

### Ben Burlap's Barn.

Ben Burlap bragged about his barn with every man he saw. He said it was the finest barn that any barn could be.

See he: "The wall is full of barns; but I still outdo it."

There ain't no barn like Burlap's barn, and ain't been up to date."

An' when you saw a will-o'-the-wisp man who raised considerable rumpus,

An' waved an' flopped his arms 'round to all p'int of the compass,

And swished his whiskers in the wind an' spun a half-day yarn,

You knowed it was Ben Burlap, sure, ex-poundin' on his barn.

An' I went down to see his barn, he hung on so like sin.

One day I tol' my wife I gussosed I'd go an' take it in.

"Twice just as good as Jim had said, or fine as it could be.

It beat all barns I ever see, or ever 'spected to see.

When I come out see I to Jim, "What's that small buildin' there,

That kinder wobbly lookin' thing, that tumble-down affair?"

It looks so rickety and weak 'taint fit to hold a mouse—"

Oh, yes," said Jim, "it's full of mice; that ar' but is my house."

—SAM WALTER FESS.

### IN THE PINERIES.

Hour after hour and minute after minute the road had become more and more dim and uncertain, and as darkness set in I found myself deep in the wilderness, completely lost, hungry and tired, with no prospect in view but to spend the night without any shelter in the open air.

Although I had to acknowledge to myself that I did not know in what direction I was going, I was still loath to stop. I kept on going somewhere, stumbling here and falling there, until at last I was too weary to get up again and lay where I had fallen.

I was deep within the pineries of Eastern Texas. The ground under foot was soft and springy and felt as if it had been but newly made—fresh from the hand of the Creator. But the giant pines towered high above me, and I knew that the ground was at least as old as the trees, not made purposely that day to bewilder me in its shadows and the deeper darkness of night.

As I lay upon the ground where I had fallen, peering through the moving rifts in the tree tops above me, watching the twinkling stars, and the drifting gulf clouds, an unearthly scream reached my ears. Never before had I heard a cry so piercing, a sound so unearthly.

Again and again the cry came through the darkness, and it was only by sheer desperation that I managed to rise to my feet, the better to enable me to look about, and if possible to discover the source from which the cry emanated. I strained my eyes looking through the darkness, but I could see nothing except the nearest trees rearing their giant forms into the deeper darkness above me.

For a minute or two after the last terrible scream there was a dead silence, unbroken even by the gentle sighing of the wind in the tree tops. Then the hoot of an owl in the distance reverberated through the forest, and its sound, generally startling and uncanny, seemed as sweet as music in my ears. Again and again the owl hooted, and in a few minutes answering hoots rang through the darkness from every direction, and a soft flutter of wings was heard above as they flew hither and thither in search of food or trying their wings in wide circles for fun and pleasure.

I had begun to grow calm and collected again under the soft influence of the wafting wings of the owls and their occasional calls to one another, when suddenly, close to my ear, a sharp, rasping voice inquired:

"Where is Mollie?"

I looked around hastily, but could see nothing, and all I could hear after the voice was hushed was the flutter of wings and the monotonous hoots of the owls.

How long I sat and listened I do not know. The sameness of the sounds of the forest lulled me to sleep at last, and I slumbered lightly upon the ground.

It might have been an hour or it might have been only a minute that I had lost consciousness in sleep when something or somebody tapped me smartly upon the cheek and a piercing cry for help rang through my ears and echoed through the darkness of the forest. I sprang to my feet and looked around me with wide awake and staring eyes.

I could see nothing. Then from a thicket a little to my right came the moans of a man as if in mortal agony and presently a voice asked complainingly:

"Where's Mollie?"

Not knowing Mollie or her whereabouts, I was, of course, unable to an-

swer, but as is usual in cases where ignorance of the question precludes a reply, I proceeded to propound a question of my own.

"Who are you?" I asked.

For several moments there was a dead silence, which I construed to mean that the inquirer for Mollie was doubtful about revealing his own identity.

The owls, probably attracted by my voice, came fluttering all around me, and times it seemed as if they would attack me and drive me away, an intruder of their own domain.

Then suddenly, touchingly, prayerfully, came the voice from the thicket once more.

"Oh, Mollie! Mollie! Mollie!"

The voice was the quavering voice of an old man, and so hopelessly tender and helplessly beseeching that th'ery went straight to my heart. "I am coming," I cried, and walked as fast as I could for the darkness toward the thicket from whence the voice came.

A thousand thoughts ran through my mind and every direction I had ever heard about how to treat cases in any emergency flashed through my memory. Who was this old man, evidently in mortal agony, alone and helpless in the forest? Was his throat partly cut? Was he shot through the body? Was he maimed and mutilated? I asked myself over and over again. Then a terrible thought came to me. Perhaps it was an escaped lunatic, a blood-thirsty madman, with all a madman's cunning, lying in wait to fall upon and destroy the pitying wanderer who chanced to come his way, lured toward him by his pitiful cries in the darkness.

As I thought of this I stopped instinctively and peered around me cautiously. The dark thicket lay only a few steps in front of me. How easy it would be for a man with a madman's strength to leap forward, clutch me by the throat with his powerful fingers, more cruel than the claws of the fiercest wild beast in the forest.

I sprang back in terror. Nothing moved, however. There was no moan, no cry, only the tangled vines and undergrowth, and darkness in front of me.

"Is there any one in distress—any one needing help and assistance close by?" I asked in loud but quavering tones. There was no answer. I walked as near to the thicket as I could, and peered into the vines and bushes, but could see nothing, and was about to withdraw at a safe distance again, when a voice in faint tones gasped out above my head:

"Help! Help!"

Above me I could only see the interlacing limbs of the trees, with rift here and there through which a glimmering star peeped down from the dark blue of the summer sky. An owl occasionally flew by, and a solitary firefly flashed her emerald light as she winged her zig-zag flight through the darkness.

Again and again from the darkness above me came the cry for help, and in such distressing tones that it almost set me wild with fear. The owls came fluttering around me, and the bats darted on hissing wings on every side. Then again came a piercing cry from the thicket, followed by a succession of them, until my ears rang, and the cold sweat poured from my forehead. I sank to the ground exhausted and hid my face, for never can the wildest imagination conceive of the pandemonium which reigned in the forest at that hour.

How long I lay there or how long the bats and owls and the unearthly noise and screams lasted I can never tell. When I raised my head again day was breaking in the east and the dense darkness was tinted with a shadowy gray.

I sprang to my feet and looked about me. Nothing unusual met my sight, and only the song of a mocking bird close by greeted my ears. Tired and weary, I wandered away, and as I went looked around me cautiously to see that no lurking harm would overtake me.

It was about an hour after sunrise that morning when I came upon a small house in a clearing in the forest. As I approached a young woman and a boy appeared at the door and gave me a friendly greeting.

I asked them for something to eat and a place where I could rest after my terrible night in the forest. They promised me both, and in due time a tempting, though primitive, meal was set before me.

After I had partaken of the food, a pallet of skins was spread before me upon the floor, and it was not long before I was asleep upon it, sleeping the sleep of one worn out with fatigue and excitement.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when I was awakened by some one calling close to my ear:

"Oh, Mollie! Mollie! Mollie!"

I looked up. On the floor, twisting his head and looking at me through the corners of his eyes, stood a large parrot.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the parrot and the boy I had seen in the morning, in a merry chorus.

Just then the young woman appeared at the door, and seeing the parrot and the boy, she said, apologetically:

"I hope this naughty bird and mischievous boy didn't wake you up until you had finished your nap."

"No," I said, "I am glad some one did wake me up."

"My brother Ben and Poll are the most mischievous pair you ever saw," she said, looking at the boy and parrot reprovingly. "Poll just returned home this morning from the woods, where he has been pranking with the owls," she continued. "Ben has taught him the most unearthly screams you ever heard, and now he goes off into the woods regularly for a day or two every week and nearly sets the staid old owls wild with his noise."

"Oh, Mollie! Mollie! Mollie! Mollie!" cried the parrot, looking at his mistress reproachfully.

And Mollie blushed as prettily as a rose.

There is a large clearing in the pine forest to-day and Poll has learned to imitate the sound of baby voices in all their many changing moods.—[Pittsburg Press.

### Something in the Eye.

Never needlessly expose the eyes to foreign particles, but when necessary wear plain glasses or goggles. When experimenting with chemicals always turn the mouth of the tube or bottle away from the face and eyes. Whenever an eye is injured severely place the patient immediately in a dark room and under the care of a skilled physician, whose directions must be implicitly followed. The foreign bodies may be solids, as sand, cinders, hair, dirt, etc., lime, acids, or alkalis. Don't rub the eyes, avoid sudden glares of light, never look directly at the sun.

To remove the solid particles from under the lids it is sufficient to pull the lid away from the eye and to wipe the body with a piece of moist paper or the corner of a handkerchief; if it is under the upper lid grasp the lid firmly between the thumb and finger, lift it from the eyeball and draw it down over the lower lid, and then allow it to slide slowly back to its natural position. The foreign body will be scraped off on the lashes. The operation may be repeated several times. Or lift the lid from the eyeball, allow the tears to accumulate beneath the lid and forcibly blow the nose. Or place in the eye a few grains of flaxseed, which, forming a mucus, will promptly bring relief. Or place across the upper lid the point of a pencil or bodkin and turn the lid back over it; in this way the foreign particle is brought into distinct view and can be readily wiped away.

Lime and Roman cement are very destructive to the eyes if permitted to remain any considerable time. Wash the eye immediately with water, then with water containing vinegar or lemon juice.

For acids in the eye wash with water containing a little ammonia or baking soda.

For alkalis wash with water containing vinegar or lemon juice.

### The Truth Under Conditions.

Jack and Frank are brothers, aged respectively five and four. The other day Jack was playing with a box of matches in the nursery, when he set fire to the room.

The next day the father took the lad into the charred room to have a talk with him, when the following took place:

"Now, Jack, there seems to have been a fire in this room."

"Yes, so there has."

"Oh, somebody playing with matches, I suppose."

"Yes, farver."

"And who was it?"

"Well, farver, if I tell you you will be angry?"

"Angry! Why, what does that matter? Who set fire to this room?"

"Well, farver, if you won't be angry I'll tell you the truth."

"And what if I say I will be angry?"

"Then I shall say Fwank did it."—[Boston Globe.

### He Was Wrong.

"Well," said a facetious stranger to a member of the brass band, "there is one thing for you to be thankful for."

"What is dose?" inquired the musician.

"You can always blow your own horn."

"Nein, my friend. Dis cornet is porrowed."—[Washington Star.

### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

#### HOW TO FEED.

The proper way to feed a horse is to give first a pail of water, then four or five pounds of hay and then the grain. A horse requires from fifteen to twenty pounds of hay, four quarts of oats and a quart of bran daily. If any extraordinary work is required of him he should be supplied with more food to make up the waste tissues. Extra water should be given at intervals during work. [New York World.

#### TO KEEP BUTTER COOL.

We have tried with satisfactory success the following simple device for keeping a plate of butter cool and firm in the hottest of weather with the mercury among the nineties, says the Jersey Bulletin.

Take a large deep plate, place in it an inverted saucer, pour in cold water until the saucer is nearly covered; on the saucer set the plate containing the butter; take a common unglazed flower pot, wash it thoroughly clean and dry it, soak it in clean cold water, then place it over the butter so that the edges of the pot shall come down into the water; set the whole apparatus where it will be in a current of air.

The evaporation of water from the pot will keep the butter hard and cold. It is a very simple thing to try. We have used the same principle effectively in milk cans by fitting over them blanket jackets and pouring cold water on the jackets until they were thoroughly wet.

#### CULTURE OF THE EASTER LILY.

This beautiful and stately plant is one of the easiest of all flowers to manage. Indeed it will take care of itself if planted in good soil, with a liberal quantity of sand in it. But of late it has been attacked by a disease that causes the leaves to wither just before the flower expands, and of course this loss of foliage kills the plant. The best way with this plant is to move it to fresh ground as soon as the early fall, the most suitable time being in October. The soil required is a deep fine loam with plenty of decayed cow manure in it, and a quantity of sand is placed around the bulbs. The soil must not be permitted to dry in the summer or become caked around the bulbs, nor should water be allowed to stand on the ground in the winter. A mulching of sand is therefore useful at all seasons. The small bulbs are set two inches deep, and the large ones six. Some professional growers transplant the bulbs in August when the plants are dormant, but if great care is exercised to preserve the roots from injury, the bulbs may be moved safely in the spring.—[New York Times.

#### VARYING COST OF FEED.

That the farmer needs to be an all-around practical business man is seen in nothing more clearly than in the management and especially the feeding of his stock. He cannot set out with one unvarying ration if he would produce milk, butter, beef or mutton at the cheapest rate. There may be the same kind of nutrition required, but it must be procured in different forms, according as the market varies.

A number of years ago grain was much cheaper food than anything else. Oats and corn gave more nutrition for the same money than did hay. The result was that wide-awake farmers chopped up straw, and with ground oats and corn made a food that kept horses and cattle better than hay and with much less expense. Grain is dearer now, but linseed meal and cotton-seed meal are scarcely dearer than they were when grain was at its cheapest. They, too, will come into the ration that the good business farmer will provide for his stock.

Two years ago oats were extremely dear. A farmer of our acquaintance, who had used oats to mix with corn for feeding sheep, substituted a feed of stained and broken beans for both the oats and corn and put with it twice or thrice the bulk of the bean ration of bran, in order that the sheep might digest it better. It is this habit of thinking that the farmer's business always requires that makes it impossible for an unintelligent man to make a good farmer. Instead of being as it may have been once, the business in which a man could get into a rut and plod along without thinking, it is the business above every other in which clear thinking is essential to success.—[Boston Cultivator.

#### GRADING UP A DAIRY HERD.

For the benefit of others who would like a better grade of dairy cows and who cannot afford to buy them outright, I would like to give my experience in grading up, writes E. Rockwood. I had, to begin with, a herd

of native cows. Perhaps they were rather better than the average, as I tried to keep only good ones if they were scrubs.

I began by buying a share in a thoroughbred Guernsey bull. Where two or three neighbors unite in purchasing such an animal it reduces the cost and answers every purpose of sole proprietorship.

All my cows were bred to this bull with very satisfactory results. I dispose of the bull calves, keeping only the heifers, and they are invariably good ones. The color is nearly always the same, orange and white, giving a uniform appearance, which is considered desirable in a herd.

I have had some of these heifers now in milk for two years. They are good milkers without an exception, showing a good per cent of butter fat, and they have the finest udders I ever saw on heifers of the same age. As a result of this breeding I shall have in a few years a herd of cows which, although not thoroughbred, are just as good and even better for butter-making than cows which would cost very much more, and all at no expense save in the purchase of a bull.

I would like to say a few words in regard to heifers' calves. The idea is quite common that a heifer's first calf will not amount to much. My experience proves this to be a mistake. Some of my best cows were such calves, and I have never known an instance where a well-bred heifer, one that made a good cow, failed to produce a first calf that was not fully as good as any she afterward had. If it is not quite so large at birth, by judicious feeding and good care it will attain as good size as any calf.—[New York Tribune.

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Salt the cattle regularly.

Keep all machinery in perfect repair.

Good fruit will always bring good prices.

Never expose your cows to cold in winter.

Sorting of fruit intended for market always pays.

Take pleasure in your work. Cheerfulness is a great lubricator.

The Brown Leghorn lays the smallest egg, the Black Spanish the largest.

The apricot is a delicious fruit, which ripens between the cherry and the peach.

Give the fowls fresh water twice a day in hot weather, and see that it is put in the shade.

Do not allow any grass to grow around the young trees, as it hinders their growth.

Feed everything well, and if the supply runs low sell a part of the herd if necessary.

For fruit trees the soil should be dry, as they do not thrive on land that is constantly saturated with water.

Sitting hens should have food, water, some exercise and a good dusting every day, and if they won't get off the nest take them off.

The refuse bones should all be saved from the table and broken up into small pieces for the fowls. They will eat them greedily.

Dipping the sheep rids them of parasites which lodge in the wool and exhaust the sheep by the loss of blood and constant irritation in which they are kept.

Turkeys will come home to roost if they are fed regularly in the evening. Grain may be fed entirely, but if mixed with bread crumbs and scraps from the table, the turkeys will like it much better.

The Cochins, Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are the breeds of poultry most subject to apoplexy. The reason for it is that they are not of active habits, and apoplexy is due to overfeeding.

The great secret in improving a flock lies directly in persistent culling and selecting. If from a bad cross or some local cause the lambs are below the mark, sell them, as they cannot be expected to make or produce what is wanted.

The farmer can no more afford to keep inferior animals for breeding purposes than the wagon-man can afford to use poor timber in his wagons, or the blacksmith can afford to use poor iron where strength and durability are required.

#### Celery For Rheumatism.

If celery were eaten freely, sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely, an alkaline blood is the result, and where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. It should be eaten cooked.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

#### FRENCH FRIED CHOPS.

The French, who are supposed to know something about cooking, never broil chops or steak, but always fry them. It is done in such a way that they are no greasier than broiled meat. An iron pan or spider is put over a quick fire, and made hot, and the meat laid in. If it has not sufficient fat of its own to fry in, they add a bit of butter.

#### TO KEEP APPLES.

The best way to keep choice apples is to wrap them singly in papers and put them in a tight barrel in a cool, dry place till they are needed. Greenings and other hardy winter apples keep well enough in barrels without being wrapped up separately, but all barrels, except the one you are using out of, should be headed up closely, and it is well enough to keep a tight, movable cover over the one from which you are taking your daily supply.—[Boston Cultivator.

#### REMOVING WATER STAINS.

There is a simple and effectual way of removing water stains from black crepe. The water will leave a conspicuous white mark; to obliterate this spread the crepe on a table, lying on it a large book to keep it steady, and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk. With a large camel-hair brush dipped in common ink go over the stain and then wipe off the ink with a small piece of old soft silk. It will dry immediately, and the white mark will be seen no more.—[New York World.

#### STRAINERS.

There is nothing that makes so much difference between ordinary and delicate cooking as a set of strainers. It is important to own a collection. There should be one of very fine wire for sifting soda, spices, etc., and for straining custards and jellies. There should be others with meshes from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter; also a squash strainer and a colander. Extension wire strainers are convenient. Keep also a supply of strainer cloths, made from coarse crash or cheesecloth.

#### CATSUP MAKING.

Remember to select perfect fruit. Cook in porcelain and bottle in glass or stone jars. Keep in a cool, dry, dark place. If on opening there is a leathery mould on top, carefully remove every particle of it, and the catsup will not be injured. On the other hand, if there are white specks of mould all through the catsup, it is spoiled. Here are a few recipes for different kinds of catsup which if tried, are sure to add a relish to many a winter meal.

Tomato Catsup.—Boil one bushel of tomatoes, skins and all, and when soft drain through a colander to remove the skins only. Mix one cup of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, three ounces each of ground allspice, mace and celery seed, two ounces of ground cinnamon, and stir into the tomato. Add two quarts of best cider vinegar, and when thoroughly mixed strain through a sieve. Pour all that runs through into a large kettle and boil slowly till reduced one-half. Put in small bottles, seal and keep in a cool, dark place.

Gooseberry Catsup.—To four quarts of gooseberries add three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon. The gooseberries should be nearly or quite ripe. Take off the blossoms, wash and put them into a porcelain kettle, seal, then put them through a colander, add the sugar and spices, boil fifteen minutes; then add the vinegar; bottle immediately before it cools.

Cucumber Catsup.—Take three dozen cucumbers and eighteen onions peeled and chopped very fine. Sprinkle on them three-fourths of a pint of table salt. Put the whole in a sieve and let it drain well over night; add a teaspoon of mustard seed, half teaspoon of ground black pepper and mix well. Cover with good vinegar.—[New York World.

Fruit Catsup.—Five pounds of currants, grapes or plums, three pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, one teaspoon each of salt and black pepper, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Cook fruit until it can be strained through a colander, then add other ingredients and cook fifteen minutes.

#### The Innocent Abroad

Chappie—"Would you care to change your name, Miss Higgins?"  
Miss Higgins (blushing)—"Ye-es."  
Chappie (with a bright idea)—"Why don't you marry?"—[Life's Calendar.