



FAINT-HEARTED LOVERS.

The average modern young man cares only for "tame rabbit coursing." He labors under some newfangled delusion that it is undignified to woo unless you're more than half sure of winning. Naturally, the sport is dull both to pursuer and pursued. The dainty art of courtship is nearly forgotten.—Woman at Home.

PLAIN STOCKINGS FOR MORNING.

Those who keep a dress book as well as an address book—and one is as mighty as the other, in Mrs. Shonts's opinion—have a note to put down with their catalogues of gowns and hats. It is in regard to stockings. A fashion has arisen among society women in Paris never to wear stockings of lace and embroidery in the morning. Before luncheon plain hose must be worn, unless there is an especial reason for the donning of an elaborate frock. This fashion will be copied by the elect here this season.—New York Press.

HOURLY FIGURES.

The reintroduction of the hour-glass figure for women is threatened. Those professing to know say that dressmakers have for a long time been making zealous efforts to reintroduce the wasp-waisted pattern of feminine humanity.

Now the sight of full, round skirts and hour-glass corsets, will, it is said, be the feature of the coming season, and the women who would be fashionable will have to reduce those increasing inches of the waist which is ascribed to the continued popularity of shirt waists, straight-front corsets, the vogue of athleticism.

TO BLANKET FORGOTTEN BABIES

A baby blanket brigade is the latest proposition for the tender hearted women of Jersey City. The idea emanates from Secretary Edward Ransom, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Thoughtless mothers and maids, he says, go shopping, leaving the infant in the perambulator at the shop door. He says the mothers or maids become so interested in examining the wares in the department stores that the little one exposed to the cold is forgotten until it is often benumbed with cold. The object of the brigade is to look after the forgotten babes, have them removed to a warm place when they are suffering from the cold, or blanket them.—New York Tribune.

WHEN A FOOT IS PERFECT.

A woman's foot, when perfect, is hollowed out well, both inside and out, with a high instep, short heel, and long, straight toes, slightly spatulate at the ends. This is the type of the most beautiful foot. It is, on the whole, a foot not frequently seen in its perfection, for often one or the other element of beauty is wanting. The rarest point of beauty is the hollowing of the outside of the foot.

If any one would convince himself that the hollow on the outside of the foot is rare, let him watch the prints that seaside bathers leave when they step on a dry plank walk. Most of such footprints show a greater or smaller hollow on the inside of the foot, but nearly every one shows a straight, wet mark on the outside, says Woman's Life.

That water could flow under the arch of the foot without wetting it is an old and good rule where feet are concerned.

LAUGHTER AS A MUSCLE MAKER.

Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle making, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallness and its fun, says Woman's Life.

It should be part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants, and the many social duties that become a burden, are all made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unfailing sense of humor and of the bright side of life.

QUILTING BEES OF BERKS COUNTY.

Ah, the happy winter quilting bees of Berks county! Can any other section of the country surpass this, in the joys of one of the most exacting and least remunerative tasks? No winter is a winter in this part of the country without its quilting bees, where the women's heads bob close together over the pretty silken patches and the labors of love are transformed into active recreation, says a Hereford (Pa.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record.

The preliminary work of making the bed quilt is usually begun by the grandmother or the school girl, the latter of whom readily finds an hour of leisure between her study hour and the time she usually retires. The patches for making these wonderful quilts and bedspreads are of every de-

scription, and, first of all, they are cut to their proper sizes—some tiny little pieces, often only half an inch square, others in circles, stars and diamonds, and many others according to the ideal taste of the housewife, who may have planned the pattern years before she thrust the first needle through the calico or silk. This fine work necessitates lots of sewing, and it often takes the entire family—that is the feminine members—several winters to prepare the patches before the coverlet is ready for the quilting frame.

After all the tiny patches have been sewed together into strips, the strips are sewed together and the spread is ready to be stretched on the wooden frame, where the tedious work that becomes such recreation begins.

The work of quilting a spread takes many days, if only a few women do it at the farm-house. So the summons goes around from house to house that a "quilting" is to take place at a certain neighbor's, all day Saturday. Bright and early they make their way to the place, each equipped with a thimble. The mistress of the house furnishes them with needles and thread, and they sit around the spread on four sides and work toward each other. Usually the number is only limited to the outside space that can be occupied, and when the work draws to the center of the spread, only half the number that started can work. The other half will not then be idle, as the mistress has always another job of a similar nature on hand.

If often occurs that half a dozen spreads are completed at one farm-house in a single winter, for the quilting party is to the women what the fox chase is to the men of the farm. The ladies usually have a very good time, as it occurs at an opportune season when the farm-house larder is filled with sausages, fresh meat, scrapple and mincemeat. Hence they have lots of goodies to eat; and, with the fancy cakes and the sweet cider why shouldn't they be happy?

FASHION NOTES.

Wide, turned-back cuffs, lace-trimmed are suitable for lingerie blouses. Separate curls are an indispensable accessory to the dressing of the hair.

Threads of gold in cream lace give bright touches on many toilettes of the season.

The short streamers that hang from the Empire girdle may be attached at the middle of the front, back, or even at the side with good effect.

The season's sailor hat is going to be a very pretty shape; low of crown and with medium brim, most of the trimming being placed at the back.

Three little ruffles tacked across the outside of the full sleeve puff have an odd, patchy look, but they are fashionable, therefore they "go."

Among the lovely garnitures is cloth applique over metal tissue for both bodice and skirt.

The velvet hem is very effective on the allover lace gown, black velvet upon cream or string color making a very stunning costume.

Figured madras is one of the most serviceable of materials for the white shirt waist.

A black quill and a pert square bow of Roman striped ribbon are the only trimming in a smart black turban.

Sheer hemstitched frills are about as dainty a finish as one could desire for the throat and front plait of the lingerie blouse.

A delightfully girlish hat in one of the flat shapes with gently undulating brim is simply trimmed with a plume laid around the low crown, and a bow and streamers of three-inch pompadour ribbon at the back.

Muddy Junction.

A. J. Cassatt, late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, told at a luncheon at the Philadelphia Country Club a railroad story.

"A Western broker," he said, "moved from the city out into the country. He moved far out, and, since the railroad was small and the train service poor, he travelled to and from town by carriage or automobile exclusively.

"Deciding after a time to keep chickens, he ordered a patent chicken coop, and on the day it was expected set out in a dray to fetch it home from the freight office.

"He reached the railroad station, which he had never seen before, after an hour's drive. No one was in sight, but there was his chicken coop, and with his man's help he soon had it on the dray and set off homeward again.

"A hundred yards or so down the road he met a chap in a blue uniform, with the title 'station master' in gold letters on his blue cap.

"'Hey, there!' exclaimed this chap, excitedly, 'what the dickens have you got on that dray?'

"'My new chicken coop,' the broker calmly answered.

"'Chicken coop be hanged!' shouted the station master. 'That's Muddy Junction!'"—Philadelphia Press.

A London firm of electroplate makers has in its service eighteen men and women who have been working for it from fifty-six to sixty years.

American exports to Brazil were larger by \$4,196,142 last year than the year before.

Man's Dependence on Women

By Marie Corelli.

TO my mind, the very desire for a vote on the part of woman is an open confession of weakness—a proof that she has lost ground, and is not sure of herself. For if she is real woman—if she has the natural heritage of her sex, which is the mystic power to persuade, enthral and subjugate man—she has no need to come down from her throne and mingle in any of his political frays, inasmuch as she is already the very head and front of government.

Let those who will laugh at or sneer down the statement; the fact remains that a man is seldom anything more than a woman's representative. No man, in either business or pleasure, can ever quite shake off the influence of the woman with whom he is most privately and intimately connected. Good or bad, she colors his life. It is always a case of *cherchez la femme*. Seek, and you will find. Behind a slovenly workman there is generally a sluttish wife. Behind the obstinate and stupid man, behind the timorous and time-serving man, behind the hasty politician who insults his Prime Minister, will be found, in their several turns, the common-place woman, the hypocritical woman, and the disappointed, egotistical, vain woman.

Man is what woman makes him. She bears him and rears him. She is his sovereign and supreme ruler. From the first breath he draws, she, and she alone, possesses him. When he is born he at once displays that fractious and fickle disposition which is so often significant of his future development—and woman has to carry him up and down in her arms, talking nonsense to him, or, as it is called, "baby language." She knows she has to begin that way, because he would not understand sense.

But who is to blame for this erroneous impression so widely prevalent among men? Why, the women themselves, of course. Not only because they show the most cruel and acrimonious spite and jealousy when one of their sex becomes distinguished in art or letters, but because they are the first to start unkind reports about her and against her—against her looks, her dress, her manner and even her reputation. There is no length to which women's tongues will not run when "dovewing" other women more brilliant than themselves. They allow men to see this paltry display of their inferior character every day, and naturally the men draw their own conclusions. The youngest schoolboy is too often compelled to notice and inwardly comment upon his mother's love of tea-table scandal, or his sister's bilious envy of some other prettier girl.

If such are the early impressions made by the conduct of his own women relatives on a youth's mind, he will, most unquestionably, when he grows to manhood, retain the one "fixt idea" of woman's generally inherent foolishness, while the talk of "women's interests" will only move him to a skeptical smile.

A Transportation Millennium

By Francis Wayland Glen.

AT no very distant day the new lines of railway constructed within this Republic will be without grades or curves. They will be laid with 100-pound steel rails, upon broken-stone road beds, well drained, with steel ties laid in asphalt.

The motive power will be electricity developed by water power or gravity. They will be lighted by the same power, and the cars and depots will also be heated from the same source.

There will be no dust to annoy passengers or to soil the inside of passenger cars or to injure the boxes and axes of the trucks.

Cars of 50-ton capacity, made of steel, will be used. They will have at least two tracks and sidings so arranged at stations that passengers and freight can be loaded and unloaded without interfering with the continuous passing of trains both ways upon the main tracks.

Upon such a railway freight can be carried for an average of 25 cents per ton for 100 miles at a fair profit upon the cost of construction, equipment and operation.

Upon such a railway a locomotive can haul 2,500 tons of merchandise in fifty cars forty miles an hour, without injury to the roadbed or rolling stock. The cost of motive power will be trivial as compared with the cost of steam power. It is the grades and curves upon defective roads that destroy the rails and rolling stock. An air-line railway without grade can be built from Brunswick, Ga., to San Diego, Cal., that will not exceed 2,100 miles in length. Upon that railway a passenger train can cross the continent in thirty-five hours and a fast freight in fifty hours.

With a line of steamers upon the Atlantic sailing from Brunswick to Europe with coaling stations at Bermuda and the Azores, merchandise can be carried from the Pacific at San Diego or Los Angeles to Southampton in nine days or less. Cotton can be hauled from Texas to San Diego at nominal cost. With a line of steamers sailing from New York to Brunswick, fruit from California can be delivered in New York in five days at one-fifth of the charge now demanded by rail.

Such a railway can be built in five years and will become "the highway of the nations across this continent."

"Babies"

By Mark Twain.

THE Babies! Now, that's something like! We haven't all had the fortune to be ladies. We haven't all been generals or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we've all been babies. If you gentlemen will think for a moment, if you will go back fifty or a hundred years to your early married life, and recollect your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal and even something over.

If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, half-past two in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh, you were under good discipline! And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your undress uniform, you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing "Rock a baby in the tree top!"

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything. Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities; and do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind, don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there isn't any real difference between triplets and insurrection.

The Most Famous Street in the World

By Edward S. Martin

STOPPING in New York there are at all times somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand people, a large proportion of whom go to the theatre in the evening. It is this enormous money-spending crowd that has caused the theatre district in New York to become a world-famous curiosity in electrical street illumination.

All day long this part of Broadway is a crowded and busy district, full of shops and restaurants, and a great thoroughfare of a great city; but at eight o'clock of an evening in the theatre season it is deluged with a crowd which quickly disappears and is lost for three hours, when it surges out again, and fills the streets, the restaurants and lobster palaces, the street-cars. A part of this crowd goes home immediately when the theatres let out; part of it disperses to various hotels and restaurants on Fifth avenue or the cross-town streets, and part of it clings to Broadway, and eats and drinks in the light of its radiance. Wherever this up-town theatre crowd pauses, there the lights are bright and the streets are lively until after midnight. It is to catch the eyes of this evening crowd that the theatre section of Broadway has been so jewelled with all manner of electrical contrivance. Advertisement is the motive. The result is somewhat blinding, but it is undoubtedly interesting, and, softened by due distance, it stirs the imagination and becomes even beautiful.—Harper's.

The Blood.

Bet Bill a million he doesn't know the color of his own blood. It can not be blue—yet Bill may be one of the blue-blooded aristocracy. Ask him if his blood is all one color—and bet him a million. Then explain that it isn't. The blood in the arteries is a bright red; that in the veins a dull red. The former is changed with oxygen, the latter with carbonic acid. How can Bill tell a vein from an artery? Tell him that veins, when pressed, do not fill from above; because blood in the veins is always seeking the heart. This simple fact is worth knowing in case of an accident.—New York Press.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

NAIL WOUNDS IN HORSES' FEET.
It has long been known that nail pricks and other similar injuries in the horse's hoof may lead to an infection followed by the formation of pus under the horn of the hoof, and a serious general disease of the horse or at least the loss of the hoof.

In a bulletin of the South Dakota Station, Moore has recently reported results obtained in a number of cases from applying a strict antiseptic treatment to injuries of this sort. The method consists in paring away the horn of the hoof from the affected part until the blood oozes out. The hoof is then thoroughly washed in a solution of bichloride of mercury, in the proportion of one part to five hundred parts of water, after which absorbent cotton saturated in a solution of the same strength is applied to the wound and the whole hoof is packed in cotton surrounded by a bandage, and well coated with tar. This prevents any further filth from coming in contact with the wound.

The operation must usually be done by a qualified veterinarian. Subsequent treatment, however, can be applied by the average farmer, since all that is necessary is to pour a little of the solution of bichloride of mercury upon the cotton which projects from the upper part of the bandage. The cotton will absorb enough of the solution to keep the wound moistened and hasten the healing process. If a remedy of this sort is not adopted in the case of a foot wound in the horse, the owner runs considerable risk of serious infection either of blood poisoning or lockjaw.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT BUILDING.

Prof. W. R. Graham, of the Ontario Agricultural College, who has been at the head of the poultry experiments for a number of years, lays down some very pertinent points in building poultry houses and in the inside arrangement. It is his opinion that every hen should have at least six square feet of floor space and that each bird of the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte and such breeds, require about nine inches of perch room; Leghorns, etc., about eight inches; Brahmas, ten inches. Roosts should be made low and near the ground. The reasons are that heavier breeds cannot fly up on high roosts and lighter breeds frequently injure the soles of their feet in jumping from high perches. When dropping boards are used they should be moderately low down to admit of cleaning. They should be made of matched lumber and should be twenty inches wide for one roost and three feet for two perches, the first being placed eight or ten inches from the wall. Most poultrymen like perches two inches square with the corners slightly rounded.

Nests are usually made from ten to twelve inches square. Ground floors are more in favor than board floors and cost less. Houses with a straw loft are cool in summer and dry in winter.

FATTENING CHICKENS.

The fattening of chickens can be hastened in many ways, but the part grain diet is the safest method. If only a small number of fowls are to be fattened, quick results can often be obtained by feeding them on baked Johnny cake or corn meal, with an occasional scrap of beef containing fat, or pork cracklings. It would be too much trouble to feed a large number of chickens on such a diet. Heavy mash feeding exclusively should not be tried by novices, as the fowls are often not in condition to stand it. It doesn't pay, as a general rule, to try to fatten old hens. When they have completed their service for you, it is better to dispose of them at once. If it is desired to fatten old hens, however, they should be confined closely and fed a ration similar to that they received when laying. If more corn and meat foods are added, be careful not to give them too much, as old hens cannot stand as much heating food as young chicks, says Journal of Agriculture.

DRYING COWS.

An English dairyman has found to his cost, that the usual practice of drying continuous milkers, giving from twelve to sixteen quarts daily, does not answer at all. Instead of trying to dry cows giving large quantities of milk, he now finds it better to turn them in a loose box and feed them on oat straw. By this means the flow of milk is reduced, and gradually, they dry themselves, no evil effects following. The practice of suddenly checking the flow of milk of good milkers by the common method is, in his case, in three of his cows slipping their calves within forty-eight hours after the drying process began. Whenever it was attempted to dry large milkers at once, the organs became inflamed. Dairyman will find it highly important to pay particular attention to their cows, especially those of the Jersey and Guernsey breeds, which are great milkers.

FALL PIGS.

Not very long ago fall pigs were considered a nuisance. They were left to shift for themselves among the old hog pens, and if any happened to live through the winter, the owner counting himself just that much in pocket. If fall pigs are given the right start at weaning time they can be handled to make some profit. But it is a

losing game to make them "root hog or die." They need more room for exercise than the fattening hogs. They need warm shelter and plenty of bedding. Give them some green stuff, potatoes, mangles, alfalfa or clover hay steamed, and then oats and middlings will help. Corn is all right, but it should not be the whole ration. You say, "that's lots of bother." It is lots of bother to care for and feed fall pigs to keep them growing. But if you will give them sensible treatment and feed they will pay as well as the spring pigs.—Indiana Farmer

FOR DRIFTING SANDS.

Awnless brome grass (*bromus inermis*) will be found excellent for use on drifting sands. It is a perennial, looks somewhat like blue grass and is suitable for light, dry, poor soils, and resists dry weather. About 15 pounds of seed per acre should be used. It spreads by creeping underground stems or root stocks. It will not thrive on wet soils. While not as valuable as many other varieties, yet it serves well on light, sandy soils upon which no other grass will grow.

WHEN PEAS FAIL.

When peas fail to germinate the cause may be due to deep covering. It is the practice with some to put the seed in deep because the plants will then endure a dry spell, but an inch of dirt is sufficient. If it is desired to have the seed planted deep open a furrow with a hand plow, plant the seed, covering with an inch of dirt, and after the plants are well up add more earth to them until the furrow is filled.—Philadelphia Record.

DIFFERENCE IN MILK YIELD.

A difference of only one quart of milk a day for 10 months between two cows amounts to 300 quarts, which will be worth from \$19 to \$20, according to the price obtained per quart. This fact should convince all who sell milk from the farm that it does not pay to keep any but the best cows to be obtained.—Philadelphia Record.

Seeks the Garden of Eden.

Professor Clinton McMickle, a Kansas scientist and archaeologist, is so confident that the Garden of Eden was located in Yazoo county, that he wants to organize a stock company for the purpose of making extensive excavations on the farm of W. A. Henry, a lawyer and planter, about seven miles south of Yazoo City, for the purpose of unearthing the ruins of a once splendid city erected shortly after the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden.

Professor McMickle is positive that on the Henry farm will be found the ruins of a magnificent temple, the doors of which, are of pure gold. Professor McMickle declares that this was the site of the ancient city of Poselodon, destroyed by a conjunction of Mercury, Venus, Mars and Jupiter just 4,235 years ago, on the 8th of last November.

Professor McMickle states that he has conclusive evidence, based on the book of Genesis and Greek Egyptian records, that Yazoo county was the birthplace of man and it will only be necessary to dig the required depth in order to find proof of his belief.

No Knee Breeches for Us.

"You see," said Mr. Simpson, editor of the American Gentleman, "trousers are trousers, and there are no new ideas possible in them. We've had the baggy trousers and the peg-top. The normal has now been attained, and we're going to stick to it. 'Knee breeches? Oh, my, no! You'll never see them in America—not even for evening dress. The trouble is that the modern city man is too spindle-shanked and knock-kneed to wear them with distinction. And it's not only the city man's legs that are deteriorating in grace and strength. It's a well-known fact among tailors that the man of today is physically inferior to his grandfather. It's the extension of transit facilities and elevator service that is ruining him. Nowadays, if a man has any flesh it's under his waistband."—New York Times.

Imagined to Death.

The thought of execution can kill. We do not all yet realize the tremendous effects of imagination.

One of the grimmest examples is that of the French criminal condemned to die who was offered the choice of public execution or of being privately bled to death. For the sake of his family's feelings he chose the latter alternative. He was placed upon a table in his cell, he felt pricking sensations in various veins, he heard what he thought was his blood escaping into a bowl. Soon he died.

But he was unwounded. He had merely been pricked with pins. The sound which he heard was that of running water. He had succumbed under a scientific experiment.—London Evening Standard.

Dreaded Speaking.

O'Connor, the Irish politician, began an after-dinner speech in Philadelphia in this way:

"I must confess that I dread to make after-dinner speeches. At the most sumptuous dinners, even at such a dinner as this one, if I know that at the end I must make a speech, I am nervous. I have no appetite, I find little to admire in the best efforts of the chef.

"In truth, gentlemen, I can readily imagine Daniel, if he was at all of my mind, heaving a sigh of relief as the lions drew near to devour him—heaving a sigh of relief and murmuring: 'Well, if there's any after-dinner speaking to be done on this occasion, at least it won't be done by me.'"