PRINTED WHERE YOU USED TO LIVE.

Tisn't filled with cuts and pictures, nor th latest news dispatches :

And the papers often dampened, and the print is sometimes blurred There is only one edition, and the

often catches Traces of a missing letter, and at times a misspelled word. No cablegram nor "specials" anywhere the ev

engages;

primitive. But an atmosphere of home life fills and

meates the pages Of the little country paper printed where you used to live.

How the heart grows soft and tender, while its columns you're perusing! Every item is familiar, every name you know

And a flood of recollection

vou're musing On the past and weaves about you an imagi-

You can see the old hor in fancy, seeming To be clasping hand of neighbor, and of friend

and relative; And their faces rise before you, as you're idly fondly dreaming O'er the little country paper, printed where you

used to live And you seem to leave the city, with its rush

and roar, and clamor, With its busy, bustling atmosphere of turme and of strife : Leave the multitude of surging, eager workers

and the glamour, For the quiet, soothing

ful country life. And you note a vine-clad cottage, with roses nestling round it : Hear the voice of mother calling for the lon

gone fugitive, While the echo of her pleading, peat, and sound it

Through the little country paper, printed where you used to live. Every printed line reminds you of the day

long since departed : Here a boyhood chum is mentioned, there schoolmate's name appears;

And the eye grows moist in reading, while soul grows heavy-hearted O'er the changes Time has wrought through

out the swiftly passing years. Memory's scroll has deep impression upon its face forever. Of sweet pleasures which the busy city life can

never give : And, in fancy, you are roaming through the quiet town, whenever

You peruse the country paper, printed wher you used to live

-Sunset Magazin

THE BOY JAKE

"I'm sure, miss, I don't know as I'm right in letting you have it," Mrs. Fcxon worried, beating her keys uncertainly on a crampled palm. "He never would have left his things out like that if he hadn't expected a young lady friend from his own home to take it. But you come so highly recommended, and you like it so much --

"Indeed I do!" Miss Mariner laid down her bag and took off her hat as though to guard against any change of mind on the other's part. "You may be perfectly at ease about his books and possessions-I am thoroughly scrupulous person." smile brought a vivid sweetness to her thin, dark face. "And think how much more he will enjoy Europe if he is uct paying

rent here," she added. "Quite true, miss. He was very pleas-ed when his lady friend wrote she'd take it, and off he flew by the next steamer. And then, the very hour I got word that she'd changed her mind, in comes you, looking for a place; it does seem sort of

Miss Mariner, deep in a leather chair, was looking contentedly about the cool, darkened, restful room. full of masculine ease as represented by a few big, satisfac-tory pieces of furniture and a blessed lack of small stuffiness. There was not even a portiere in the arch that led to the bedroom; and the white tiling in the bathroom beyond showed the only gleam of reflection from the oppressive brightness of the day without.

"Put the responsibility on me," she sug gested. "And don't worry him with letters-his best friend could not take better care of things than I shall. I think you said you would furnish breakfasts ?"

Settling the practical details steadied Mrs. Foxon's resolution. Miss Mariner, left presently in full possession, still sat with her thin hands drooping over the arm of her chair and her head tilted back on its small brown throat. There was grace in her long, relaxed slimness, though the attitude suggested a rather weary maturity. Two years before, when she broke her engagement, Miss Mariner had quietly put away the bright badge of youth, which is called expectancy. She had learned to live a calmly satisfactory life without it; the pursuit of a degree, which had brought her to New York for some special study, was one of her deliberate substitutes; but where as she had looked much less than her twenty-seven years then, she now appeared rather more than twenty-nine.
Of the things around her she liked best

a huge, solid, masculine desk, table-top-

ped, free of frivolous pigeon-holes and par-titions, suggesting in every line a splendid sane capaciousness. A scholarly desire to pull up to it with her knees in its dark cavern, her papers strewing its top, and her pen dipping in its massive inkstand. drew her to the revolving chair that confronted it. The big drawers at the sides were empty, but when she opened the shallow drawer in the centre she paused with a startled laugh. Within lay a sheet of paper on which was pasted a blue print of a young man, a delightfully boyish person of twenty-one or two in white ducks, a tensis racket in his head, his fees discovering the startle shallow the shallo nis racket in his hand, his face framed in erect, tight curls of an amusingly childish order and lit by a smile of beaming goodnature. He was an enchanting symbol of youth to her grave twenty-nine years. But what had startled her was the inscription

written beneath: "Hello, Edith! Glad to see you. Make yourself at home. JAKE." Edith was her own name, and for a mo ment she had forgotten the "young lady friend from home" who was to have taken the rooms. Then she remembered, and other was an Edith, too; probably an Edith

put it back with a laugh. Obviously, young enough to look on the owner of the rooms as an individual rather than an enchanting symbol. How stupid of her not

"I am very grateful for your welcome Jake, even if I am not the right Edith,' she said, loath to shut the drawer. "You are a nice boy," she added, passing her fingers over the picture with a maternal touch. She was sorry for that other Edith,

who had missed such a pleasant moment.

The boy haunted her oddly as she examined bis possessions. She found his books recklessly mixed, advanced science elbowing a little black and gilt set of "Rollo," modern literature sandwiched by obsolete histories and biographies with such inscrip-tions as "To Isabel, Xmas, 1861," on their yellowing fly-leaves; here and there a volume in French or German. She shook her head reprovingly at the boy as she took down a fairly new copy of "Lettres de Femmes."

"O Jake, why must a curly infant like you read that!" she murmured. were my son-" She opened it to see the leaves were cut, then stooped for a piece of paper that had fluttered out. Across it sprawled the same handwriting that had greeted her under the picture. "Put it back, my dear Edith," she read.

"This is not a proper book for a young lady. You will find Miss Austen over by the east window.
"Your absent chaperon, JAKE."
Miss Mariner laughed, silently but with

sudden warm intensity.
"Jake, you are a darling," she said;
and presently, as a grave afterthought, she added, "How your mother must have ador-

ed you!" That idea clung to her all through the day, with a sense of surprised discovery. She had always felt, and with longing, the desirableness of children, but never before this intense consciousness of what a son might mean in one's life. She took the picture out again presently and fastened it up over the fireplace. Later, when she went out, she seemed to pass an unusual proportion of young fellows in the streets; self-conscious or swaggering youths with the curve of childhood still amusingly evident in their cheeks and mannish indifference held precariously like a loose lid over boiling young spirits. Some of them were impossibly horrid, she told herself, but it did not seem to matter; she loved them all in her sudden passionate appreciation of their sonship. And after all, it was not one of the unusual blessings, a gift that only the especially elect could ask, this desirable thing that was making the pursuit of a degree appear all at once such a

dead business. So many women had sons! Jake was smiling at her when she went back. "Have you had a good day?" she asked. Her smile began in appreciation of her own silliness, but it ended in pure mother feeling for Jake; he was so enchant-

ingly young! habit of expectancy was so thorough y broken in Miss Mariner that she did not look for further messages; and so it was all the more delicious when he bobbed out at her again that night. She was putting away her clothes and the bottom drawer of the chiffonier stuck with an obstinacy few tempers could have withstood. She tried patience, intelligence, diplomacy; then she set her lips and gave an outraged jerk. Out it came, and from the bottom a crawled bit of paper confronted her like a grin. She bent over and read :

"Swear at it, Edy. Nothing less will fetch it. "Oh, poor Jake !" she cried. "All this wasted on an old maid Edith who wishes she were your mother!" The thought of the romance that might have grown up for the right Edith made her feel like a mali-cious interloper. That Edith would, of course, leave her own demure messages when she flitted-it would all have been very pretty.

But he is too young vet, any way," she cousoled herself. She left the slip of paper in the drawer for the pleasure of szeing it again when she should pack up. For the eight weeks of her stay alone in

the hot city, working six and seven hours a day, Miss Mariner went wrapped about in a mellow garment of romance beside which the obvious velvet and plumes of younger dreamers seemed to her tawdry imitations. She was not a lover but the mother of a son. He walked down the street with her, tall and protective, this sunny Jake-she could feel the swing of his shoulder at her ear; his bearty biguess opposits her made her solitary meals times of quiet delight. She kept him scrupulously out of the library, but the moment her work was done she flew home to him. She knew now why people clung to life so passionately : it was that they might have sous. When toward the end a fo eign letter came addressed to that other Edith, she gave it to Mrs. Foxon to forward with a keen sense of injury. What did the chit care about a son's letters! He

would be only another man to her.

And the pride of motherhood beset her. One day she sou, ht a pen knife for his desk, looking critically at the assortment offered.

"These are too small and feminine-I want one for my great boy," she told the clerk, and went away with it, horribly ashamed, yet rejoicing. When she reached home she leaned her elbows on the mantelpiece and stared long and gravely at the boyish figure in the blue print.

'One has to have something, Jake," she said. 'Sons ought to be a natural compen-sation provided for those who have no

Tired with the day's work she dropped into a leather chair with a battered copy of "Shirley," opening it in the middle with a half-realized need of its emotional intensity. A pleasantness that was like a fra-grance pervaded the dim, quiet room as she went through the familiar scenes wherein love is made so real, so faulty, and yet so radiantly desirable. That loveliest scene of all, where Moore gives in to his feeling for Caroline, shook for a moment even her resolute unexpectancy; a poignant "Why not?" went through her like a whisper from the dead. She turned the page blindly. Then she plunged her face down on ly. Then she plunged her face down on the leaves of the book with a cry of laugh-ter, for across the end of the chapter was

written in the familiar hand : "O Edith, isn't it lovely?" "Jake, Jake! You blessed son of wom-an!" For all her laughter, there were tears in her eyes. She had to dry them hastily as she threw down the book to answer a

ring at her bell. Her little entry was dark, and the man standing outside could evidently see only an outline, for he put out two welcoming

sharply to her senses. She shrank back, drawing away her hands with a stammer of dismayed apology. Yet even in her con-fusion she had time to be acutely disap-pointed that it was not Jake, but a man well into the thirties, that followed her into the room. He looked equally startled when he found himself confronting a dark, graceful woman with slim hands nervously graceful woman with slim hands nervously

the tired sweetness of her face.
"But—I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I thought—I expected to find—" "Oh, yes; but she didn't come. I ahere instead," Miss Mariner explained absently, for a clearer look at his face had tiven her a joyous hope. It was a lined ace, not at all boyish, but some quality of pleasantness in the gray eyes under the square forehead, the slightly cleft chin, the subdue, brought her to an impulsive recog-nition. "You must be Jake's brother."

His sudden laugh made the likeness unmistakable. "Then you know—Jake?" "Kuow Jake?" She was so glad to see him that she turned the leather chair toward him and sat down opposite it with an expectancy not to be withstood. "Oh, what does it matter? I know him, in one sense, better than any one does-though he right to know than I. Will you?" She was talking with a soft animation most unlike her usual cool self, and Jake's brother was evidently wise enough to know that he was being treated as an exception. He met ber simply, and if there was a lurking smile about bis mouth, his eyes were respectfully grave.

"I will tell you anything you want." She did not care what he might be thinking; it was as near as she would ever come to Jake, and she must get what she could "Is be in love with that other Editl.?" "Oh, dear, no!" It came with startled promptness. She looked ber relief.

"You are sure?" "Oh, quite. She is going to be married. I believe. He did adore her once-but i was years ago."

"I'm glad. He is altogether too young.", she said positively. "Don't you think so?" she added, arrested by some passing expression on his face. "Well, itstendies a boy, doesn't it?" he

ked gravely. "Jake doesn't need to be steadied." she protested. "He is too sweet and honest and warm-hearted ever to be horrid-and

too kind. He would remember the other

side—the people it would hurt. Is his—is your mother living?"
"No. She died about six years ago." By his tone she knew that it had been a felt loss, and she answered sympathetically: "Oh, that is hard!" Yet in her heart she was glad. It gave her so much more right to the boy. "He is coming back next week and I am going Saturday, so I shall never see him," she went on, and her dark eyes,

widening at the thought, seemed to expect him to realize all that meant. "Usually it is better not to see people when you've got a beautiful idea of them that you want to keep. But, someway, I shouldn't be afraid with Jake; I know he is just the enchanting boy I picture him—I would trust him absolutely." Jake's brother was looking at her hesitatingly, even uncomfortably as he rose to his feet. 'Oh, you are not going!" she exclaimed.

"I do want to ask you more—never mind if you don't understand. I'm just a stray old maid—I don't matter. See, I'll make you some tea—there is everything here in this little cupboard, and I've never used it." She brought out kettle, alcohol, and tea things from a cellarette and set about tea making with bright eagerness. sure he put them there for that other Edith; he probably keeps whiskey and soda there for himself," she explained. "I havn't felt like tea—and of course I have no cream or lemons. Do you mind?" She 'I have done all the talking gently on the arm of the chair beside her. pounds. There is one item, a by-product, He came and leaned over its back; the lurking amusement had entirely left his

"I can tell you one thing," he said; "Jake won't want you to go away Saturday, If you will stay longer. Even if he came back—earlier than he had expected, he won't want you to go if you care to stay. He can put up anywhere. Please stay and -and let him know you. He would—''
A warm, amused "Oh!" interrupted him.

She was fishing a strip of paper from the teapot. "Here he is again—the dear!" she murmured, and read half under her breath: "Make me a cup of tea the day I get home, Edith. For I shan't turn you out. I can put up anywhere. Please stay on aud let me know you again.

"Your old adorer, Something in the form of the words made ber glauce up suddenly at the man beside her. He had flushed and his eyes met hers

uncomfortably. "I had forgotten those fool messages," he broke out.

"Oh, you're not Jake!" It was almost a wail.

"I am so sorry! I didn't mean to—of course, you found that old picture. I wish I weren't," he added helplessly. She turned away, and to his obvious horror her eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, nothing is ever true!" she cried,

her knuckles driven against her lips. He waited in silent distress. "Of course, you don't understand," she added tremulously, a few moments later. "Only, it is as if I had had a son, and then lost him. I hadn't realized-until I found him-just how much one does need a son-that's all, "I know. It's discovery we all come to

I do understand." His voice was quick with something more personal than sympathy. Then, as the little kettle boiled over he turned down the flame. "Now, may I have my tea?" he added cheerfully. Miss Mariner neglected to go out for he

dinner that night. All the evening she lay back with her long grace in the deep leather chair, her slim hands drooping over the sides, her dark eyes veiled and grave. She seemed to have forgotten that the boy Jake was dead, for when at last she rose she turned to the faded blueprint and kissed him good-night.—By Juliet Wilber Tompkins, in Scribner's Magazine.

Friday Not an Unlucky Day.

In spite of superstition, Friday is not an unlucky day. In fact, it can be proved by the most important happenings in the history of this and and other countries that Friday is the most fortunate day in the

On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher an outline, for he put out two welcoming hands with a joyous:

"Hello, Edith!" It was so like the boy in the picture that she was bewildered for a moment, confused between the dream and the reality.

"O Jake!" she cried. The sound of her own voice, warm and thrilled, brought her sharply to her senses. She shrank hask. in the enterprise.

It was on Friday that Columbus first discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain; where he landed in

clasped and a faint flush showing through New Ratiway Lines Bring Butlt in South Dakota and North Dakota.

The new line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Faul Railway which is being built from Glenham, S. D , to Batte, Montana,

will open up a large tract of diversified farming and stock raising country.

The new line will pass through Walworth, Boreman and Schnasse counties in South Dakota and through Hettinger, Bowisp little curls that no brushing could man and Billings counties in North Dakota, and proceed in a westerly direction to Butte, Montana.

The rich soil of the country through which this new line will pass, consisting of a deep black loam, with a yellow clay subsoil, together with the favorable climatic conditions and an abundance of water, is adapted to raising all kinds of grain and suitable for general agricultural purposes. There are still many thousand acres of good never saw me." She smiled, quite indifferent whether he understood or not. "You must tell me things—nobody has a better Butte county, may be made at Seim, South

There are golden opportunities for the farmer and rancher, and for the small merchant in the new towns which will be opened along this new line as far as the railway can be completed. Mobridge, in Walworth county, South Dakota, is the first station on this new line east of the crossing of the Mis-outi river. A town has recently been established there and promises a great future.

Why Popcorn Pops

"What makes popcorn pop?" asks the inquisitive youngster.

By the evasive replies he receives, Good Housekeeping, it is evident that the

real reason is not generally known. The different kinds of corn contain oil in varying proportions. In popcorn there is a considerable amount. This expands when heated, becomes explosive and causes the kernels to pop open. In common corn the percentage of oil is small, and for this reason it only cracks, without exploding, when

heated. Popcorn is inexpensive and nutritious as well, if not used to overindulgence. From soup to dessert it finds a place on our menus, while a great variety of sweets may be made from it. It is a pleasing conceit of today to sprinkle large and perfect grains of freshly-popped corn over light, thin cream soups just as each portion is served.

Floating on the surface, they are certainly attractive and are also a most excellent substitute for wafers or croutous. Another clever idea is to serve fresh buttered pop-corn with salad. The combination is delicious, and the corn should be tastefully arranged, encircling a mound of salad. Popcorn, either sugared or buttered, may

fittingly be served with plain ice cream and ices and the combination is both novel and dainty.

-There are nearly 25,000,000 dairy cows in the United States, and enough other cattle to make a total of over 90,-000,000 head, including bulls, oxen, young stock and the "flocks and herds which range to the valley free," and all con-demned to slaughter. There are less than a million thoroughbred cattle in the country, and more than 45,000,000 scrubs. The rest are half or higher grades. About 20, 000,000 calves are born annually. The avarage value of a cow is \$22. In Rhode Island, a dairying State, the average is \$39. The cows of the United States yield about 9,000,000,000 gallons of milk a year no cream or lemons. Do you mind?" She (watered and unwatered); the butter pro-would not notice that he still stood, water-duct is nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds (all ing her with a troubled frown. "You have grades), and the product of cheese over not told me anything about Jake yet," she 300,000,000 pounds. Our cheese industry

far. Please!" And she laid her arm ur- time the output will he 1,000,000,000 which is never alluded to when Mistress Cow or Sis Cow is considered. Our gold production is about \$81,000,000 a year at present. That is a vast sum of money. Yet the rakings of our cow yards and stalls for the fertilization of crops are estimated to be worth in cold cash eight times as much, or \$648,000,000 ! Such figures are bewildering. They stagger humanity.

Starving Indians Appeal for Food.

Many of the Chippewa Indians at the Grand Portage reservation are on the verge of starvation. They expected the customary allowance of flour and pork from the government, but did not get it. They have sent this appeal to Major S. W. C. Campbell, Indian agent at Ashland, Wis:

"Does the government want us to die? We cannot understand how these things can be; we cannot understand why we cannot sell our pine, and we cannot understand why we cannot have some pork and flour for our old and sick brothers.

"God put us on the earth to live and he gave us the moose, deer and fish to use in making our living."

Burbank Has Sour Sweet Apples.

Students and faculty of Stanford univer-sity were astounded when Luther Bur-bank, the plant wizard, exhibited an apple which was red and sweet on one side and yellow and sour on the other. Burbank was speaking on plant evolution. He said a certain difficult experiment might be achieved by infinite patience and constant work, but it would be much more difficult than making a delicious fruit both sour and sweet. Burbank offered a reward of \$1, 000 for an onnce of horseradish seed, saying that he had tried ten years in vain to cultivate seed.

-There is a legend, says an English writer, to the effect that after Lord Stanley came into the bouse of peers a lady somewhat indiscreetly asked Lord Brong-ham at a dinner party who was the best speaker in the house of lords and that Lord Brougham promptly and emphatically answered, "Lord Stanley, madam, is the second best."

The Worst to Come

"English is a very difficult lauguage to speak," observed the foreigner who was struggling to learn it. "Cheer up," said his American friend "it isn't half as hard to speak as it is to spell."

His Education.

"Yes, Markley came in for a fortune the other day. He's actually got more money now than he knows what to do with." "Yes. There are certain people who will be anxious to meet him now, and after that

——Cannes, the perfume making town of southern France, smells so powerfully of flowers in the busy season that visitors are often afflicted with a flower headache

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Be of good courage: that is the main thing.

By her, who in this month is born, No gems save garnets should be worn; They will insure her constancy, True friendship and fidelity." Flower, Soowdrop-Jewel, Garnet.

When one decides to give a high tea it hould be indicated on the invitation cards thus: "High tea, 5 o'clock." The menu should be very simple as it is not supposed to interfere with the dinner later. The following will be found very suitable: Chicken salad with wafers; white cherries, or pineapple on glass saucers; tea cakes, or marguerites; tea; any fovorite crystalized fruit or ginger; stripped dates, or turkish delights. Another simple high tea menu is: grape served hot, chicken salad, nut sand wiches, ice cream moulded in the form of flowers or fruit, iced cakes, chocolate and sweetmeats, as suggested above.

A pair of beautifully kept hands are one of the surest marks of refinement and culture and will win the day many a time for the buisness women. If she can lay her hands upon the desk well-shaped and perfeetly cared for, it is worth good money to

There is something so prepossessing and almost facinating about a beautifully kept

And the fastidious woman of to-day can have nice hauds, no matter what her occupation may be.

Even though she cooks, bakes and brews she can have pink and polished nails and smooth palms. She can sew and still have attractive flugers.

She can be her own manicurist. The first thing to remember is that whether the skin be white or dark it must be smooth and firm, and the pails wellcared for.

whose hands are short and thick and whose nails look as if they had been clipped with an ax has ill-breeding written all over. She must learn repose of the hands. Not to be always figetting with something. To learn to lay her hands down in her lap and

She must remember that the woman

keep them quiet. She should have a pair of straight and sharp steel scissors, a sharp, slender and long nail file, a pair of clippers, a bunch of orange wood sticks, cut in different shapes, pointed, curved, flat; a set of emery boards,

cleaner and two polishers The instruments should be perfectly clean and they should lie together on the ressing table.

The fashionable nail now is long, cut to follow the shape of the finger and polished so highly that you can see your face in it. The shape of the finger should be matched every time. A short, fat hand looks badly with a long, slender pointed uail. A long, slender finger is positively disfigured if the nail is cut blunt and square.

The first step in manicuring the nails is o soak them for five minutes in warm, not hot water, in which a few drops of lemon juice or some good bleaching liquid has been placed.

With the orange stick loosen the skin around the base of the nail. This should be done every day or the flesh will certain

ly creep up and cover the moons again. Take your file while the nails are still oft and follow the lines of the fingers. You can modify the shape a little so that it is pretty. If you want the finger to look a little more tapering you will wear the nail trifle longer than the outline of the finger. After filing the nails to the proper shape, the emery board should be used to smooth

the rough edges. The nails are now ready to be polished, and a good rose-colored cream is now rubbed in. Let the cream remain a few seconds so it can be absorbed, and then with a polisher covered with pink nail powder polish them until the surface of the nails shine satisfactorily.

After this dip the fingers again in hot soapy water to rinse off the cream and pow-der. It will not destroy the polish, only intensify it.

Dry the hands thoroughly, on a clean towel, and with a rather pointed end of the orange wood stick around which a listle cotton has been wrapped dipped in lemon juice go under each nail, removing any powder or cream remaining.

When this is finished give the nails a second vigorous rubbing with a clean buffer on which there is no powder. Then put a little powder on the palm of the hand, which cannot be improved upon

as a polisher, and rub for a few minutes. This complete manicuring will require about half an hour and should be done regularly every week, and the nails and hands receive daily attention. White and delicately tinted kid gloves may be cleaned by anyone who will pro-

ceed carefully and with some degree of

judgment. Light gloves should be worn as often as possible before the first cleaning. If used carefully and the badly soiled places rub-bed lightly with soiled bread crumbs each time after wearing, the first cleaning can be prolonged quite a while, but after light gloves have once been cleaned they soil readily and should not be allowed to become too soiled before submitting them to another treatment.

A very good preparation for cleaning gloves is made by mixing together equal quantities of finely powdered alum and pipe clay or fuller's earth. Dip a piece of flaunel in the mixture and rub the soiled parts with it, lightly at

first so as to loosen the soil and not rub it

Repeat the rubbings until the gloves are

quite clean, then wipe with a piece of clean flannel. Bran should then be rubbed all over the glove with French chalk and wiped off with a soft, clean cloth. Gloves should always be laid away in tissue paper, for it aids in preserving the elasticty of the kid and keeps the gloves in

It is a great mistake to use cold or tepid water when washing the hair with eggs. Plenty of hot water should be used. The secret of making sponge cake is not to beat the air all out of the eggs after it is

a good condition.

Beat the yolk to a mass of bubbles and the whites to a stiff paste; then cut them into each other with a few crosswise strokes of a fork and cut the eggs into cream and

Tack tightly to your kitchen floor an old carpet. Rag carpet is the best. Spread thickley over this a thick paste of flour and water. When dry, add another thick layer. Then paint in some dark color. can be scrabbed and will wear a lifetime.

--- Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES.

-There is no longer any question that the earlier the calf is taken from its mother, the easier it will be to teach it to drink

-Milk regularly and as quickly and clean as possible. Some cows will let their milk down better while eating; humor them

-A great deal of hay is sent to market

that is full of weeds. Such hay brings the lowest price, and also indicates that the farmers who ship it are not only careless, but also ignorant of the true methods of farming. -In order to make a success of raising the calf on skim milk, the condition of the

milk must be uniformly sweet. Nothing, perhaps, will contribute more to produce scours in calves than to feed sweet milk one day and sour milk the next. - The best remedy for lice in poultry houses is to add a pound of concentrated lye to a wash boiler of soapsuds, and apply the suds hot on the walls, floors and roofs

of the houses. All lice, with their nits, will thus be destroyed surely and quickly. -Nothing is better to prevent loss of ammonia from the manure heap than soap-suds. Keep the heap well saturated, and makes holes in the mass, so that the soapsuds can pass down to the bottom of heap. Chemical action is facilitated, but there are formations of salt that prevent

-To build and fill an ice-house for home dairy use is a cheap and simple task. Ice laid on edge will keep better than when packed on its side. Use only as much sawdust, or other packing, as may be neces-sary, but pack close, as a circulation of air between the cakes of ice is more destructive than direct heat.

-Rye will be the first green food in the spring. As the young rye is almost wholly composed of water it affords but little nutrition and is very laxative. When turning stock on young rye it should be done as gradually as possible. Only a small quantity of rye should be eaten at first, allowing cattle to graze more as the rye

grows. -Start the colts into winter in good condition, and to do this let oats be a large part of their food ration. The first winter is always hard on the colts, and they need plenty of food of the very best quality to get them along nicely. Oats are not expensive feed, and it can haidly be considered economy to put a colt on corn and hay ration all the winter through.

-Corn is low in price some years in certain localities. It is possible that next season there may be but half a crop, but the excess over that required for consumption may bring good prices. Farmers who have too much grain on band, with prices ruling low, should endeavor to increase the number of animals on the farm in order to convert the corn into something more sal-

-The introduction of new varieties, budding, and the attacks of insects, as well as disease formerly unknown, have curtailed the usefulness of the peach tree and confined it to certain localities. Budding or grafting the trees, whether apple, peach or pear, is now but a reproduction of the original variety, and may introduce all the imperfections as well as the advantages of the variety, to every portion of the coun-

-One of the best locations for a garden is the strawberry bed that has been abandoned, as strawberry beds are usually wall manured and carefully cultivated, while the shading of the soil by the plants conduces to the formation of humtis. An excellent plan to treat the bed ton a garden is to apply plenty of well-rotted manure now, if it can be done, and then plow the bed in the spring, working the top soil fine with

a harrow and rake. -Is is claimed that when a cow giving a large quantity of milk has been slaughtered and every drop of milk gathered up, the largest amount ever found was about four quarts, hence milk is believed to be largely made during the time of milking, and the cow must be placed under favorable conditions at the time, if one does not get the regular quantity of milk. Do not think that the mifk is already there, and all you have to do is to draw it out, says an authority. Only a small portion is in this state; most of it is there ready to be changed into milk, but it is not milk, and you must have things favorable to the cow to

-Hog manure is usually produced from grain, and is quite rich, but it does not contain as much nitrogenous matter as manure from the horse; hence it is slow to heat, while the horse manure ferments too rapidly, and is apt to firefang. It is a good plan to mix pig and horse manure togeth-er. This can be done without trouble if

have this change.

the horses are fed whole oats and pigs are allowed to root over the manure pile as it is thrown from the stable. Where bedding is scarce the material which has been used in the stalls by horses may be used as bedding for pigs. But while it is so used the pigs will be very careful not to mix their own excrement with it, as they are really cleanly in their habits. -Bordeaux mixture is made thus :

Copper sulphate (blue vitriol), 4 pounds; quick lime, 4 pounds; water, to make 50 gallons. Use a tight barrel, such as for coal oil. Dissolve the copper in hot water, if wanted for immediate use, or place it in an old gunny sack and suspend it in the barrel, two-thirds full of water, until it is all dissolved. In another vessel slake the lime, add water until it is of the consist-ency of milk, and when cool pour it into the copper solution, using a sieve to re-move all coarse material. Stir this mix-ture and fill the barrel with water; it is then ready for use. For plants with tender foliage only one-half the amount of copper and lime should be used.

—The soil will dry very rapidly and to a great depth, if allowed to get hard and com-pact. There is but a small space left for air in solid soils, and from this fact they air in solid soils, and from this fact they become hot and dry to a great depth in summer, while if air is present, as it is in loose soils (being such a poor conductor of heat), it will allow only a small portion of oil to become hot, which soon cools at night and is filled with a copicus dew, not only retaining the moisture already in the soil, but also adding to it at a season when moisture is especially desirable. Newly-set trees are always benefited by cultivation, because all their roots are surface roots and because all their roots are surface roots and cannot thrive in a hot, dry, compact soil, hence the necessity of summer surface calti-vation of newly-set trees.

-Mother (who has been asked to suggest a game for a rainy afternoon)—Why don't you pretend you are me? And George can be daddy. Then you might play at housekeeping. Daughter—But, mother, we've quarreled once already.