

THE FAMILY STORY

CALLING THE CAMELS HOME.

It was a very dark night when Habibullah arrived with his nine camels at the lonely Zhoob Levy post on the road to Dera Ismail Khan. Though a native of the regions round about, he, with true Mohammedan recklessness, turned to sleep, leaving his beasts unsaddled to forage during the rest of the night. Small wonder that at dawn the loss of the whole nine was reported at the nearest post. The loss was promptly attributed to cattle-lifters, as a band of Waziris had been rumored to have come from the Mahsud tribe during the last few days. "Saddle and ride!" was the order of the day. Bakshan Khan slipped his medicine phial into his pocket. Wazir Khan put a chillum and some tobacco into his holster, instead of his ration pocket. Gurdit Singh put a twisted cloth containing opium into his turban. The English officer crammed half a dozen chupatties and a flask of whisky into his pockets. In twenty minutes fifteen armed men were galloping to the place whence the animals had been lifted.

Bakshan Khan's trackers had been before them, and had run the trail across the river and into the hills on the other side. Every indication was that the party had gone off toward Wano in a bee line across the hills, and with probably ten hours' start. In that awful country, and with the slow and malignant camel peculiar to those parts, they were probably a dozen miles ahead. To follow that trail among that mass of torrents, all twisting like wounded snakes, and in as many directions as imagination could devise, seemed at first an absolutely impossible task. But to the men following it every nallah was as well known as London streets to a cockney. Not for nothing had they hunted the wild goat and sheep and chikor day after day in those fastnesses. Only two routes were possible. One was an easy one with sandy going, up a nallah and then across a shallow neck, through a kind of down country with rocks for grass, into another nallah, and so down among an interminable mass of ravines to the Gumal and Waziristan. The other was a stiff, but not steep, climb by the way of the lowest hills into a wide plain crossed by ravines, and then by an intricate system of nullahs to the confluence of the Toi and Gumal and so to Wano. At the end of two hours' ride up the latter route, chosen because it was the shortest in distance, a sure indication was found.

Turning a tall, ragged knee of precipitous rock, a man was seen making off up the mountain side. He bore a handsome jezail across his shoulders and was dressed as if on a journey far from home. At the shouts of the party he turned and unsling his jezail, but a shot fired by a sowar induced him to ground arms, and then at a second hail from Wazir Khan he came down to the party. He was instantly seized and disarmed. On inquiry he was found to be a young Mahsud, who gave the name of Mazduri, till an application of stirrup leather to his legs revealed an alias of Bakhtawar. This being accepted as probable, he was further questioned. His replies were evasive, to say the least. During the conversation four or five sowars had gone ahead and found on the soft wet side of a trickle of water a plain mark of a camel's foot. This damned the prisoner.

He was decorated as to his neck with a collar of tough picketing rope, the sack end was made fast to a sowar's saddle and he was hidden run or hang. A sword point at his back ended all his hesitation. He ran, and nimbly, too, while the pursuers followed at a brisk trot, winding up the sandy hell of the nullah. A collection of camel's dung hastily thrown into a small cranny in the rocks, close to the site of a sheepfold, removed all doubts. The prisoner ran on for nearly a mile more, before he tripped and fell, cutting his left knee and arm badly. As he did so a shot fired from a rock on the mountain side, about 400 yards ahead, scattered sand and flint among the horse's legs. It was now quite certain that the rear guard of the camel lifters had been caught, and a hard gallop to head off the fire resulted in his capture within half an hour. He was not wounded, but very tired.

A rapid council of war was held while the horses drank at the water, and cropped a little of the sour herbage at its edge. When all are of much the same mind there is little need of words, and so in half an hour's time the pursuers, now ten in number, saddled and mounted and were off at a canter. While crossing the rough and stony down-like country a horse fell and was badly hurt. This necessitated the sending back of the injured horse, and three other sowars, whose horses seemed unlikely to last out the stern chase, which as all knew was bound to be a long one. This delay of ten minutes was not such a great loss after all. For hardly had the pursuers started again than the keen eyes of Bakshan Khan saw a camel standing against the sky line on the top of a mountain about a mile ahead, as the crow flies. As he called attention to it another camel appeared and then a man. Against the clear sky they looked gigantic. The camels seemed the most weird and diabolical creatures seen out of a dream, while the man appeared at least ten feet high and of gigantic dimensions. A truly uncanny sight. In a moment more they dropped over the ridge.

The point at which they appeared showed that they had changed their route a little, and that by a daring dash across a difficult and little used sheep track the pursuers could drop into the plain of the ravines before or at the same time as the Waziris. The question was whether the horses could survive that awful scramble and gallop afterward. But blood was up, and without a word they all tried for it.

To get up to the top of the neck was not very difficult; but the descent! Facilis descensus Avernus! But this was far otherwise. A yawning precipice of about 200 feet deep on the bridge hand and a path consisting entirely of bowlders, which goats might jump or a man scramble over, on the very brink, was almost too much for the horses. These gallant creatures had far weaker nerves than their riders, and though each man dismounted and led his horse, walking in front with the bridle reins behind his back, the agony of fear made them sweat, as the galloping had yet failed to do. It was painful to see the fear-distended nostrils, the glaring eyes and the tremble of every muscle in their hard-knit frames.

The clash of the hoofs and the ominous slide as the hard iron hit the unrelenting bowlder made both man and horse thrill with absolute terror. It was simply awful. Nothing but the lust of blood, when man hunts man—the greatest and most exciting hunt of all—could have steeled the hearts of the pursuers. Nothing but the blind trust in company, which drives the warrior into the deadly charge—the hideous companionship of perfect fear—could have enabled the horses to succeed in this awful enterprise. Their groans sent a cold shudder down the spines of the men. Tears started to Bakshan Khan's eyes at the agony of his beloved mare. He vented his feelings in curses, and so did his white brother. The passage did not last twenty minutes. It might have been twenty hours.

All reached the plain in safety. But the horses were spent with terror. The camels were seen not half a mile ahead making for the ravines as fast as blows could urge them. The Englishman pulled out his flask and, pouring a few drops on his handkerchief, wiped the horse's nostrils. Then he mounted. Bakshan Khan breathed into his mare's nostrils, and Gurdit Singh counted and spurred. Wazir Khan, calling aloud on Allan, mounted, too. At first a trot—feeble and uncertain; then, as they felt good, firm ground, a gallop. The horses regained courage with pace. The camels neared the ravines as the pursuers raced hard for them. In that supreme moment there was nothing known of race or creed or color. The Biluch, Sikh, Pathan and Englishman, each swearing indiscriminately at each other, raced for blood.

Another 300 yards. A camel's leading rope breaks and the jaded brute stands still. A yell of joy from the pursuers. A couple of shots from the Waziris. Bakshan Khan pulls up, and is off his mare like a streak of lightning. A shot from his rifle hits the man who is striving to drive the camel on. The rest sweep on with a yell! Another 200 yards to cross! They have them! No!

They reach the brink of the first ravine to find nothing. In a way inconceivable, except to an actual beholder, there remains only a solitary camel and a dying man bleeding from a bullet wound in the back of the neck. The rest are as clean gone as if the earth had swallowed them up.

It is hopeless to search those endless ravines. The horses were quite done up. Eight hours' hard going across that dreadful country at an average of five miles an hour make it far more desirable to make for home as quickly as possible. So they loaded the dead Mashud on the camel, and, after resting a couple of hours, began to wend their weary way home by the easiest ways known. The horses found water and grass about nightfall, and the seven weary and hungry men forgot all differences of race and religion in considering their safety and relief in that dangerous desert. Each man put his provisions out on a flat rock, and then, under cover of the dark, each went alone and took his share. The Mussulman drank from the English flask, the Sikh ate the Mussulman's chupatties, the Englishman took and smoked a pill of the blessed opium. Surely God sent that drug for man's solace in his hour of utmost need.

It was nearly noon next day when the pursuers returned to the post. After taking six hours' dead sleep it was time to attend to business. Habibullah had recognized his camel and also the dead man as a man he had met on the road near Mir Ali Kheh, who had said he was a coolie on the road. The great question now was how to get the remaining eight camels back. At the instigation of Bakshan Khan the following device was adopted: A rope was hung from one of the big beams supporting the roof of the gate, and Bakhtawar, mounted on a ghi-box, was placed with the noose around his neck.

In this position he was told before his fellow prisoner that unless the camels return safe and sound before the third sun his corpse would be burned on the dunghills below the post. The other youth was then stripped to a garment doing duty for a shirt, soundly flogged and then hunted out of the post de-

fenseless. It had previously been ascertained that the two were cousins and that Bakhtawar was the son of a man having some influence. The dead man's corpse was not to be burned unless the camels failed to return. He was also an influential person—or had been.

All that now remained was to wait and trust that the camels would be restored. It was a game of grab. The young Mahsud bore himself with a calm indifference to his fate. He even pretended that he was a Ghazi, and as such could not burn. One could not but admire his courage. None the less was he carefully guarded under a Sikh guard, no Mussulman being allowed to approach him, for the faith of Islam is as the faith of Freemasons, and the oath of the Sikh is as strong as the sword that baptizes him.

On the afternoon of the day that was to end Bakhtawar's life an old man came into the post. He was Bakhtawar's father, Gray, broken-toothed, scars on his face and arms from countless fights, he looked like a grim old boar. "To-morrow at sundown," said he, "you shall see eight camels come in. If not, hang and burn me with my only son!" After this he said no word. Respite was perforce granted, and the English officer went to bed wondering how he was to get out of the scrape. If the game of brag failed what was he to do? An hour before dawn the hand of the Afridi jemadar was laid on his face and the voice said: "Let go the wild goats, for I go out hunting and will not return till I bring the horns."

"I am not afraid," was the reply, "go not till the second dawn!" and the jemadar retired as softly as he came.

It was late afternoon and the sun all but touched the western mountain crest when they took the old man and his son, put nooses on their necks and their feet on the boxes, with a horse harnessed to each rope. Lower and lower sank the sun. Half the disc had gone when a camel turned the corner of the rocky road below the post. Just as the sun set eight camels stood inside the post, with two stout, grinning Mahsuds in charge.

The men so suddenly released from death evinced no feelings of any sort. The only sign of relief they gave was a ready acquiescence in the confiscation of their arms and the handcuffing of all four Mahsuds till next day, when they were escorted across the river and set free. In the evening the jemadar returned from shooting. He said: "I shot two wild goats, but they were without horns; and Sahib wants horns. What can I show?" And he laughed a satanic laugh. So did Bakshan Khan. —Pall Mall Gazette.

SHE STAMPED HIS OFFER.

An English Breach of Promise Case Hangs Upon a Postage Stamp.

Miss Jane Ashton, of Hollingwood, near Manchester, has discovered an entirely novel use for penny postage stamps.

Counted by Mr. Samuel Scholes, a farmer of that part, and growing weary of her lover's procrastinating habits, Miss Ashton determined at last to bring matters to an issue. She was moved thereto by more than one consideration. It was not merely the farmer's persistent neglect to name the wedding day, pleading the cotton strike, agricultural depression and other sufficient excuses; it was the fact that after ten years of this sort of shilly-shallying Mr. Scholes had begun to pay marked attention to another lady. Moreover, Miss Ashton's dilatory suitor had attained to the age of 60, and Miss Ashton was herself getting on that way.

So Miss Ashton informed him in decided terms that he must make up his mind. "I will do anything in reason," said the farmer.

"Then let us have it in writing," said the lady.

Thereupon Miss Ashton wrote on a sheet of paper: "Will you marry me if I keep company with you?" and the farmer, being thus cornered, appended the words: "I will," but added the insidious proviso, "I will if I ever marry."

Naturally Miss Ashton saw in this act need for extra caution. She knew her man, and therefore pulled out a penny postage stamp, stuck it firmly on the document, wrote across it the date, and put it in her pocket. Then it was that Mr. Scholes, impressed by this legal formality, begged piteously to have the fatal paper, stamp and all handed over for him. He would give a sovereign for it, he said, and when the lady asked him: "Are you going to get married or are you not?" he wildly gasped out the words: "Whether or not, I want thee to set me free."

The closing scene of the little drama was enacted at the Manchester assizes, where Miss Ashton appeared as plaintiff in a breach of promise action. The postage stamp may have lacked the sovereign virtues that Miss Ashton had attributed to it; this little object which had caused Mr. Scholes' teeth to chatter with fear may have been a mere bug bear, but the jury looked to the facts of the case and gave the lady a verdict, though with what seems to be the rather paltry sum of £75 damages.—London News.

Her Brag the Biggest.

Dr. M. W. Straker, President of Hamilton College, told this story the other day in an address before the New York Hardware Club: "The braggart spirit anywhere is absurd. Some little school girls (it is chronicled of Chicago) were discussing their clothes. 'I've got a lovely new dress,' said one, 'and I am going to wear it to church next Sunday.' 'Pooh!' said another. 'I've a new hat, and I'm going to wear it every day.' 'Well,' said a third, 'I've got heart disease, anyway!'"

In forming a bad habit, remember that it will be very hard to quit.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

How to Care for Timothy Hay—Prolonging the Fruit Season by Cold Storage—Hardiness of Winter Wheat—Nests for Setting Hens.

Timothy Hay.

I prefer a cut in the afternoon, when it is free from all external moisture, turn it just before noon the next day, and at 1 o'clock turn a second time, and in half an hour start the teams to taking it in. I learned by a losing experience that it is necessary to have ventilation under the floor of a hay bay. I built a hay barn five or six years ago and laid a floor on mud sills, only a few inches above the ground, and found nearly a ton of musty hay in the bottom of a bay 24x14 in size. I then raised my mud sills and placed them on stones so as to allow a space of a foot under them, and my hay has kept well ever since. I do not use sills at all in a hay barn, but stand the posts on the foundation and spike a 2x8 joist to them to hold them in place, and then place timbers on stone to support the floor joists, so that the weight of the hay rests on the ground and not on the frame of the barn. For our own use we prefer mixed hay, clover and timothy, and the mammoth clover is best, as it ripens with the timothy; but not over two pounds of seed to the acre should be sown, or the timothy is likely to be smothered out entirely the next season. Another advantage of this thin seeding is that the timothy keeps the clover from falling down, and helps it to cure better. I have never found mammoth clover satisfactory for hay when sown by itself, but with timothy it largely increases the yield of hay, and cures out so as to be eaten by all stock as well as the medium clover.—W. F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.

Cold Storage for Apples.

Anent the recent progress in the matter of prolonging the season of fruits by means of cold storage, Prof. Craig, of the experiment farm at Ottawa, Canada, thinks that the time may soon come when winter apples may not be a necessity, as fall apples can be kept in perfect condition until the next summer. This is entirely practicable, but as winter apples are quite as easily grown as summer or autumn apples there seems no need of dispensing with either. At the Columbian exposition, in the New York fruit exhibit, there were shown at the opening of the exhibition and for some weeks after, perfect specimens of the sweet bough, sour bough, fall pippin, pound sweet and others, and they would have kept in the summer or fall without having been thus stored. In other words, contrary to the generally accepted idea, the cold storage in no way impaired their keeping qualities. It would certainly be very pleasant to be able to have a supply of pippin, Chenango strawberry, Graevenstein and fall pippin through the winter. The problem to solve is to make central cold-storage plants in fruit-growing neighborhoods, where business enough can be secured to make them profitable, operated by the ammonia process. Ice methods will not answer. To fill the modern demand they must be able to freeze fresh meats, fish and poultry in one room, while keeping fruit at 30 degrees Fahrenheit in another.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Hardiness of Winter Wheat.

Winter wheat is a much harder grain than is commonly supposed. If it were not it could not endure the changes which in our climate ordinary winter weather always involves. With regard to flooding we found many years ago that wheat can be entirely covered by water for a day or two in spring without injury, provided the water was running, and there was an outlet below for it to escape through. An oat or barley crop, in similar circumstances, is much worse injured than is wheat, often turning yellow and sometimes entirely rotting down, while the wheat plant went through the ordeal uninjured. It is possible that the tenderness of the spring grain is due to its sudden and rapid growth, while the wheat leaves have been inured to hardness by exposure to cold weather all the winter. But however hardy wheat may be against injury from a running stream, or where an underdrain beneath will carry off the water neither it nor any other grain can long live where its roots are surrounded by stagnant water.

Nests for Setting Hens.

The nest for a hen that is to sit and hatch a brood of chicks should be on the ground wherever that is possible. With a little management on the part of the poulterer this can usually be accomplished. The advantages of the nest on the ground are that the moisture arising from the soil prevents the eggs from drying up and destroying the germ of the young chick by excluding air. The egg shell is porous, but if there is no moisture the warmth from the hen hardens the membrane inside before the chick is able to break through it. In such case the chick dies and the egg is added. Every farmer has noticed that hens which steal their nests in summer usually come off with full broods. The only disadvantage of nests on the ground for setting hens is that they may be disturbed by rats, skunks or other vermin. But if such vermin abound it is quite likely that they will take more or less of the chicks, and it is better to have the nest rifled when it contains only eggs than to lose all after the chicks have hatched.

Treatment for Hog Cholera.

There are a great many so-called remedies for the so-called hog cholera, and I have tried many of them, with vary-

ing results. The one that has proved the most successful with me and under my observation is this:

First separate the well from the sick ones, removing the well ones and putting them in other pens or fields, as far removed as practical from the diseased ones. Disinfect the old and new quarters with a strong solution of carbolic acid, and at the same time sprinkle around the feeding places and pens slaked lime. Whitewash the pens and fences with ordinary whitewash, in which put crude carbolic acid in the proportion of a pint of the crude to an ordinary bucketful of the wash. Before removing the well animals sprinkle them with a solution of crude carbolic acid and water in the proportion of a pint of the acid to a gallon of water.

Give internally—especially during the period of fever—tincture of acetic acid, ten to twenty drops in milk, according to the size of the animal and the violence of the disease. Keep the sick in dry and comfortable quarters, and if an animal seems stupid or its bowels are not working right, give fifteen to twenty drops of turpentine in castor oil twice a day until the conditions change. Give no solid food to any of the affected; milk is best, but if not at hand or in sufficient quantities make a warm gruel of cornmeal and allow the sick to drink of it in small quantities and often. Put hyposulphate of soda in all water used by the animals for drinking in the proportion of an ounce to a gallon of water. Care to prevent changes of condition and preventing the animals from taking cold is one of the important things. Sick animals should not be exposed to storms or sudden changes of the weather. Disinfect every day as above indicated. If instructions are followed strictly 80 per cent of the afflicted can be saved.—"Shep," in Breeders' Gazette.

Old Apple Trees in Maine.

Some of the old apple trees that secured hard, tough barks before the borer became numerous are still living and productive. So long as new orchards are put out the borer attacks the young trees and leaves them alone. The secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture mentions an apple tree in York, Me., which was brought over from England in a tub and planted more than 200 years ago. It was still bearing in 1870. Another apple tree near Wiscasset bay was an old tree in 1805, and it continues to bear fruit until now.

Farm Notes.

Early potatoes, for family use, can be started in hotbeds and then set out in the open ground. It enables them to gain two or three weeks' growth.

It is claimed that the wild goose plum, in order to bear fruit, must have the aid of pollen from some source other than its own, as it is incapable of fertilizing its pistil.

It is claimed that there is less wheat in the world than is required for consumption, even with prices much below those obtained a decade past. Wheat, however, can be produced for much less in cost, owing to improved machinery and implements.

Wide tires on wagons not only lessen the draft on the horses, but prevent cutting up of the roads to a certain extent. They also assist in hardening and packing the roads after the frost is gone, and can be used on land where narrow tires are impracticable.

For the potato beetles it is not necessary to use Paris green very liberally, as the smallest quantity taken by the beetle is fatal. A mixture of one pound of Paris green with one hundred pounds of land plaster is an excellent application, but the two substances must be intimately mixed.

Now that the frost is making the roads soft, the farmers will find it profitable to compare the amount of taxes paid with the loss of time on the roads. With mud up to the hubs of the wheels, to say nothing of the cleaning of vehicles, good roads should find advocates on every farm without regard to their cost.

By crossing we often procure large, well-developed chickens, which often surpass in size and development either of their pure-bred parents. Of course, for breeding purposes these chickens are worthless, but they were not bred for that end; they develop meat and eggs, and if they do this work they answer the ends of their being.

It very rarely pays to buy different kinds of chemicals to mix together, unless it can be done on a large scale. A little makes more bother than the profit will be from using the fertilizers thus mixed. But as stable manure is often deficient in mineral plant food, it will pay to buy phosphate and potash to mix with it. The mineral fertilizer thus used is much more effective than if applied alone.

Canned apples sell rapidly, and every year the demand increases so much as to somewhat lessen the demand for evaporated apples. The wastes from the evaporators are said to be used for making cheap jellies. In England turnips are used as the base of such jellies, and flavored with strawberry, raspberry, etc. The canned apples are largely being used instead, permitting of the utilization of early summer and fall apples that cannot be kept over winter, as well as placing on the market a wholesome article of diet.

Every farmer should economize, but it is not economical to omit that which is necessary to the production of large crops. It may compel a large outlay to procure fertilizers for special crops, but it will not be economical to endeavor to succeed without them. If the land will not yield largely without their aid they must be procured or the farm will be operated at a loss. It may be a misfortune for a farmer to be compelled to make the expenditure, but low prices and competition must be met by compelling the soil to do its best in production.



Care of Floors and Furniture.

Miss Parloa emphasizes the need of method and thoroughness even in so simple a thing as sweeping a room. All ornaments and furniture should be removed or carefully covered, and even the pictures should be protected. Open the windows wide, sweep the carpet with a soft, light broom, always with the nap. Bran or bits of dampened paper are better to gather the dust than tea leaves or salt, either of which is apt to make discolorations. The walls should be brushed with downward strokes, the broom being covered with soft flannel. Rugs should be beaten face down with a rattan and not shaken. Brush the carpet lightly a second time and then go over it with a flannel cloth wrung out in tepid water to which a little household ammonia has been added.

Water should not be used on a polished floor, except to dampen a cloth the least bit, while soap, said the lecturer, need not be taken out of the kitchen. One pound of wax and a pint of turpentine make an excellent polish for furniture. For pianos or such highly-polished surfaces, use rotten stone and paraffine oil, but powdered pumice stone and water will answer for other furniture, unless there should be deep scratches, when water must not be put near it. A piece of felt is generally used for this, but old haircloth is even better. Oxalic acid will remove dark spots. The natural colors may be brought back where the wood is chipped by a careful use of burnt sienna, burnt umber, Bismarck brown, yellow ochre, or whatever shade is required. Take a piece of chamois cloth rolled into a hard ball, wet it in thin shellac and dust with the color desired. Rub lightly until the surface takes on its natural gloss. If a stickiness remains, rub on a little alcohol.

Coffee Charlotte.

For coffee charlotte, make a quarter of a cup of strong coffee by using two heaping tablespoonsful of ground coffee to half a cup of boiling water. Soak half a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold water two hours. Put half a cup of milk over the fire in a double boiler with the quarter of a cup of coffee to heat. Beat light the yolks of four eggs and add to them one cup of sugar; stir until very light, and when the milk is at boiling point draw the dish to one side of the range and gradually stir in the egg mixture. Cook until it just begins to thicken, stirring all the while; quickly add the soaked gelatine and take from the fire immediately. Stand the dish containing the mixture in a pan of ice water and beat until it begins to set, then stir in lightly three quarts of whipped cream and stir from the bottom of the dish until it will just pour. Turn the mixture into the prepared mold.

Potatoes Souffle.

Wash and bake three large potatoes. Cut in halves lengthwise, and without breaking the skin scoop out the potatoes into a hot bowl. Mash and add one even tablespoonful of butter, one of hot milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, and mix with the potato. Fill the skins with the mixture, heaping it lightly on the top. Brown slightly in the oven and serve.

To Renovate Old Lace.

To renovate old black lace dissolve one teaspoonful of borax in half a cup of rain water and add one tablespoonful of spirits of wine. Soak the lace in this, pressing it several times, and rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled. Pull out the edge of the lace until it is almost dry and lay it between newspapers, put a weight on it and let it remain two days.

Bengal Omelet.

Six eggs, one tablespoonful of Spanish onion, chopped fine, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Beat the eggs until thoroughly mixed, add the onion and parsley, and make the same as plain omelet, dust with salt and pepper, then serve.

Hints.

Serape kettles with a shell. Steam an old fowl before roasting it. To freshen salt fish, soak them in sour milk. Don't use your carpet broom for any other purpose. Fight sewer gas with chloride of lime or coppers. Remember that sulphur dissolves india rubber. A pinch of soda on a hot stove drives away disagreeable odors. Hot water and hay is the right mixture for sweetening iron and wooden ware. Steel knives won't rust if you dip them in strong soda water, the wipe them dry and roll in flannel. Two teaspoonfuls of salt in half a pint of tepid water is an emetic always on hand, and is an antidote for poisoning from nitrate of silver. To remove pitch and tar stains rub lard on the stain and let it stand for a few hours. Sponge with spirits of turpentine until the stain is removed. If the color of the fabric be changed, sponge it with chloroform, and the color will be restored. To sleep in a poorly-ventilated room is to invite headache and depression. Warmth during sleep should be obtained from blankets, not from closed windows. The window should be open about three inches at the top and an inch or two at the bottom.