ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

O little child, O wide-eyed wondering child! Well do I know you are a captured wild Bird from the outer blue, that beats its wings Against the barriers of material things. How many miles into the awful vast Your mother must have soared-to seize you And bring you back with her, to be a white Proof of the fearless journey! The sunlight Still half bewilders you, and in your sleep You smile because the darkness is so deep After the earth-glare, and the rest so kind

You are the Dream made flesh. You are the grail. Pilgrim—another, passionate and frail, Leaving the House of Beauty for the quest Of the high Vision by no man possest Indomitable must be God's desire To realize Life's secret and acquire Mastery, when He sends you one by one, Eternally, to question the bright sun And the dark earth and the indifferent stars O Baby, will you pass the golden bars Guarding the pathway to the great abode? Or will you leave your dust to make the road Softer for one who follows? I am blind. Even as Love or Justice, and I find No answer to the riddle that has wrung The souls of mothers since the world was young -The Smart Set.

HOW JONES EARNED THE V. C.

A cloud of dust appeared on the sky line. The corporal in charge of the ambu-A moment later he disappeared, to return again with a pair of field-glasses and ac companied by a trooper with a flag. "What's up?" queried the trooper.

"Another idiot got a bullet through his hide," grumbled the corporal, as he took down the message that was being signaled

from a distant kopje.
"Any answer?" exclaimed the trooper "You must be in a confounded hurry to wag that dirty bit of dish-rag. Why can't you wait till I get the whole message?" growled the corporal, as he gave a final lourish with his pencil; then added: "One killed-two wounded-send ambulance."
All right; signal 'Orders received, understood and attended to. ''

The trooper smiled as he despatched the answer. The The corporal's bustling ways

Five minutes later the ambulance galloped out of camp. The black driver was going for all he was worth-much to the discomfort of the orderly in charge, who was being rattled about like a solitary pill in a pill-box. One mule had already shot his bridle, but that was a mere trifle. The ambulance was sure to get there somehow.

The ambulance baving departed, the camp once more settled down-all save the corporal, whose dominating tones could be heard ordering certain black boys to do various duties under pain of eternal damnation and imaginary surgical operations.

Gradually the cloud of dust neared the camp. A stallion in the horse lines ceased from his endeavors to kick the mule that was nearest to him and, lifting up his voice. whinnied to his returning comrades. Sev eral dust-begrimed figures turned and shouted compliments to those left behind in camp, as they passed them on their way to the sprait. The horses were watered and the squadron came in.

An officer walking between the lines espied a man grooming a horse. "Jones, didn't I tell you to self to the medical corporal?"

"Yes, sir." "Why haven't you done so?" "I thought you wouldn't mind if I saw

to my horse first, sir." "Who told you to think?" Then, turning on his heel, "Sergeant Patrick, see that

another man is told off to rub down Trooper Jones' horse "

Jones took his way to the hospital-tent.

His wound was a mere scratch and he could not see why the officer should make such a fuss. It was all in a day's work, he told himself, and there was really no reason why some one else should be told to clean his horse for him.
"Hullo, Jones," exclaimed the corpor-

al, "and what have you been doin' to get daylight into you?" 'Oh, nothing. Just askin graze ; noth-

ing to make a fuss about." Well, off with that shirt and get fixed up before my corpse arrives.' Jones began pulling his shirt off, then

stopped. He knew that he had winced. The corporal's keen gray eyes shot trough him. "Bit sticky, lad, eh?" 'Yes," replied Jones faintly; "you might give me a hand."

The corporal produced a pair of scissor and with a few deft snips out the shirt up the seam to the shoulder. Then, with the aid of hot water and a sponge, be peeled it off his patient's tibs. "Well, you've got off his patient's tibs. "Well, you've

'How's that?" replied Jones. 'Not every man whose rips can deflect a bullet," said the corporal. While Jones was having his wound dress

ed, a face appeared at the tent door.

"Hullo, corporal; how's your patient?"

"Ob, I think he's all right, sir."

"Good!" and the officer went his way. 'Not often the captain leaves corporal. his duty to inquire after a man.'

Another moment and the tent door again opened. This time it was the squadron sergeant major.
"Hullo, Jones," exclaimed that mighty

man, with, for him, a most rare attempt at familiarity; then, turning to the corporal, he added, "You've got hold of the right man this time."
"What in blazes have you been up to?"

exclaimed the corporal, as the sergeant-major disappeared. "Been and made your will in favor of the squadron, or spotted the Derby winner?"
"Blessed if I know," replied Jones.

couldn't see anything strange about their behavior-at least, nothing worth mentioning."

Jones cast an anxious eye round the tent. Surgical dressings he could see in profusion, but his heart sank at sight of his tattered shirt.

The corporal saw the meaning of his glance as it rested on the filthy garment. "How are you off for shirts?" he exclaim-

"It's my last," replied Jones. 'What's wrong with your spare shirt?"

"Threw it away." "Well, I'll be hanged! I suppose you expected to see shirts growing on the veldt?" exclaimed the corporal with contemptuous superiority.
"No, but it was too dirty to keep any

'Well, look here! I don't know what you've been and done, but I've one shirt 'What's that about the V. C.?' he asked left over from the store, and, if you'll previshly.

promise not to say where it came from; I'll let you wear it till you get well."

'I'll promise. "All right! but if you so much as let on where you got it, you'll never get anything

else from me; so remember!

The corporal bustled off, and returned a moment later with a brand new govern-ment gray-back, into which he assisted his patient, whom he released a moment later,

"Off you go, now! Here's my corps coming in, so I don't want to catch sight of you before morning."

As Jones left the tent, he observed the squadron paraded between the horse lines. Hurriedly taking his place in the ranks, he stood at ease and waited for the word of

Having stood the squadron to attention the officers proceeded to have the roll call-

This being done, the captain ordered Trooper Jones to step to the front; then, addressing the squadron, he told them that he had called up Trooper Jones in order that he might inform him of how he, and, to his belief, the whole squadron, appreciated the gallant conduct displayed by Trooper Jones in rescuing Corporal Smith, since deceased, while wounded and exposed to a heavy fire, adding that it afforded him much pleasure to report that his conduct would be forwarded to headquarters, accompanied by a strong recommendation for the V. C.

Jones, for the first time in his life, felt that he was in a position from which there was no escape. Hurriedly thanking the captain for his kindness in mentioning his conduct, he confusedly took his place in the ranks and again stood at attention. The parade was dismissed, and Jones wandered off in search of the cook.

Having bolted a hasty meal, he proceeded, with his saddle for a pillow, to lie down and sleep beneath the stars. The Colonial Carbineers were not, as a

corps, much given to sentiment, and no one disturbed Jones to ask him how he felt or how pleased he was at the prospect of obtaining the V. C.; so Jones, shrouding nimself in his blanket, gazed up at the stars and prepared to go to sleep.

From the horse lines came sundry squeals

and clicking of heel-pegs, accompanied, now and then, by the curses of the picket as they strove to right some ambitious steed that had got itself hung up on the picket-rope.

Jones did his best to sleep, but sleep he ould not. His wound itched and smarted in a way that had seemed impossible before the camp had settled down.

Now and again he sat up and peered at the sleeping men as they lay between the borse lines. Here and there a man mut tered in his sleep, but for the most part they slept the sleep of dog-tiredness. Farther down the line he observed anoth er figure seated. He recognized the face in

the moonlight; it was that of a lad who had only lately joined them.
Seeing that he could not sleep, Jones picked up his blanket and walked down

the lines to converse with the new-comer. "Come to keep me company?" said the boy. "Yes; but why the deuce don't you go

to sleep? "Can't," replied the lad.

"Why can't you?"
"Well, to tell the truth, I'm all covered with these beastly parasites "
"You'll get used to them in time."

"Never. "Well, anyway, you won't get used to them by lying awake. Don't be a fool, but take my advice and go to sleep-you

can if you only try. The boy nodded his ourly head and turned over on his side. Jones wrapped his blanket round him, and sat in the moonlight. He could not

follow the advice he had just given, al- ed : though the corporal's clean shirt had saved him temporarily from the same cause of wakefulness.

He looked at the face of the boy sleeping beside him. What a girlish face it was ! The thought made him solilequize. He thought of various girls be had met in the course of his wandering career, and won-dered what they would say if he were awarded the V. C.

The night was frosty, and he drew the blanket round him for fear the frost should get into his wound. What a strange world it was and how oddly the changes in it were rung! That morning he, with all his ten years' experience of a wandering life, was just Trooper Jones, a mere nonentity and a forgotten member of the mighty cosmopolitan army; a man whose previous record nobody inquired into or cared about.
To-night he was looked upon as a hero by the whole squadron-not that any of them expressed that opinion, but they all showed it-a hero because he had picked up a man, who was now dead, and carried him a hun-

dred yards or so, under fire. The boy by his side turned in his sleep and muttered something about home and the beastly veldt. Jones looked at the boy, and then remembered that he, at all events, knew nothing about his winning a recom-mendation for the V. C.; for the lad had not youe out that morning with the squa-dron, but had been left behind, too covered

with veldt-sores to be of any use.
Something there was about the hoy that reminded him of his own early struggles and his entry into that ring known as the world. Speedily he reviewed the last ten years. Situation after situation flashed through his brain, till suddenly he realized that South Africa was but a ripple on the

sea of his experiences. Perhaps it was owing to his wound, per haps it was fatigue; but to his weary brain it seemed that some great mistake must have been made. It was hardly possible that he could have earned the V. C. He compared various events in which he had been a prominent actor, and told himself that he was a lucky dog.

He remembered how, when cruising with a trader in the South Sea Islands, he had jumped overboard and rescued a man from among the sharks; but neither he nor any one else had thought much about it at the time. He called to mind how he had ridden through a forest fire to save the family of a settler who was down country and un-aware of the peril of his wife and children. He recollected how, at imminent risk to himself, he had descended a badly ventilated shaft to bring up a man who had been overcome by noxious gases. And, in addi-tion to all such deeds, was he not one of the few men who had pioneered West Aus-tralia in face of every danger that savages, hunger, and thirst could offer ?

He drew a pipe from his pocket and moked, and ever, as he smoked, he thought

"What rot to recommend me for the V. C.! I suppose I'll have to take it if they give it to me, but what is carreing and it is almost necessary for the farmer to use incubators to raise broilers in time to bring the best prices. The inarchators deeply.

At last he muttered to himself aloud it to me, but what is carrying a man a hundred yards under fire compared to a score of things I've done and seen others do?"

The lad at his side stirred uneasily.

"Oh, nothing at all !" "Yes, there is. I heard some one say

that a man had won the V. C." 'You can't believe all you hear. don't you go to sleep again?"
"Again! Why, I haven't been to sleep vet.

"Oh, indeed! By the way, youngster, what's your name?' "Strange."

"Good name for you, I should think. Why the deuce you keep awake when you might sleep beats me altogether."
"What's your name?"

"Jones." "Why, you must be the man who earned the V. C. to-day."
"Didn's earn it " 'Didn't earn it.

"Well, you won it, at all events." "You know a dence of a lot for a man who never went out with the squadron. Wby didn't you go out? Then you might had your information first hand." "Well, you see, what with these para-sites and veldt-sores, and the fact that I have a high temperature, they thought

would be best in camp." "Oh! You seem to be alarmed about vourself. "Well, I am rather. You see, we're an

old family, and I'm the only son, and it would be a pity if I died." "What on earth do you come out here for, if you don't want to die? That's what

war's for."
"Yes, but, you see, enteric is one thing and bullets are another; and besides, you see, we're a very old family."
"What tommy-rot! Why, the Joneses
are about the oldest family in the world;

and yet, you never hear me talking snob bishly about my old family or the difference between bullets and enteric." "Well," replied the boy, with a smile, "if your family is older than ours, I'd like

to see your pedigree."
"Pedigree! To the dence with your pedigrees. The surest guaranty of age, as families go, is the number of members of a family in existence; and, considering the number of Joneses and those of various names in other nationalities which all stand for Jones, I reckon ours is the oldest

family on earth.' There was a look on the boy's face that reminded Jones of several faces he had seen before, whose owners now claimed in Africa the only land that they ever could own. Sympathy for the boy made him forget his wound and the fact that he could not sleep. He had had his slice of luck; he had apparently won the V. C., even if he had not earned it. Perhaps his might be the future path to glory, but that of the lad by his side might far more likely lead to the grave. What the boy had said about enteric and bullets was true, and he, Jones, had already had some luck with a bullet.

"Look here, Strange, do you think you could sleep if I got you a drink of grog?"
"It's awfully good of you to think of me. Have you got some to spare ?"

"Thanks awfully." Jones went to where his saddle lay and

brought it back with bim ; then, unstrap ping the wallets, produced a small flask.
"Here you are, Strange; finish this and go to sleep." The boy took the flask and tasted it, then

put it down again. 'Why don't you drink ?" "It's awfully good of you, Jones, but omehow it seems to hurt me inside, and what with veldt-sores and the other things outside, I don't think I could manage any

pain inside." Suddenly a wave of compassion swept over Jones. He remembered how, as a voungster, he had been tormented withticks during the shearing season-how he

self to a final pitch of heroism, he exclaim "Look here, Strange; suppose we change shirts."

The boy stared in open-mouthed astonish ment, but the temptation was too great to resist. Something suspiciously like a tear glittered in his eye as he exclaimed : "I would never accept but for the fact that I haven't slept decently for a week and I think I've got the enteric."

"Never mind the enteric, but whip you shirt off. Catching hold of Strange, Jones slipped

off the dirty shirt, and then, taking off his own shirt, he handed it over without a word Picking up the garment that had lately adorned Strange, Jones proceeded through the lines to a board that bore a notice to the effect that no shirt must be cleaned within one hundred yards of camp. Later he rejoined Strange, still carrying the shirt

in his hand. Strange looked up, and, observing Jones handaged chest, exclaimed, "So you did win the V. C., in spite of what you said." 'Rot ! At all events. I never earned it.' 'Well, you've earned it now," exclaim-

ed the boy, as he dropped off to sleep. Half an hour later, Jones, tossing rest-lessly in his blanket, realized that he had earned the V. C .- By Edward Johnstone.

There are times in every life when the vital forces seem to ebb. Energy gives place to languor. Ambition dies. current of the blood crawls sluggishly through the veins. It is a condition com-monly described by saying, "I feel played out." For such a condition there is no medicine which will work so speedy a cure as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It contains no alcohol. It is not a mere stimulating tonic. It contains no opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It does not drug the nerves into insensibility. What it does is to supply Nature with the materials out of which she builds nerve and muscle, bone and flesh. A gain in sound flesh is one of the first results of the use of 'Discovery.'

A Temperance Medicine.

There is one feature of Dr. Pierce's Fa vorite Prescription in which it differs from nearly all'other medicines put up for woman's use. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic. It is in the strictest sense a temperance medicine. "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders for women. It gives weak and nervous women strength of body and nerve. It cures the drains, inflammation, ulcera-tion, and bearing-down pains which ruin the health of women. It practically does away with the pains of motherhood. It makes weak women strong and sick wom-

the farm is being brought to more profita-ble use every year. There is no doubt that the incubator and brooder method of raising chickens is a wonderful improvement on the hen method. It is cheaper, and a greater number of fowls can be raised from the same number of hens.

Loading an African Slaver.

The king, queen, royal family, chiefs, and people were invited on board. had previously been treated somewhat spar ingly with liquors. In the meantime all the water-casks were filled and mostly stowed in the lower hold aft, together with all the stores and goods, on a platform resting on the keelson. A very large supply of irons had been taken on board at Cardenas. The trading has been proceeding on the upper deck and a large supply of the various articles of food laid in, and now all was in readiness. The afternoon of the entertainment had arrived. Two large puncheons were placed on the upper deck and the heads knocked in, and about 25 or more gallons of strong rum put into each puncheon, also a hundred-weight or so of sugar and a bushel of cut limes; to these were added a specific quantity of a certain drug which would presently produce a prolonged stupefaction. The between and lower decks were swept clean, and all was in readiness for the company. They came—king, queen, royal family, chiefs, and people—to the number of about 1,500. As fast as they came on board they were plied with the drugged punch; many soon became stupid or helpless and were placed below to make room for others. When they were all on board and most of them stupefied, they were seized, ironed, and passed below. The first row were seated with the knees drawn up close to the side of the vessel, one arm put through the becket, and irons clapped

on. In the next row another arm was put through the same becket, one holt and becket thus answering for two persons. It will be remembered that the main hatch way was partitioned in the middle, and the after part enclosed between decks, giving a

separate connection with the temporary A wide and short gangboard was placed from the after side of the batchway to the temporary deck, well slanting, and the captives destined for the lower deck were placed on this and slid down, when they were packed and secured. The betweendecks was packed full with nearly 800 and about 500 were on the temporary deck. There were still 200 or more that they had neither room nor irons for. They might have been dropped into the periaguas and left to find their way ashore when they came to their senses. It was too late; the periaguas had been out adrift as soon as they began to secure the captives. Now the anchor was tripped, sail hoisted, and the Slaver Caribbee, as she was afterward called, was miles away before the last were secured. Many of those remaining were now coming to their senses. Do you ask what became of them?" "They were shot and thrown overboard ;" such was the record. - Harper's Magazine.

Another Famine in India. In parts of India the failure of the rains is producing a scarcity which is expected to attain the proportions of a widespread famine. Even if the winter raius come, much suffering is inevitable, and the machinery of governmental relief is already in motion. There is, happily, no reason to fear that the coming famine will equal in severity or extent those of 1897 and 1901. In the latter year more than 6,000,000 persons received State aid, \$35,000,000 being spent, besides vast sums used in loans and advances to cultivators, remissions of taxes, etc. The loss due to lessened crops was estimated by Lord Curzon at \$250,000,000. At present only 314,000 persons are re-ceiving state relief, but during the next few weeks the figure is likely to increase rapidly. The brunt of the famine will be borne by the provinces of Agra and Oudh, where distress will be general over an area had lain awake in the tropics, the prey of fires and mosquitos. Then, nerving himhe great scarcity, but actual famine is expected only in the Delhi area. Bombay, Bengal, Rajputana, Central India and Orissa will be more or less severely affected.

It is gratifying to know that the problem of relief is considered by Indian officials— who have had much experience in fighting famine-to be easily capable of solution. The work of relief has been reduced to an exact science in India. Taxes are suspend ed, innumerable wells are sunk, seed and cattle are bought for the impoverished peasants and employment is given in the onstruction of roads, tanks and railways. It was the boast of the Indian government in 1901 that hunger caused the death of no one who was willing to ask for food, so omplete were the arrangements for relief. Many died, however, who were too proud to seek help in the prescribed way. hoped that the coming ordeal will have been so well provided against as to produce none of the horrors of former famines In 1770 the failure of a single crop in Bengal caused the death of 10,000,000 out of a opulation of 30,000,000, and when the rains came nothing was done to set the impoverished farmers on their feet again. Happily, such a famine and such a pro-traction of its results is at present impossible, thanks to railways, canals and the existence of a well-organized government, anxious to use the resources of the state to alleviate the calamities of the masses.

The Fly as a Public Enemy. One by one the plagues of Egypt are be ing abolished by science. The frogs were abolished long ago by the draintile. The flies are checked by insect powder, and the darkness that could be felt has melted away before the arc light. The sixth plague still remains in full glory. The fly is always with us. The great Dr. Rad-cliffe used to declare that the three worst annoyances of life were smoke, flies, and irrelevant questions. Humanity has hitherto accepted these with a patient shrug of the shoulders as among the inevitable.

At last the worm has turned. It is proceeding slowly to put on smoke consumers, and has declared a war of exterminatio against the fly. The motives which whet our hitherto easily blunted purpose are supplied by science. They are, first, that flies carry disease ; second, that their very presence is a sign of dirt. That the fly frequently the Angel of the Pestilence has long been suspected, but its most vivid and impressive demonstration was furnished by the disgraceful death rate from typhoid, one of the most scandalous of the many murders of official stupidity, in our camps in the South during the Spanish-

It was clearly proved by the eminent commission of experts, who investigated the situation post-mortem, that the principal means of the spread of this dreaded disease was the flight of flies from the excreta of the earliest cases to the food exposed in the camp kitchens, carrying the typhoid germs on their legs and proboscis. Experiments were promptly set on foot, and agruesomely vivid corroboration furnished. Flies were allowed to feed upon meat smeared with cultures of various bacilli, then induced to alight on gelatin plates, and walk about on them. These plates were then placed in an incubator, and every step of the track of the fly could, in a few days, be traced by the clumps of bacilli which sprang up where his feet had planted them.—Colliers.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Ah, March! we know thou art Kind hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats, And out of sight, art nursing April's violets! -Helen Hunt

Most of us are too old fashioned to ac ept the smart little walking stick that fashion is trying to force upon us. might become reconciled to it after a long term of familiarity, but the fashion will not last long. Young girls who do not mind being conspicuous are making walkng sticks a part of their outdoor costume, and old ladies are taking advantage of the fad to use the prop they really need. But conservative women still pin their faith to a closely rolled umbrella, which has the recommendation of being useful and looks like a legitimate part of the feminine ward-

In order to hold stockings in shape and in place it has always been necessary to have them caught up well at the top, and the clasps used on the supporters in time break through the fine threads because of the strain.

The beauty of this simple device is that one can draw one's hose up as tight as one wishes and feel perfectly safe from "runs, which ruin so many fine stockings. With this plan the only places the sheerest hosiery will wear out are in the feet.

There is another plan that is quite as effective, though less decorative than the ribbon, for with the latter it is always easy o match the exact shade of the stockings, and that is to use tape instead of ribbon.

When tape is used it is made into loops, fastened to the hem of the stockings, one on either side. Through these the ribbons from the elastics are passed.

The last scheme is perhaps less practical than the first, because the supporters of garters have to be changed, the clasps taken off and ribbons or elastics fixed so that they can be tied in on the loops.

If you are over-tired "too tired to sleep," as we sometimes say—bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Bathe the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. Lie down to sleep in peace, for sleep will come surely. The same treatment will wonderfully refresh during the day. A headache may often be relieved, even cured, by hot applications to the back of the neck.

Hot Ham Balls .- One cup sifted bread crumbs, two cups chicken stock or milk one small slice of onion finely chopped, one level teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, one-fourth level teaspoon paprika, one-fourth level teaspoon mustard, one egg, two oups finely-chopped boiled ham. Cock the crumbs, stock, onion and parsley in a double boiler until a smooth paste is formed. Remove from the fire; add the paprika, mustard, egg beaten elightly and ham. Mix well and cool. Shape into balls, dip in beaten egg, fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Serve with cabbage salad.

Nut Squares.—Beat one egg with one cupful of brown sugar and a pinch each of three crops each season, while the heavy salt and baking soda. Add one cupful of soil, in most classes produce only one. finely chopped butternuts, black walnuts Spread not more than half an to 30 cords to the acre. Stable manure has inch thick in a shallow pan, and bake about proved to be a complete manure, but if a 20 minutes in a slow oven.

cut in squares.

secret I learned from a Swede cook is to sprinkle a little white sugar over sponge cake before baking. It will come out of the oven with that dainty crust over the

Be sure and try this, and you will

greatly surprised at the result. One of the most convenient articles use in the sick room is a sand bag oughly in a kettle on stove. about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the openings carefully together and cover the bag with cotton.

This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and it also enables one to heat the bar quickly hy placing it in an oven or even n the back of the stove. It will be found very much better for

warming the bands and feet of invalids than the hot water bottle or a brick. It is especially good in neuralgia or rheumatism, and is also very helpful if one is suffering from toothach For an invalid, or for one who has occa-

sional fits of illness, there's no more charming gift than the bed jacket. These are equally desirable for the woman who takes her magnification coffee and newspapers in bed. They may serve, too, as mere dressing jackets. A pretty remnant of silk or French flannel makes up admirably, the shape being loose, square and roomy. Plenty of lace and ribbons, with perhaps chiffon plaiting to harmonize, make this little jacket a thing of beauty. It should come to the waist line at the back and dip a bit at the front. Kimono sleeves are the best. Frills may be inside. Such a jacket may be slipped right on over the night dress and is usually much more becoming.

Sachets and embroidered doilies and any number of usefuls in crochet are much too well known to be here suggested. Suffice it to say that the average woman never has enough of either, as the fragrance and freshness of the sachets pass, the value of the doilies is soon lost in the mysteriously rainous processes of the laundry, and articles in crochet succumb to wear.

If your ball is old, long and has a closed stairway, the only way to make a decided change is to have money to change the stair-way. Have the closet torn away and put railings to the stairs. If the steps are badly worn, they must be covered; if not, they can be refinished and varnished, for car-pets are no longer used on the stairway. The steps at the bottom might be curved to give a more graceful landing. Now, instead of having the closet, have a window seat back of the stairs. It should not be quite in the middle. The lower end of the to match the seat. If the closet side has faced the side of the house, a window can be made; if not, it can be neatly decorated and lighted with an electrolier or pretty best ways to change the whole appearance of the old-fashioned hall.

Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine for children. They do not produce the pill habit

FARM NOTES.

-The trouble in overstocking is not so much a matter of stock as it is a scarcity

-It is good economy to save everything the saving of which is not more costly tha

its worth. -March is the month for spraying with lime, sulphur and salt mixture for the

destruction of the San Jose scale. -When a growth of clover is being turned under is a time when deep plowing is, perhaps, more beneficial than at any other.

-Experiments in Nebraska show that hogs fed on soaked corp and tankage made greater gains per day and greater gains per 100 pounds of feed than hogs fed on corn

-Southern farmers know the value of cottonseed meal, but it is making its way in the favor of Northern farmers very slowly. Fed in the right proportion, it helps animals to gain flesh and keeps them in fine condition. Fed to dairy cows it produces hard butter fat, but linseed meal and gluten produce a soft butter fat.

-To get the best flow of milk during the winter cows should be bred so as to come in in the fall. They begin to fall off in milk in spring, but the grass will stimulate a larger flow, and they will keep it up until time to be dried off for the next calf. In this way the non-milking period will be at a time of the year when butter and milk are the lowest.

-Mushrooms for Profit .- One of my neighbors has been induced to go into the mushroom business for what there may be in it for him. He has rented an unoccupied brick barn with large hillside basement for this purpose. He has studied the various books on mushroom growing, and feels confident of success. The place is re-ally an ideal one, and could not be better if put up for this very purpose instead of that of a farm stock barn. The bed space, on floor and shelving, comes close to one thousand feet, and artificial heat for the very cold winter days and nights, is provided from a cheap heater. Clear horse manure is obtained from the Buffalo stock yards in car load lots, and seems to be admirably fitted for the purpose. In short, the conditions all seem to be in favor of a successful outcome. Whether the somewhat extravagant expectations of our friend will be fully realized is to me a matter of much doubt, yet under such favorable oircumstances fair profits should be secured from a properly managed plant of this kind. I am going to watch the outcome with considerable interest, and may give more detailed reports with illustrations later on. My own experiments with mushrooms in the greenhouse are of rather mod-est proportions. What I mainly aim for is to raise an abundant home supply, and in

this I usually succeed. -For growing good vegetables, it is necessary to have the proper soil, and good seed : and to thoroughly cultivate and at-tend to the work. For most vegetables, the soil should be of a sandy nature, with a good subsoil for drainage. Such a soil will produce fine crops of lettuce, spinach, radishes, cucumbers, beets, asparagus, rhubarb, parsnips, peas, beans, celery, tomatoes and early cabbages. A heavier soil, with a clay subsoil, is best for such crops as onions, late cabbages, early celery, and summer lettuce. There, too, is an advantage in the light eardy soil in that advantage in the light, sandy soil in that it can be cultivated much earlier than the

second crop is to be grown on the same land, an additional ton of some special fertilizer should be applied. Back of all, however, success in growing

Heavy fertilizing is recommended-20

crops depends more on the man than any-The right time to sow seeds in the hotbed depends largely on the location, the kind of plants, and the way in which the

plants are to be handled. Sowing the

seed too early is very apt to cause a loss. A successful Pennsylvania tomato grower says he economizes hot-bed space and labor by growing his early plants, ready for the field, right where the seed is sown, Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thor-get some clean, fine sand, dry it thor-angle in a kettle on stove. Make a bag 500 plants to the sash. He usually sows his seed about the middle of March, and the plants set in the field from the 1st to the 10th of May, and about the 10th of July the first fruits are sent into market, selling at from 10 to 15 cents per berry basket, retail; or, from \$1.50 to \$2 per

bushel crate, wholesale.

He sows the seed in drills eight inches apart, or five rows to the sash, using a liberal amount of seed. When well start-ed the plants are thinned to about 100 per row. The bed is carefully ventilated with ont severe drafts during the day, and at

night covered with straw mats. For the first three or four weeks the growth is very rapid; as the weather beexposed to the open air, and as the time for transplanting draws near water is withheld so that on sunny afternoons the plants have quite a wilted look. But the result is a fine lot of plants measuring from eight inches to a foot in height, with hard woody stems, blossom buds showing, and tough leaves that will withstand a light frost,

should one come.
In setting these plants in the field, they are laid in the shallow furrows, tops away from the prevailing winds; a little soil is drawn over the roots, a foot pressed on the spot, while the rest of the stem is covered all but three or four inches of the top, which is turned upward. The footprint i left open to receive a pint of water, which later is covered to prevent evaporation. Thus treated they scarcely droop, and soon the whole stem, underground, is covered with rootlets, resulting in a vigorous

growth. Nothing, however, would be gained by bedding or sowing sweet potatoes, egg plant or even peppers, before the 1st of April. Neither is anything gained by planting these in the open ground much before June.

Graduated from the Bible. Octave Thanet tells a story of an old darky in Florida who was anxious to learn to read, so that he could read the bible. He said that if he could read the bible he would want nothing else. A friend of the narrator taught him to read. Some time afterward she visited his cabin, and asked his wife how his bible reading was getting

"Laws, Miss Fanny," said this person, "he jes' suttinly kin read fine. He's done got outen de bible an' into the newspapers."-Indianapolis Naws.

Give your children a laxative medicine lamp. Any simple decorations are pretty, especially if the space is large and will admit of a few well-chosen pictures and a jardiniere and plant. This is one of the Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine for Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine for produce the pill which will not re-act on the system or leave injurious after effects. Dr. Pierce's