard, throwin kisses at the sun, Git to blushin' an' explainin' that they meant

Then the watermelons chuckle, an' the yeller pumpkins grin,
An' the sweet potaters giggle while the hollyhocks chime in.

Where the turkeys strut and gobble, an' the guineas run and screech An' the roosters pitch their crowin' jest ez high ez they can reach.

Where you see the hogs a-fat'nin', an' the cattle lookin' sleek. An' the geese a-growin' feathers ez they waddle up the creek. An' the prairie dogs a-barkin', ez they lay round in the sun: An' a blue streak cross the meader-some jack

rabbit on the run. Where you live on homemade cookin', hev oldfashioned buttermilk. otash an' apple dumplin', roastin' cars jest

Pancakes smothered in molasses, with a very Ham an' eggs an' baked potaters like your mother used to cook.

Oh, there's nothin' like the country fer contentment an' fer health, An' there's nothin' like a sodhouse fer domestic

peace an' wealth. there's nothin' like the prairies, where the air is pure an' free. One good Kansas quarter-section—that is jest

-Harry S Mills, in Chicago Advance. THE TALSE

heighten the enjoyment within, where

shaded lamp gave out its serene

grow, and the pictured folds of an

ancient Chinese screen shut all pos-

sible and impossible draughts away

the newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Fen-

grove sat on the other, tranquilly oc-

cupied in darning stockings, while a

chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib,

just where the firelight touched its curls

with fleeting glimpses of gold.
"Well," said the doctor, letting the
newspaper slip down to the floor, "this

& comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since—Hello! What's

that? Some one knocking at the kitch-

Mrs. Fengrove rose and answered

MRS. FENGROVE GAVE HIM AN OLD

SHAWL.

the summons. Presently, she came

"It's Milo York, doctor," said she.

countenance darkened as he spoke.

"Didn't I tell Milo York never to dark-

the gentle-hearted woman, "and home-

less. Mr. Evarton has turned him away,

interrupted her husband. "A miser-

to-night, doctor," said Mrs. Fengrove.

"He looks pale and tired. He says he

has had nothing to eat since noon, and

"That's no affair of mine!" retorted

able, drunken loafer, who-"

has no place to sleep."

"I don't blame Mr. Evarton!" tartly

"I don't think he has been drinking

"But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded

on my door again?"

"Milo York, eh?" Dr. Fengrove's

Dr. Fengrove sat on one side, with

from the ruddy fireside.

en door."

SHE red curtains

were drawn,

the fire blazed

cheerily on the

hearth, and the

click of the

sleety rain

against the

window panes

only seemed to

eral, had hardened his heart like a flint the man opposite, like a log, to the against this particular instance of hu-

Mrs. Fengrove still hesitated. "What shall I tell him?" asked she. "Tell him to go about his business," eturned the doctor, energetically stirring the fire until a red stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Fengrove closed the door, and went back to the kitchen porch. "Milo," said she, "my husband will

have nothing to say to you." "I don't blame him much." dejectedly responded Milo York, who was, indeed, an unpromising-looking subject enough, with his unkempt hair hanging over his brow, his garments in rags and the end of his nose chilled

and purpled with the bitter night air. "But it's a dreadful night," softly added Mrs. Fengrove. "Wait out here -the porch will shelter you from the The coffee-pot is on the stove rain. yet, and I'll bring you a plate of bread and cold meat and a bowl of coffee."

"Thankee, ma'am," said the tramp, gathering himself like a heap of rags into the corner, to wait. He drank his coffee and ate his sup-

per like a famished hound, and then Mrs. Fengrov, gave him a tattered old shawl, long since cast aside by her husband.

"Take this," she said, "and lie down in the barn loft; there's plenty of good, sweet hay there. But be sure you're off before the doctor comes out in the

"Thankee, ma'am," again uttered the man; and he disappeared like a shadow into the howling tempest.

"Where have you been all this time?" suspiciously queried the doctor, as his wife came into the softly illuminated arch of the Chinese screen again. Mrs. Fengrove turned scarlet under his penetrating glance.

"I-I only gave Milo a little-some thing to eat and drink," she faltered. "You know the Good Book says: "Turn not away thy face from any poor man!"

"Yes," dryly coughed the doctor, "but I guess the Good Book don't make any allowance for tramps. And I tell you what, Dolly, it isn't safe to harbor these miserable wretches, with Aunt Dorothy's silver tea-set in the house, let alone your own spoons and forks, especially as I am obliged to be so much from home."

Mrs. Fengrove sewed on in lence; she was almost sorry she had told poor Milo York about that snug corner in the hayloft, but she lacked courage to confess the whole truth to her husband.

"It will be all right, I dare say," she told herself. "But Milo York mustn't come hanging around here any more. In the dead of the tempestuous night, there came a ring at the doctor's nightbell. Old Mr. Castleton was very illdying, perhaps! The doctor was wont-

With a yawn, our good Esculapius rose out of his warm bed, dressed himself and, saddling old Roan, set for his midnight ride of six long miles. But when he reached Castleton court, all was still and dark. He rang two or three times before a night-capped head popped out of the window-that of the

old squire hi uself. "Dear, dear!" said Squire Castleton. "What's the matter? Nobody ill, I

"Why, you are, aren't you?" testily demanded Dr. Fengrove. "I? Not a bit of it!" said the squire, in surprise.

"Didn't you send for me?" "No, I didn't!" said the squire. "And if you've got anything more to say, you'd better come in out of this sleetstorm and say it."

"No," said Dr. Fengrove, setting his teeth together, "I'll not come in, thank

"It ain't a joke, is it?" questioned Squire Castleton. "I'm afraid it a something nore seri-

ous than a joke," said Dr. Fengrove. "Good night." And, turning old Roan's head, he set spurs to him and trotted rapidly away. Evidently, the night call was a concerted plan-a plan devised to leave his home unprotected - and h mind

turned, with keen distrus., to Milo York and his tale of distress. "God keep Dolly and the little one safe until I get home again!" he muttored between his closed lips. "Faster, Roan, fuster!" with a touch of the whip, which was scarcely needed, so thoroughly did the good horse enter into the spirit of his rider. "You know

not how much may depend upon your

speed to-night!" Meanwhile, Mrs. Fengrove, who had just fallen into a restless slumber, after locking the door behind her husband, was unwontedly startled once again by a low, steadily continuous sound like the rasping of some hard instru-ment. She sat up in bed and listened a minute. Under her window the sound of muffled and subdued voices was audible, even above the rattle

and roar of the wintry storm. "Burglars!" she gasped to herself. "And my husband is gone—and—Oh, Milo York is at the bottom of this How wrong it was of me to give him shelter in the barn!"

Springing to her feet, she threw on a blue flannel dressing gown, and hurried to the cupboard, where her few simple treasures were bept, besides the square, morocco case containing Aunt Dorothy's service of solid, old-fashioned china. She turned the key and was just dropping it into her pocket, when a rude grasp fell on her arm.

"No you don't!" muttered a gruff voice. "Give that here!"

Mrs. Fengrove's heart turned chill as death as she found herself face to face with a tall, ruffianly man, whose face was half hidden by a sort of visor, or mask, of black leather, while another man was busily engaged in ransacking the bureau drawers opposite.

"Give it here!" he uttered savagely. "Or," grasping the throat of the sleeping baby who had awakened, with a cry of infant terror, "I'll wring the dear, what do you think of my new brat's neck as if it were a chicken's." reformed gown?" Mr. Dolley (surveying Mrs. Fengrove gave a shrick of af-Dr. Fengrove, who, though free-fright, but, at the same second, a stun- I like." Amy-"What?" Mr. Dolley-bearted and hospitably inclined in gen- ning blow from a spade handle felled "You"—Yankee Blade.

floor, and a strong hand, twisting itself, vise-like, in the neck erchief of the nearest villain, compelled him to loose his hold of the child.

"You will, will you?" thundered Milo York. "Not if I know it, I guess!" And suddenly closing with the bur-glar, there ensued a desperate struggle for a minute or two, during which Mrs. Fengrove's blood seemed turning to ice within her veins. It was brief, however. Milo flung his opponent heavily to the ground, and, tearing one of the sheets from the bed, he twisted it around and above him, knotting it here

lay helpless and pinioned at his feet. "I'd oughter cut yer th.oat," said Milo, "a-fightin' babies and women, you mean skunk you! But I won't; I'll leave you to the law, and if that don't grip you tight enough I ain't no good guesser."

and there until the cowardly burglar

And with equal rapidity he tied the hands and feet of the other man, who still lay insensible on the floor. "Is-is he dead?" gasped poor Mrs. Fengrove, scarcely daring to look in

that direction. "No-he ain't got his deserts," Mile answered, wiping the sweat from his brow. "He'll live to be hanged yet,

ma'am, never fear." And at this moment the sound of old Roan's gallop on the half-frozen road struck like welcome music on Mrs. Fengrove's ears.

"My husband!" she cried out, hysterically. "My husband!" Milo York went down and unfastened the door-the burglars had effected their nefarious entrance through the parlor window-and Dr. Fengrove found him-

self face to face with the tramp.

"York!" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir, 'York,'" nodded Milo. 'And if it hadn't been 'York' your



"MILO YORK HAS SAVED OUR LIVES." wife and the little 'un would have been

in a bad fix." "Oh, husband!" sbricked Mrs. Fengrove, flinging herself into his arms, 'Milo York has saved our lives!" "I ain't altogether sartin about that,"

added Milo, "but I guess I've saved your money and valuables." "But how came you here?" ques-

tioned Dr. Fengrove. "I was a-sleepin' out in the barn, said Milo. "She told me I could. She give me a blanket and food and drink when I was 'most ready to drop. God bless her! And I heered their footsteps just arter you had gone out, and I suspicioned as all wasn't right. So I just got up and crept arter 'em, and here they is," with a nod toward the two captives on the floor. "And if you'll just lend a hand, doctor, we'll h'ist 'em out in the hall, where they won't interfere with folks, and then I'll go over to the village for the constable and the handcuffs.'

"How can I ever reward you for this, Milo?" said Dr. Fengrove, in tones stifled by grateful emotion.

"I don't want no reward," said Milo, stoutly. "I'd 'a' done more nor that for her," with a switch of his hand toward Mrs. Fengrove. "Ah, sir, you don't know the sort o' feelin' a man has for the only person in the world as holds out a helpin' hand when he's ready to drop with hunger and faintness! And now," more briskly, "I'll

"Dolly," said the doctor, as the honest fellow vanished, "what would have become of us all this night if you had not been more merciful and tenderhearted than I! God be praised that your sweet woman-nature gained the victory!"

That was the last midnight alarm that our doctor's family ever sustained. The two burglars, discovered to be old and experienced hands at the business, were safely lodged in state prison for the longest practicable term; the gang was effectually broken up, and the neighborhood was at peace again.

And Milo York is an objectless, despised tramp no longer. He is Dr. Fengrove's "hired man" now, as much a friend as a servant, and you may see him, any sanny day, at work in the garden, with the baby playing around

"All I wanted was a chance," Milo York says .- Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Explained.

Lady-How often does the ferry-boat Waterside Character-Every fifteen minutes, mum. "How long since the boat left here?"

"Ten minutes, mum." Lady (after ten minutes' waiting)-Didn't you say the boat starts every

"I did, mum." "Well, I have waited here ten minutes since you said the boat had been gone ten minutes." 'Yes, mum."

"Then how do you make it out that it starts every fifteen minutes?" "Why, ye see, mum, it starts from this side one fifteen minutes, and from

the other side the next."-Boston Transcript. -That Settled It-Amy-"George, reformed gown?" Mr. Dolley (surveying it critically)-"There's something in it

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ABOUT CORN FODDER.

It Should Be Handled in Damp Weather to Secure Good Heanits. On the western farm there is nothing used with as poor economy as corn fodder, says an exchange. If properly saved there is no better feed for stock cattle. From 80 to 50 cents per sere is what is usually paid for corn fields after the corn is busked. The corn left by the husker is about all the value there is in the field. The dry husks and stalks have little worth as food. An acre of good corn fodder from corn which has yielded 50 to 60 bushels per acre, if secured at the proper time, is worth as much for feed as the hay from an acre of tame grass. There is no question but ensilage is good feed, but the cost of building the sile and the machinery connected with it, the number of hands and teams necessary in filling the silo, make it out of the reach of the common farmer. The cutting and shocking can be done with the usual help on the farm; extra help may be necessary in husking.

An acre of good corn will contain eighteen good sized shocks; the cost of cutting, husking, binding fodder into bundles and putting corn into the crib will be 20 cents per shock; the hauling and stacking, 8 cents per shock more. The full cost of the acre of fodder, bound and put in the stack, and the corn put in the crib is \$4.14. But we must deduct from this the cost of husking the acre upon the stalks, about \$1.25, also give credit for the value of the fodder in the field, 50 cents, which reduces the cost of an acre of fodder put in the stack to \$3.40, the feeding value of which is equal to the value of one acre of tame hay.

The handling of corn fodder must be done in damp weather. I think this method of securing and feeding corn fodder far better than turning the stock into the corn field. I am satisfled that it is economy to fix up lots, with good shelters and feed racks, and to have water always accessible. By this method we increase the amount of manure made, so important in keeping up the fertility of the farm.-Colman's Rural World.

SIMPLE CORN CUTTER.

Hints That May Prove Useful to Many

Inexperienced Farmers. Although this article may be some-what late to be of use to all who might wish to follow the suggestions offered, it may not be too late to assist some farmers who have not yet cut their corn. The first suggestion is that of an improved corn cutter, for more readily and easily gathering down or leaning corn. It is made of an ordinary heavy back cutter, such as are sold at hardware stores. The cut will explain how it is made, the dotted lines showing the cutter before treatment, the solid lines after treatment. The corner of the blade should be cut out with a cold chisel, and care should be



taken when heating the horn heat the blade so as to draw the

Another suggestion (although old to many may be new to some) to which I wish to call attention is that of cutting corn "railroad" fashion, or by going through the first two rows where the shocks are to stand and tying the standards, cutting only the two rows single row on one side and going the whole length of the row, stopping at each shock to set up the armful out between the shocks; then going back on the other side of the row of shocks the same way, and so on till all the rows are cut; the last row cut, the shocks are tied. In cutting this way the work is all straight shead and I think corn can be cut faster by this method than by cutting one shock at a time. Try it and see .- F. M. Lutts, in Ohio Farmer.

FEED THE STRAW.

It Has Much More Food Value Than Is Generally Supposed.

In all industries, the use of the byeproducts is a great source of profit. The straw in grain growing has much food value. To cure straw in the proper manner the grain is housed in good condition, or is so stacked that the weather will affect it but little. When threshed, it is put up in nest stacks which will shed rain, or, if possible, placed under shelter. If in stacks, when the feeding season arrives it is so cut down with the hay knife that only a portion of it may be uncovered at a time. This applies more particularly to oat and barley straw, the feed ing value of which for farm stock is considered to be worth half as much as timothy hay, pound for pound.

If about two quarts of fine salt per

ton of straw be applied to straw at threshing time, it will make it more palatable than if not so applied, or, in feeding, a weak brine may be sprinkled over it, when the stock wil eat it with more relish.

The beards of barley straw are con sidered by many objectionable, especially when the stock is allowed to feed from the stack, or from racks in the open air where the wind whisks the beards about, often endangering the eyes of the animals. Should a beard lodge in the eye, a pinch of fine salt thrown under the lid will cause a copious discharge and the impediment is usually thus washed out, but if not, a second application will remove it. Most of the beards can be separated from barley straw by removing, at threshing time, a two-inch cross section from the straw carrier, allowing the beards to fall through. The chaff is a valuable constituent of the oat crop, and should be carefully preserved for feeding pur-poses.—American Agriculturist.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that the cow that gives the largest quantity HANDLING OF MILK.

It Requires Constant Care and Scrupu-

To those dealing with milk in any form, the various fermentations are especially undesirable and are constant sources of trouble. All the fermentations of milk, even the common souring. are due to the contamination of milk with something from the exterior after it is drawn from the cow. To prevent these fermentations all that is necessary is to treat it in such a way that it will not be contaminated. Simple as it is in theory it is found to be difficult to practice, and no practical method has yet been devised for keeping these ferments out of the milk. We, therefore, must consider the best methods of reducing the number and keeping their growth slow, which are absolute cleanliness and low temperature. The great source of these organisms

s in the unclean vessels in which milk is handled and in the filth which surrounds the cow. By scrupulous cleanliness in the barn and dairy, the number of organisms which get into the milk will be comparatively small. Of equal value is the use of low temperatures, which should be applied immediately after the milk is drawn. The temperature at which the milk is drawn is just about right for the entrance and rapid increase of bacteria, and in summer time milk cools especially slow and never below the temperature of the surrounding air. If, however, the milk is cooled as soon as drawn the increase of these bacteria is kept in check and will not begin again except slowly until the milk is warmed. Cool milk will. therefore, keep several hours longer than that not cooled.

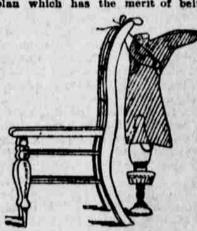
All the abnormal fermentations of milk, such as blue, red, stimy, tainted milk, etc., are due to the growth of organisms in the milk, and all of these are preventable by care. If a dairy is constantly troubled with slimy milk or any other abnormal trouble, a cause is sure to be found in some unusual contamination of milk, and the remedy must be extra cleanliness. It is seldom caused by food or water, but the trouble is usually apart from the coweither in the bara or dairy. Sometimes the trouble comes from one cow.

Certain bad normal odors and taints in milk may be produced directly by the food eaten by the cew. Garlie or turnips will flavor the milk, and various other foods may affect the taste, but this class of taints may be readily distinguished from those due to bacterial growth. The odors and taints due to the direct influence of the food are at their highest as soon as the milk is drawn, never increasing afterward. But the taints due to bacterial growth do not appear at all in fresh milk, beginning to be noticeable only after the bacteria have had a chance to grow. If trouble with taste of the milk is noticed immediately after it is drawn, the cause may be looked for in the food. If it does not appear it will some time afterward, then grows rapidly worse it may be remedled by great care in the management of the dairy or barn. -N. E. Homestead.

DRYING RUBBER BOOTS. Plan That Ras the Merit of Being Oulckly Accomplished.

Rubber boots which have become wet inside, either from exposure or perspiration are dangerous to wear un til dried out, and this is often a difficult task; many wear cork soles which can be taken out and dried, others fill their boots with hot oats at night, and others shake hot gravel in them to dry them out, but all these plans are only partly successful.

The illustration presents another plan which has the merit of being



DRYING BUBBER BOOTS. quickly accomplished, effective and new. A lamp is set on the floor, the boot is tied to the back of a chair, low enough so that the chimney extends well up into the boot leg, the lamp is lighted and turned up. The hot air goes just where it is needed and dries the boot -American Agriculturist.

The Plague of Field Mice. In Scotland, where the field mice

have become such a plague that a commission of the department of agriculture is investigating the matter, the increase of mice is attributed to the killing of weasels and birds of prey by hunters. The same conclusions have been reached by intelligent farmers in many parts of this country. The states of Penssylvania and Colorado offered a bounty for the heads of hawks and other birds of prey, and as a consequence most of them were killed off. Soon field mice, gophers and ground squirrels increased so fast that the farmers would gladly pay a bounty to persons who would breed hawks and other large birds, says the "Stockman."

Prof Roberts, of Cornell university, explains why sheep manure is usually more valuable than that of other farm animals. In experimenting he found that cow manure (solids and liquids) had from 81 to 87 per cent. of water, horse manure 72 per cent., while the sheep manure contained in one experiment 67 per cent., and in another 60 per cent. of water. But this is not all the difference. He found the sheep voidings much richer in nitrogen than those of milk does not always make the of either cattle or horses, and the pres-most butter. Of course not. Test your ence of this valuable constituent of cows as to butter production, we again | manure for farms is another reason why sheep raising pays.

Sheep and Cow Manure.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

n saidy betray 2 2 50

-Cure for Chapped Lips. -- Dissolve a lump of beeswax in a small quantity of sweet oil; let it cool and it will be ready for use. Rubbing it warm on the lips two or three times will effect a cure .--Home.

-Corn Cake. - Three tencups of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one of butter; wet this with boiling water and then beat in one egg, spread half an inch deep on buttered tin sheets and bake brown in a quick oven. -- Boston Budget.

-In baking cake, to ascertain whether the cake is ready to leave the oven thrust a clean straw into the thickest part. If it comes out clean, take out the tins and set them gently on a to or shelf to cool before turning them upside down on a clean, dry cloth or

-To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more benificent in result than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver. -A good remedy for inflammation of

the eyes caused by cold is to drop a lump of alum the size of a hickory nut into a teacup of hot milk. The curd will separate from the whey. Put the curd, which may be kept moistened by the whey, between a fold of softmuslin and lay it over the eyes -N. Y. Trib-

-Scent Powder. - A good powder to be used for wardrobes, finer than any sold in the shops, is the following: Take one ounce each of corinnder, orris root, rose leaves, and aromatic calamus. Ten ounces lavender flowers, one-quarter drachm of rhodium, five grains musk. These are to be mixed, and red seed to coarse powder. This scents the clothes like fragrant flowers —Home —A bag for fancy work may be in

out of two palm-leaf fans. Steam them and curve them a little, tying them and keeping so till dry. Then join them at the apex and sides binding tightly with gold cord. Then fit a bag of soft silk to the opening. Gather the tops together with ribbon draw strings. The fans may be decorated with painting, if wished. -- Home,

-Hollandaise Chicken. -Fry one tablespoonful of minced onion in two of butter until yellow. Add a pint of white stock and thicken with one tablespoonful of flour. To one pint of hopped chicken add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of half a lemon, nutmeg, salt and cayenna to anste. Add this to the pot liquid, and the well beaten yolk of two eggs. Trim the crust from brend, toast, butter plentifully, spread the mixture on top and serve hot. Another excellent breakfast dish. -N. Y. Observer.

-Chocolate Pudding.-Boil ten table spoonfuls of bread crumbs and five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, in one quart of sweet milk for twenty minutes; then pour the mixture into a pudding dish and beat into it the yolks of three eggs and the white of one; add a piece of butter size of an egg and bake one hour. When cooked spread over the top the whites of two eggs that have been beaten stiff with white powdered sugar, and return the pudding to the oven to brown slightly. Pin a nap-Kin neatly around the dish, and serve Forthes the juice of two lemons and mix sugar

with it until it is stiff .- Housekeeper. FALL FASHIONS.

Pretty Devices and Current Styles In Ornamental Wares. Perforated silver has enriched the

new tea balls. Children's ear rings are little twisted knots with a tiny stone in the center. Flower cups for individual salt-cellars are among the new table articles of

service. The old-fashioned double sleeve-buttons of equal size and importance have reappeared.

Heart-shaped candlesticks of tortoise shell mounted in silver gilt with heartshaped lips are among the prettiest of novelties. A charming necklace has a number

of colored stones awinging from it at different lengths. They have the air of attractive irregularity. The most beautiful clear crystal vases are shaped like the corn quepius of a

Christmas tree, and wreathed with silver flowers which terminate in a standard. New salt-flasks of crystal mounted in silver and silver-gilt have separate com-partments with perforated bands. Through these interstices the inspiring

scent may perfume a room.

The tendency toward floral forms is seen every here. While novelty is al-ways pleasing, flowers as a motif for ornament and decoration are more appealing than insects, toads and snakes. One of the prettiest of the new round

brooches has a diamond center, with colored stones radiating on spiky stems. The last circle has these stones set round and in tulip-shaped forms, alternating, or as one might so y, set as roses and tolips. Silver vegetable dishes and their platters and salvers generally have plain surfaces, excepting the edges, that are in high rich raised work. The covers

of vegetable dishes have on their high-

est curve a narrow band of this raised Library sets seem to indicate that this is to be an epistolary season. At least they furnish every temptation to make it one. The latest form has a rused tray fenced in on three sides by a perforated railing. The tray is covered with white blotting paper, and on it are the silver-mounted implements.

Enamel flower pins for the hair have s new lease of li c. These are in silver and mounted on silver pins with an interposin, spiral spring that gives them movement. One of the prettiest instances is a morning glory, not in positive tints, but in silvery tints gently shading into pink and blue. - Jewelers'

As Second Class Matter

No matter how much a paper may pride itself on its quality, it bows its ad and drops back to second place when it comes to enter a post-office. --

and --