

HOUSEHOLD.

The Children's Evenings.

There has been so much said through the agricultural press as to how the farmer's family should spend the winter evenings, that the subject has become as stale as old bread; and yet not half enough has been said.

The isolation of the farmer's family from the world during the winter, the fact that they are denied the instructive and pleasurable entertainments and social intercourse enjoyed by city people, makes it imperative that special attention should be given to make home life attractive, or else the stagnation will become unbearable to the young folks. While there are many wise parents of farm homes who provide entertainment for the children for this shut-in season, there are many who do not.

It is particularly in defense of the children's evenings that I now write. Too often in the prosy hum drum of practical life parents entirely ignore the difference in their feelings and the feelings of the little folks around them. Let us look at a family in two different pictures. A mother sits down in the evening worn out from the care and work of the day. And while her fingers deftly adjust a patch, fashion a new rug or click her knitting-needles, her mind runs into the morrow and plans on the labor awaiting her. The father sits in his corner, glad enough for a quiet hour of rest.

But what about those five or six young children, with eager, active minds, and young bodies full of animal life? They are not tired. They have no responsibility weighing on their minds. And since they have nothing to engage their time, see how restless and discontented they are! Two of the boys are disputing with each other over some trifle, by way of entertainment. Another boy is teasing his little sister, since he has nothing else to do, receiving snapping retorts in return. There is an occasional reproval from the parents, and at an early hour they are marshalled off to bed.

Now tell me, mothers and fathers, will evenings so spent make your children happy, contented and bright-minded? You know it will not. It is sufficient to create such discontent in their hearts, as will result in nothing less than an escape from the dullness of home when they are older. Here is the other picture: The day's work is over, and the family has come together for the evening. The mother says, "Children, I have a new story to commence reading this evening." And she opens that delightful boys' story, "Little Men," by Louisa Alcott; or better still, that unsurpassed youth's book of fiction and fact, "Han's Brinker or the Silver Skates," by Mary Mapes Dodge. There! the children's restlessness is over. The boys have stopped their bickering. They are entering a new world. And as the mother leaves chapter after chapter behind and gets deeper into the heart of the story, how eagerly and attentively every word is listened to by her young audience. Not only does the mother give her children the most enjoyable entertainment by reading to them from such books, but she lays before them for their reflection examples of good and evil in child life. It stimulates their intellect, and gives them something to think about outside of their own lives.

In every farm home where there are children some attention should be given to occupying their time pleasantly during the evenings. There should be juvenile reading matter for them—both books and periodicals. And if they are unable to read them, some older member of the family should read to them aloud. There should also be a variety of games for their use—checkers, authors, old maid, tiddledy-wink, etc. In our home the little fellows entertain themselves hours without number with such games. It is not spending money foolishly to buy such things for children. Make your children happy and contented in their home, and you form the strongest safeguard around them against the evils of the outside world.

New Ideas.

For those who are after novelties for their afternoon teas, there are rice flour wafers. These are slightly sweetened and may be had at the Japanese shops in pound tins. It sounds very Japanese to say that one has a tea-room. It may only mean that it is simply a boudoir where a cup of tea and a bit of gossip are in order. These retreats may be made as attractive in winter as they are always found to be in the summer. A small room could be made within a large drawing-room by the judicious use of screens, palms and hangings.

A quick desert may be made by cutting a loaf of plain cake into thick slices, putting one on each dessert plate. Over the cake pour a sauce made of one cup of thick sweet cream, beaten with an egg-beater until it is quite firm. Stir in the white of one egg, beaten to a stiff froth, sweeten and flavor.

A large piece of charcoal laid in the refrigerator will help to keep it sweet. It should be renewed once a week. When meat and poultry are brought into the house and are not eaten the same day, a piece of charcoal inside the poultry will keep it sweet.

Durable, fine cloth can be made from the skin of the banana, and the juice of the skin gives an indelible ink and can be fermented into a good vinegar. From the fruit can be made sausages and beer. Meat is made from urripe bananas, and it is maintained that it will keep as long as flour.

In every household there should be rendered beef fat. This, with butter, makes excellent pie-crust. The use of lard and other fats should be avoided, as it often leaves an unpleasant after-taste. Into an iron pan put the small bits of fat trimmed from a piece of beef, and let it simmer four or five hours on the back of the range. Strain it and set it in the refrigerator. To make three pies of ordinary size take a cupful of this fat—or half a cup, and half a cup of butter—and a salt spoonful of salt; rub to a cream with a wooden spoon. Add four cups of flour and mix thoroughly with the hands; pour a cupful of ice water into a hole in the centre of this. Mix quickly with a spoon.

Flour should be kept in a cool, dry place. If possible, there should be some kind of a close receptacle for it, and too large a quantity sometimes spoils by being kept too long. It should also be remembered that mites which often get into flour are more destructive than mice.

All kinds of cooked fish can be served with salads. Lettuce is the best green

salad to serve; but all cooked and cold vegetables go well with fish.

Autumn Dinners.

1. Fresh pork, sweet-potato roast, lima beans, bread pudding.
2. Rabbit soup, boiled ham, cauliflower, tomatoes, apple pie.
3. Pigeon soup, beefsteak, onions, potatoes, beans, Indian fritter.
4. Oxtail soup, veal cutlets, turnips, tomatoes, dried peach pudding.
5. Pigeon pie, smoked tongue, Winter squash, turnips, apple-riced pudding.
6. Stewed heart, cold ham, cabbage, potatoes, pumpkin pie.
7. Roast fowl and oyster sauce, turnips, beets, roast potato, cranberry pie, preserved quince.

Useful Hints.

To lessen the odor of cooking onions place some vinegar in the stove.

Never rub your eyes, nor allow your children to do so from their cradles.

A restaurant-keeper says celery wants to lie in cold water an hour before it is chewed.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

To polish furniture use two parts of unboiled linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine.

Clean the nickel-plate of stoves with soda and ammonia, using a woolen cloth, and polishing it with a clean one.

Remove rust from steel knives by covering them for two days with sweet oil; then rub with a lump of fresh lime until the rust disappears.

When it is wished to reduce in appearance the height of an object, horizontal or oblique lines should be employed, and perpendicular when height is required. In papering a room with a low ceiling this should be remembered.

Silver-plate of all description is best cleaned with whiting and water, rubbing it on like a paste with a flannel cloth, or using a brush if carved; then rub off with a clean cloth, and polish with a piece of chamois skin.

If you are getting a cold, and feel the chills creeping stealthily over you, beware! and get warm at any cost. Heat your room to eighty degrees if necessary, drink a cup of hot tea or chocolate and put on all the wraps you please, even if you are laughing at it for so doing. Better a small laugh at your expense than a severe cold, lasting for weeks, perhaps ending in a doctor's bill, certainly spoiling your comfort, and your good looks as well. And when the chill is averted and normal warmth and health restored, you will then need the extra heat no more than the wagons needs a fifth wheel. But never sit and chill, for fear of "coddling yourself." It almost suicidal.

Every one knows or ought to know that ink yields to milk, whereas water has no effect upon it and soap is fatal. In fact soap "sets" as they call it, nearly all stains. Children's clothes should always, therefore be carefully examined by an experienced person before they go to the wash. The chemical action of certain substances upon others is very curious, what is quite efficacious in one case having no effect in another. Fruit stains will nearly always disappear if the material is spread over the top of a cup and boiling water is poured through the cloth. If these simple and "get-at-able" antidotes to the many disfiguring stains that children's clothes especially are liable to, were always understood by a nurse, and if she examined the little garments as they are discarded, treating each place with its own remedy—it would be greatly to the advantage of the juvenile wardrobe.

The Scotchman's Prayer.

"Gracious Providence! Bless all ta Macdonalds, and ta Macdonald's children, ter sons' sons, and ter daughters' daughters, for a thousand years lang syne. Be gracious to send us mountains of snuff and tobacco, and send us rivers of whisky—a very finest whisky! Oh, yes! And send us hills of potatoes, and bread and cheeses as big as all ta Howe of Strathmore. And, moreover, likewise, send us floods of water, tat teat may be grass for plenty for man and beast, and some to spare for ta parish. Send us guns and pistols as more as ta sea on ta sand shore; and swords, too, likewise to kill all ta Grants and ta Macphersons for evermore. Bless ta wee stirk, and mak' him a big coo before Martin's. Bless ta wee soo, too, and mak' him a big boar likewise. Oh, yes! Put ta strength of Samson into Donald's arms, and send us parley, kale and corn prodigious. Bless all ta bairns—Duncan and Rory and Flora, and you Donald, and and you Lauchie, and you Peter. O Lord, if you hae anything to gie, dinna gie it to a Irish, but gie it to thine an chosen people, the Scotch; and glorious yours for evermore."

Pat's Angel.

I thought I'd deal for a minute,
So I let myself just lay,
And wondered, kind o' stupid,
If I'd get to heaven that day.
And then, think I, "I've got there,"
For I heard an angel say:
"Poor fellow, he's had a tumble;
Just help me lift his head."
"And your scarf will stop the bleeding,"
Another angel said,
And I thought, "If this is heaven,
It's jolly to be dead."
"Somehow I didn't know nothin'
Till I opened my eyes up wide
In what I guess was a drug store,
'Cause there's bottles on the side,
And the levellest lady standin',
And lookin' as if she'd cried,
At first I was awful happy
I couldn't say a thing,
Then I said, "If you're an angel,
Won't you let me hear you sing?"
And she answered, "I'm not an angel;
I'm the Daughter of a King."
She said I could allus tell 'em
By the silver cross they wear,
And she explained to me her meanin'
And I thanked her for her care.
I tell you, I'll not forget her,
That lady good and fair,
And now when I meet a lady
Who wears a cross like that,
I bow as polite as I can, sir,
And take off my old felt hat.
For I believe they're all of 'em angels,
As sure as my name is Pat.
—[Christian Observer]

When a stout printer has the rheumatism he must look out of the "fat ache."
Member of Parliament Holden invented the lucifer match.

It is estimated that twenty-five tons of gold are mined every week throughout the world.

PERILS OF SPORT IN AUSTRALIA.

Great Nerve of the Bush Rider, and Mighty Feats of the Antipodean Hunter.

"Can you ride?" was the question asked me by one of the largest land owners of Victoria as I leaned against the bars of a paddock watching a herd of his fine Australian horses.

"Ride, sir? why of course I can ride. I was known as the best rider of the whole country before I was sixteen."

Mr. Hearne smiled a smile of disdain and said:—
"Oh, I know you English country 'chaps' can ride those quiet, unspirited hacks you've got over there, but I mean can you ride an Australian horse?"

"Mr. Hearne," I said sternly, "I have ridden horses since I could walk, and bucking brutes, too, at that—horses that would surprise those quiet beasts of yours over there," and I pointed scornfully at the superb creatures walking quietly around in the enclosure.

"Very well, Mr. Turner, since you ride so well, how would you like to mount yonder filly?" and he pointed out a beautiful gray mare that made my eyes sparkle with delight.

"Just the very one," I said, highly pleased without paying particular attention to the smile that lighted up the faces of the men and boys around.

LIKE THE BRONCHO.

Ten minutes later a wiry little Irishman came to the gate leading two horses saddled and bridled. As I went forward to take the bridle out of the groom's hand, he said: "Shall I hold, her head sor?"

"No," I replied and throwing the reins over the mare's head and taking them and a hold on her mane with my left, I jumped into the saddle. I was scarcely comfortably seated when a surprising scene took place, at least surprising to me, but expected by the onlookers. The mare made a sudden side spring of about twelve feet, almost unseating me, and then bucked three times in succession with such rapidity and force that I was sent flying through the air.

"Oh! the horror of the situation, with those idiots laughing uproariously over the ignominy of my downfall. Well, let them laugh, but that horse should be conquered yet. I would not be bested by any horse. With this intention I sought to re-catch the mare, which was standing quietly grazing and fanning herself with her tail as if nothing had happened. But the moment I approached she made a right wheel, up went her hind legs to annihilate me, and she played a most marvelous "devil's tattoo" in the air. When she had gone through this performance for about ten minutes she again quieted down, but as soon as I came near, the same old game began again.

By this time the spectators could laugh no more, and one of them caught the vicious brute. I was determined to mount her again, when Mr. Hearne said: "I admire your pluck, young man, but I would advise you to pick out a quiet nag and learn to ride first before you get on a young thing like that."

Insubtle added to injury was not to be lightly borne, so with a calm front I mounted, only to be thrown again. In a third desperate attempt to keep my seat I was victor much to the astonishment of the hilarious crowd.

About nine months after my arrival at the station Mr. Hearne invited several friends to join him in a kangaroo hunt. On several occasions before this I had been out with the boys, and had seen several kangaroos killed by the dogs, but this was to be something unusual, and I was eager for the morrow.

At 11 o'clock in the morning four ladies and seven gentlemen, mounted on splendid animals, set out for a large tract of scrubby and bushy land known as Broughton's Forest. We were accompanied by four kangaroo dogs and two greyhounds. We had been riding along slowly and merrily for about an hour, when Mr. Douglas caught sight of a number of large kangaroos feeding and hopping about in the distance. At the same instant they were sighted by the dogs, who ran madly at them, barking loudly. The "tally-ho" was given, the horses became restive, for they knew well what was coming, and on we went in full chase through bracken, scrub, and trees.

On we tore, the game in sight, hopping from their hind legs and tail a distance of from twenty to thirty feet at a jump. On, on, in a mad gallop through the thick scrub, while branches from the oak tree, or eucalyptus boughs smartly reminded one of their vicinity, by striking leg, breast, or head. Little leaping, little caring, the horses, wild with the exciting chase, both woman and man struggle for first place. Neither whip nor spur is needed to incite the gallant steeds to a quicker pace. Now stooping to the horses neck to avoid some pendulous branch, now sitting back as we fly over railings, brush fence or five-barred gate, on we speed close in the wake of the hounds, that are quickly gaining on their prey.

The latter have scattered in various directions, as have also the riders and dogs; close at hand the peculiar barking tells us that a kangaroo is brought to bay. Several of us hasten to the spot. There, with his back to the lordly eucalyptus, or gum tree, stands in menacing attitude a noble "old man" kangaroo, of the macropus major family. As he stands erect with his back against a tree and his wary little eyes filled with rage, he is not an animal to be thoughtlessly attacked. The hounds have stopped beyond the reach of his death-dealing kicks, but as we approach they become more brave, and one lies at the throat of the "old man" only to suffer death for his temerity.

His body has been torn open from neck to belly and his entrails are scattered about the scrub. Yet another hound ventures and falls with its side torn asunder. These dogs are too valuable to lose so easily, so a hunter gallops up and deftly slipping a stirrup iron from its hold he whirls it high in air and like an electric flash the heavy iron descends on the head of the kangaroo, smashing in the skull and laying it prostrate at the mercy of the dogs, which with difficulty are kept from tearing it to pieces.

This last performance is often accompanied with danger and no one but a cool and expert rider can perform the feat, for the chances are a hundred to one that if in the downward blow one misses the kangaroo he will be thrown from his horse and instantly killed by a blow from the hind leg of the infuriated animal.

PROPER KANGAROO HUNTING.

As a rule the Australian despises the use

of the rifle in chasing kangaroos. It is only in cases where the latter have become too numerous that a wholesale slaughter by firearms takes place. Many a time a young Australian will bring a kangaroo to bay, then spring from his horse, pick up a "waddy," or stout stick, and enter into combat with the maddened beast. Great skill, coolness and courage are requisite in such an encounter. A very light tap on the head suffices to render a kangaroo unconscious, but the danger lies in getting close enough to give that tap, for a kangaroo will often leave the tree and spring on its foe, or it will embrace him in its wiry little arms and choke or bite him to death.

A couple of hours later we all met again and told of our successes and failures. Eleven kangaroos had been killed two "babies" taken prisoners with a loss of four dogs, a disabled horse and many tattered garments and scratched limbs. After boiling the "billy" or tea can, enjoying a good outdoor meal and resting for a while we returned home.

Hunting kangaroos is very good sport, but it is tame in comparison with "mustering" and "cutting out" wild cattle. The latter is the sport to try one's nerves and no one unless a daring rider with great presence of mind and sound judgment should ever attempt it. Many a courageous young fellow has been gored to death by an angry bull on account of his lack of knowledge or presence of mind.

On some of the larger stations cattle, i.e., bulls, steers, cows and calves, are allowed to run wild. Once or twice a year a grand mustering is held and the young calves are cut out of the large mass by means of good horsemanship and the stock whip and are then branded, while the young bulls are transformed into steers or sent to market. Again it happens that they become too numerous and, no sale being made, a grand hunt is organized and the bulls are shot down by riding up to them, placing a revolver by their ears and "dropping" them. In the process of "dropping" every station is divided into so-called paddocks, several of which often embracing an area of many thousands of acres, into which the sheep, cattle and horses are separately classed. The paddock containing the cattle, which often number thousands, is, of course, one of the largest, and includes forest lands, lakes and pastures. That in which I have often hunted had an area of 124 square miles.

FEROCEOUS BIG GAME.

It was in the month of September that Mr. Hearne gave the order to muster the cattle. Four stock-riders—men who resemble the cowboys of Texas—Mr. Hearne, his two sons and his nephew, three expert riders and lads of indomitable courage, and myself were chosen to carry out the mustering. Each mounted on a good stock horse and armed with a formidable stock whip and a brace of loaded revolvers, we sought the ground of our struggle.

We concluded that it would take us a week to finish our work and so provisions and branding implements had been sent ahead in a cart. As it was late when we arrived at the first paddock that contained the young calves we were to brand, nothing was done that day. After enjoying a hearty supper, a smoke and a few good stories, we lay down under a tree and slept soundly until morning. After listening to the orders of Mr. Hearne each went about the duty assigned him.

Several hundred heads of cattle were driven into large open space amid the loud cracking of whips, the bellowing of bulls, calves and kine, and a superfluity of cursing and swearing. Now came the exciting and dangerous part, the "cutting out" or the separation of the calves from the herd, subsequent "bunching" in enclosure where the branding and mutilating performance is done. Slash, slash comes the long stock whip across the backs of the oxen, leaving with every lash a deep red cut. Every man makes as much noise as he can.

The beasts become maddened and rush this way and that, doubling here and there. But the well trained horse knows every trick and turns as quickly as the horned beasts. Now, a madly bellowing bull, with head bent low and tail erect charges straight at horse and rider. The horse waits quietly until the beast is within a couple of yards of him, and then he rapidly whirls around and the bull forges past with the whole weight of the stock whip planted zigzag on his back, hotly pursued by the equestrian who has just escaped being gored to death.

Cut after cut, slash after slash the animal receives, until it is driven to its proper place. Then, perhaps, a stampede occurs. After a great deal of trouble, fast riding, cracking of whips, wild shouting, etc., have been done, during which the bulls have been driven from the remainder of the herd, the pitiful bellowing of the young calves attracts the attention of some old bull, which, roaring madly and fearing nothing, makes a valiant dash to the succor of the crying calves. The other bulls follow suit and then pandemonium holds sway. Here they come, the earth shaking under their onslaught.

Now look to yourselves, you daring horsemen, and show your valor and skill, for the slightest mistake means immediate death. On they come; the mob is only some fifty yards away. The bulls see the riders moving about here and there, and with their horns down, their eyes ablaze with fury, the foam running from nostril and mouth, tail erect, bellowing, roaring, they charge. Good heavens! See, the riders have come to a standstill.

MEETING THE BULLS.

They are quietly awaiting the army of bulls. Are they mad, to stand so calmly? Do they wish to die, commit suicide? Why do they not gallop into safety? Oh, no! that would not do. One had no business coming, if he has no nerve and pluck. Keep cool, that is the thing to do. On the bulls dash. Now they are within thirty yards of the horsemen. Suddenly the latter, who have been standing like bronze statues, gallop full tilt upon the maddened herd. Round whirls the whip, and like so many rifle shots each crack resounds right in the face of the charging bulls. The latter, surprised and frightened by this unexpected move, make a right turn and dash off in another direction.

Again the plucky horsemen use their gigantic whips, and with such effect that the bulls are driven to their paddock. Here it is found that they have become too numerous, and a sharp struggle begins. The incoming bulls, already maddened, spread fury among all the occupants of the paddock, and although much fighting is taking place among themselves, the majority unite

against the common foe. With great difficulty we effect an entrance.

At last, inside, we scatter in every direction. "This every man for himself now. Look! here a large horned ugly bull rushes toward me. He is within three yards of me when, like a powder flash, my horse swerves, just giving the brute room to pass. Again my good horse turns and, straining every sinew he follows the rushing bull. We are at its side. We forge to its head. It turns. We turn. Now we are neck to neck, head and head. The stock whip is thrown over the horse's neck. I place my revolver in the ear of the bull; and, as I fire, down he drops.

But there is no time to pause. Here I am neck and neck with a bull and I am about to shoot when I see another rushing madly at me. I am between two fires. There is no escape. What shall I do to save my life? Quick as a flash my horse stops and the pursued bull forges ahead and is struck in the flank by the pursuing one. Both fall to the ground and before either can rise a bullet has dispatched them.

Sometimes it happens that in turning or swerving rapidly the horse's hoof is caught in a rabbit hole, bringing the animal down, when either it or its rider, or often both, are gored to death.

The Average Morality.

The tie which binds ordinary men and women to their duty is stronger than is sometimes supposed. A startling instance of lawlessness, like the strike at Homestead, or the revolt of the switchmen at Buffalo, or an exhibition of human depravity furnished by the Borden tragedy at Fall River, may make us shudder for the time and view with alarm and apprehension the present relations of man with his fellows. We ought not to minimize the extent of industrial discontent nor shut our eyes to the dangerous forces which lie just below the surface of our civilization, and which every now and then burst the thin crust of restraint, and flame forth in riot and murder. It sometimes seems as if the summer season especially inflamed the passions of men, for as these hot weeks go by they leave behind a lamentable record of angry outbreaks of great bodies of men, to say nothing of the wicked deeds of isolated individuals.

Yet it is something to be thankful for that the world is as good as it is. The same papers whose flaming headlines set forth the folly and wickedness of men, record cases of heroism in common life which show that the race is not by any means honeycombed with selfishness and sordidness. "An engineer killed at his post," "a policeman injured while protecting ladies"—such items as these are not rare. But aside from exceptional instances there is something in the fidelity with which ordinary persons do their duty which compels admiration. Take your stand at some point where you can see the crowds of wage-earners surge in and out of a great city. Think of the resolute-ness with which morning after morning they rise and go to their tasks, often humdrum enough, always demanding patience, persistency and faithfulness. It is they who carry on the work of the world, and as modern life grows more complex, each becomes more and more essential. In a savage state one can do about as he pleases from morning till night, but civilization can only become more general and finer in its quality as each man who counts himself among the world's workers stands at his post and serves, not only his employers, but hosts of his fellow-men whom he never knows personally. The punctuality of a postman, the carefulness of an office boy may make considerable difference in the smoothness and efficiency with which the wheels of a great concern run.

On one of the hottest evenings of this summer a belated train was working its way from the mountains to Boston amid the grumbling of the passengers and with frequent delays. A hot box bothered the train men and made the passengers cross. The train had come to a standstill, and before long the engineer appeared at the door of one of the passenger coaches clad in his greasy garments, hot and jaded. He had come back for a drink of water, and said, and it was handed him, "I am about used up!" But he went back to his throttle and guided the train to its destination. The owners of the road all this time were probably luxuriating at Newport or Bar Harbor, but the faithful man in the cab, suffering far more discomfort than the passengers in their comfortable Pullmans, knew what his duty was and he did it.

The world is full of persons who are faithful to their duty, and the sense of duty was never stronger, we believe, on the part of the great majority of our country's population. A position of responsibility, however humble it be, a work to do, however tiresome the routine, is an anchor which only keeps the individual life from drifting, but it holds together humanity in all its parts. The world's workers need only to be inspired in their tasks by the Spirit of Christ, and to look upon their daily efforts as contributing to the general weal, in order to make this earth like God's heaven.

Things That are Worth Knowing.

A two-inch crack left in the lower sash of a window helps much in keeping the room clear of flies. Screen all of the windows but one, and before the open crack of this, on a stand of just the right height, place a row of plants, with thick foliage. The foraging flies, with their persistent inquisitiveness, will crawl through the network of leaves, then out of the crack into the sunshine outside, and but few find their way back through the aperture.

It is unwise economy making use of rancid butter, burned lard, soggy bread and cake, and material badly damaged in any way, in your cooking; for "tainted blood will tell," and so will the miserable, clammy, soured, added ingredients you smuggle into cake and toast and pudding, believing you are saving, when, in fact, you are spoiling whatever wholesome material you may have added to the tainted compound.

A large steel knitting needle is best for cleansing the rubber tubing of a nursing bottle, since the little brushes sold for this purpose soon break and loosen from their twist of wire, leaving minute, stabbing bristles inside the tube, liable to find their way into baby's throat. Pass the needle through the tube, and then with thumb and finger work the rubber firmly about it until every particle of curd is scoured from the tubing.

Beets keep best through the winter months when they are put in bins or barrels, and dry sand sifted thoroughly among them.