

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Made over Duds.

A wealthy woman from the city visited her aunt, and in the course of the conversation told of how she sent their last season's clothes in a box to the frontier, to home missionaries, says a lady correspondent. The aunt commended her and added: "Well, niece, bear in mind you have an aunt whose husband was a minister of the gospel, though he was not on the frontier. We could use old clo'es too."

They afterwards received this bundle and made good use of it, for she was struggling to educate her two daughters to fit them to become bread-winners.

Mrs. Minerva was wont to cut off the legs of worn merino drawers and change them so that the best came outside. The city niece's things worked over well. The soiled waists of worsted dresses were cut low and her girls wore them with gimpes. The faded part was improved by sewing velvet straps across. Odd waists she fashioned from old style polonaises. It is a pity that this pretty garment ever was allowed to go out of fashion; it was becoming, especially for portly matrons. From white dresses whose front breadths were worn and stained, she was able to remove the front width and cut them down square in the neck, and then trimmed in lace. By the use of diamond dyes she made faded woollens all of one color.

Mrs. Minerva has been "handy" in her youth, and lived across the street from a milliner whom she occasionally helped, and almost stole her trade. It afterwards proved available in fixing over headgear for herself and relations. She always taught her girls to wear everyday skirts made of skirting goods. The old style full skirts worked over admirably for her daughters. The old, shabby, "boiled" silk was the thing for the present fashionable silk skirts. It is a good plan in a family of girls to have one learn dressmaking, if she has any "knack" in that direction. I know of a family where there are six daughters. One does nothing but keep the rest "repaired and in good running order," as they say of locomotives. She seldom does housework, for a reason. The hands must be kept in order for needlework.

One of her latest achievements is that of making over two fur capes into a modern one that comes to the waist line, a lamode. A furrier wanted to charge me \$28 for a similar job; of course, matching the stripes is a nice piece of work, and it is no fun to properly line such a garment. My lady also made into modern style a seal plush coat, matching the plush and adding big modern sleeves. I sigh wistfully here, for I need such work done. I can't do it myself, and I cannot afford to hire a high-priced professional.

A Gloomy Kitchen.

Many women imagine that a bare floor scrubbed every day or two is the only "neat way of living," but the woman who covers her kitchen floor with a hemp rag carpet, protected, in the most exposed places by neatly bound oilcloth, saves much exhausting scrubbing, and her kitchen looks cleaner than the floor dingy and rough from frequent washing. Almost always the freshly washed floor is the real cause of those mysterious languid, lame, sensations from which delicate women suffer. A board floor looks dry when there still remaining sufficient dampness to give cold to persons standing on it. A dingy, shabby kitchen affects one's spirits.

Womankind advises that if you feel that you are a drudge, and life is a burden because you must spend it in the kitchen, study those kitchen walls and those cupboards and chairs and then go out and buy some "common paint" yellow ochre or "red stain," or pale green and paint the gloomy kitchen; hang new curtains at that window; and if possible make "a rest corner" where you can wait for the pot to boil or the oven to heat. Instead of standing and walking aimlessly while you must wait, sink into the little rocking chair, or upon the softly covered soap box and close your eyes. Rest, if only for a minute; save your steps by these common sense, lawful methods, and refresh your heart with the fact that all the great and important actions never could be accomplished, if the brain were not nourished by rich, pure blood; and the blood cannot feed the brain, if the food does not pass through the mouth; and where shall the mouth go for this food, if not to the woman who works in the kitchen?

Useful Recipes.

A nice way of using up cold beef steak is to brown and dip in salted hot water as many slices of bread as will cover the platter and butter them; then chop the steak very fine, add salt and pepper to taste, a little butter, enough water to moisten well, heat quickly and pour over the toast.

Egg Salad.—Twelve hard-boiled eggs, one-half pint of cream, butter the size of an egg, a little parsley chopped fine, one tablespoonful of flour. Take cream, butter, parsley and flour, mix and cook until thick. Slice the eggs, and after each layer of eggs add one of bread crumbs, over which pour the cream to cover. When the dish is full bake until brown. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Cake without eggs.—One heaping tablespoonful lard, one cup sugar, stirred together; add one cup milk or water, two even tablespoonfuls corn meal (which takes the place of eggs), flour to make the right consistency. Season with any flavor. After all is well stirred, add two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Butter may take the place of lard, and when lard is used a pinch of salt should be added.

Indian Pea Soup.—Put one pint of good boiling (dried) green peas in a pot with three pints of water and a morsel of soda; boil till the peas are soft enough to pulp through a wire sieve; cut an onion very small and chop two heads of garlic; fry these in two ounces of butter, with twenty-

four cloves and two bay leaves till of a nice golden-brown, then add the puree of peas; salt to taste, and a teaspoon of best tomato conserve; a pinch of Nepal pepper is an improvement. Let it simmer gently for about half an hour; if too thick, a little more water may be added. Serve with fried bread cut in dice.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN MURDERED.

A Financier and Editor Charged with the Crime.

Not for many a day has Guthrie, Okla., enjoyed such a sensation as when she awoke the other morning and found two of her prominent citizens and business men in jail on a charge of murder. When the body of Frank Ledgers, a young Englishman, was taken from the Cottonwood River last September, and the coroner's jury could not tell after a thorough investigation what produced death, or who the guilty parties probably were, it seemed that his taking off was destined to remain a mystery. Two months ago came a Pinkerton detective, sent by the British Government, on the appeal of the murdered man's parents and sweetheart in Birmingham, England. As a result of his work came the arrest ten days ago of Frank Thorpe, a negro porter, and three days ago William Knowles, ex-night policeman, both as accessories to the murder.

Still the detective followed up his clues. At midnight he secured a confession of some startling facts from a woman of the town, and at 3 o'clock, with the Sheriff, went to the residence of W. H. Thorne and O. C. Seeley and took them from bed and to jail, charged with the murder of Ledgers. Thorne is President and general manager of the Guarantee Investment and Loan Company, and Seeley a prominent real estate man and publisher of Oklahoma Illustrated. Thorne is an Englishman, and the murdered man was related by marriage to his wife, and boarded at his house at the time of the murder. The detectives will not give out the particulars, and the details of evidence so far can not be told with certainty. They give, however, an assurance that they have a conclusive chain of evidence that will implicate all the four parties so far arrested. There are still other persons who are suspected as being at least accessories after the fact, and more arrests will follow. The theory of the murder now is that he was chloroformed at Mrs. Jackson's on South Second street, where the negro, Thorpe, was porter, and afterwards thrown into the river.

When the body was found a watch and considerable loose change was found in the pockets, which seemed to allay the suspicion of robbery, but several thousand dollars young Ledgers had brought from England were never found.

In Frozen Labrador.

Through its long winter Labrador is simply frozen out from the rest of the world. One "komitick," or dog-sled, mail, reaches some of the more southerly settlements late in the spring. The Moravian missionaries at the Eskimo villages further north endeavour at least once a winter to visit by komitick the few scattered white settlers within 100 miles or so of the missions. Sometimes the komitick is overtaken by a severe snow storm before shelter can be obtained. Then the missionary and his Eskimo driver dig a deep ditch down in the snow, and camp in the bottom. The gases from the camp fire prevent the snow from floating in, and the travellers are sheltered from the icy blasts. At Battle Harbour, Labrador, where there is a church (there are only two churches on the Labrador coast south of the Moravian missions), they have a public sewing-machine, and one long winter, when the kerosene oil supply became very low, the women gathered at the parsonage and did their sewing by the parsonage lamp. As the Battle Harbour Mission is too poor to furnish the was church with a bell, the rector signals the call to service with a flag.

Trade in Human Hair.

There are wholesale firms in which send around agents in the spring to various Breton and other villages. These gentlemen are provided with ribbons, silk, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewelry of various kinds, paying for the maidens' glossy tresses in these goods or in ready money. So far as personal beauty is concerned, these Breton lasses do not lose much in losing their hair, for it is the fashion in that part of France for maidens to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the hair being seen. Some years ago the light German hair was held in such esteem by the hair merchants that they gladly paid as much as 8 shillings an ounce for small quantities of it—nearly double the price of silver. Light hair is still collected from Germany by agents of a Dutch company, who make yearly visits to various parts of the Germania States. The black hair imported comes mostly from Brittany and the south of France, and is, as a rule, very fine and silken. Within the present century the heads of hair of whole families in Devonshire were let out by the year. An Exeter periwig maker went around periodically, cut the locks, and oiled the ground thus left in stubble to stimulate a fresh crop.

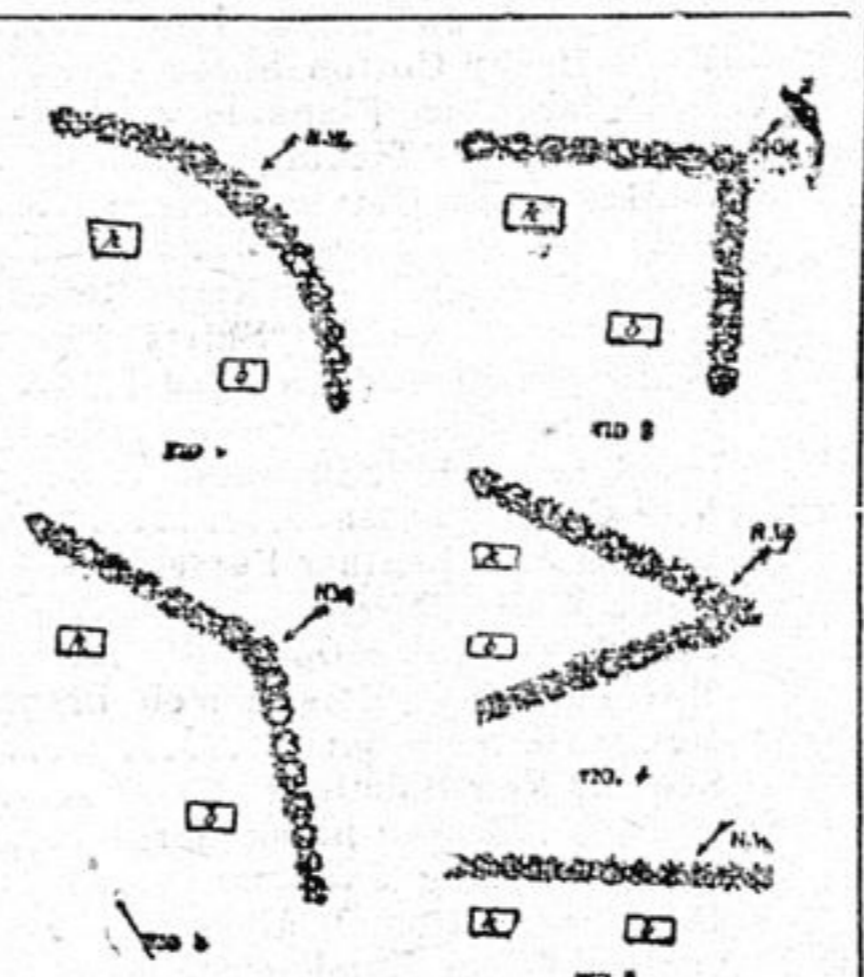
An Old Sewer Unearthed.

An old sewer has been unearthed in London during the excavation for a block of new buildings. According to the architect, it is about 100 feet long and 10 feet in diameter, and, as the houses over it were 150 to 200 years old, it is believed to have been much older. The portion now discovered seems solid and well built. The drain was full of refuse, and the soil was saturated; the contractor had to go down eight feet below the invert to secure a satisfactory foundation. Among the articles which the workmen found in excavating the vicinity were some coins of the Georges, a number of small vessels of early English manufacture and a few tobacco pipes of the form used in the time of Charles I.

AGRICULTURAL.

Windbreaks and How to Make Them.

Almost every country home needs a windbreak of trees, the exceptions being where hills check the air currents, or natural grove can be utilized for the purpose. In regions of low temperature, place it on the cold side of the house. In mild latitudes place it so as to shield the premises from the most prevalent and dangerous winds. Do not set the trees too close to the dwelling, or the quarters of the live stock. It is less than 100 to 300 ft. distant, the air is close and damp with poor ventilation, which tends to develop disease. On this account the minimum number which will afford protection is better than a large grove. The space between the trees and the buildings can be utilized for a lawn, garden, or for small fruits, avoiding thick setting. Admit plenty of sunlight. It is a vitalizer of most animal and vegetable life. Better have no windbreak than one too closely set. If you have no tree shelter, start one this spring. The form, size and distance from buildings must be governed by circumstances. A single row of thickly growing evergreens—white pine, Norway spruce, or red cedar—15 ft. apart will suffice. Limbs will then grow close to the ground, while if more than one row is used, the trees will prune themselves, as in a forest, and in time destroy the efficiency of the windbreak. Deciduous trees of almost any quick-growing, hardy variety will answer; but require more land, a grove 50 to 100 ft. wide being necessary. Mix nut-bearing trees and those valu-



VARIOUS FORMS OF WINDBREAKS.

(Fig. 1, crescent shape. Fig. 2, right angle. Fig. 3, obtuse angle. Fig. 4, acute angle. Fig. 5, straight line. The letter h indicates location of house, and b location of barn.)

able for timber with others at planting time. The accompanying illustrations (Figs 1 to 5) show some of the most desirable forms for the windbreak, which will furnish sufficient variety. If the land is on the east or south side of the road, the buildings must be placed a considerable distance from the highway, unless space for planting the trees can be obtained from the farm just across the road. A long rope attached to a stake is helpful in laying out the crescent. If rapid growth is expected, cultivate the soil deeply and thoroughly enrich it before planting the small trees or seed. Plant in rows and cultivate much as you would corn. Protect from injury by live stock and teams by proper fencing. Any sensible man or woman, by his or her own labor, can soon produce a good windbreak without any outlay unless it be for the young trees or seeds. Within a few years it will add several times its cost to the selling value of the farm, besides being a comfort and a satisfaction.

Clumps of deciduous trees and evergreens can often be so located as to afford shelter for stock, protect some crop, furnish fuel, and lumber, beautify the landscape, and utilize rough land.

Dairy Barn Ventilation.

While it is safe to say that there is a great deal of needless and unwarranted alarm concerning tuberculosis in dairy stock, it is not improbable that inefficient ventilation of farm barns is responsible for a large part of the disease that does exist. It is a matter of common observation that the herds most seriously affected have almost invariably been subjected to close confinement in unsuitable quarters. Bulletin No 7 of the U.S. Bureau of Animal Industry on investigations concerning bovine tuberculosis says:

"Fully nine-tenths of all diseased animals have been infected by inhaling the tubercle bacilli dried and suspended in the air." Farm buildings, as a rule, are inadequately lighted and ventilated. Attention to these features in barn construction is of vital importance to the health and profitable management of domestic animals, and the tuberculosis scare, if it does nothing else than to direct attention to the importance of this subject, will not have been without some good. It is estimated that cattle and horses required from thirteen to fourteen pounds of oxygen per 1,000 pounds daily, live weight. To properly furnish this requires about 2,500 cubic feet of pure air. The ordinary methods of stabling do not give cows more than from 300 to 500 cubic feet of breathing room in the barn. Unless some adequate system of ventilation is provided, one of two things is inevitable—outside air must come in through poorly constructed walls and openings of the building, in which case it will be impossible to maintain a suitable temperature in winter, or the cows must inhale the same air many

times. Air that has been once expelled from the lungs is unfit for the maintenance of animal life of any kind until a fresh supply of oxygen has been introduced. The great detriment of confining stock in poorly ventilated buildings is becoming plainly apparent. The barn should be a frame structure 40x70 feet, two and a half stories high, and entirely above ground. The side walls are of 2x4's upright twenty-four inches on centre covered outside with siding and tarred paper, and lined inside with shiplap, thus making a four-inch air space between. About a dozen of these spaces between the studding are used for ventilation flues. They are fitted at the bottom on the inside with a ventilator register opening into the flues and from the upper plates these flues are extended by means of boards up on the under side of the rafters until they are all joined in the triangular ventilator box shown at the pulley plates; these boxes communicate with the cupolas by means of wider ducts between the rafters. The cupolas have slatted sides opened and closed by means of a cord with pulley attachment conducted to the lower floor. The registers also answer the purpose of enabling any number of the flues to be closed when desired. It is found that some of these flues carry upward and some downward currents at different times, thus maintaining a constant circulation of air. The registers being near the floor take the cold and impure air out of the building from the right place, instead of permitting the warmer air to escape as in the case where there are ceiling exits. The hay chutes are also joined in this system of ventilation and may be opened or closed at will. In severe weather it becomes necessary to close a part of the openings, though the temperature of the barn rarely gets below 40 degrees even in times of extreme cold.

This system provides an ample supply of pure air, is not expensive, and may be applied in any well constructed barn. A cement floor and cemented sewer pipe drainage, with bell trap openings, gives this barn substantially perfect sanitary conditions. The cement floor gives good satisfaction without plank covering for all stock, except horses. In the dairy cow section we have five different cow ties in use, using cement flooring with all of them.

TRANSFORMED.

A Lesson from the Life of Ivan the Terrible.

A legend is told concerning the Russian Tsar, Ivan the Fourth. This monarch began to reign in his boyhood, and was remarkable for his cheerful amiability. An old chronicler describes him and the tsarina as "two blessed children, beloved of God and men."

At the age of twenty Ivan lost his wife. Then his character underwent a sudden, inexplicable transformation. He became a pitiless monster, murdering thousands of his subjects to gratify his thirst for blood. He is known in Russian history as Ivan the Terrible.

The legend states that the Angel of Death, when it claimed his wife, was sent also to Ivan's door, but that an evil genie entered his chamber at the same moment, and offered to give him long life on condition that he should become its slave. Ivan consented, and was given a bottle containing a liquid of which he was to swallow a few drops on the first day of each year.

"Whenever he drank of this liquid," says the tradition, "it filled his soul with evil, as a drop of the cuttlefish's secretion turns a cup of water black. Each year Ivan grew more vile, until there was not an atom of his body or heart which belonged to God."

The genie probably was Ivan's own besetting sin, and the elixir was liquor or some other vicious indulgence; but the facts of his life remain no less mysterious and terrible.

As singular a change in the other direction took place in John Newton, who records that when he was serving in an African slave-ship, addicted to the lowest vices, he resolved to give himself back to God. After three years he became a minister of the Gospel, preaching both by a mighty eloquence of words and a holy life. "I drank," he says, "every day, through God's word, of the water of life."

The poison and the elixir are in the world still. We may taste of either each day, and make of ourselves what we will.

Few persons ever think of the terrible capacity for change that is within them. An acorn can grow only into an oak, but an innocent youth at his own will may develop into a criminal; or an ill-tempered malicious, dishonest man may become one of God's ministering angels in the world.

A Ghastly Tale from China.

There are many curious trades in the world, but the most strange must surely be the "artificial manufacture of wild men." Yet a well-known English doctor in China has just certified from his own personal experience that this art is regularly practised in the Flowery Kingdom.

First a youth is kidnapped, then bit by bit he is flayed alive, and the skin of a dog or bear grafted piece by piece upon him. His vocal chords are next destroyed by the action of charcoal to make him dumb; and the double purpose of causing "etioliation" of the skin and utter degradation of the mental faculties is effected by keeping him immured in a perfectly dark hole for a number of years. In fact, by treating him like a brute for a sufficiently long time he is made into one. At last he is exhibited to the entirely credulous Chinese as a wild man of the woods, and his possessors reap a rich harvest.

The priests, it seems, are adepts at the art. When a kidnapper, however, is caught by the people he is torn to pieces, and when the authorities get him they torture him and promptly behead him. Such is life under the rule of the Son of Heaven.

Another convention of the Central American countries for the purpose of forming a union is likely to be held this year.

BROTHER GARDNER.

When the routine business of the regular Saturday night meeting of the Limekiln club had been disposed of, Brother Gardner arose and said:—

"I hold yere in my hand sartin resolutions on de death of Brudder Abraham Lightfoot Green, which sad event took place five days ago. Brudder Green was an active member of dis club. While he didn't do much talkin' no one could doubt his interest in all de puceedin's. To a sartin extent he hid his light under a bushel, but whatever work was assigned him to do he did it faithfully. Dese resolutions hev bin drawn up by a committee. Dey start ef by sayin' dat Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst a fond father, a lovin' husband an' a dearly beloved brudder



"I RUN OUT WID A CLUB." of dis club. While I am awar' dat sich am de custom I can't abide no sich hypocrisy.

"In de fust place, Brudder Green was not a fond father. He had seven chil'en in de family, an' he was arrested about twice a month fur lickin' 'em wid a rawhide. I've often heard him wish dem seven chil'en would git blowed up in a heap on a steamboat. In de second place, he was not a lovin' husband. When he wasn't engaged in runnin' away from his wife, she was engaged in runnin' away from him. He libed jist back of my cabin, an' it was a cold day when he an' de ole woman didn't hev a row.

"I wish to state dat Providence didn't see fit to remove Brudder Green. Providence wasn't around dar at all an' didn't hev nuffin' to do wid his removal. He removed hisself. He got mad at de ole woman kase she coul'n't wash a black-berry stain outa his white vest, an' he went out into his garden and devoured nine large cowcubers in a new state an' wid-out peelin'. Dat night he was taken wid sich pains dat he jumped ober a fence 'leben feet high an' died befo' he could make his will. Sich things should not be laid off on to Providence. Providence might have sunthin' to do wid a pusson fallin' off a barn or gittin' run ober by a butcher cart, but she draws de line at cowcubers widout any salt on 'em.

"I notice dat dese resolutions go on to say dat Brudder Green was honest an' upright in his dealin's wid his feller men. It am customary to put dat in, but I feel dat de truth orter be stated once in awhile. As a matter of fact Brudder Green was allus borrowin' money an' was neber known to pay any back. He owed his grocer an butcher an' laundlor. If he owed a debt of \$10, his creditor was willin' to sell de claim for 10 per cent. of its face value. He borrowed \$5 of me ober two y'ars ago, an' though I put in 600 days of hard work tryin' to get it back de debt was neber paid an' has gone to de grave wid him. One night I heard a commoshun in my garden. I had fo'teen of de nicest, biggest Summer squashes yo' eber saw an' I run out wid a club to find dat Brudder Green had gobbled up 'leben of 'em an' cum back fur de odder three. He was in bed fur two weeks arter I got frow wid him, an' it was gibben out around that he had been sunstruck.

"I also notice a heartfult sympathy to the effect dat we extend our heartfult sympathies to his bereaved family and feel to pint out to 'em dat our loss am Brudder Green's gain. De family am not bereaved. I was ober dar dis afternoon an' found de chil'en gallopin' up and down and takin' heaps o' cumfure, and de ole woman told me she had all de washin she could do and de best kind of an appetite fur meat and taters. When I spoke of de late departed, she said she could git a better man inside of fo' weeks and she frowed out a strong hint dat \$2 in cash would do her mo' good dan a dozen resolutions of sympathy.

"My fren's I shall lay dese resolutions under de table, and unless my decision am appealed from dey will not be heard of agin. Brudder Abraham Lightfoot Green am dead. De world am no better and no wuss fur it. He was not too good—not too bad—jist about like the rest of us. He was honest when he had to be, an' when he saw an oppinin' to beat his feller man he took advantage of it. He was a fair sample o' millions of men an' as sich he libed an' died. I am perfectly willin for the club to vote money to buy him a tombston, but let it be a plain one, and let de epitaph be confined to name an' date. We shall hang up de usual emblem of mournin' in Paradise hall, and we shall set aside de customary page in our book of puceedin's, but we shall have no use fur resolutions. Brudder Green was bo'n an' libed an' died. He had his streaks of goodness and his streaks of badness. He was no better and no wuss dan de average. While we am sorry he's gone, we at de same time realize dat he wasn't of much account while among us. Hypocritical resolutions deceive no one. Let us put out de fire, empty de water pail and break de meetin' in two fur one week."

A Daily Assistant.

Friend—Does your wife assist you any in your work? I often see hor at your desk.

Humorist—Y-e-s, she goes over all I write, and burns up all my jokes about wives.