

Some people claim that John Sherman died disappointed. Still he left an estate valued at \$3,000,000.

An Atlanta man has been fined \$5 for digging in his garden on Sunday. Served him right. He should have been playing golf.

In the Boston high schools the girls outnumber the boys by 1000 or so, but in the primary and grammar schools the boys outnumber the girls by nearly 2500.

The British Navy League has arrived at the conviction that Great Britain does not rule the sea any longer. The conviction has been slow in coming, but it seems to be there to stay.

Notwithstanding the activity of the seal hunters in Bering sea, it is stated that the catch of seals this season will be 6000 less than that of last season. There is something, however, in the consideration that the fewer the seals the greater will be the supply of salmon and other food fish in the waters of Alaska.

The first deed conveying property to the proprietor of Pennsylvania William Penn, is written in old Dutch and is now preserved in the city hall. The property was what is now known as Lemon Hill, including the mansion and the Schuylkill river front, where the old Fairmount water-works are located. There Penn kept his barge and some rowboats, the barge carrying an admiral's pennant. It is said that there is only one man in Philadelphia who can now read this deed.

The bad reputation of the mosquito is increased by the conclusion of a board of army medical officers sent to Cuba to study the yellow fever, that this infection, as well as that of malaria, is probably carried by the bite of a mosquito. But here we have our own more common mosquito involved, the Culex, while malaria is caused by the spotted-winged Anopheles. If this conclusion is correct it will force on us the necessity of doing something. Massachusetts has a bureau to kill the gypsy-moth; it would be quite as easy a task practically to exterminate the mosquito in New Jersey.

The plan of mail collection by trolley-cars, which worked successfully in Hartford, Conn., until suspended by lack of government appropriation for its continuance, has been allowed to show its possibilities in Grand Rapids, Mich. There all mails are carried between stations and the postoffice on the trolley-cars, and, in addition to this, there is a letter-box attached to the guard of the forward platform of every car, and when anybody wants to mail a letter he steps a passing car and drops the letter into the box. The net result is that in Grand Rapids letters move faster from the writer to the mail-train than anywhere else in the world. One great advantage is in the case of urgent letters written in remote parts of the city too late for the last collection by carrier. The other advantages of the scheme are apparent, and it ought to be extended to other cities having, like Grand Rapids, a trolley system with a common centre.

The impossibility of delimiting or defining the suburb, as its extent becomes more and more indefinite, is due no less to the influence of trolley competition than to its direct facility. To this competition must be largely attributed the fact, discovered by Professor Commons in his recent investigation of railway rates in Massachusetts, that while fares for long distances have fallen but little below what they were 50 years ago, commutation fares for short distances have fallen early 50 per cent. in 10 years—that is, during the period of trolley extension. It is by no means a case merely of cheaper suburban living. For the opportunity of a country home for those whose work calls them daily to the city keeps pace with a new devotion to all that now attracts to the country, the love of sport and any interest or diversion that calls one out into the open. Suburban living has thus come to mean something far different from what it used to be thought when a suburb was merely nearness to a great city. And with every increased remove the suburban city worker is brought closer to the genuine country, while the attraction of the city life to the country worker is distinctly lessened, observes a writer in Scribner's. So far, then, as the census shows a relatively arrested rate of increase in city population it justifies a new identification of suburb with country, and is a sign of a healthy reaction which may some day reach even the now abandoned farm.



**W**ANTED at once, hands to pick over beans. Will take beans to your residence and will pay twelve and a half cents a bushel. Drop a card stating number of bushels wanted. Address box 437, Lewistown.

This is what twelve-year-old Nora Nagle read in the local paper. Then she consulted her mother.

"I want a dollar very much, mother. Please don't make me tell what for. May I have the beans?"

Mrs. Nagle remembered that Christmas was coming and gave consent. "Eight bushels!" said the man, laughing when he saw how young the applicant was, "you'll never stick to

this for them she should have ten cents an hour."

Nora caught at the opportunity eagerly and every fine day promenade the village streets with somebody's baby.

At last the dollar was earned and Nora firmly refused to test further the kindness of her friends.

"Mother says 'enough is enough.' That sounds right, and I'm going to do errands after this for 'commodation's sake.'" she insisted.

That night Nora told her plans to her pillow. "No one will ever know," she whispered. "How can they if I never tell. Let's see. Two pairs of stockings will cost fifty cents; I know where I can get a fascinator for nineteen cents—the blue is the prettier, but I think I better get red; it won't show soil so quickly—that's six-



"em till they're done. I've got to have 'em in ten days exactly."

"Yes, I will," replied Nora firmly. "My father says that to 'look before you leap,' is a sound business principle, so I've considered a good deal. I'll have them all picked over in ten days sure."

Consequently nearly every spare minute before and after school Nora picked over beans. The first bushel was "just fun," the second not quite so funny, the third not comical at all, the fourth needed this mental reminder from Nora to encourage herself: "This is business; I've undertaken it and I must finish."

Various were her expedients to rest her wrists during the movements of sorting; in her dreams she was constantly engaged in picking out the damaged and discolored beans that somehow would get back into the culled quantity, and when the seventh bushel was begun Nora's sister, hearing some one fall in the kitchen, went out and discovered Nora, her head within the basket of beans in a dead faint.

Then Mrs. Nagle thought it time to interfere. She sent the girl outdoors for her customary exercise and fresh air, saying firmly:

"No more beans, my dear."

But big Brother Tom, impressed by the quivering lips of the little sister, whispered, "Never mind, sis, we'll have a family party to-night and rope 'em all in to help."

So invitations were given out and in the evening father, mother, two sisters and big brother Tom and little brother Ben and Nora gathered in the kitchen and made short work of the remaining beans. Then they had some of the company peanut wafers and in conclusion Nora gave them a grateful kiss all around. And that, her father said, was very good pay.

"You're a clipper to pick beans, ain't ye?" said the man when he came for them. "Now, you watch the postoffice to-night, little woman, and I shouldn't wonder if you got a nice dollar bill."

Nora did watch the postoffice, but no dollar came. Not that evening nor the next day nor ever. The bean man proved to be a swindler who had disposed of his sorted product immediately and left for parts unknown without paying any of the bean pickers.

Did Nora cry? Not a bit, although she felt very much like it.

"Would it have been better, father, to say I must have my pay when he took the beans away? Would that be the way to do business with a stranger?"

Mr. Nagle nodded, very proud to have his little daughter draw this helpful conclusion instead of merely bemoaning the fact of being victimized. He also felt indignant enough to pay her from his own pocket, but waited, wishing to see what she would do.

Somehow after that Nora had many chances to earn pennies. When she did errands for different members of the family, to her surprise they insisted upon dropping payment into the little bank she had made ready for her bean money. And the neighboring women, too, all at once were so busy they could not take their babies out for airings. "If Nora would be so kind to do

### THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hushed and calm is the Christmas dawn;  
The world gleams white, and the sky hangs gray;  
God's guardian stars are all withdrawn  
As the bells of Christmas greet the day.

Like the angel voices of olden times,  
Like the heavenly choirs of long ago,  
The low, sweet strains of the new-world chimas  
Float down, 'neath the morning over the snow.

The old, old tale that the dawn they tell,  
Is the song that their brass throats out-fling;  
They waken and mingle and murmur and swell,  
They carol and louden and thunder and ring!

"Peace, Peace on earth, unto man good-will!"  
To the world they tell of the tidings sweet,  
Loud clanging and swaying o'er hollow and hill,  
Thro' woodland and village and city and street.

Then hushed again is the Christmas morn,  
The clangor is done, the sound hangs furled,  
As it was in Judea when He was born,  
The music of love speeds round the world.

ROGER P. BARNUM.

ty-nine cents; a pair of mittens will be twenty cents more, then there's 'leven cents left for a hair ribbon. Then I'll do 'em all up tight and drop them inside Myra Pell's door. She'll want to see what's inside the bundle before she looks outside, and that'll give me a good chance to run off. I declare, when Myra came into school the morning we had snow, she was 'most froze. Just thin cotton stockings and no mittens! And I don't believe she gets enough to eat. 'Course



her mother washes, but her father just hangs around and tells the rest what they ought to do. But I'll never tell her who gave her the bundle. If I did she'd either thank me to death, and that would make me feel so 'shamed, or else her father would think I might give her something all the time, and my father wouldn't like that, and I guess my father knows what's best. Now, let's see—two pairs of stockings, a red fascinator, a pair of mittens—red, with long wrists—a hair-ribbon and a one-cent pencil. That just makes the dollar. And I shan't wait for Christmas, either. I'll slip off to-morrow morning before I go to school and buy 'em and hide 'em till night, then open Myra's door just enough to slip the bundle in; then run."

"Well," continued Nora, more and more drowsily, "as old lady Banks always says, 'I hope a blessing will go with them.'" With the utterance of this wish Nora dropped 'no dream-land.

Scarcely a week had passed before the Nagles had conjectured the whole truth. Little brother Ben came home



from school and told his mother that "Myra Pell, that skinny girl that lived in the alley, had a lot of new toggery and Nora acted just as if she owned her."

So the older members of the family could guess where the dollar went to, but they respected the little business woman's wishes. It is rumored, however, that Santa Claus is going to find the bean man and that Nora will find a dollar bill in her Christmas stocking.—Denio Stuart, in the Chicago Record.



"Let me see," said Mr. Flickerson, "what is it you are to get me for a Christmas present?"

"Why, those new curtains for the dining-room, you know," his wife answered.

"Oh, yes. And what is it I am to surprise you with?"

"Henry, I don't believe you really take the enthusiastic interest one should in these things at this glorious time of the year. You are to get me a new carpet for the hall."

Then he started for the office, full of the sublime significance of the merry Yuletide.

**A Delicate Question.**  
Christmas is nearing,  
What shall I send her?  
Truth, I am fearing,  
Lest I offend her,  
My heart is the offering  
I gladly would send her,  
I'm chary of proffering  
Lest I offend her.



**BREAKFAST.**  
Sugared oranges.  
Codfish croquettes.  
Griddle cakes. Coffee.

**DINNER.**  
Puree of chestnuts with croutons.  
Canapes of oysters. Olives.  
Salmi of partridge. Mushroom saute.  
Fruit punch.  
Roast beef, brown sauce.  
Sweet pickles. Celery.  
Mashed potatoes. Stuffed onions.  
Chiffonade salad.  
Grated cheese. Wafers.  
Christmas pudding. Foam sauce.  
Bisque ice cream.  
Nuts. Fruits. Coffee.

**LATE LUNCHEON.**  
Tongue in aspic. Bread and butter.  
Coffee.  
Chocolate with amy fingers.

Oyster Canapes—Cut ten thin slices of bread, cut in rounds, toast and butter and place in oven to keep hot. Wash and drain one quart of oysters. Throw the oysters into a hot pan, shakes quickly, and add one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. When they reach the boiling point dish on the rounds of toast, garnish with a thin slice of lemon for each one, and serve at once.

Fruit Punch—Put one pint of water and one pound of sugar and the chopped yellow rind of a lemon on to boil. Boil five minutes; strain, and while hot slice into it two bananas; add one pint of grated pineapple (canned) and a quarter of a pound of candied cherries. When ready to serve add the juice of six lemons. Put in the centre of your punch bowl a square block of ice; pour over it two quarts of mineral water; add the fruit mixture and at the last minute two shredded oranges; mix all together. Serve in thin tumblers.

Roast Beef—The roast beef of old England still enters conspicuously into our Christmas fare. It may be new to many to learn that the object of serving it at this season was really to remind our forefathers of the bulis sacrificed by the Druids when the sacred mistletoe was cut.

Christmas Pudding—Mix together one pint of stale bread crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, one-quarter of a pound of sifted flour, one-half a pound of cleaned currants, one-half a pound of shredded suet, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, one-half a pound of shredded citron, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful each of nutmeg and allspice. Beat together four eggs, add one-half of a cupful of molasses (light) and one-half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one-half wineglass of hot water; stir this into the other ingredients add the grated rind and strained juice of a lemon; turn into a greased mold and steam, or boil, five hours. (The Christmas pudding is supposed to be emblematical of the rich offerings made by the three kings to the infant in the stable at Bethlehem).



**The President's Christmas.**  
Wagon loads of gifts are received at the White House at Christmas time. They come from all parts of the country, the majority of them from persons unknown to the President and his wife. These miscellaneous articles are the private property of the recipients, and the numerous parcels are placed in one of the family rooms for examination. They generally contain the names of the donors, and to all these notes of thanks are sent. On Christmas Eve all the employees of the house—the clerical staff, the ushers and domestic servants—are given, through the established munificence of the President, a fine fat turkey. Fifty fowls, selected from the best in the market, are purchased for this event, so that everybody about the enormous mansion has reason for rejoicing. Mary Nimmo Balentine, in the Home Companion.

**Children's Christmas.**  
The cedar and the pine,  
The Christmas holly,  
The thoughts a wreath entwining,  
The notes are jolly,  
The home are charm and mirth,  
The sadness, folly—  
The spot on earth,  
The holly.

B. Johnson.

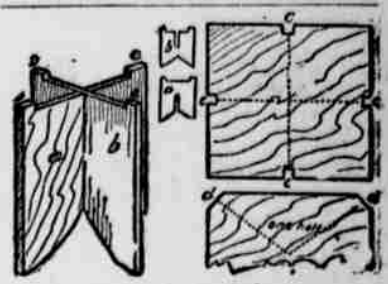
## FARM TOPICS

**Keeping Parsnips.**  
Parsnips are always sweeter when freshly dug. They may be kept in moist sand, but even then are not as good as when first taken from the ground. Cover a part of the bed with cornstalks to a depth of a foot or more and over this put a few leaves and some brush. This will keep the frost out for a long time, and the parsnips may be dug as needed.

**Months When Hens Lay Best.**  
From November to March are the months to keep the hens laying. If you can manage to make the hens lay a reasonable amount of eggs during these months you will find at the end of the year that your hens have paid an exceptionally good interest upon the investment. What they need is a warm house, good ventilation—without draughts—plenty of sunshine and good food that is of the egg-making sort.

**Cheap Shelter For the Hens.**  
A cornstalk shelter can be made quickly and cheaply for the hens. The hens are very fond of a low, open shed facing the south, and one can be built of stalks that will last two or three years or longer. Drive a few posts in the ground and wire-sombrails against and on top of them. Lean the stalks against these and lay them thickly on top for the roof, which should have a steep slant. Cover the roof with a few inches of straw, and lay a few stalks on top to keep it in place, which will make it waterproof. In the spring the stalks may be taken down and thrown in the barnyard if no longer needed.

**An Improved Milk Stool.**  
The stool is light weight and easily made, using three pieces of board. The plan of construction is plainly indicated by the drawings. The projections on the two standards which serve as legs to the stool are fitted to notches in the seat piece. In the sec-



ond style the corners of the seat piece are sawed off, and the board is fastened by nails at the corners. This stool is more durable than the common pattern and no more trouble to make.—A. L. Williams, in New England Homestead.

**Green Cut Bone and Bone Meal.**  
As an "ing" forming food, meat and corn are far superior to any other food. A fair comparison between grain and meat will show that ground meat is cheaper than grain because it increases egg production, and contains less waste. The bones supply the albumen, lime and grit and are less liable to make the hens too fat. One ounce of ground meat and bone may be allowed to each hen every other day in the fall and winter months. Fresh ground bone is superior to any prepared beef scraps.

There is no doubt about the value of bone meal or scraps for promoting the growth of young chicks. It should be fed sparingly at first and I prefer to feed it mixed with other food, a teaspoonful, made into a cake, baked brown in the oven. This will answer for 100 chicks ten days old. Increase the quantity as they grow older. Use judgment, however, as you are liable to throw the young chicks off their feet from overgrowth.—Geo. W. Nones, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**Wintering Bees on Summer Stands.**  
Not having cellar room for storing bees, I have adopted the following scheme for taking care of them on the summer stands: Packing cases are provided, in size some three inches larger on all sides than the hives they are to cover, a slot sawed in the front extending clear across the hive. The passage-way between the cases and hives is carefully bridged over to allow the bees to go and come freely. The space between the hive and case is closely packed with dry leaves raked up on the lawn. In preparing the hives for packing I remove the cover and replace it with a pine board one-fourth inch in thickness, through which a few half-inch holes have been bored for convenience in fall or spring feeding. These holes are carefully covered with a small piece of thin board at packing time, then an empty super placed on the board and packed as closely as possible with leaves. In fact, heaped up and running over, and the regular hive cover laid loosely on top.

This thin pine cover next to the frames seems to act as a free conductor to the moisture of the cluster while conserving the heat of the hive fully. The hand thrust into the left in the super in cold weather can instantly locate the cluster by the slight moisture and warmth of the leaves. When the entire hive, super and all has been closely packed, a sloped cover of boards covered with roofing paper is fitted over all, and bees are left to enjoy their peace. S. C. Crego, in American Cultivator.

Bees have been preserved for thirty years, and are still viable at the end of the