

LADIES' COLUMN.

THE BEST THINGS.

I said it in the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life, with its unlocked treasures,
God's riches, are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweet to me the wild rose red
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Inta your heavenly loneliness
Ye welcome me, O solempe peaks!
And me in every guest you blass
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into words unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich by my brethren's poverty!
Such wealth were hideous. I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.

—Lucy Larcom.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

Maple Sugar Ice Cream—For a family of four persons have a cupful of maple syrup without stirring it. Break the yolks of four eggs into a bowl and turn the hot syrup over them very slowly, beating constantly. When the eggs and syrup are cool fold in carefully a pint of cream that has been previously whipped, and freeze.

Fruit Cookies—Three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of seeded and chopped raisins, two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk or water, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Drop from a spoon into buttered tins and bake.

Spiced Quinces—Peel, core and quarter the quinces, weigh them and put into a preserving kettle with only enough water to prevent their burning, cover and let them cook over the back of the fire about twenty minutes. Into another kettle put for eight pounds of sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, half an ounce of whole cloves and one quart of vinegar. When this liquid is boiling turn in the quinces and let them cook until tender, but retain their shape. Skim out the fruit and put into a jar; then boil the liquid down to a rich syrup and pour over them.

Cottage Cheese—Put two gallons of sour (clabbered) milk into a granite or porcelain kettle, set over the fire, stirring constantly until about as warm as new milk, or until the whey separates from the curd. Have ready a colander over which you have laid a piece of strong cheesecloth. Pour in the warm milk, let it stand to drain, lifting the corners of the cloth occasionally to allow the whey to run out. Drain and press until perfectly dry. Add to the dry curd one pint of good cream (not necessarily perfectly sweet), a little salt and a dash of pepper if liked. Mix and rub through the colander, beat well, add more or less cream to taste. The milk must not become too warm, for if the curd is too hot it will not absorb the cream.

Potato Salad—Make of equal proportions of cold boiled potato cut into dice, blanched English walnuts and stone olives. The mixture is marinated with French dressing an hour before serving and chilled in the refrigerator during that time; a stiff mayonnaise being added, it is sent to the table. With this were handed round sandwiches of thin slices of brown bread spread with pate de foie gras.

Spanish Mackerel Salad—Cut the contents of a can of pickled Spanish mackerel in thin slices and put it in a colander to drain off the oil, then set on the ice. Peel half of two bunches of radishes, selecting the largest, and cut in thin slices. The balance of them must be trimmed in the following way: Cut the stems and large leaves, keeping the smallest; cut the roots and peel off evenly a small part around the roots. With a sharp knife divide the remaining peel into small equal-sized leaves. Remove the outer leaves from a large head of lettuce and cut the heart in six parts. Cut the large leaves, stems and all, in small pieces, wash in cold water, and drain in a wire basket or in a towel. Boil one bunch of medium-sized red beets thirty minutes in water enough to cover them. Drain and bake in a hot oven thirty minutes. Peel, slice thin and cool thoroughly. Cut six gherkins in thin slices. Make a French dressing. Decorate with the radishes.

SPECIAL HELPS.

Salt will prevent moths.
Borax and sugar will disperse ants and other insects.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ink stains and iron rust.

The white of an egg well whipped is an excellent substitute for cream.

A good plan for keeping butter cool in the summer is to fill a box with sand to one or two inches of the top. Sink the butter jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air tight; it may be kept in the cellar and used as a table.

To Remove Black Ink—If the stained article be washed immediately in several waters, or soaked in milk for several hours before washing the stain will disappear; or washing the article immediately in vinegar and water, then in soap, will remove it.

Mildew can be removed by dipping the spots in buttermilk and placing in the sunshine.

Starch will give better polish and make articles stiffer if a teaspoonful of powdered borax is added to one quart of boiling starch.

FRILLS OF FASHION...

Stylish street gloves come in heavy leather, with one button only.

Some of the strapped evening slippers have pleated lace fans set in under the straps and pulled out in fan fashion over the instep.

White chiffon tucked with gold thread and laid over gold tissue is one of the latest and prettiest fancies for vests, collars and the like.

Gold trimmings have gone up about 50 per cent in price—a striking commentary on the lavishness with which dressmakers and milliners are using them.

Many of the laces this year are made effective by having no groundwork, the pattern of flowers or conventional designs being cut out all over the lace.

One of the prettiest forms in which the gold is to be found is in the gold guaze which forms patterns in white laces. All laces are beautiful this year, and colors abound in them.

White corduroy skirts are replacing the white plique skirts now that cool days have come and are more practical than they seem, for the white corduroy can be laundered as easily as plique.

Red hats grow more and more audacious. Red felt or velvet turbans trimmed in scarlet velvet geraniums or sprawling velvet poppies flame in almost all of the millinery windows on Fifth avenue.

The black cloths for gowns and jackets were never before so finely woven or beautifully finished as they are this season, and they undoubtedly take an important place among fabrics for modish gowns suitable to wear at any time of day or for any sort of demi-dress function.

Plumes made of cocks' feathers or gleaming iridescent breast feathers are greatly used on the low, broad hats instead of ostrich plumes and form the rim of many of the soft turbans. The narrow buckle of exaggerated length is a conspicuous feature of autumn millinery.

Among the new cheap handkerchiefs are many trimmed with lace. They have lace insertions and lace edges, some with point de' esprit and plain footings ruffled on the edge. They would be prettier if they kept to these two simple materials as the imitation valenciennes detracts from them.

Straps of all kinds appear in all sorts of places this year, and are frequently finished at their pointed edges with one or three small buttons. Several straps, beginning at the shoulder of a flannel shirtwaist, are carried, three or more on each side, half way down the waist and are finished with a point.

Stylish-looking autumn redingotes are made of Scotch tweed in almost imperceptible thread checks or stripes. Most of them are double-breasted and close-fitting at the back. Some of the models have an addition of three English shoulder capes graduated in depth and edged with a narrow line of fur. Others have hoods lined with fancy taffeta, with braided revers, collars and cuffs.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The British government is the owner of over 25,000 camels. Several thousand are used in India to carry stores and equipments when the regiments are changing quarters.

The new king of Italy proposes to give his valuable collection of rare old coins to one of the state museums. He says that if he kept it he would give it to his improvement time which his present duties will not allow him to spare.

Gold mines at Johannesburg are not in as bad condition as was anticipated. As a rule there has not been much if any destruction of property and in nearly all cases the mines could be put into producing condition within a month after work is fairly resumed.

Perhaps one of the most conscientious of royal diary keepers is the empress of Germany, whose daily record no one ever sees, not even the emperor himself. Each year a new dairy is begun and the old one, with its locked clasp, is put away with the preceding ones in an iron safe, which is kept locked.

A forest fire at Colebrook, a mountain hamlet near New Haven, Conn., has driven hundreds of rattlesnakes down into the lowlands and they are biting and poisoning cattle. The extent of the reptile exodus from the woods can be pictured from the fact that one man killed and picked up 12 rattlers in one day. Some of them are very old.

Twenty years ago the city of Toronto, Ont., began the erection of a city hall, which was to cost \$300,000 by the original estimate. The outlay on it to date has been \$2,35,000, and it is not yet finished. Meanwhile the architect's fees, it is said, have exceeded \$60,000, and an effort in the city council to dismiss him has failed.

A monument to Dirck Wessels Ten Broeck, who successively held the office of magistrate commissary, recorder and mayor of Albany in the latter part of the seventeenth century, has been unveiled at Clermont, N. Y. The monument was erected by the descendants of the Dutch settler, and its bears this inscription: "Dirck Wessels Ten Broeck, Born Dec. 18, 1628. Died at his Bourne on Roelof Jansen's Kil Sept. 18, 1717."

Dr. J. W. Snow of Atlantic City has an Irish setter dog which was recently run over and badly mangled. Feeling sure that the animal would die the doctor began to experiment upon it with morphine. To his surprise the setter is slowly recovering, but meantime has apparently become a confirmed morphine fiend, showing the same symptoms when denied the drug for any length of time as are exhibited by the human victim.

FARM NEWS NOTES.

MARKETING POULTRY.

The season for marketing young poultry is well nigh over. There is quite a demand for young stuff during the period of "fries" for a great many people have a liking for fried chicken. Pretty soon the markets will demand older and well fattened fowls. In looking through an establishment where poultry is being bought one will be surprised at the small amount of really first class poultry that comes into the market. A lean chicken is very poor eating, and consequently a poor seller with good reasons. The common fowl cannot be converted into the highest quality for which the better class of buyers will pay a good price.

Most of the poultry that comes from the farm is not well fattened. When selling time comes chickens are selected and sold without ascertaining whether they are fit for sale. As a rule the opposite condition exists and such as are considered no good on the farm are those selected for sale. Very few people put up chickens and prepare them for market. Fowls to be fitted for market should be more closely confined and fed with a view of fattening them. They should have no exercise, as exercise necessitates more food and toughens the flesh. Three weeks is a long time for fattening fowls. When they have been fattened as they should be the buyer, if he knows his business, will pay more for fowls that have been well fattened than he will for those which have been selected haphazard.

Corn is the grain usually employed in fattening poultry for the market. This is a very good food for this purpose, but corn meal will be found better. It is more economical and the fattening process is carried on better by the use of corn meal. They will fatten quickly and nicely since it is easily digested. The fattening process is not a natural one, hence it should be shortened as much as possible.

RICHNESS IN MILK.

When there is a near prospect of a pretty high standard for milk being established, it is of some interest to learn the conclusions reached bearing on the question as to some of the factors determining the richness of milk by C. D. Smith, after five years' study, and noted in the proceedings of the Society for Promoting Agricultural Science. The conclusions in question are:

First—A cow yields as rich milk as a heifer as she will as a mature cow.

Second—The milk is as rich in the first month of the period of lactation as it will be later, except perhaps during the last few weeks of the milk flow, when the cow is rapidly drying off.

Third—There is little difference in seasons as to the quality of the milk. While the cows are at pasture the milk is neither richer nor poorer, on the average, than the milk yielded when the cows were on winter feed.

Fourth—The milk of a fair sized dairy herd varies little in composition from day to day, and radical variations in this respect should be viewed with suspicion.

Practical men might do worse than study these conclusions and express their opinions thereupon. We would draw attention on our part to the conclusion regarding sameness in quality of winter fed and pastured milk.

THE NEW CORN CROP.

The corn crop is now where some reasonable estimates as to its quantity may be made. Careful authorities, after looking over the big field cannot report a bumper crop. Early in the season the enormous area and the promising condition justified expectations of a record breaking crop, and that is what we have in certain sections; but in a good sized area of the corn belt drought has materially shortened the yield. Probably 2,000,000,000 to 2,200,000,000 bushels is where the commercial estimates will rest, or not very far from the official figure of last year, 2,978,000,000 bushels.

The coming year's requirements are great. Old corn is practically out of the way, and the consumption of the new crop begins early. Feeding will again be on a liberal scale. Everything points to heavy feeding of all kinds of live stock during the coming year. Foreign trade does not seem to be affected by prices, and a liberal movement abroad may be anticipated. All things considered prices for corn during the coming year promise to be favorable to the producer who turns his crop into cash at the elevator.

WATER FOR MILK COWS.

The Geneva experiment station claims to have ascertained that cows in full milk need four and three-fifths pounds of water for each pound of milk they yield. As records have been made by Holstein cows, or one at least, of over 100 pounds per day, does this mean that she took about sixty gallons of water a day? We can scarcely credit it, although we know that green grass or ensilage contains a large amount of water, but we think not enough to bring her daily allowance up to sixty gallons a day, even though she was fed on the most succulent feed.

If our memory serves us rightly, when we had a dairy herd the cows which gave the most milk were not the ones that drank most heartily at the trough. When the water was very cold, or when there was ice in the trough, the ones that drank the most freely were the ones that shrank in their milk and the dry cows, but those which gave milk continuously were not hearty drinkers in fall or winter. Will they not see if they cannot revise those figures a little or acknowledge exceptions to the rule?

A CASE OF BITER BITTER.

The Tenderfoot Bought a "Salted" Mine, but It Made Him Rich.

"When I was mining in the Gunnison country, back in the '60s," said one of the group of the western men, talking over old times in the hotel lobby, "a little spindly-legged Philadelphian named McArthur, struck camp, looking for a good opening for investment in mines, this sort of a yearning could always be accommodated on the frontier, ad as McArthur was by long odds the greenest tenderfoot that ever came over the range, he was generally regarded as legitimate prey. At that time the camp bully was a fellow named Jack Slater, who owned a big prospect hole called Big Casino, and it was entirely worthless. As soon as he heard that McArthur wanted to buy a mine he made preparations to unload on him. The little Philadelphian was such an out-and-out greenhorn that Slater didn't take the trouble to do any scientific 'salting.' He simply dumped a barrelful of rich ore into the shaft, stamped it down and invited the stranger to take a look at the property and help himself to samples. McArthur went down the shaft, peered around through his spectacles and came up with his pockets full of ore that had been put there for his special benefit. As soon as he got the assayer's report he bought the mine for \$5,000 cash.

"Everybody knew the poor fellow had been outrageously swindled," continued the western man, "and the affair was laughed over in the saloons and the gambling houses as the biggest joke of the season. Meanwhile McArthur hired a couple of laborers, went to work seriously at the bottom of the shaft and next day the camp was electrified by the report that he had really struck it rich. It seemed that after sinking about a foot deeper, he struck a rich yellow vein in the presence of which nobody ever suspected. The news reached Slater when he was playing faro, and he nearly fell off his chair. Then he ran off to his Big Casino and the bottom of the shaft he found what seemed to be a magnificent outcropping of decomposed quartz, full of free gold. As soon as he had laid eyes on it and realized that he had actually been fool enough to 'salt' a bonanza, he began to scheme to get the property into his hands again. He told McArthur that a former partner had turned up and was going to test the validity of the sale in court, so 'purely as a matter of justice,' he offered to return the purchase money with \$500 bonus if the Philadelphian would deed the mine back. The little man didn't seem to realize what a big thing he had struck and got nervous at the talk about contests. To make a long story short, he finally accepted the proposition, put the money in his inside pocket, signed the necessary papers and left town on the next stage, feared by the entire population. Next day when Slater made the painful discovery that the ledge of decomposed quartz was itself a fake and that the mine had been salted in a highly artistic fashion. None of us ever saw McArthur again, but it was tolerably clear that he discovered the deception immediately after purchasing and then set about deliberately to turn the tables on the man that fleeced him. The spindly-legged gentleman from Philadelphia was not as great a fool as he looked.

What She Wanted.

A fair young girl, perplexity written on her countenance, confronted the pale young man. He returned her gaze with the impulsive stare of one who had never seen her before. Had he? Listen. What is she saying to him? In a low, well modulated voice, without the slightest trace of emotion or excitement, she says:

"I want you, dear heart, I love you, my honey. Come back, my baby. Why did you throw me down? The latch-string's always hanging out for you. I shook that other man. You're the only chap I love. I don't like no chean man. I ain't see no messenger boy. Oh, promise me, and I'll be true to you."

Was he moved? No. His face took on a bored expression, and in a careless tone he asked:

"Is that all?"

"Two dollars and twenty cents, please. We are having a special sale on sheet music to-day, and they are reduced in price. Thank you."

Then they drifted apart, she to practice rag time and he to sit from Beethoven to Williams-and-Walker all for the same salary per week.

How Whitman Helped Children.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet, Walt Whitman, was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for support.

... few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburb of Philadelphia. He was ill and weak.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"O, now," said the poet. "I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of G. W. Childs. He pays me \$30 a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why I ride in the street cars. I fall into a talk with the drivers and conductors, and find which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs. If our memory serves us rightly, when we had a dairy herd the cows which gave the most milk were not the ones that drank most heartily at the trough. When the water was very cold, or when there was ice in the trough, the ones that drank the most freely were the ones that shrank in their milk and the dry cows, but those which gave milk continuously were not hearty drinkers in fall or winter. Will they not see if they cannot revise those figures a little or acknowledge exceptions to the rule?"

She—I would like to call you by your Christian name, love, but Tom's so hateful and common, you know, haven't you some pet name?

He—No, I—er—haven't.

She—Are you always known as Tom among your friends?

He (brightening up