



A GEORGIA CABIN.

I made a little money  
In cotton and in corn,  
And spent it on a journey  
From the state where I was born.  
But Georgia, oh, my Georgia!  
Beneath this starry dome  
No place can hold a candle  
To the cotton-fields of home.

The palaces are splendid  
Along Fifth avenue;  
The castles up the Hudson  
Are very fine to view;  
But fairer are the acres,  
All white as ocean foam,  
When snowy hills are bursting  
In the cotton-fields of home.

I ate from silver dishes,  
But smelt the pleasant steam  
Of Johnny-cakes and spare-ribs  
In every homelike dream;  
So I didn't wait for packing,  
But took a brush and comb  
And started back one morning  
For the cotton-fields of home.

I hear the banjo strumming  
Beneath the climbing rose;  
The mocking-bird is singing  
Farewell to daylight's close.  
The purple dusk is fragrant  
With whiffs of dewy loam,  
Around my easy cabin  
In the cotton-fields of home.

The melon patch before it,  
The peaches on the wall,  
The row of sweet potatoes—  
These are my little all.  
But I've had enough of travel;  
No more I want to roam,  
I'll live and die in Georgia  
And the cotton-fields of home.  
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.



## The Making of a Man.

A few afternoons ago a tall, sinewy, fine looking man of 35 or so stepped with his wife, a singularly handsome woman, into a blue and red automobile in front of a great city hotel. The man had an air of distinction. A wealthy Michigan lumberman, buried deep in a leather chair at one of the hotel windows, nodded smilingly in the direction of the fine looking man, who had just stepped into the auto alongside his lovely wife.

"Nifty looking boy to've been a cook in a lumber camp, eh?" said the lumberman.

"Which, of course, he never was," said the Michiganander's companion. "Don't you believe that he wasn't," said the lumberman. "I come pretty near knowing, for I was the foreman of his outfit, and we had a great talk and laugh over the whole business at dinner in this hotel yesterday. I'm rather proud of the boy, and I feel a sort of proprietary interest in him yet."

"But I didn't know anything about him, much less who he was, when he braced me for a cook's job in Alpena, Mich., twelve years ago last fall. I was a foreman then, and engaged in hiring a gang to take into the Michigan woods for the winter's work. I'd pretty well filled the crew up, but was still shy a cook for the outfit—lumber camp cooks are hard to get. It was pretty near time to take the gang into the camp, and I was becoming worried about my inability to snag a cook, when one day a young fellow with a dissipated look about him steered in my direction and tackled me for the cook's billet. He was somewhat roughly dressed, but for all that he didn't strike me as being anything like a lumber camp cook. He had a pretty good edge on when he applied for the job, but that didn't bother me any—lumbermen generally keep their jags a-going pretty comfortably until they make camp for the season's work, and once in camp there is, of course, no liquor for any of them. I asked this young fellow if he had ever cooked in a lumber camp before, and he said no. Then I inquired what made him think he could dish up the grub for a wood gathering outfit, and he told me that he had picked up the knack of cooking in the course of a number of big game hunting trips in the Far West. I wasn't, however, taking his plain word for it that he'd suit as a cook, and so I led him to the boarding house where I had my gang sheltered and put him in the kitchen to try him out. Despite the palpable bun that he had on—which he kept polished up by means of frequent draughts from a big flask that he had along with him—he made good. I could see at once from the way he

took us four days to make the big bunk house headquarters, and during that time my cook had a pretty tough fight with the katzenjammer. He looked as if he had been on a long spree, and as all booze was forbidden from the beginning of the run to camp, and his supply had run out, with no way of replenishing it, there was no



He looked like the real merchandise. Other plan for him but to sober up. It was plain that the job wasn't any easy one for him, either, but he was game, not putting up any groan or grumble, but just taking his medicine like a man. I never saw a man pick up so fast as that young fellow did during the first month of his employment as a lumber camp cook. His skin cleared up, his eye brightened, and he took on flesh.

"He turned out to be the best all-around cook that I ever saw in a lumber camp, and I had been going into the woods then for a dozen years. After about a month or so he began to mingle up with the indoor sports of the men after supper, and he won the bunch completely by the fine ability he displayed as a boxer and wrestler—and when I got him he looked so run down that I doubted if he could stand the gaff. There was a fiddle in the camp that had been left there from the previous winter, and the things that cook could do to the instrument were sure a heap. The cook nursed the victims of the inevitable accidents of lumber camps, and he showed a surprising amount of surgical and medical skill. I had my eye on that young fellow, and I didn't want him to get away from me. So, when April came around and the drive was over, and we broke camp, I herded him up in a corner all by himself and says I to him:

"Jack, you're in too fine trim right now, after the long let-up from the red eye, to take and stuff your hide with it again, now that you're loose. All of the boys'll get 'biling, of course, as soon as we hit the first rum shack, and I may go up against a few balls myself, but we're all tough birds, and we know how to handle it and get away with it. You'd better pass it up yourself or it'll land you. Take your dough and go on home to your people and have a decent, civilized visit with 'em. And I want you to turn up in Alpena again next fall and I'll take you into camp at \$70 a month. How about it?"

"The cook smiled and said he'd see about it. As the trip to the boat that was to carry us down to Detroit progressed I was glad to see that my words of advice had apparently stuck with the cook. He didn't take a drink, although all the rest of the boys were, of course, sipping and rioting during the whole trip.

"I was puzzled, as the vessel drew nigh to Detroit, to see the captain of the boat hand my cook a fine-looking and bulky grip. But I was not asking any questions. Half an hour after getting the grip the cook emerged from the captain's room wearing about as

swagger an outfit of togs as ever you'll see off of a fashion plate. He looked like the real merchandise, but the thing was still a-plenty mysterious to me.

"The boat tied up at her pier in Detroit, and then my employer, one of the richest lumbermen in Michigan, rushed up the gangway, and the first thing I knew he had my cook in his arms and was patting him on his shoulders for all he was worth.

"By the Lord, son, now you look like the man you ought to be!" the old man was saying to my cook, and then the cat was out of the bag. My cook was my employer's scapegrace son, of whom I had often heard. The boy had been in hot water, owing to his addiction to the old stuff, ever since his early youth. He had been banished from Heidelberg, where he was getting his education, for alcoholic pranks, and upon his return to Michigan he had embarked on a series of colossal toots that had almost driven his family to distraction. He had been offered the alternative of going into the woods for a winter of sobering up and hard work or of being cast off altogether by his dad, and he had the good sense of taking the sobering up end of it. The camp was just the thing he needed to thoroughly work the liquor out of his system and build him up, and he has never taken a drink from the time I saw him go through his fight with that 'after feeling' on our way to the camp. His dad was so grateful for what he foolishly imagined I had done for the boy that he made me general superintendent of all his lumber interests. The young man you saw entering the automobile a few moments ago with as pretty a wife as Michigan has produced took charge of the great business when his father died a few years ago. All of which is why I am of the opinion that six months in a northern lumber camp is better for inebriates than all of the 'jag cures' that were ever invented."—Washington Star.

### TROWELS OF THE BRICKLAYER.

Modern Changes in Them—Different Styles Used.

"The bricklayer's trowel," said a dealer in such things, "might have seemed long ago to have reached its final perfected shape, never to change again; but, as a matter of fact, it has been in the past dozen years altered considerably in its proportions, the better to adapt it to modern conditions.

"The old style trowel was used for laying bricks with mortar, but now bricks are laid more commonly with cement, which is used in a far more nearly fluid state than was mortar, and the old style trowel wouldn't take up enough of it. So masons were continually calling for a wider trowel, and in answer to this demand the trowel has gradually been widened until now it is an inch or more wider than it formerly was. It is also made nowadays a little shorter than formerly.

"And of trowels in general there are now more styles than there formerly were, due to the greater complication of modern construction, and the greater need of trowels for special uses.

"While the bricklayer's trowel, shorter and wider, as I have described it to you, is now the standard hereabouts, bricklayers throughout the country do not everywhere use the same kind. Thus, while we use here a trowel of a certain form and dimensions, they use in California a trowel with a bigger and thinner blade than that of ours; there they don't cut and trim bricks with the edge of the trowel, but use a chisel that is made for the purpose. But, then, men in different parts of the country have different methods in bricklaying practice, as well as different tools.

"A Western mason, for instance, will spread his mortar or cement along and lay three or four bricks at once, while a Boston mason lays bricks singly. I don't know that one method is any faster than the other."

### Wonderful Hospital Work.

Some remarkable figures have just been given out by the secretary of the London hospital to convey an idea of the immense work done by that institution. It is stated that last year 2,500,000 pills were taken by people who came to the hospital for treatment, and that over three tons of cough lozenges were used by them. In dressing injuries, ninety-two miles of lint, 476 miles of bandages, six tons of cotton wool and nine miles of plaster were used. Every day half a ton of ice and 400 siphons of soda water were made way with. The eggs consumed, if placed end to end, would form a chain six and one-half miles long. The year's milk bill was over \$15,000, and the meat bill over \$25,000. The hospital goes so far as to estimate that if last year's patients could be stood side by side they would make a line sixty-six and a half miles long.

### Animals and Poisons.

Certain substances upon men can be taken by the brute creation with impunity. Horses can take large doses of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock and rabbits of belladonna, without injury. On the other hand, dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man, and are much sooner killed by it. If this invaluable anaesthetic had been first tried upon these animals we should probably have never enjoyed its blessings, as it would have been found to be so fatal that its discoverers would have been afraid to test its effects upon human beings. It is evident, then, that an experiment upon an animal can never be the means of any certain deductions so far as man is concerned.—Family Doctor.

## A LAND OF LITTLE RAIN.

DEATH VALLEY THE LONELIEST REGION IN THE WORLD.

The Palpable Sense of Mystery in the Desert Air Breeds Fables Chiefly of Lost Treasure—Hills That Have the Lotus Charm.

Properly equipped, it is possible to go safely across that ghastly sink (Death valley—the Armagosa desert in eastern California), yet every year it takes its toll of death, and yet men find there sun-dried mummies, of whom no trace or recollection is preserved. To underestimate one's thirst to pass a given landmark to the right or left, to find a dry spring where one looked for running water—there is no help for any of these things.

Along springs and sunken water-courses one is surprised to find such water-loving plants as grow widely in moist ground, but the true desert breeds its own kind, each in its particular habitat. The angle of the slope, the frontage of a hill, the structure of the soil determines the plant. South-looking hills are nearly bare, and the tree-line higher here by a thousand feet. Canyons running east and west will have one wall naked and one clothed. Around dry lakes and marshes the herbage preserves a set and orderly arrangement. Most species have well defined areas of growth; the best index the voiceless land can give the traveler of his whereabouts.

Nothing the desert produces expresses it better than the unhappy growth of the tree yuccas. Tormented, thin forests of it stalk drearily in the high mesas, particularly in that triangular slit that fans out eastward from the meeting of the Sierras and coastwise hills where the first swings across the southern end of the San Joaquin valley. The yucca bushes with bayonet-pointed leaves, dull green, growing shaggy with age, tipped with panicles of feid greenish bloom. After death, which is slow, the ghostly, hollow network of its woody skeleton, with hardly power to rot, makes the moonlight fearful. Before the yucca has come to full flower the Indians roast its buds for their own delatation. Other yuccas, cacti, low herbs, a thousand sorts, one finds journeying east from the coastwise hills. There is neither poverty of soil nor species to account for the sparseness of desert growth, but simply that each plant requires more room. So much earth must be pre-empted to extract so much moisture. The real struggle for existence, the real brain of the plant, is underground; above there is room for a rounded, perfect growth. In Death valley, reputed the very core of desolation, are nearly two hundred identified species. Above the tree-line, which is also the snow line, mapped out abruptly by the sun, one finds spreading growth of pinon, juniper branched nearly to the ground, lilac, sage, and white pine.

There is no special preponderance of self-fertilized or wind-fertilized plants, but everywhere the demand for evidence of insect life. Now where there are seeds and insects there will be birds and small mammals, and where these are, will come the slinking sharp-toothed kind that prey on them. Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you can not go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and pant on the white, hot sands. Birds, humming-birds, even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demonic yuccas; out of the stark, treeless waste rings the music of the night-singing mocking-bird. If it be summer and the sun well down, there will be a burrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricky things dart across the open places, or sit motionless in the conning towers of the creosote.

The poet may have "named all the birds without a gun," but not the fairy footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless regions. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white. In mid-desert, where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion, but if you go far in that direction the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their tilted wings. Nothing so large as a man can move unspied upon that country, and they know well how the land deals with strangers. There are hints to be had here of the way in which a land forces new habits on its dwellers.

If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of God's hands, what they do there, and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this lone brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender, bluish mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it. Men who have lived there, miners and cattlemen, will tell you this, not so fluently, but emphatically, cursing the land and going back to it. For one thing there is the divinest, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little oases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house-weary broods. There is promise there of great wealth in ores and earths, which is no wealth by reason of being so far removed from water and workable conditions, but men are bewitched by it and tempted to try the impossible.

The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost

treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; an old clayey water-bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the tawny hills, will tell you tales like these convincingly. After a little sojourn in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not better to be bitten by the little horned snake of the desert that goes sidewise and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensation, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide, clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpant; as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to, their stations in the sky they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.—Mary Austin, in the Atlantic Monthly.

### CUSTOMS OF THE ESKIMOS.

Sleep Naked During the Arctic Winter and Eat Raw Meat.

The arrival in the world of the youthful Eskimo is not greeted by the orthodox cradle and swaddling clothes. Practically, till he can shift for himself, he lives absolutely naked inside his mother's sealskin blouse, skin to skin keeping him warm. This arrangement allows the mother to do about her work almost immediately, and she can also travel and hunt without a perambulator, and without having to leave any one home to "mind" the baby. The mother's dress is almost exactly like the father's except that it has a long sort of tail reaching nearly to the ground embryo, no doubt, of the modern "train," says Leslie's Weekly.

Spared the miseries of soap and water, and early weaned to the readily swallowed diet of blubber and raw seal meat, the infant rapidly develops that invaluable layer of subcutaneous fat, which, while it enhances the "jolly" appearance of the lads and the shapeliness of the maidens, assists materially in economy of clothing. Thus in their frigid clime, once in their skin tent, the whole family will divest themselves of every stitch of clothing, unembarrassed by the fact that so many families share the tent with them. Sociability is early developed, when one's next-door neighbor on each side is only separated by an imaginary line between the deerskin you sleep on and the one he does. The winter deerskin serves as bed and bedding at night and as parlor furniture in the day. Community of goods is almost imperative, under this arrangement. Thus, when one kills a seal all are fed, and likewise, when he doesn't all go hungry together.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Chinese girls are being employed in San Francisco as telephone operators for the accommodation of Chinese merchants.

The famine bread upon which 70,000 persons in northern Sweden are now subsisting is made from ground pine bark and Iceland moss.

The widespread impression that most of the "roast beef of old England" is supplied from the shambles of Chicago may find a rude shock in fresh English statistics, which show that 7-10s of the beef consumed in England is produced on its farms.

The remains of no fewer than 59 species of flowering plants from mummy wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet color of the larkspur, the scarlet of the poppy, and the chlorophyll in the leaves remaining.

The date of the Deluge is given variously by various chronologers. According to Usher it occurred in B. C. 2348. But 14 other authorities place the cataclysm as follows: One in the thirteenth century, five in the thirteenth century, one in the twenty-ninth century, one in the twenty-sixth century, four in the twenty-third century and two in the twenty-second century B. C.

The Chinese are fond of eggs about 100 years old, and old eggs are worth about as much in China as old wine is in other countries. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about 30 days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become black as ink and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

The halls of houses were stone cold, even in Boston and New York City, in the forties, and, of course, in the country towns. Families in winter for economy's sake lived chiefly in one room or had a fire in the living-room in the morning, and in the afternoon lighted one in the parlor stove also. Here and there some rich man had a wood-burning furnace, and occasionally some one had a hall stove; but little heat from these was diffused over the whole house.

Fame doesn't always consist of being talked about.



### To Keep Silver Bright.

Silver in daily use may be kept very bright if allowed to soak in strong borax water for four or five hours occasionally. The water should be perfectly boiling when it is poured over the plate. This simple hint will save much elbow grease and also plate powder if carefully followed.

### For Scouring Knives.

For scouring knives and similar work an experienced housewife recommends the use of an old chalk eraser, such as they have in schools. A piece of Brussels carpet is neatly put on the bottom and tacked in the groove around the eraser. This appliance will last a long time, protect the fingers and prove of good service.

### Diet for Convalescents.

When a light diet is prescribed for convalescents those in charge do not always feel absolutely certain what foods come under the heading of this rather vague term. A careful doctor lays down the following articles of food as belonging to this class: Clams, chickens and mutton broth, boiled fillets of chicken, lamb chops, tenderloin steak, delicately cooked game, soft cooked eggs, dry and milk toast, cereal in small portions, egg-nog, kumyss, milk punch, cocoa, custards, fresh fruit, gelatine jellies and sponge cake.

### Rattan Window Seats.

Low rattan seats, without backs, are very pretty for the own private room of a young girl. These are placed in front of the window, and when filled with gay colored pillows form a very pretty and comfortable window seat. These seats come in all lengths, so that in choosing one it is easy to fit it to the window, and they may be had in the natural color or stained to harmonize with the woodwork of the room. A loose cushion, just the size of the seat, adds very much to the comfort of it, and when the pillows are piled high every girl friend will be envious of her chum's window seat.

### A Device to Clean Bottles.

A new device that is warranted to thoroughly clean bottles, those that have contained wine or beer included, consists of a rod which by means of a hinge is divided into three parts of unequal length. The longest part corresponds to the length of an ordinary bottle and the two other parts correspond respectively to the diameter of a bottle at the bottom and to the length of the neck. The three parts are covered with rubber and as they are hinged they can be moved in any direction. The method of cleansing is to partly fill the bottle with water and thrust the rod into it. As soon as the device reaches the bottom of the bottle the lower part spreads out and thus reaches any sediment or other dirt that may have gathered there. The middle part of the rod also spreads out so as to cover the rest of the bottle and a few turns of the apparatus serves to cleanse the bottle and the dirt is poured off with the water.

### Recipes.

Baked Hash—Put two cupfuls of chopped uncooked potatoes in a stew pan with one pint of water; cook slowly for five minutes; then add the meat and enough water to make the mixture moist; stew 10 minutes; remove from the fire; add two eggs, beaten, one teaspoon of salt and a little pepper; turn into a buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes in a quick oven.

Prune Pudding—Beat well two eggs, add to them one pint of milk and flour enough to make a thick batter; wash 10 prunes, flour them—after drying them; stir them into the batter and beat in two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; turn into a buttered mould; steam two and one-half hours; serve with butter and sugar sauce.

Orange Cream—Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water; add one-fourth cup of boiling water; stir over the fire until dissolved; add the yolks of four eggs; stir over the fire two minutes, then add one cup of orange juice (three oranges), juice of one lemon and three-fourths cup of sugar; let cool; whip thickening add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff.

Tenderloin of Beef—Trim and wipe a fillet of beef weighing from three to six pounds; put in the dripping pan with a little salt; put in a very hot oven for the first eight minutes; then reduce the heat or put the meat in a cooler part of oven; at the end of 10 minutes sprinkle with salt; roast for half an hour; it will take no longer to roast a fillet weighing six pounds than for three pounds; the fillet is no thicker to each pound added; the weight lies in the length; serve with a rich brown mushroom sauce.

Sweet Potato Pie—Wash two medium sized potatoes and boil them 15 minutes; lift them from the water; when cold peel and grate them; beat the yolks of three eggs; add one tablespoonful of creamed butter, half a cupful of sugar, one cup of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; pour this gradually over the grated sweet potato and mix well; line a deep pie dish or plate; prick the bottom with a fork in several places and brush over with white of egg; turn in the mixture and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.



A young fellow with a dissipated look tackled me for a cook's billet.

rassled the pots and skillets and tackled the job of getting that boarding house dinner that he was onto the curves of the cook's billet, so I took him on at \$55 a month.

"Two days later we struck for the camp, away up near Lake Superior. It