

THE FACTORIES.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light (For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair).

Quaint Hallow'en Customs.

After searching with desperate intensity for new ways of celebrating the ever-recurring holidays, it is sometimes both a relief and a novelty to go back to the oldest of old ways.

Some merry, friendly countra folks. Together will convene. To burn their nuts, an' pou their stocks.

Hallow'en was frequently called Nut-crack Night, because nuts have so important a part in the telling of fortunes.

As soon as all the guests have arrived, they must be taken biffo'ed, two by two, to a cabbage-patch, either real or imitation, to "pou their stocks" or cabbages.

The "lasses" who have captured apples by this trick must be requested to go one at a time, into a dark room, candle in hand, and look in the mirror, eating the apple as they gaze.

Other "lasses" may test their fate by sowing, in the garden, or in the window-boxes in a darkened room, a handful of hemp, looking over their left shoulders for visions of their future husbands.

While the fire is burning merrily the guests must all test their fortunes by first naming two nuts each, and then throwing them into the flames.

poem describes the meaning of their actions as follows:

These glowing nuts are emblems true Of what in human life we view.

Instead of throwing them into the fire each maiden may test the faithfulness of two lovers by placing three nuts, one, of course, representing herself, on the grate.

The final test before supper may be the yarn test. Each girl unseen should throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window, allowing it to unwind completely.

Spread the supper on a bare wooden table, and have four unshaded candles in pewter candlesticks. Serve the food in heavy kitchen china or tin dishes, and have paper napkins.

A second is to put a request for the name of the man who loves her in the empty pod of a pea, laying it on the doorstep. The first person entering the door will bear the name required.

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Not a Soloist. The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium theater.

To which Mr. Burrige replied suavely, "Mr. Burrige's compliments to Mr. Thomas, and please inform Mr. Thomas that if Mr. Burrige cannot whistle with the orchestra he won't whistle at all."

Rocking Chair Signs. An observant Atchison woman says she can tell from the way a woman rocks on her front porch what condition the house behind her is in.

They All Wear Ties. Manager of Shoe Store—I've tried my best to attract the women to this place and they simply won't come.

Sandwich Man Is Old. The walking advertisement known as a "sandwich man" is by no means a modern idea.

Temporarily Handicapped. Mr. Doughlegh—I met that French nobleman, Count de Brie, today.

Placing the Blame. Mr. Knagg—It may be true, as you say, you were too young to marry me.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country, Getting Ready for the Festival. A Time All May Gambel, Inadequate Clothing. A Remedy for Troublesome Horses. How Sealing is Done Here.

JHANSI, SEPTEMBER 30th. Dear Home Folk: Three days alone, how queer it all seems and yet I must confess I enjoy it;

Another bit of shop talk just to let you know I am still practicing medicine—and by all odds it is the most fascinating study one can find.

To begin this curious week I have invited my hostesses of a few weeks ago to take tea with me tomorrow afternoon, and I am not just sure what they will eat, if anything, since it must be prepared by our hands and their caste will prevent their taking anything that is prepared away from home.

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These distilleries are built in the woods, and are queer looking affairs. It is easy enough to tell when you are approaching one by the smell of the resin.

A Brief History of the Sweat-Shop. In the June Woman's Home Companion a contributor writes about the great work that the National Consumers' League is doing toward persuading the public not to buy goods manufactured in sweatshops.

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No law regulated the matter, for of course the factory inspector could not force his way into the home; no more could the guardian of the child labor law; to be sure, the health department authorities could take things into their own hands in the event of contagious diseases of a virulent nature, provided they knew of the existence of the cases.

To go back to my Sunday walk, of which I spoke last week, I saw a native plowing; two oxen were hitched to a native plow of a single prong and it turned the earth up just as though you pulled a straight stick along.

They finished the product is frequently a combination of hand work done at home and machine work done in the shop; thus a manufacturer may have a tiny factory of his own and employ half a dozen girls during the day; then, if you watch you will see those six girls going home in the evening carrying on their heads or on their backs bundles of ribboning or men's coats for felling and buttonholing.

"Your hardwood floors are always so exquisitely polished," said Mrs. Jones. "How do you manage it?"

"How on earth do you start to gain a standing in society?" "By first getting a footing."

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but thick, liquid mud." "Yes, sir; certainly, sir! It was ground this morning!"

On a Turpentine Farm.

The queerest kind of a farm is perhaps a turpentine farm. It is where they make a business of getting out turpentine, tar and resin.

North Carolina formerly furnished the larger part of the turpentine and resin made in the United States, and for that reason she has been called the "Turpentine State" and her people "Turpentine State" and her people "Turpentine State."

A turpentine farm consists of thousands and thousands of the long-leaved pine trees. They are not large trees, but they grow perfectly straight and so tall that they sometimes reach the height of fifty feet before their branches begin.

Every fall and winter gangs of men are kept at work on these turpentine farms making these boxes and scarring together, one on each side of the tree, and they chop in turn.

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Daniel Webster's Old School.

The fine old New Hampshire school known as Phillips Exeter Academy honors Daniel Webster as its most famous graduate.

"Hon. Abiel Foster, N. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house and came into the field to see my father. When he was gone my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm on a hay cock. He said: 'My son, that is a worthy man. He is a member of Congress. He goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in his place in Philadelphia. I came here, but I missed it, and now I must work here. . . . I could not give your older brother the advantage of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself! Improve your opportunities! Learn! Learn! The next May he took me to Exeter to the Phillips Exeter Academy, and placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbot.'"

During his nine months' course at the Academy young Webster lodged and boarded with Ebenezer Clifford, whose residence at the corner of Water and Clifford streets is still standing. In the room which he occupied still remains his study table, which is simply a leaf supported from the wall. The house is in its main portion the oldest building in Exeter, dating back to 1658.

That young Webster made good use of his opportunities is a fact that is attested by the oft-repeated fact that at the close of his first quarter he was transferred from the foot to the head of his class, much to the chagrin of certain declining classmates, and that at the close of the second quarter he was promoted to the class above.

He always loved the old school, and especially the honored schoolmaster, Dr. Abbot, whom he thus addressed at the Academy reunion in 1838 when presenting him with a silver cup:

On see around you, sir, pupils who have been instructed by you. We have come together today to offer you the tributes of our hearts. We have all been here, sir, at different years; we have all, sir, been called up to your chair to be examined in our various studies. We remember, sir, when we were brought here by our parents. We remember well the kind looks with which you received us. You governed us, sir, by a steady and even temper, but you governed us with that kindness which won our hearts. We have here, sir, formed a public opinion, but sir, there never was yet an Exeter boy who could obtain respect or countenance by setting himself up against your will."—Christian Advocate.

Mrs. Russell Sage has bought Marsh Island, La., for \$150,000 and will make it a refuge for birds. Control will be placed either in the hands of the Federal government, the State of Louisiana, or an association organized for the purpose.

Marsh Island is the most important winter feeding ground for wild ducks and geese in the South, with the possible exception of Currituck Sound. Wild fowl of the Central United States go to it in winter for food and shelter when more northern streams and lakes are under ice.

This latest of Mrs. Sage's benefactions, which now approximate \$27,000,000, is in line with the interest she has shown in animals in the past. She has been interested in the feeding of the Central Park squirrels, the protection of robins and the work of the Audubon Society, and has contributed frequently to organizations caring for animals.

Marsh Island is on the Gulf coast, southwest of New Orleans. Herons, bitterns, loons, rails and many varieties of shore birds, as well as ducks and geese, winter there. It is the most popular shooting ground in the South for market gunners. Eighteen miles long and nine miles wide at the broadest point, the island contains about 75,000 acres. The bird refuge question was brought before Mrs. Sage by Edward McIlhenny, of Avery Island, La., who with Charles W. Ward, of Michigan, recently gave a 13,000 acre bird refuge in Vermilion Bay to the State of Louisiana.

After George B. Grinnell, acting for Mrs. Russell Sage, had investigated the island as a preserve for wild birds she decided to buy the entire island. Pending final disposition of the property title has been vested in Mr. McIlhenny, who is in active charge of the plans.

Three little "wharf rats" in Brooklyn, aged 8, 10, and 12 years, made a raft out of some planks, boxes and driftwood of one kind or another and started out to navigate the East River. The oldest one was the proud captain, the other two completed the crew that loyally obeyed their lives when a ferry-boat coming along kicked up such high waves that the raft was broken to pieces and the boys thrown into the river. A deck-hand on the ferry-boat seeing the accident jumped into the water and swam to the rescue. He went to the little captain first, who said: "Leave me to the last. Save them other fellows; they are littler than me; besides, I got 'em into it." The deckhand obeyed the orders of the smallest, then he took the one next oldest, but before he could get out any longer, had sunk for the third time.—Christian Herald.

"Man, Know Thyself." Such an inscription was carved on the front of a Grecian temple. It is an inscription which should be carved on the public buildings of every city. Doubtless there are thousands who die every year because of their ignorance of their own bodies. The value of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser may be judged from this one fact—it makes men and women to know themselves, and the faculties and functions of the several organs of the body. This great work contains 1008 pages and 700 illustrations. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Have your Job Work done here.

FARM NOTES.

A plump young turkey, dressing from 8 to 15 pounds, finds a market at almost any season of the year.

Some turkey raisers prefer marketing the toms in the month of December and keep the hens until later, so that they may increase in weight and command a better price.

A good plan in killing turkeys is to tie their feet together, hang the birds on a pole, and then cut the throat so as to expedite bleeding. They should be dry-picked, and the head and wings left on. After they are picked they should be dipped in hot water and then in cold, which treatment will give the skin a fresher look.

An English writer says there are two points to consider before choosing the breed of turkey, viz: Whether the birds are to be reared with a profit to the maker, or whether they are only for home consumption. If the former, he selects the Bronze variety. He says for profit it is purely a question of obtaining birds of the heaviest possible weight when they are from six to nine months old. He further says that not only does this breed produce heavy weight, but quality of flesh is also obtained.

Much has been written from time to time regarding scrub cows, or dairy animals that fail to return a profit to their owners. But with all this well-timed criticism, is it not a fact that we have among us many scrub, or careless, indistinct caretakers as dairies? And is it reasonable to expect good results from improper and indifferent breeding, care and feeding?

In my judgment the average dairy cow is more "sinned against than sinning," and the owner is by far the most responsible for the prevailing unsatisfactory and unprofitable condition. Wherever you find a dairyman who is bigger than his herd you will also find improvement from year to year, but on the other hand, if the herd is bigger than the man, they will surely drop to his level, and quickly.

It is safe to say, it's the "man behind the cows."—B. W. Putnam.

Saving Potato Seed.—Experiments have demonstrated that the yield of potatoes can be increased greatly by saving the seed direct from the field at digging time, yet this is very seldom practiced on the farm. It takes some extra time to harvest the crop when this method is practiced, but the results will be profitable and pay one well for the extra time and labor required.

Potatoes the same as any other vegetable has a tendency to reproduce stock like that from which it was produced. The potatoes from a vine having several large tubers will have a tendency to reproduce vines that will yield about the same number and kind of tubers as the parent vine. Potatoes from a vine producing only two or three tubers will inherit the same tendency, and when replanted the resulting vines will yield a relatively small number of tubers.

In selecting the seed at digging time, the idea is to save the potatoes from the vines yielding the largest number of tubers, not the best, but the most. The size is a result of soil and richness of soil and cultivation. When a heavy yielding vine is thrown out, the potatoes from this can be placed to one side and picked up at a second picking. They should be kept by themselves in a well-ventilated cellar or pit until needed in the spring for planting.

There is a great difference of opinion as to the best size of potato to save for planting. Some growers would just as soon have the small ones while others would not plant them at all. Those who have tried them side by side in an experimental way have little or no preference between the small and big ones. A potato tuber is not a "seed" as corn or oats, but is more in the nature of a "set" like onion sets or a slip of a plant. A small onion set will produce as large an onion as a big set. The same is true with a small potato. The number of tubers to the vine, should influence one in making a selection for planting.—L. J. H., Erie Co., Pa.

Raising Pigs Without Skim Milk.—While good skim milk stands at the head of the list of feeds for young pigs it is not essential as long as the pigs can get the sow's milk. It has the greatest value at weaning time, when used to supplement the usual feed of grain. While many farmers have skim milk there are many breeders of purebred pigs who have little of it and rely mainly on combinations of foods that approach a balanced ration.

After pigs are three to four weeks old they so readily take to eating with their dams that it seems that milk alone does not satisfy the demands of their appetites.

There are few sows that can furnish enough milk for a litter of eight or ten pigs after they pass the fifth or sixth week, hence the swine feeder who does not something of a dairyman must find a substitute for the skim milk that may think essential for profitable pig raising. After the pigs begin to tax the sow there are two good ways of meeting their demands. The first is to feed the sow so as to increase her supply of milk, and the second is to feed the pigs a substitute for milk. To enable the sow to give the most milk she must be liberally fed with milk-producing food. Corn alone will not do this, but if the sow can get two to five pounds of milk to every five pounds of corn, or corn and oats equal parts, her supply of milk will be good and abundant.