

**PUPPETS**  
Puppets and manikins! Toys that are  
With a hummer, a cord, or a key!  
We dance on the ball that is floating  
around  
In the blue of a vapory sea.  
Puppets and manikins wound by the hand  
That stays not to wind us again;  
Dance we, and finally fall to the strand  
On which all our dancing was vain.  
Puppets and manikins! Made to obey  
The turn of fate's wonderful wheel;  
Dancing and whirling about for a day  
To drop at the end of our reel.  
Puppets and manikins! Slaves to the will  
Of something we never can know;  
Running our time—then inert, prone, and  
still—  
A toy that no longer can go.  
Puppets and manikins floating in space  
Adrift on a wind-blown sea;  
Dancing with awkwardness, lameness or  
twice—  
Running about till we fall.  
—Laura W. Sheldon, in the New York  
Times.

### The UNNECESSARY SACRIFICE

By Marion Porter.

Bundles and all Molly had reached her own front door. By a great effort she shifted her burdens in to one arm and tugged at her purse for her latchkey. It was only then that she saw that the front door was already ajar and marvelled greatly thereat. Could it be possible that Fred had come home so early? He didn't get an hour off very often. Could he be sick? The last thought frightened Molly so much that she slipped into the front hall as quietly as though it had already assumed reality. Fred did not sound sick, though and he was evidently not alone.

"I only did what I did to save you from being the good-for-nothing you promised to be," said a strange voice, an old, sharp voice. "I should think by the appearance that I'd partially accomplished my end."

"You're wrong," Fred said very quietly. "It took someone else to do that. There seemed to be an eloquent silence. Then Fred spoke again—

"Sit down," he said. "We'll agree to bear each other no ill will if you want to."

"Fred, you've struck it," said the other voice eagerly. "I tell you I did what I did for the best. I may have been wrong—and now I want you back. It's a hard thing for an old man not to have his son to gladden his old age. I want you to come home. I've crossed the water to look you up myself and tell you. Will you come back with me?"

Fred was silent again for a moment. "Things have changed for me in more ways than one since we parted," he said. "I'm married, father. I'd have to ask what my wife thinks of your proposition."

"Married!" echoed the voice, this time in dismay.

"It was like this," said Fred. "After that little scrape of mine which led you to turn me out, I drifted over here in search of adventure and change. I hadn't had a great deal of discipline—you know, father, you always indulged me in every way, until that time when I displeased you—and I was pretty wild. I wasted what money I had. I wasn't prepared for any work and I idled my time away. I got shabby and a little ragged—your son ragged, father—and sometimes I was hungry. And then I got to thinking I didn't amount to anything any more and I lost what ambition I had. I don't know what would have become of me if, one day as I was sprawling on a bench in a strip of parkway near City Hall, a girl hadn't seen me and taken pity on me. She knew I was hungry and she shared a little lunch that would have been pretty good for herself. And then she told me how she worked in a dry goods store, early and late, to take care of herself. She told me to brace up and try. And somehow, when I saw the brave little thing and heard her talk, I got courage to put my pride in my pocket and go look for honest work. And I got it and by hard labor I bettered myself little by little until I was making enough money to take care of two. Then I made her leave the store and I hired this little place and she and I started life together. That's all. What's the matter?"

"Some provision can be made," gasped the voice, "a girl from a store your wife! Something must be done. We must settle with money—"

"None of that," Fred said, sternly. "Don't ever say a thing like that in connection with her again."

Someone rose hurriedly. "You must give her up or I'm through with you. You'll never get a penny of my money. The old place will go to my nephews. Think it over, Fred. I'm going now. When you get your senses back and can come and tell me that you will make some arrangement, I'll see you again, not before."

He was evidently about to come out of the room. In a panic, Molly dropped the bundles confessed, and fled. She did not know where to go, but she walked rapidly, her mind in a whirl. She saw everything at once now. Why had she never suspected, when she had admired Fred's handsome person and his gay, gallant ways, so different from those of the men she had met, that he belonged to a different class than she represented? Why had she ever let him marry her? Her own collected thought at last was that on no account would she hold him down. She must get away somewhere—somewhere that he would not think to look and keep herself there until he ceased to feel any obligation to her.

"Of course he'd stay with me," she thought proudly. "He wouldn't be if he loved me and am so proud of it. He wasn't so loyal as he could be. But I won't let him sacrifice himself."

The thought that she had no money to make a journey did not trouble her. Already she had formed a plan of going to New York; she had some relatives there of whom she was sure Fred knew nothing. She could get the little money required for the trip from some friends at the other side of the city. She took her way toward their house, still revolving her trouble in her mind. It seemed a long time before she reached the house and then to her fear and disappointment, there was no one at home.

"There'll be someone here, soon—there must be," she said to herself. She sat down on the piazza to wait. Her head ached. She wished she could cry and relieve that dull, aching pain—She wondered when there was a train to New York—Finally she was wondering a number of things together—and then—nothing.

When Molly awoke, she thought she had had a very bad dream, for though the ache was still in her heart she was lying on the familiar couch in the sitting-room at home. Fred was the ache was still in her heart she would have smiled in a moment, convinced of the dream, when that other voice spoke.

"You must reconsider—Fred, you must!" it said pleadingly.

"Don't say anything more about it!" commanded Fred. "I told you yesterday what I would do and I haven't reconsidered. Why the old place and your money don't amount to a rap—"

Molly opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Fred," she murmured. "Don't you let any mistaken sense of duty to me hold you back—I know—I heard that other time he came, and I don't want you to stick to me through gratitude—or anything—"

"I never thought of that," said Fred. He looked a little amazed to think he had not. "I only thought of my own part. I love you so, that I couldn't go where you didn't."

"That," said Molly, dreamy with happiness "makes it different."

Somebody else spoke then. "Well," said the sharp old voice, not unkindly, "I've got to have my son anyway, so I may as well make up my mind to have his wife."

"That," Molly heard Fred say, unconscious that he was repeating her, "makes everything different."—Boston Post.

### WHEN DOGS POINT GAME.

They Do Not All Behave Alike—One Extraordinary Case.

The wonderful intelligence of the wild broken bird dog is often strikingly shown at field trials. The field trial, which is becoming more popular in this country, gives a good chance to study the psychology of the dogs, the instinct to point game affecting them in various ways.

A litter brother to the consistent and high class field trial winner Uncle B. at times did a most unusual thing when he found birds. If the conditions were such as to make the finding very difficult and he was obliged to search far and wide for them, constantly getting a good distance from his handler, when he found a covey he did not break his point, retrace his steps and look up his handler as many dogs do and then by actions lead back to birds.

But he would draw off a suitable distance at his own judgment where he knew he would not flush the birds and would sit down on his haunches and bark, bark, bark—short, sharp, loud barks—until his handler came to him, then he would go right straight back to the birds, assuming a long-drawn out pointing position of the cautious style.

Many dogs whine and squeal while on point, many drool and snap their jaws during the excitement of pointing, but very few draw off and bark a good, resounding, locating bark.

On a cold perfect winter day Mr. Tomlinson was handling the noted field trial winner Uncle Sam. He was in normal health and very keen. After hunting about two hours his handler cast him over into a patch of low growth sedge and the party watching him ran came up near a fence to get a better view of his work. Just as all eyes were turned upon him they saw him tumble to the ground flat and limp, just as though he had struck an obscure stump or stone.

Mr. Clemson, his owner and a party of friends went cautiously up to him; there he lay, stretched listlessly on his side, not a muscle moving, his eyes dull and glazed. Consolation was offered Mr. Clemson by the gentlemen witnessing the sad death of so capital a field performer as Uncle Sam and the very remarkable manner in which he had died.

Presently his handler came up and saw him lying there just as the others had—with glazed, dull eyes and no perceptible breathing. As Tomlinson said "Poor Sam!" he thought he noticed just the slightest movement of his tail; he spoke again and was sure of it.

Turning to Mr. Clemson and his friends, he said: "Gentlemen, there are birds here. Though I cannot explain the actions of the dog, I am positive of it; he is very close to them."

## FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

**Puppy Love in Marriage.**  
The hopelessness of it all in the marriage of extreme youth is that nine times out of ten love, which is the only thing that can possibly counteract poverty, proves in such cases to be a virulent attack of the "puppy" variety, and soon develops into a condition to be relieved only by the divorce courts.—Woman's Life.

**Short Skirts at English Levee.**  
I hear through an official who was present at both courts that the style of dress displayed on these occasions was for the most part astonishing. The younger ladies especially affected the quaintest of quite short skirts, of the ground all round and displaying in many cases wonderful shoes of gold or silver tissue or morocco, with high heels.

When their trains were spread out these young ladies looked rather like belles of the late Regency period, an epoch which up to now we have not been wont to think of as famous for good dressing. The Queen keeps so rigorously to the conventional cut of court dress that she can hardly have regarded with a favorable eye such very curious innovations.—Gentlewoman.

**Refuse to Pay, She Says.**  
Mrs. Dora Montefiore, the English suffragette who for three years refused to pay her taxes and had her goods sold by the bailiff in consequence, recommended similar methods to the New York Legislative League at the Waldorf-Astoria, says the New York Tribune.

"If you are willing to sacrifice yourselves," she said, "to endure even the degradation of going to prison, you will be able before long to help not only yourselves but the human race."

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, the president, was re-elected, "probably for the last time," she told the women.

"I am now seventy-six years old," she said, "and I don't believe I'll serve again. I am getting to the point where I feel that younger women should take the helm."

**Nurses Now Want Votes.**  
The trained nurses are the latest body of professional women to join the suffrage movement. Dr. Mary Halton is taking the lead in getting them together. All the nurses of the other registries have been invited to join.

Dr. Halton admits that the majority of the nurses, while not pronounced "antis," are not as yet very keen on the subject of votes, but she says that most physicians are in favor of woman suffrage, and she thinks that their opinion will have weight with the nurses. Of the ninety doctors in the Sydenham Building, Madison avenue and 57th street, she found that nearly all wanted women to vote. The reason for the comparative indifference of the nurses, she says, is that they haven't time to think of things outside their work.—New York Tribune.

**Legal to Hold Up Husband.**  
A wife has a right to rob her husband, according to Judge Gemmill, of the Municipal Court, Chicago. Gustave H. DeKokley had his wife arrested for taking his money by force.

"My wife robbed me right in my own home," said DeKokley. "She got a boarder and her brother to help hold me. Then she went through my pockets and got \$11."

Mrs. DeKokley was led up in front of the court's desk.

"Did you rob him?" asked the judge.

"Yes, I did," she said. "There was no other way to get money out of him. He hasn't given me a cent for over a year. So I decided to rob him. I called my brother and we held him and I got what was in his pockets."

"This is a plain case of robbery, but it was perfectly justifiable under the circumstances," said the court. "The defendant is discharged. A wife has the right to hold up her husband when he squanders his wages and does not give her enough for her support."

**The Husband's Title.**  
How should a woman refer to her husband?—H. S. G.

There is an unwritten law that to domestics and new acquaintances and in business dealings Mrs. Smith should refer to her husband as Mr. Smith; but to friends and older acquaintances of her own circle she mentions him by his Christian name. Just where she should draw the line among acquaintances is hard to determine. The well bred acquaintance would never speak of him otherwise than as "Mr. Smith" or "your husband," nor do all intimate friends extend their intimacy to the point of dropping the Mr. and calling the man John or Jack, as his wife does. There is an intangible barrier to the adoption of this custom that is still respected. Any woman of refined instincts who has seen even a little of society can soon make up her mind as to when and where she may properly mention mentioning her John as Mr. Smith, but to the one without a natural sense of fitness cannot be saved from blundering by written rules.—New York Press.

**Outings Are Important.**  
"Yes, I am just back from my annual spring flight, and feeling as light hearted as the proverbial bird, too," said the Woman Philosopher in the New York Tribune. "There is more than whim or habit in this springtime desire to be on the move—either to transport one's household belongings or one's self to new scenes," she continued. "Why, hark back to oldtime Chaucer, they wanted to go on spring pilgrimages even in the England of the fourteenth century. I am convinced that it is a

practically imperative demand of our human nature to make a change at that time—to feel a change, to do something different. And lucky is the individual who can obey the instinct. The cost and the bother of the spring flight are nothing in comparison with its value. Just as our winter clothing grows shabby to us, and our appetites grow peevish, so our minds need the stimulus of something new, after the ordeal of winter. I always plan at least a few days' absence somewhere about this time. If I don't take the children I send them away, earlier or later. I even carry my theory so far as to give each of the servants two days off between April 1 and the middle of May. By the way, such a plan helps one to hold one's servants through the next six months. Mrs. J., who keeps up an establishment with eight servants, deliberately arranges for them to have their spring vacations, just as regularly as her son and daughters have their school vacations.

"Mark my words: Your bit of outing at this season of the year is quite as important to you as your new gowns and hats."

**Luncheons for Brides.**  
Every hostess takes pride in inventing novel and pretty decorations for her luncheons, teas and dinners, and she takes special pride when the guest of honor is a young bride or bride-to-be. It is never a difficult matter to evolve something attractive for a festivity connected with marriage, for there are so many charming designs that can be used—cupids, hearts, wedding bells, wedding rings and the like.

At a luncheon given last week for an engaged girl the color scheme was pink and white, pink being the favorite color of the bride-elect. The hostess was the latter's closest friend, and all the guests were intimates of the two, which made the luncheon a very jolly affair.

The chandelier, above the table, was festooned with pink and white tulle, and suspended from it was a large golden hoop simulating a wedding ring. From the hoop streamers of pink and white ribbon stretched to each cover, held in place there by tiny cupids, each cupid bearing a card with the name of the guest to whom the place had been assigned. Bride roses filled a cut glass bowl in the center of the table, were clustered in vases and bowls on sideboard and mantel, and nodded in banks from the low window seats.

Yellow luncheons are very appropriate when the guest of honor is a bride, since yellow suggests sunshine. At one such luncheon in early summer last year a wedding bell covered with field daisies with yellow hearts and black-eyed Susans with yellow petals hung above the table. A big flat dish of old brass, filled with yellow lady's slippers, stood in the center of the table, and a wreath of daisies and anemones followed the curve of the table, just inside of the plates. Daisy festoons stretched from the chandelier to the four corners of the room, and daisies and black-eyed Susans and tall feathery grasses were bunched on the mantelpiece and massed in earthenware pots of quaint and unusual shapes.

The place cards at this luncheon were tiny yellow satin slippers filled with rice, the little card with the name on it half hidden in the rice.

Other pretty place cards for engagement or bridal luncheons are hand painted designs showing a girl's head framed in a wedding ring, cupids peeping through a heart design, or twin hearts pierced with arrows. A woman with some skill in water colors and a certain amount of invention can easily paint the carous for luncheons, and, knowing the fads and fancies of her guests, can get in little personal touches that will enliven the luncheon immensely.—New York Tribune.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Allover embroidery in colors to match the suits is good.

Pearls in many colors are used to embroider taffeta suits instead of braid.

Coarse blue linen frocks, embroidered with blue and coral silk, are made for young girls. These are worn with lace gumpes, and are collarless.

On many of the lingerie dresses English eyelet embroidery is used. It is combined with voile de cotton, much in demand now, because it does not crumple easily.

A separate blouse must be in every one's possession. The newest model is formed of ribbon the same color as the material of the skirt, and is worn over a lace underslip.

Lace and more lace. It perches in huge bows on hats; it covers silk evening gowns; it forms beautiful wraps, either in separate glory or combined with gold tulle.

Scarlet cloth is used here for extremely short coats, belted in with black patent leather. Black satin revers decorate these jackets that are giving a touch of color to the lawns or porches.

Little girls are wearing hats that have departed from the simplicity so popular in America. A mass of lace and frills crowns each little one's head, no matter how plain the coat or dress may be.

The Hedebo embroidery in many respects is suggestive of the exquisite Madeira embroidery. The designs, however, are distinctly different, being far more suggestive of silet net, than any other kind of handwork.

Paisley effects are again with us, in chiffon, net, satin, foulards and gossamer, giving touches of rich colorings. Indeed, the Paisley printed pongee, is used extensively as trimming for frocks and suits of natural-colored pongee, shantung and tussore.

## THE FARMER'S HOME AND ACRES

**Silage For Cows.**  
Silage provides a succulent food, and milk cows fed on silage will produce as much milk in midwinter as they will in June, other conditions being similar. Silage and cotton seed, either whole or ground, will make the best possible feed for beef cattle, and are thousands of cattle in the north-east states are fattening on these ration. Silage solves the feed problems of winter or a dry fall, and with silage but little hay or roughness is needed for either milk stock or beef stock.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Rid the Pasture of Weeds.**  
The cheapest way to rid the pasture of weeds, as well as other parts of the farm where sheep can be allowed to run, is to keep some sheep grazing upon it. I believe it is also the best way to keep down weeds as they wander over the same land day after day and keep the weeds closely packed down all the time, while if you depend on mowing the weeds, it not only be done occasionally and not very often will do more weed killing than a man, and do it at a profit to the owner, while the man would be quite an item of expense.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Profitable Stock.**  
We are daily coming in contact with the products of the dairy cow in one form or another, thus it is to the interest of the owner of the dairy breed of cattle to carefully select animals when laying a foundation for his herd, not only selecting animals which are from a good healthy stock but animals which are good profit producers, or in other words, that yield a flow of milk, containing sufficient butter fat, to warrant the animal worth the while of keeping upon the premises.

While it is always essential that animals be well fed and cared for, it is oftentimes found that the animal producing the largest amount of milk is not necessarily the animal which devours the most feed and for this reason the owner should learn the temperament of each individual animal and feed it accordingly, in this way realizing profits which might otherwise be wasted.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**The Best Ration for Hogs.**  
In a recent bulletin the College of Agriculture of the University of Missouri has published the results of a number of swine feeding experiments, by E. B. Forbes.

These experiments prove that corn—good corn—is a good feed for any animal and that there is no reason for withholding it from any animal needing food. At the same time, it is shown that corn alone is not nearly so good or so profitable a feed as corn supplemented by some protein food such as tankage, linseed oilmeal, or soy beans.

If hogs fed exclusively on corn the animal becomes very fat and chubby and does not develop properly; the bones are brittle and easily broken.

Sixty-five hogs were used in this experiment and they were divided into lots of five each. Twelve different rations were used with corn alone in two of them and corn supplemented with some other feed in the others.

The hogs fed on corn and linseed oilmeal and those fed on corn and tankage gained the most; those receiving corn alone were most unsatisfactory.

**Horse Distemper.**  
It is known that a horse with distemper can communicate it to a healthy horse, and the germs are found in the discharges of the nostrils. In most cases distemper appears before horses are five years old. The veterinary of the Colorado agricultural college says:

The Constitutional disturbances caused by the shedding of the teeth, and cutting same, as well as impure air in poorly ventilated stables, overworked and poorly fed animals, are factors that weaken the resistance and make infection possible to produce the disease.

The disease is more common in the spring and fall of the year, particularly the former, on account of the chill received as a result of the sudden changes at these seasons of the year.

The disease can also be transmitted from dam to offspring through the milk.

Young animals should not be brought in contact with those affected nor watered out of the same bucket, nor come in contact with any other property until it has been thoroughly disinfected. An animal should not be castrated while suffering with distemper.

A vaccine made from the specific germ causing this disease is prepared in the laboratory of the Veterinary Department of the Colorado Agricultural College.

This vaccine is very useful in combating distemper, both as a preventive and as a cure, and promises to be of as great value as the antiserum vaccine made in the same laboratory from the germs which cause poliomyelitis, and diphtheria.

Like the antiserum vaccine, to get the best results it must be used by one who is trained in the diseases of the lower animals and understands the use of vaccines on same. It is therefore advisable to have it used by a competent graduate veterinarian.

**Breeding and Laying Houses.**  
The question of housing is one much discussed and one on which a great many disagree.

All poultry buildings should be located on a high, dry place—see to it that there is no possibility of water standing near it. Plenty of fresh, pure air and sunshine is the most essential. All houses should face the south, for it is from that direction that they get the most of the sunshine, and in an open front house—the sun's direct rays enter and penetrate into the dark corners and assist so materially in decreasing the vermin.

Through many experiments it has been taught that the open front house is by far the most sensible, economical and practical of all houses—a house built with the East, South and West walls thoroughly tight and draft proof, and with a good sized opening—from one-third to one-half the entire front wall in the opening, and then a frame made and covered with domestic—to cover the entire opening.

This frame should be hinged at the top and a hook put at the mottom to fasten it when closed, be hinged at the top and a hook put at the bottom to fasten it when closed. The frame can be opened by means of a rope run through a ring or pulley in the ceiling and tied to a hook in the wall, to keep it open to the day and on pretty clear nights.

A frame of this sort will keep the wind and rain out of the house and at the same time will permit the fresh air to enter the house diffused and thus avoid drafts.

The size of house to build depends entirely upon the number of hens you care to keep. Five square feet of floor space is really sufficient for each bird in the pen, but if you can allow eight or ten square feet, the results will easily pay you for the difference.

Breeding stock to be kept in the best of condition need plenty of room to exercise.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Farm Notes.**  
How many thousands of dollars are farmers going to lose by letting the stock run down?

With feed high the dairyman must get more for the butterfat. The price is bound to advance.

Cut off at any time, any sucker you may find growing at the foot of fruit trees or on the trunk or main limbs where branches should not go.

The alfalfa grower does not get worried when mill feed goes up in price. His dairy herd is provided for if the alfalfa crop is in the stack or barn.

Make free use of the straw in bedding the cattle. You provide better for the cow and at the same time increase the amount of good fertilizer for the fields.

A pig is a money making machine and should be fed all he will eat cleanly from the time he is able to nibble; then keep him going until he is on the block.

The greater the capacity for food the better the milkier. A cow cannot produce a large quantity of milk if she does not have the capacity for food that makes milk.

**NEW YORK'S BIG GRANGE.**  
It Has 90,000 Members, 8000 of Whom Joined Last Year.

City folks who think that "the Grange" and "the Grangers" are obsolete expressions ought to have attended the thirty-seventh annual convention of the New York State Grange recently held in Watertown.

Organized in 1873 with twenty-one subordinate granges and a small membership, the state grange has in this brief period increased to 723 granges with nearly 90,000 members. The granges are now established in fifty-four of the sixty-one counties of the state, including practically every agricultural county.

During the last year over 8000 new names were added to the roll. At the Watertown convention nearly 1500 out-of-town delegates were present for at least some sessions.

The grange is uniquely democratic in its organization," says the Survey. "Practically any farmer or farmer's wife, whether owning a farm or working on a farm, is eligible to membership. About one-third of the delegates at the state meeting were women, and not infrequently they brought their husbands as associate delegates, the women voting and the husbands merely participating in the discussions. Sometimes this was reversed.

## HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

**New Orleans Soup.**  
Add to two cupfuls fresh or canned tomatoes a teaspoonful of soda. Set over the fire and simmer gently while a quart of milk is set to boil in another vessel. When it reaches the boiling point add the tomatoes without straining, cook five minutes longer, add salt, red pepper and butter to season and serve with croutons.—Emma Paddock Telford in the New York Telegram.

**Sliced Oil Pickle.**  
Slice thin about 50 cucumbers, four inches in length, and one cupful salt and let stand over night. In the morning, rinse with cold water and drain thoroughly. Add six tablespoonfuls pure olive oil, one tablespoonful each celery seed and white and black mustard seed. Mix the seeds and oil, then pour over the sliced cucumbers, blending thoroughly. Put in jars, cover with cold cider vinegar and seal.

**Virginia Sweet Pickle.**  
Mix together two quarts each sliced cucumbers, onions and green tomatoes, two quarts butter beans that have been cooked 15 minutes, and two quarts chopped cabbage. Add one-third cup salt and one pint vinegar and scald for five minutes. Add eight cupfuls sugar. Then mix three-fourths of an ounce of turmeric with a cupful of flour, and one-half ounce celery seed. Add a half pint vinegar and stir until it thickens.

**German Mustard Pickle.**  
Have ready one quart each small whole cucumbers, large sliced cucumber, green tomatoes sliced, small button onions and green peppers cut fine. Make a brine with four quarts water and one pint salt, pour over the vegetables and let stand over night. Heat just enough to scald in the morning and turn into a colander to drain. Mix together one cupful flour, one cup sugar, six tablespoonfuls mustard, one of turmeric, one-quarter cupful celery seed with cold vinegar to make a paste. Next add enough more cold vinegar to make two quarts in all. Cook until smooth, add the vegetables, cook until heated through and turn into jars.

**Spanish Catsup.**  
Peel and slice one-half gallon green cucumbers, and slice enough cabbage to make one-half gallon. Sprinkle with salt and let stand for six hours. Chop one dozen onions and let them stand in boiling water half an hour. Chop one quart green tomatoes, one pint string beans, one dozen ears green corn, scald and strain. Mix all the other ingredients together, then add the two small cupfuls white mustard seed, one small cupful ground mustard, one pound sugar, three tablespoonfuls turmeric, two tablespoonfuls grated horseradish, three tablespoonfuls celery seed, two tablespoonfuls olive oil, one tablespoonful each mace, cayenne and cinnamon. Place in a jar, mix well and cover with boiling vinegar.

**Chow Chow.**  
One head of cabbage cut fine, two quarts of small string beans, one quart of lima beans, one dozen cucumbers, one quart of small white onions, eight peppers, cut fine, one-quarter of a pound of mustard seed, one-half pound of ground mustard, two quarts of strong elder vinegar, one-half cupful of salt. Peel and cut the cucumbers, mix with the cabbage and sprinkle over them the salt; let stand one hour, then drain. Mix the ground mustard with a little of the vinegar, and scald the remainder of the vinegar; when hot, add the mixed mustard and let it simmer ten minutes. Partly cook vegetables, with the exception of the cabbage, cucumbers and peppers. (When this is done and the salted vegetables are drained, put all together in the hot vinegar and boil five minutes.)

**Hints.**  
A handful of flour bound on a cut will stop the bleeding in a short time. Dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out of linen with it.

When the lamp chimney has been smoked put it under the faucet and the cold water takes it all off nice and clean.

A flannel dipped into boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine and laid on the chest will relieve cold and hoarseness.

Put onions in a deep dish and fill with cold water; peel from the water, this will prevent them from making the eyes weep.

When knocking the crusts off a slice of toast, try using a wooden potato masher and see how much easier and better the work is done.

A tablespoonful of strong coffee put into the gravy of melted butter, pepper and salt to be poured over beef steak, imparts a delicious flavor to it.

A teaspoonful of vinegar put into a lamp or oil stove that smells or smokes, will cause it to burn with a clear light and prevent it from smoking.

For the busy housekeeper who wants to whip cream when it seems too thin or poverish, try setting the dish of cream in a bowl of real cold water; then take from the cold water and put in hot water and the discouraged housewife will find the cream will whip like magic.

To clean an oil painting rub a freshly cut slice of potato dampened in cold water over the picture. The latter should be wiped off with a soft, damp sponge and then the picture should be washed with lukewarm water, dried and polished with a piece of soft silk that has been washed.

Before washing, look over all linen, for spots. Tea and coffee stains usually yield to hot water when poured steadily through them. Fruit stains, or in fact any stain, can always be removed by rubbing pure glycerin to them before putting into water. After washing, dry in sunshine or open air.

Wild deer have been seen several times recently in Harrisburg, Pa.