

FACE VALUE.

Nature is, after all, the greatest promoter on record. From time immemorial she has been launching human stock upon the market, putting upon it an arbitrary value—a face value—which answers to nothing but her mood of the moment, and has as delightfully little relation to the real value as the most daring trafficker on 'Change could desire. She bestows looks at random—a face of angelic innocence is the strong point of the scamp of the family; an air of grace crowns the child of the street; while a young duke would make an ideal grocer's boy. But nature may float what bogus shares she pleases, for there her responsibility ends. She does not share poor humanity's desire to "grasp at the skirts of happy chance," she dwells beyond earth's little limits of luck and loss, and she does not care a halfpenny for her reputation. She leaves to us the joys and sorrows connected with the rise and fall of the stock she has initiated, and the most disastrous settling day that ever dawned never cost her a moment's uneasiness. From age to age she goes remorselessly on, forming fresh plans for imposing upon mankind. She knows that whatever she may throw upon the market, somebody is bound to take it up. Fate forces certain bonds upon us in the shape of relationships, and we invest in others of our own free will matrimonially, socially, or in business connections. But the strangest part of it all is that we never grow tired of accepting stock at nature's valuation, well aware that it represents a merely nominal estimate, yet unable for the life of us to resist a "face we like."

Face value is not necessarily beauty, but it is beauty's equivalent—fascination and charm. In vain the less engaging majority protest against this folly by such proverbs as "handsome is that handsome does;" we refuse to believe in their soundness until the truth is proved at bitter cost. Face value tells most at the outset; no other possession is one-half so useful as far as making a good start in life is concerned, and it is doubtful whether any gift of nature has been so universally and passionately desired. Every poet sings "the might, the majesty of loveliness," but perhaps no one has put the fact in a more plain and telling form than Johanna Baillie, who closes her list of the triumphs of "all-powerful beauty" with the words:

Yea, puts a bridle in the lion's mouth,
And leads him forth as the domestic cur.

Man's weakness in this respect may be no more than a "delightful prejudice," as Theocritus has it, but it certainly is a prejudice that can be, and is, turned to account by nature's favorites in every relation and almost every circumstance of life. To begin at the beginning, a good appearance is set forth as a special advantage by ladies and gentlemen in search of domestic service, and it has an acknowledged value behind the counter. A pretty brunette can command a good salary, we are told, while a pretty blonde rates even higher.

"My face is my fortune," proclaims a common experience, even if a girl so happily endowed, be as stupid as an owl, or, to put it in a graceful Eastern form, "as silent as the moon." Down the corridors of time rings the voice of the preacher, warning us that "favor is deceitful and beauty is vain," but history goes to prove that even Solomon himself did not act up to his convictions, and it would be difficult to show that the present generation has profited by his wisdom. In spite of all that nineteenth century cynics choose to say, the old, old folly of love at first sight survives, and lives are made or marred in consequence. A man rushes in as recklessly as ever to secure the matrimonial investment which happens to attract him at any fancy price; he stakes everything he holds dearest upon the venture, and not infrequently awakes one fine morning to find himself worse than beggared. This is not as a rule the precise way in which women tempt fortune. Though they often adore "en masse" a well-favored actor or other prominent male creature, they are individually little influenced by personal beauty in the choice of a husband. This readily explains itself: "The love of the man is for the woman, but the love of the woman is for the love of the man." She is not swayed by the masculine necessity to "find continual comfort in a face," because she does not care so much to kiss as to be kissed.

A woman, go where she will, finds comeliness stand in her good stead. For instance, in the law courts, the weakest cause with a pretty plaintiff is never considered hopeless. Justice herself, being a woman, is naturally immaculate, but her exponents unfortunately belong to the wrong sex. We all remember Sir Roger de Coverley's beautiful widow, "that commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her;" she cast her "bewitching eye" on the youthful Sheriff, and presently not only he, but "the whole court were prejudiced in her favor." This brings us to the point of asking, by the way: What has become of the universal captivators of former times? Where are our Helens and Cleopatras? We have society beauties by the dozen, but those queens of beauty who held sway over tens of thousands of admirers, and who were at once the toast and the boast of their respective generations appear to be as extinct as the dodo. And we are ready to affirm—at the point of the sword if need be—that the beauty of woman nowadays is not one whit less than it was in bygone years, but its value, like that of silver, seems to have become depreciated, and probably for the same reason.

Good looks are more common than they used to be, because it is easier for our sisters and sweethearts to look pretty than it was for our mothers and grandmothers. Not only have artistic taste and perception been immensely developed, but the wares now offered for the adornment of fairness are exquis-

itely suited for that purpose. A very large proportion of the enchanting faces we see and admire in the streets and parks to-day would have been nowhere, so to speak, fifty years ago.

A hardened few refuse to bow the knee to Venus, but nature is a match even for them, as in the case of the thrifty housewife who rejoiced in finding a "right lean and meager serving-lad," the delicacy of whose appetite might, judging from appearances, be safely depended upon. But, alas! he developed a voracity far surpassing his plumpest predecessors. To take another class: How many dear invalids trade upon pallor and attenuation, and prey on the very heart's blood of those about them? They are petted and waited upon all through life, and frequently end by outliving their nurses, thus giving satisfactory proof of possessing iron-constitutions and inexhaustible stores of vitality.

If a fair start ensured final success, we should see most of the prizes of life in the hands of the better looking portion of the community, but, luckily, the sounder qualities of head and heart tell in the long run. Character has much to do with determining the individual's ultimate market value, which is generally found to be either a much higher or much lower figure than he or she was originally rated at. Nature's favorites are not always fortune's favorites; life is made up of chances, and the successful man is he who recognizes his opportunity and takes it. Ugliness unadorned may remain at a discount, but add fame or riches to the most ill-favored, and up goes his market price to a premium, till by and by he may find himself on fortune's cap "the topmost button." A story is told of Abraham Lincoln, who on some public occasion, when passing through a crowd, overheard the comment upon himself, "Why, he's a common-looking fellow!" He turned and rejoined: "Friend be content; God Almighty must prefer the common-looking fellows, he has made so many of us."

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Mr. Sirius Barker illustrates how he would carry it out.

"War," remarked Mr. Sirius Barker, as he dropped his paper across his knees and looked into space, "is a brutal and barbarous institution. I can't understand why it is that human beings will get together and fight instead of discussing any difference that may arise in a calm, gentlemanly manner."

"You are in favor of arbitration, aren't you said his wife."

"Emphatically. If I had the power, I wouldn't think of allowing any question, however great or small, to be settled otherwise. There is no need of allowing passion to get the better of reason. The moment we admit that might makes right, the great principle of justice is sure to be sacrificed."

"By the way, Henry, Mr. Diggle, who owns the property next door, called here to see you this morning just before you went down town."

"What did he want?"

"He says the fence between our lots is over on one side so that there is a strip of his ground six inches wide in our yard."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes. He thought you might not know about it because the property has never been surveyed since you bought it."

"He has the impudence to assert that I have been occupying six inches of his ground, has he?"

"That is what he said."

"Who told him all this?"

"He says he suspected it all along, and had it surveyed yesterday, and that the surveyor told him."

"What is he going to do about it?"

"He says he is going to have a man come next week and move the fence over."

"He is, is he? Well, I guess I'll have something to say about that. He's going to yank that fence around to wherever he chooses and give me any little patch of the earth that happens to be left over when he has all the wants, is he? That's just like Diggle's."

"Are you going to hire a lawyer?"

"And pay out more than the whole house and lot combined are worth? Not by a jug-full."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to lick the first man that lays his hand on that fence, and Diggle in the bargain. If it's necessary I'll hire a whole standing army and a Gatling gun to stand guard over every post in it. That's what I'm going to do about it."

WOMAN DESIGNER.

A lady who was formerly one of H. R. H. Princess Henry of Battenberg's governesses has a great aptitude for illumination. She is yearly commissioned to design and decorate borders for the Queen's own private journal, and so very minutely and carefully is this done that she has nearly six months' work before her when she once commences a volume. Each page has a beautiful border, and, as far as possible, the subjects chosen for the illumination are suggestive and suitable to the season of the year or the place in which Her Majesty is likely to be at the time. The frontispiece is a marvel of color and design in the Italian style. The binding is always left to the Queen's own taste.

SCOTCH INDIFFERENCE.

An old Scotch sergeant was going his rounds one night to see that all the lights were out in the barracks-rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining he roared out: "Put out that light, there!" One of the men shouted back: "It's the mune, sergeant!" "Dianna care a tacket what it is, the sergeant said; pit it out!"

THE LAW'S MAJESTY.

Justice—You are charged, sir, with failing to provide for your motherless children, who are at this moment starving in your miserable home. How much money have you in your pockets? Prisoner—Ten dollars.

Justice—I fine you ten dollars. Next case.

AGRICULTURAL.

CHAPTER ON CHEESE-MAKING.

Fall-made cheese is popularly supposed to be the best of the season. It really ought to be, and produced under right conditions it generally is, but the dairymen has almost as much influence in molding its character as the maker. As a cheese-maker I have always had a hard time in convincing dairymen of this, many of whom never could be convinced, and consequently would not mend their faults, writes Geo. E. Newell, in Ohio Farmer.

There always has been, but I hope will not always continue to be, a class of dairymen who profess to believe that it is a maker's business to produce good, marketable cheese out of most any kind of milk. This misapprehension comes from a lack of understanding of right dairy principles which time will remove. Under favorable conditions I have made the finest of cheese in October, and under unfavorable conditions cheese not so good. In the first instance frosts held off late and feed remained sweet and nutritious. The skimming craze had not also turned the heads of my patrons, and they were able to furnish rich, pure milk.

I have even made very rich, buttery cheese where skimming, extremely light night skimming was done. The milk was not set for rapid cream raising, being aerated before storing in delivery cans and afterward stirred several times. Thus perhaps only a third of the cream would be secured on skimming in the early morning, a few hours after setting. By quality of the cheese I am convinced that when this was mixed with the whole morning's milk, the common fluid contained three per cent. or over of butter-fat. This was virtually full cream cheese, although the state full cream brand could not be used upon it. However, it is just exceptional cases like this that have led to the belief that all fall night skims are equal to summer full creams.

Another drawback to producing first-class cheese at this season is that in every dairy community there will always be found some who will pasture their cows till snow flies. It has been my experience that the character and quality of feed always crops out either in the manufacturing vat or later on in the quality of the cured cheese. Bad feed will make bad milk, bad curd and bad cheese everytime. Frost-bitten grass, when eaten by the cows, produces thin, poor milk, which in turn will make salve cheese. No trick of manufacture can overcome this when due to such a cause, nor can it produce melon, rich cheese from milk containing less than three per cent. of butter-fat.

I heartily wish that there was a fuller understanding and more mutual relations existing between manufacturer and milk-producer. It must come to that before we can have cheese that are uniformly good every day in the week. There isn't one farmer out of fifty but what has a granary for his wheat and oats, a bin for his potatoes, and a crib for his corn. Let me add that in a prominent dairy neighborhood of twenty-four such farmers I found only one who had a dairy room for his milk. What was more, dairymen was their main dependence, and grain, potato and corn issue only side issues. The condition of this neighborhood can be duplicated in scores of instances in our best dairy sections. It means that dairymen have a work to do, a work which they have not yet generally undertaken. The lack of it adds another to the several causes that injure fall and winter milk quality. Now that the season has come when dairymen generally set the night's milk indoors, it finds no particular abiding place. Perhaps on the pantry shelves in the same apartment with victuals, on shelves in the kitchen, or on an improvised rack in the woodshed. In all of these places I have found crotches of milk setting in the fall of the year. Let me add one place designated "the milk room," the pans were ranged on a bench in an apartment used for general storage. Two dead mice were floating in the cream, which I judged was not an unusual occurrence by evidence of the vermin on all sides. At still other farms dairymen kept their night's milk in the delivery cans, standing out of doors and protected from the rain. Provided they aerated it thoroughly by stirring or other means this was much the preferable way, as after such treatment I invariably found the milk in prime condition for cheese-making.

I cite these truthful instances to illustrate the disadvantages associated with the manufacturer's labor under during the autumn months. And in spite of them all fall cheese is expected to be better than that produced at any other time of the year!

A great deal of it is better, and it might all be better if just a few obstacles were removed from the path. First, do not skim below three per cent. of butter fat. To do this the skimmer must leave thousands of pounds of whole milk untouched. Second, have a proper milk and dairy room just as you have a proper granary. You put inverted tin pans over the posts of the corn crib to keep out the mice. For myself, however, I had rather ear meal ground from corn when a mouse had nibbled on the cob, than to eat cheese made from milk in which his mousehood had been drowned. Keep mice out of the dairy room! Also keep everything else out except the pure air of heaven. As long as milk is kept on the farm twelve hours or more before taken to the factory, proper means must be provided to preserve it pure. Pure wholesome milk only can form the basis of a first-class cheese quality.

I think every cheese-maker should know just what each of his patrons is doing in the way of feed and milk care. Suggestions of improvement that he may offer, that put into execution will furnish him with just the quality of milk that he wants, should be immediately acted upon by dairymen for their mutual interests. The cheese-maker of to-day is a great improvement on what he was five years ago,

and there has also been great improvement in the vocation during that time.

The adoption of the rennet test stands foremost among these, as it enables the maker to do with accuracy what was formerly largely guesswork. It now remains for dairymen to be more generally convinced that their highest interests demand an increased attention to the milk quality furnished factories.

We offer these suggestions at a time when the price of cheese is low, and when a betterment of quality will have a potent influence in making it higher. The main object, however, should be to start a policy that will keep American cheese invariably good for years to come.

SCOTCH HIGHLAND SHEEP.

In referring to this comparatively little known breed in this country, the Country Gentleman says:

The sheep are plastic under good management, and it may be easily supposed that an experienced shepherd might so manage these sheep as to acclimate this breed, in time, even to the very different life on a prairie.

It is essentially a mutton sheep, but even this is the result of its mountain life and the nature of the pasture.

Its wool is very coarse and is used for carpet manufacture. Some of it is imported into this country, where it sells at a very low price.

Its mutton, however, is unexcelled in quality, and is sold at the highest prices in the London markets, to which the fatted sheep, fed on roots on English farms very often are sent for sale.

The carcass is what we call small, weighing 17 or 18 pounds a quarter when finished at three years old.

The young lambs are considered to excel all others in the fine flavor and tenderness of the meat. Thus, it is a small sheep, but yet it might meet a demand for light carcasses here, if it could be acclimated.

The fleece is coarse, loose and shaggy, and weighs not far from four pounds either way for the ewes, and six to seven for rams.

The face and legs are black or mottled and covered with smooth hair, quite free from wool.

The nose is prominent and arched, but not so much as the Cheviot, which most nearly resembles in figure this sheep, but is somewhat larger.

The rams' horns are large and set low, resembling those of the Merino, making one or two spirals, as the age may be.

The ewes' horns are small, short, thin flattened, and not spiral, but only half bent forwards and downwards.

The back is broad all the way from the shoulder to the rump, and the tail is naturally short and is never docked. It is not uncommon for the tails to be free of wool, or, as it is termed by the shepherds, whip-tailed.

These sheep are exceedingly active, as might be supposed from their mountain life; but how they might succeed in our warm climate and on an ordinary pasture and under close control, is a matter for experiment, which must be said to be a very uncertain affair.

We have never seen or heard of a cross between these sheep and the Merino; and to judge from experience in the crossing of such entirely different breeds, the result of such a cross is a mere matter of guesswork.

THE BABY IN THE CASE.

'Twas midnight in the sleeper
And all had gone to rest;
For four long days they traveled
Far from the golden West.

Weary, tired, and wanting sleep,
They'd just begun to doze,
When loud and loud with piercing strength
A baby's cry arose.

'Twas just a three months baby,
With lungs enough for ten;
And one by one that youngster's cry
Awoke those sleeping men.

Then some began to curse and swear
And from the curtain peep,
With "Darn the child!" "Confound that brat!"
"We've paid to get some sleep."

Trying to hush the little one,
His face with sorrow stamped,
Still up and down the sleeping car
The youthful father tramped.

Then a crusty Western magnate,
With anger in his eye,
Burst forth in furious temper
At the baby's piercing cry.

"Take the brat to mother;
She is the proper nurse;
I guess she's in another car,
Asleep without this curse."

"Where is his mother? Hang it!"
But the father sadly said:
"My wife is in her coffin
In the baggage car ahead."

Then a hush fell on the passengers,
The angry man grew mild;
"Go, sit with her, my friend;
Give me your little child."

WOMEN IN PROFESSIONS.

The London Daily News draws attention to the greatly increased number of women in England who are now, according to the last census paper, engaged in various professions. In the civil service the number of women officers and clerks has risen from less than 3,000 in 1871 to 8,516 in 1891. There was no return of women doctors in 1871; in 1881 they were returned as 25 in number, but in 1891 they were 101 in England and Wales. Besides over 53,000 sick nurses, there are 887 women engaged in "subordinate medical service." Under the heading of "author, editor, Journalist," we find 660 women in 1891, as compared with 452 ten years before, and 255 in 1871. Fifteen was the total number of women reporters for England and Wales in 1881, but in 1891 there were 127. In 1881, there were 1,950 lady painters, engravers or sculptors; in 1891 the number had risen to 3,032. For the first time in 1891 there were lady architects on the census. Lady musicians and music mistresses numbered over 19,000 in 1891. They were 11,069 ten years before. In commercial pursuits the increase of women workers is not so striking.

HOUSEHOLD.

LAMPS AND CANDLESTICKS.

One piano lamp is useful, but to multiply that and stand them about as if they had walked out to take their places in a waltz, or to see how many intruders into a half-darkened room they could trip up in a day, is rather too much. Then, their pagoda tops of monstrous girth deluged the room with boisterous color and put everything else out of countenance. If anything, they are more perverse and ungainly than the corner easel. The banquet lamp modestly rears its light at the right place upon a table or piano, and may be clothed in a manner at once simple yet distinctive. With a standard of Japanese bronze or terra cotta, and a delicate shade, the banquet lamp is beautiful. But a new horror threatens us; that is a tall candlestick, generally made of enameled wood and profusely decorated in colors, often of the Dresden style. It is made to stand either on the floor or on the table.

PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES.

Enameled iron kettles are durable, provided they are properly cared for. Harry Snyder, of the Minnesota Experiment station tells housekeepers that the enamel is made from powdered glass, soda, lime and boric acid, forming a thin paste which fuses and unites with the clean iron kettle, when the kettle is placed in a muffle furnace. The enamel is very similar to the glaze on dishes. When enameled kettles are used, sudden changes of temperature must be avoided. If hot water, or even cold water, is poured directly into the kettle the enamel is very liable to crack, but if the water is heated in the kettle and the change is gradual the enamel and iron expand and contract at the same rate and the kettle is not cracked. In short, when you see an enameled kettle be careful not to subject it to sudden changes of temperature.

THE FAMILY FLOUR BARREL.

It is exceedingly important that the family flour barrel be kept in a cool, dry closet, on a rack, so that no dampness can collect under it. An arrangement is now on sale for lifting the barrel above the floor and moving it out when necessary, which is an improvement on a rack on casters. This is barrel swing, by means of which the barrel is held suspended in the air from a beam or heavy joist of the house. The barrel may be thus suspended in a pantry, and when needed may be swung out by a slight movement. The greatest advantage of either rack or swing is that the floor beneath the barrel may be kept scrupulously clean. Family flour absorbs odors of other food and any foul germs that may be present in the atmosphere, therefore it should be closely covered, whether in a closet or kept outside in a larger room, and the room where it is kept should be free from all such debris of food and other articles too often found in a kitchen pantry.

SEASONABLE COOKING.

Spiced Apple Sauce.—Peel, core, and free the apples from any blemish, then cut up in quite small pieces. A large earthen jar with a cover should be ready to receive them. Into this put first a liberal sprinkling of sugar, with cinnamon to taste, then a layer of apples, then more sugar and cinnamon, and so on till the jar is full. The sugar should be regulated according to the tartness of the apples, from a quarter to a half pound for one pound of apples being the rule. The jar should be placed at the back of the range and the fruit kept covered and gently simmering through the day. It should then be set away to cool and the apples taken out only as they are needed for sauce or desserts. Having no water mixed with the apples prepared in this way are very palatable.

Grape Soy.—Simmer five pounds of grapes until soft, rub through a colander, add a tablespoonful of ground allspice, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, half a tablespoonful of cloves, the grated half of a small nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and three heaped teaspoonfuls of sugar. Boil an hour, bottle and seal.

Plymouth Indian Pudding.—Mix one cup of yellow meal, one cup of molasses and one teaspoonful of salt. Pour on one quart of boiling milk; add one tablespoonful of butter, three pints of cold milk and two eggs. Bake in a deep, well-buttered pudding dish holding at least three quarts. Bake very slowly seven or eight hours. Do not stir, but cover with a plate if it bakes too fast.

Nice Puffins.—Sift a teaspoonful of baking powder with one pint of flour adding a little salt. Beat two eggs the yolks and whites separately, then add to the yolks a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, the sifted flour, and then the whites of the eggs. Beat well and then bake in a hot oven in gem pans or trings. Take them out of the pans as soon as done.

Frozen Custard.—One quart of new milk, two eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, sugar boiled in the milk, and the corn starch, after being mixed with some of the milk, poured into the boiling milk. Beat the eggs separately and then together, and then the boiling mixture poured over them. Flavor with vanilla or lemon, then freeze.

REMEDY FOR INSECTS.

Nearly all the insects which trouble roses and other plants may be overcome by the use of tobacco in some form. A hot tea applied to the soil about the plant will destroy enemies at the root; when cold the liquid can be applied to the foliage to eradicate aphides, slugs and other enemies found upon the leaves. The fumes of tobacco are also effectual in destroying aphides, the tobacco dust applied while the dew is on has a similar effect. Tobacco stems laid at the root will keep away insects and promote growth as well.