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Fred. G. Usilton. • • Wm. B. Usilton, Jr

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The Care of Linen.

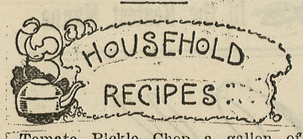
The shelves or drawers of a linen-closet should be neatly covered with white paper that is changed frequently. A few sprigs of lavender or some very mild sachet powder in bags should be laid among the pieces, to take away the slight odor of soap that often is noticeable. In using slip under the pile of each article the sheets, cases and towels latest from the laundry. In this way they all get the same amount of wear. After ironing and before putting away, each piece should be looked over for any rent that may have come in the washing. When broad sheets grow thin in the middle overcast the outer salvages together, tear them down the middle, cutting away the thin part and hem these edges; then there is a sheet complete for narrow beds. — Woman's Home Companion.

Brooms and Hardwood Floors.

The best floor broom is one of hair or of broom corn covered with flannel. The Japanese fibre broom of the variety sometimes imported to this country and of the same pattern used in the imperial house, hence called an emperor's broom, is excellent. It is far better than a hair broom because the best hair broom shrinks after a time and the hairs come out and it becomes an endless annoyance in sweeping. We have no regular supply of fibre brooms, so the hair broom is the best we have to sweep floors with, and the covered broom, fitted with a good cotton flannel or Shaker flannel cover, is the best for dusting floors. A brush for oil or wax and a heavy polishing brush are the best utensils we have for treating oiled or waxed floors. A shellacked floor may be wiped off with an oiled cloth on which there is a mere modicum of oil. The best oil for this purpose is crude petroleum. — New York Tribune.

Directions For Preserving Fruit.

A Southern housewife gives the following directions for preserving fruit, using wide-mouthed jars for fruits that are stoned and the long-necked ones for catsup and tomatoes: "Make a wax of one pound of resin, two ounces of beeswax and two of Spanish brown, slowly mixed together. When you wish to put up fruit, put the bottle nicely cleaned, in a kettle of cold water and set it over the fire; have corks the right size soaking in water. Peel your peaches and put them in a preserving kettle without any water and warm them briskly, stirring from the bottom to prevent their burning before the juice is made from the heat. While the bottles are hot in the kettle fill them with the peaches that have been heated through, cover the peaches with the liquor up to the cork, put the cork in, dip it in the hot wax and then in cold water or ice, and smooth it with a knife. This is an easy and certain method of keeping fruits for the winter if the directions are faithfully followed. Raspberries, blackberries and strawberries must boil only ten minutes. Tomatoes must be sliced and boiled twenty minutes, then strained through a collander, to remove the skins, returned to the kettle and boiled up again, and the bottles filled when hot, corked and sealed as the fruits. Keep them in a cool, dry place. If you use tin cans place them in cold water as soon as filled; have a wide-mouth funnel, perforated ladle, sound fruit and seal up instantly while the fruit is boiling hot, and you will never lose it."



Tomato Pickle—Chop a gallon of green tomatoes, sprinkle salt on them, hang them up in a coarse cotton bag and let drain twelve hours. Chop a dozen onions, four green peppers and a pint of horseradish, add four ounces of mixed spices; mix well, pack in jars and cover with vinegar. Tie up closely.

Cream of Celery Soup—A pint of milk, a tablespoon of flour, a head of celery, a large slice of onion and a small piece of mace. Boil celery in a pint of water from thirty to forty-five minutes; boil mace, onion and milk together. Mix flour with two tablespoons of cold milk and add to boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Mash celery in the water in which it has been cooked and stir into boiling milk. Add butter and season with salt and pepper. Strain and serve immediately.

Rice Balls—One cup of rice, half a cup each of chopped filberts and sultana raisins, two eggs, one teaspoon butter, one tablespoon sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful salt and same of cinnamon. Cook rice in three cupfuls of boiling water in double boiler. It should be nearly dry when done. Stir in the other ingredients, beating the eggs lightly. Cook only long enough to bind well together and turn out. When cool enough to handle, shape into balls the size of a walnut, egg and crumb and fry in deep fat. These may be made early in the day and run into the oven to heat before serving. Serve with melted currant or raspberry jelly. Delicious.

A little change will vary the monotony of an empty pocket.

THE PRAISE THAT FAILETH NOT.

I.

You long for praise, you sigh
Because the way is rough;
You long to rise, you try—
As God knows—hard enough!
Ah, doubter, put your doubt away,
The world shall know your worth, some day.

II.

Men pass you, caring not
That in your breast is woe;
The fame once dearly sought
You gave up long ago—
But there will stand o'er you, some day,
A preacher with fair words to say.

III.

Your head is bowed, your face
A mirror of regret;
A rival holds the place
On which your hopes were set—
But, doubter, put your doubt away,
The bells will ring for you, some day.

IV.

Why wear that sombre frown?
Why sound that chant of woe?
Though fate have dragged you down
Or error brought you low,
A preacher will stand up, some day,
And sweep your failings all away.

—S. E. Kiser.

Romance of a Water Trough.

"MIGHT as well be in Halifax as in my barnyard. It ain't good for anything, and what's more, it never will be."

Farmer Stone stood looking down in evident disgust at the water trough and faucet which had just been placed by the town officers in his barnyard. Not a drop of water came through the faucet, although it was wide open.

When the town officers of Southville had applied to Farmer Stone for permission to dig a ditch and lay a water pipe through his land on the way from the springs above to the village below, he had told them that he did not need any of the water and he could not see why he should have his farm all dug up to benefit somebody else unless he were to receive an adequate return.

The water commissioner of the village, sturdy Luke Mathers, declared that he would "take the law to Farmer Stone." To which he had just replied that he might "take the law and wallop him as much as he pleased."

Then Luke did go to the law, and found that Farmer Stone was correct. The right of way across private property had a value which must be considered before entering upon it. But, like many another man, Luke was stubborn, and he did not want to appear to have yielded in any way whatever.

Sitting on the fence he had argued with Farmer Stone the better part of a day on the wonderful benefit it would be to the people of the village, and that nothing Farmer Stone could do would bring him so many friends. He would be a public benefactor. The village was poor and could not afford to go to great extremes in the matter of right of way.

Arguments were useless, Farmer Stone said. The farmers were swindled on every hand by unfeeling corporations; and he'd be just as foolish as the rest of them if he followed their lead like a "passel o' sheep."

It was just at this juncture that a would-be arbitrator arrived on the scene, the very pretty daughter of Luke Mathers, so fair and so sensible that Joshua Stone, the stirring son of the man who owned the farm, had been suspected for more than a year of caring more for her than for any other woman in the world.

One afternoon not long after her father's failure to come to terms with Farmer Stone she rode over to the scene of contention with her father and sat for a long time in the carriage, listening with sorrowful countenance to the conversation of the two uncompromising men. Then she made a proposition.

"Mr. Stone," she said very sweetly, "if the town would put a nice water trough here in the barnyard and furnish it with a faucet, so that you could have all the water you need the year round, would you not be willing to let the line go through your land?"

Farmer Stone thought Mettie never looked prettier. But he was not so easily captured. If he wanted a water trough he supposed he could put it there.

"But you haven't got the spring, have you?" Mettie innocently queried. And this settled that part of Farmer Stone's argument. It was a fact that his farm was destitute of springs; and when, as always happened in dry seasons, the wells on his farm failed, his place was as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Well, I'll have to think about it. I ain't one of the kind to make up my mind in a hurry. You'd be willing to do that, wouldn't you, Luke?"

"Why, it's more than I ought to do; but if you'll say right now that that'll be satisfactory I think we can close the bargain. To-morrow I might not want to do it. It's making a great concession on my part—a great concession."

But Farmer Stone knew his advantage and he pressed it.

"All right. So fur as I'm concerned it don't make no difference."

There was a tone of independence in his voice which at once brought the commissioner to terms.

"I didn't propose it, but I always did stand by what Mettie says I must, and I will now."

Joshua felt his heart leap within him when Mettie gave him one of her most approving glances as the carriage drove away. All that evening, while the two were doing the chores, Joshua labored with his father in behalf of the water trough.

It was joy to both the young people when, the next day, Farmer Stone allowed that he guessed they might go ahead with their line.

The water trough was duly installed in the barnyard. The faucet was attached. Then, when all was ready, on a certain day the water was let into the main. It leaped into the main. It leaped into the pipe and went sweeping down to give joy to the townspeople, but not a drop came through the half-inch pipe which rose up from the main five feet below to the trough in the barnyard.

Farmer Stone knew it was a conspiracy against him. They never meant to do as they agreed. Luke Mathers always was a rascal. He might have known better than to trust him.

But it was just as much of a puzzle to the water commissioner as to Farmer Stone himself why the water went so scornfully past the water trough. He went all over the line, peering into the faucet and listening with his ear close to its mouth in the vain endeavor to solve the problem.

To satisfy himself that the work of laying the pipe and making the connection had been properly done, he directed the earth all to be dug away and the pipe examined. Everything was found to be all right; no defect anywhere.

Finally an engineer from the neighboring city was engaged. After carefully examining the line he decided that, the spring being so much higher than the trough, the water came with such force that it had no time to stop at Farmer Stone's place.

Some were so sceptical as to this man's judgment, however, that another engineer of still higher repute was summoned. His verdict was that the spring, instead of being higher than the trough, was, in fact, lower, therefore there was no force to push the water up to the faucet.

"Now, it's my turn to see what the law'll do," the farmer said. "They promised me water; they've got to furnish it."

Some one reminded the old man that the commissioner had only agreed to furnish the trough and the faucet; the water was not in the contract.

It was a novel situation. The town must either be deprived of water or the trough must be supplied with it, and Farmer Stone brought suit against the town officers.

And now Joshua and Mettie were in trouble again. What would become of their hopes and prospects if things went on like this?

"I know there must be some way to get water into that trough," she declared. "If I had half the knowledge some folks think they have it seems to me I could fix it."

Mettie suddenly developed a decided taste for studying water in its relation to supplying cities and towns through the medium of the gravity system. When all the others were sound asleep she would be poring over books bearing on the subject, borrowed from the city library.

Then she made numerous visits to the spring and another larger spring several rods higher up the hillside as accurately as she could with her eye.

Still further to complicate matters, Farmer Stone forbade Joshua ever to visit Mettie again.

"We will have nothing to do with them," he said. "They're a bad lot. I don't know as I ever really heard of anything mean Luke done before this, and I used to think I'd like well enough to have Mettie for a daughter, but this thing's enough to convince me that you never would have a minute's peace if you married her. Chip of the old block."

Luke in the meantime declared that Joshua never must darken his doors again.

"Good enough fellow; but what's bred in the bone will tell."

So matters stood for several weeks, until it was almost time for the trial of the suit.

On the night preceding the day of the trial Farmer Stone was very restless. He had boasted that he had never sued a man or been sued. Now the record was to be broken.

Tossing on his pillow not long after the clock struck twelve a peculiar noise broke on his ear.

The oftener it came the more mystified he grew.

The moon was shining, and by its beams he could distinguish a man's form standing near the spring on the hillside, while from the ditch came the sounds which had disturbed his dreams.

Dressing as quickly as he could he went out and skulked along the fence until he was within ear-shot.

"Now, Mettie, it is time you got out of that ditch," a voice said. "It's too hard work for you."

"All right, Joshua, but your hands are too sore to dig any more."

"I'll bet yours are blistered all over. This old ditch will kill us all, I guess."

"They'll get over it if they are blistered," came back the voice from the ditch, clear and strong. "We will see the end of this before we sleep."

Farmer Stone sprang toward the spot and looked down with astonished face into the ditch. There Mettie stood, pick in hand, her face flushed as red as fire.

"In the name of common sense, what's goin' on here," he demanded.

There was a little scream from Mettie and Joshua made a flying leap down the hill.

There seemed to be no such way of escape for the brave Mettie, however, and she leaned against the bank of earth, her hands still grasping the pick, her head bare to the night breeze. The long line of fresh earth which stretched away up the hillside showed the wondering farmer that a new trench was being dug from the large spring to the end of the pipe which supplied the village.

"Oh, Mr. Stone," Mettie began, and something marvellously like a sob found its way along with the words, "you will not be out of patience with Joshua and me, will you? It's all my fault, anyway. I couldn't think of letting that miserable law suit go on over this trough. It has worried all of us most to death. I have studied all the books in the city, I guess; and finally I thought I would just use a little common sense. It seemed to me that there must be some reason why the water wouldn't run up into that trough. I made up my mind that if there could be a little more force behind the other spring, that would be all that was needed. So Joshua and I have been digging this ditch. We have the pipe down as far as we have gone. Now we are almost to the spring. If you only hadn't come just now."

Mettie turned her face away and dropped the pick.

"Come, father; go back to bed and let us finish the job," Joshua pleaded, recovering from his surprise. "We'll have the water running into the trough in half an hour. All we have to do is to make the connection between the pipes in the lower spring."

"You go to bed yourself! I'll not let Mettie dig here in the dark any longer!"

And Farmer Stone sprang into the ditch and lifted her gently out of the narrow quarters in which she had been toiling so heroically.

A few minutes later the work was completed. The two pipes were joined by Joshua, who had provided himself with a rude kit of tools for that purpose. Then they all three hastened down to the water trough in the barnyard.

With fingers which trembled a little Mettie turned the faucet. A gurgle of joy greeted her ears and a moment afterward the water trickled through the pipe, then fairly gushed out in a stream. She had solved the problem which had defied the ingenuity of her father and all the rest of the wise men of the vicinity.

They stood watching the water for a few minutes in silence. Then Farmer Stone took Mettie by the hand.

"Now you go home and sleep good," he said. "You've won two suits, fair and square."

And that was the end of all the trouble. But the Town Board did a fine thing for Joshua and Mettie, when, a few months later, they set up the family hearthstone.

At the next meeting of that august body one of the members made a motion "that a pipe be laid from the village main to the farmyard of these worthy people supplying water for their stock free for all time, with a faucet at the back kitchen door in easy reach of the charming mistress."

And the motion was carried without a dissenting voice.—New York Evening Sun.

The Money of the Chinese.

The money of China is a curious admixture of foreign and domestic coin. Facts gleaned from consular reports and from information obtained through foreigners who have resided there go to show that very little is known about its quantity, while its quality is more unstable than is usual with the coin of other countries. No accurate estimate of the amount of money in circulation in the empire appears to have been made, and no positive statement can be set forth on a given date as to its value a week from that time. The value of the several coins fluctuates with the market price of silver upon which they are based, and a man with a bag full of "dollars" in passing from one province to another may have his wealth increased or decreased, according to the local standard called the "tael."

What Constitutes a Cold.

Some people take cold on the slightest provocation. Very seldom during the changeable wintry weather are they free from some touch of the annoying affection. These cases are of special interest, because they help us to recognize what conditions predispose to cold. This is the necessary preliminary to their avoidance.

A cold is a congestion of the mucous membranes of some part of the body. This congestion is first produced by some disturbance of the circulation. It becomes an illness and not merely a passing discomfort, because, during the congestion, certain disease germs find favorable surroundings for growth in the congested tissues and their presence prevents the return to the normal condition until after some catarrhal inflammation occurs to throw off the germs. — New York Journal.

Some Australian Nicknames.

Australians have some queer nicknames for different States and for one another. The Queenslanders are dubbed "banana landers;" Western Australians, now abbreviated into Westralians, are known as "sandgropers." The Westralians class the whole of the other States in one group and call them "t'other side," and the inhabitants "t'other siders." Tasmania, so much like England in climate and other characteristics, is usually regarded as a little behind the times, and referred to as "the land of lots o' time," "the land of sleep a lot," and so on. Tasmanians are called "Tassies," also "jam eaters," jam being one of the chief productions of the "tight little island."

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