Alone in London.

I don't know what we'll do, Jim; the rain's a coming fast.
I haven't got no money, and it's twelve o'clock and past.
Let's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can see,
We can maybe get to sleep there, if the "copper" let us be.

Here, come a little closer, Jim, you're youngest, d'ye see,
And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter behind me;
Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then they won't get wet,
There might be some cove come along as wants to buy one yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim? It doesn't? That's all right.
I wish we had a crust of bread to eat this cold, wet night;
I don't care much about myself, but I must keep you alive,
And if I can go without at *ten*, you can't at only *five*.

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a-shining in the sky?
I wonder what the people does as lives up there so high.
D'ye think our mother went up there to live inside a star?
I wish we could go too, lad, but it looks so far.

I'm afraid we'll not get there, Jim; but there, we scarcely know!
Tom, what lived in Seven Dials, died not very long ago,
And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a place all light,
And heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands are just like lead,
And stiff—why Jim! poor little Jim—ah, what!—he isn't dead?
Oh, Jim, it can't be—nay, he's gone—Jim's seen his last wet day,
And his soul's gone flying upward to the star-light far away.

—*The Quiver.*

The Sad Fate of Counting Nick.

Have you ever heard the terrible tale
Of Nicholas Perkins Poppingale
Who counted himself to death?
He began by counting railroad ties,
And then he fell to counting flies,
I'm sure it isn't any surprise
That he finally lost his breath.

A promising boy was little Nick,
But the counting fever made him sick;
I've heard of it before.
When he took a step he counted that,
He counted the purring of the cat,
And counted the inches measured flat
Of everything he saw.

When he tried to play he had to stop,
For he couldn't keep up the count, and hop
As fast as other boys.
It's hard to run and count your strides,
And count the other boys' besides;
And counting the pickets on sleigh-rides
Robs sleighing of its joys.

At every meal he counted each bite,
Which sadly impaired his appetite
And made him very thin.
He counted each cry the baby gave,
When he went to sail, he counted each wave,
He counted the snores of his brother Dave
And the hairs on his grandma's chin.

It's a pitiful tale and yet it's true;
And that counting boy was always blue,
I never saw him smile.
It's all very well to count your cash;
But counting the winks of a friend's eyelash
Or the number of bites in a plate of hash
Is really not worth while.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Fluff did not wait for his answer; she chattered on very much at her ease.

"Mother and Fern only think I am taking a walk, but I always meant to come and see grandpapa on my birthday. I should think he ought to be very glad to see me; and if he is not," here her lip quivered a little, "I should tell him he is very naughty to live in this beautiful house while poor mother is so poor, and goes out teaching." But, as she spoke, the door had opened softly, and a tall grey-haired man, with a thin erect figure, walked slowly into the room, leaning on Erle's arm, while Percy followed him.

Fluff gave a little exclamation at the sight of the two young men, and then ran towards Mr. Huntingdon, her broad-brimmed hat falling on her neck, and her dark eyes all aglow with excitement.

"I have come to see you, grandpapa," she said, holding out her hand with the air of a little princess; and then, as he did not take it, she continued rather piteously, "please, dear grandpapa, don't be angry with me, for I have come all this way of my own accord, and I am so tired and hungry."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of that stately room it could not have created a greater sensation.

Erle flushed and looked uncomfortable, a dark frown crossed her brother's face; Mr. Huntingdon's was inscrutable as usual, only a grey tint seemed to spread over his features, and there was a slight trembling in the hand that held Erle's arm.

Fluff looked from one to the other, and then she touched Erle coaxingly.

"Do ask grandpapa to be kind to me, Mr. Erle," she pleaded. "Percy is always cross, but you have been so good to me and Fern." But a stern voice interrupted her.

"Do you know this child, Erle? she seems to recognize you."

"Yes, sir," stammered Erle, losing color now as fast as he had gained it; his embarrassment was not lessened by the look on Percy's face. I have seen her when I have been with Percy. She is Florence Trafford, Mrs. Trafford's youngest child, and I expect what she says is quite true, and that she has come of her own accord, though I have no idea how she found her way here."

"How should you, Mr. Erle," returned Fluff, nestling up to her favorite, "when I never told you a word about it, or any of them either? why, bless me, the stupidest of all those stupid owls in the Zoological Gardens, that we laughed at so much, knew more about it than you did. Oh, you need not frown, Percy, you do not come half so often to see poor mother as Mr. Erle does, and he is far kinder to Fern."

"I think you had better hold your tongue, Fluff," replied her brother; but he evidently enjoyed the sight of Erle's discomfiture. "I don't see why you are to be troubled with this sort of scene," he continued, addressing Mr. Huntingdon, who was eyeing Fluff gloomily all this time. "If you wish it I will ring for Roger to take her home."

"No, no, let her be for a moment," he replied, quickly; and Fluff who had looked terrified at Percy's proposition, came closer and rubbed her curls delightedly against his coatsleeve.

"That's right, grandpapa. I have not spoken to you yet, have I? and I have so much to say. I was that little baby you know whom mother carried through the snow that night. "Yes," as Mr. Huntingdon shuddered, "I heard mother tell Fern all about it one night when they thought I was asleep—only I got sleepy and lost half; but I said to myself, 'I shall go and tell grandpapa that poor mother is very miserable and unhappy, and that he must come and take care of her.'"

"There, there, you have said your lesson very prettily," observed Mr. Huntingdon with a sneer. "Children are apt parrots;" but Erle saw that his sneer was forced, and that he sat down like an old man, and he said, earnestly:

"Oh, sir, do not think so badly of your daughter. She has not sent the child on this errand. I would stake my life on it."

"And how long have you taken upon yourself to defend my daughter, Mrs. Trafford?" asked his uncle coldly. Erle almost repented of his generous impluse when he heard that hard relentless voice. They had not noticed their visitor, and Raby, at the other end of the great room, lost much of what was passing, he was so absorbed with his own bitter disappointment. As Erle was silent a moment, Mr. Huntingdon repeated his question.

"Since he knew I had a pretty sister," replied Percy, carelessly.

Erle turned round and their eyes met, but Percy's fell before that glance of utter contempt; Mr. Huntingdon intercepted the look between the young men.

"I was not speaking to you, Percy," he observed, curtly; "I should have thought it was your place to take your mother's part, but you choose to be silent. Well, it is no affair of mine. Erle, will you be good enough to answer me a question or two, and then I will trouble you to send the child home. How often have you visited at my daughter's house?"

"I can hardly answer that question, sir; I have been several times."

"Did Percy take you?"

"In the first instance, yes; but I have been there alone too," for Erle's truthful nature scorned subterfuge. The crisis he had dreaded had come on him at last; but Percy should not see that he was afraid. He might be weak and vacillating, but he was a gentleman, and a lie was abhorrent to him. Percy's innuendo might work deadly mischief, but all the same he would not shelter himself behind a falsehood.

Mr. Huntingdon's hard look involuntarily softened. This show of manliness on his nephew's part pleased him.

"Of course you went there knowing that I should disapprove of such visits. Tell me, is this Fern of whom my grandson speaks so very attractive?"

"She is very pretty."

"That is all I want to know. Now will you order the carriage to take the child home? No, stop, I think Rodger had better fetch a cab." But at this point Fluff began to cry.

"Oh, I am so tired and hungry," she sobbed, "and all those dreadful bones in my legs, and the crier not come yet. What is the good of a grandpapa if he has no cakes and things, and on my birthday too!"

Mr. Huntingdon smiled grimly.

"Very well, order the child some refreshment, Erle. After all she is but a starved bit of a thing; see she has what children like best. Percy, come with me a moment, I want to speak to you."

"Oh, thank you, grandpapa!" exclaimed Fluff, cheering up at this; and as the door closed on Mr. Huntingdon, Erle knelt down by the child, and wiped the tears from the tired dirty little face that had brought such trouble to him.

And the heart of Fluff was glad within her, for they brought her fruit and cakes and sweet wine on a gold salver, so that she feasted like a king's daughter, or like the Princess Dove herself; and Erle sat by and watched her all the time, though he looked rather grave and unhappy, Fluff thought.

Both of them were rather startled when Mr. Ferrers groped his way towards them. He had been hidden by the curtain, and Erle had not noticed him.

"Mr. Erle, if you will allow me, I should like to take the child home."

"Of course," rousing himself, and looking a little bewildered, "we were both to have gone this evening. I had ordered the brougham, but I am afraid now that I must ask you to excuse me. There are circumstances—and," here Erle paused and bit his lip.

"There is no need for you to go," returned Raby, sorrowfully; "the bird has flown. This child," putting his hand lightly on Fluff's curly head, "told me before you came in that Crystal had gone to America—she started this morning."

"To America?" exclaimed Erle, in an incredulous voice.

"Yes, but she has told me no particulars. It is hard, very hard, is it not? I find one does not get used to disappointment. It is a heavy blow to my faith. I thought that to night we should certainly have met."

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Ferrers, I am indeed. I wish I could have come with you."

"You could not help me. I will take the child home, and talk to those kind friends who have sheltered Crystal; at least I shall hear about her and know her future movements."

"I think I hear the cab, Mr. Ferrers, and Fluff is fast asleep."

"We will not wake her, poor little thing," returned Raby, lifting her up as he spoke. Fluff grunted contentedly as her head dropped on his broad shoulder. Erle watched them as Roger guided them to the cab. How he longed to accompany them. The next moment he turned with a start, as his uncle's slow footstep paused beside him.

"Erle," he said, "look at this," and he held out a costly ring, a half hoop of diamonds. "I have heard all I wish from Percy. His sense of honor is none of the finest, but he is useful to me. You and I need not heat ourselves in a perfectly useless discussion. Miss Selby has a right to expect this ring. You are treating her very shabbily, Erle. Come to me to-morrow and tell me you have placed it on her finger."

"And if I refuse?" Erle's pale lips could hardly frame the question.

Mr. Huntingdon smiled ironically.

"I do not think you will refuse, Erle. You are too much a gentleman to treat a woman badly. All the world is saying you and Miss Selby are engaged. You can hardly allow a girl to be talked about."

"But if I prefer another?" stammered Erle.

"Tut, tut, boy, you will soon get over your fancy," returned Mr. Huntingdon, impatiently. "Most young men have half-a-dozen flirtations before they settle down. I suppose I need not tell you that I strictly prohibit any visits to Mrs. Trafford for the future. If you infringe this rule it will be at your own risk;" and then he continued more earnestly—"Erle, I am determined you shall not disappoint me. You are my adopted son, and, I trust, my future heir. I have a right to count on your obedience. Come to me to-morrow, and tell me you and Miss Selby are engaged, and all will be well between us." Then, pressing his shoulder gently, and in a voice no one had heard since his daughter's loss—"I am an old man, and my life has not been a happy one. Do not let me feel that you have disappointed me too."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I WANT HIM SO."

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run;
But now the stream has reached
A dark deep sea,
And sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Fluff woke up before they reached their destination, very much refreshed by her brief nap. When the cab stopped before the side door of Mrs. Watkins', and she caught sight of Fern standing on the threshold, as though she had been waiting there some time, she gave a little cry, and literally jumped into her sister's arms.

"Oh, Fluff, Fluff! what does this mean?" exclaimed poor Fern, who had passed a most miserable afternoon, picturing Fluff being borne in a policeman's arms to the nearest hospital; but Fluff silenced her by an embrace so vehement that it nearly produced strangulation.

"It is all right, Fern, so don't scold me. Grandpapa was not so very angry—at least, only just at first; but he sent me in the beautifullest supper, such nice things on a big gold plate—really gold you know, like Princess Dove's; and Mr. Erle was there, and Percy—and oh! I forgot the poor man in the cab, who is blind—quite blind, but he is very nice too."

"Will you let me explain about your little sister, Miss Trafford," said Raby in his pleasant voice; and Fern, turning in some surprise, saw a very tall man in clerical dress standing beside her, as she afterwards expressed it to her mother, "with the very nicest face she had ever seen." "I do not know if you have ever heard my name; I am Mr. Ferrers, and your friend Miss Davenport, as she calls herself, is my sister's cousin."

"Oh yes, I know," and Fern's voice grew pitiful all at once; "and you have come just as Crystal has left us; did Florence tell you? Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry."

"Yes, the child told me; but there is much that I want to ask you. May I come in? the cab will wait for me." And then, as Fern guided him up the narrow staircase, she told him that her mother was out—an evening class had detained her; and she had been thankful that this had been the case, and that she should have been spared the anxiety about Fluff. Mrs. Watkins' boy was scouring the neighborhood, making inquiries of every one he met; and she had made up her mind to send for her mother when the cab drove up.

"And she really found her way to Belgrave House," asked Fern, in a voice between laughing and crying; "oh, what will mother say," and she listened with eagerness to Mr. Ferrers account of how the child had accosted him, and of her meeting with Mr. Huntingdon.

Raby himself had been much mystified—he had known nothing of his host's past history; he had thought that the child was only paying an impromptu visit until she mentioned her name. Erle had told him that Mrs. Trafford was Mr. Huntingdon's daughter, and that he had never seen her since her marriage. This clue guided him to the meaning of the sternness in Mr. Huntingdon's voice; but he had hardly understood in what way Erle was implicated, or why the child should receive so little notice from her brother. When Raby had finished his account, which was annotated in a rambling and far from lucid manner by Fluff, Fern sent the child away to change her frock and make herself tidy, and whispered in her ear that she might stay with Mrs. Watkins for a little; and when Fluff had left them she began to speak of Crystal, and to answer the many questions he put to her without stint or reserve; she even told that Crystal had left them on account of Percy's mad infatuation.

"It was very wrong of Percy to take advantage of her unprotected situation, and I am sure she went to put a stop to it, and because it was so awkward for us. Crystal is not like other girls—she does not care for admiration; people turn round and look after her in the street because she is so beautiful, but she never seems to notice it."

"No; you are right," he returned, with evident emotion. As Fern spoke, a scene rose to his memory—a fresh young voice behind his chair seemed to whisper in his ear, "Oh king, live for ever!" and there she stood, his dark-eyed Esther in her girlish loveliness, her white neck and arms gleaming through lace, a ruby pendant on the slender round throat, the small head looking so queenly with its coils of smooth black hair; and he had turned coldly from her, and she never knew that his was the soul of a lover. "No; you are right," he answered, gently; "she was as guileless and innocent as a child."

Fern looked at him wistfully; all her heart seemed to go out to this sad, noble-looking man. Crystal had not said too much in his praise; but he looked older than she had imagined—for pain and the knowledge of his shorn and wasted powers had aged him, and there was certainly no youth in his aspect.

"Oh," she said, eagerly, for she longed to say something that would comfort him, "I think sometimes that there is no one so good as Crystal—we have all grown to love her so. She has such high-spirited, troublesome pupils; but she is so patient with them. When they are ill, she nurses them, and she has more influence over them than the mother; and she is always so kind and thoughtful, and no one ever sees her cross. She is angry with Percy sometimes; but then he deserves it; and she will not take any pleasure, but all she thinks about is to do little kindnesses for people; and though she is so unhappy that she has grown quite thin from fretting, she tries not to let us see it."

"Has she told you about herself?" he asked, in a very low voice.

"Yes, and it is that that makes her so unhappy. Oh, she told me all about it, and I thought she would never, never stop crying—it preys upon her mind, and her remorse will not let her be happy; she seems to dread even forgiveness. 'I go back to him when I have blighted his life, and darkened his days?' oh! you should have heard the despair in her voice when she said that, Mr. Ferrers," and here Fern's sweet tones trembled. "Mother and I sometimes think it will kill her in time, unless she has help and comfort."

"Do not fear, Miss Trafford, she shall have both soon; it will not be long before I find her."

"But she is in America—at least she is on her way there."

"There are other steamers than the one in which she has crossed," returned Raby, with a smile. "I suppose she means to write to you?"

"Oh yes, she will write from every place—she has promised me long letters, and of course Mrs. Norton will hear from Miss Campion; do you really mean to follow her, Mr. Ferrers?"

"Yes, to the world's end if it be necessary. I have a strong will, and even blindness will not hinder me. Tell me how did she seem last night; did she leave cheerfully?"

"Well, no, Crystal puzzled us last night," returned Fern, quickly; she went out to bid good-bye to her pupils, and Percy waylaid her as usual, but she got rid of him somehow but she was out a long time, and she would not give us any reason; but when she came back her eyes were swollen, and she had a dreadful headache, and yet she said Percy had nothing to do with it."

A sudden, wild idea flashed into Raby's mind. "How was she dressed, Miss Trafford—I mean what colored gown did she wear?"

Fern seemed surprised at the question. "Oh, her old brown gown—she was all in brown, I think;" but she did not understand why Mr. Ferrers seemed so strangely agitated at her answer.

"The tall young lady in brown, who seemed to notice you wanted help;" he remembered the words of Miss Merriman. Good Heavens! it must have been she; it must have been her little hand that guided him so gently; oh, his miserable blindness. Of course she had seen this Percy Trafford, and he had told her all about the guest they expected, and she had come to the station just to see him once again.

But he would not speak of this to Fern; his darling's secret should be kept by him; he would hide these sweet proofs of her love and devotion in his own breast. Fern wondered why the miserable harassed look left his face. He looked quite young—a different man—as he bade her good-bye; his shoulders were no longer stooping, his head was erect.

"Good-bye, Miss Trafford," he said. "I shall come and see you and your mother again before I leave. I shall go back to Sandycliffe next week, and set my house in order, and talk to my sister. I do not doubt for a moment that she will offer to accompany me. I shall not come back until I bring Crystal with me." And Fern quite believed him.

There were restless sleepers that night in Belgrave House. Raby was revolving his plans and wondering what Margaret would say; and on the other side of the wall Erle tossed wakeful and wretched, knowing that his fate was sealed, and that Evelyn Selby and not Fern Trafford was to be his future wife. And now, as he lay in the darkness, he told himself that in spite of her goodness and beauty he could never love her as he loved Fern. He knew at the moment he asked her to marry him, and when she put her hand in his and told him frankly that he had long won her heart.

"You are too much a gentleman to treat a woman badly," Mr. Huntingdon had said to him well knowing the softness of Erle's nature; and yet, was he not treating Fern badly?

He had thought over it all until his head was dizzy; but his conscience had told him that his sin against Fern had been light in comparison with that against Evelyn. What were those few evenings in Beulah Place compared to the hours he had passed in Evelyn's society?

He had been in Lady Ma travers train for months; he had suffered her to treat him as a son of the house. He had ridden with Evelyn in the Row: she had been his favorite partner in the ballroom. When they had gone to the opera, Erle had been their escort. It was perfectly true, as Mr. Huntingdon said, that she had a right to expect an offer from him; their names had long been coupled together, and Erle's weakness and love of pretty faces had drawn the net round him. And there were other considerations that moved him—his dread of poverty; the luxurious habits that had become a second nature; and, above all, reluctance to disappoint the old man who, in his own way, had been good to him. Erle knew that in spite of his hardness and severity his uncle clung to him as the Benjamin of his old age.

No, he could not help himself, he thought, bitterly. And yet how dreary the prospect seemed. He had given up the first young love of his life; and now the barren splendors of Belgrave House seemed to oppress him—the walls closed round him like the walls of a prison.

And yet other men would envy him, and wonder at his luck. Evelyn had many admirers—many a one nobly born and nobly gifted would grudge him his prize; though he knew, and hated himself for the knowledge, that they envied him in vain.

Erle found it difficult to play his part well; but his young *fiancee* was too unsuspecting in her happiness to guess at her lover's secret trouble. His slight gravity spoke well for him, she thought; most likely a greater sense of the responsibility oppressed him. She was too much in love herself to notice how often he relapsed into silence.

Every one thought him a most devoted lover; he was always at his post—always ready to escort them to picture galleries and flower shows, or to stand sentinel at the back of Lady Maltravers' box. His uncle's generosity enabled him to load his betrothed with gifts. Evelyn used to remonstrate with him for his lavishness, not knowing that Mr. Huntingdon had prompted the gift.

"Of course I love you to bring me things," she would say, looking up in his face with her clear candid eyes; "but indeed, dear Erle, I do not need so many proofs of your affection."

"I feel as though I should never do enough for you, Eva," he answered, hurriedly; "you must not refuse to let me give you things. I am always thinking how I am to please you;" and as he clasped the diamond bracelet on the slender wrist, he suddenly remembered what a pretty hand Fern had, so white and dimpled, and a vivid longing came over him, turning him nearly sick with pain, to see that sweet face again, and to hear from those frank beautiful lips that she was glad to see him; but he never yielded to the temptation.

On the contrary, he had put all such visits out of his power; for he had written to Mrs. Trafford within a few days of his engagement, telling her that his uncle had interdicted them, and that he dare not risk his displeasure, deeply as he regretted such a break in their intercourse; and he told her that he and Miss Selby were engaged and would probably be married in the autumn; and then he sent his kind remembrances to her daughter.

Mrs. Trafford thought it a very manly and straightforward letter. He had not acted so very badly after all, she thought; her father's strong will had evidently coerced him, and she knew how strong that will could be. He had meant no harm; he had only said pleasant things because it was his nature to say them; if only it had not gone very deep with Fern.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Erle, my darling," she said, quietly, as she noticed that the girl had turned a little paler, as though she had recognized the handwriting; but she had not spoken, only bent lower over her work.

(To be continued.)

Lively Canadian Horses.

An English paper gives the following account of an occurrence mentioned in our special cables: On Wednesday afternoon an extraordinary scene occurred at Woolwich. Between 30 and 40 Canadian horses arrived at the T Pier, Royal Arsenal, in the steamship Thorndale, from Montreal, to be broken in for military purposes. They had been a fortnight on board in stable fittings, and the scene on arrival at the arsenal being evidently different to anything they had previously experienced they became frightened and uncontrollable. Forty horse artillerymen had been sent down from the barracks for the purpose of leading them to the remount establishment, Woolwich Common, but they could do nothing with them. One of the animals jumped overboard from the vessel and alighted on the pier, causing a panic to seize the whole herd. The infuriated animals broke loose and galloped about the arsenal in the wildest manner. They were ultimately driven to the main gates, where they were stopped. Another attempt was made to capture them; but they kicked and resisted with all their strength, and the attempt had to be abandoned. Passing through the arsenal gates the horses rushed into the streets, where it was feared they would create a general panic. With some determination and presence of mind, the artillerymen made an attempt, which happily succeeded, to turn the affrighted animals into the road leading towards the barracks, and thus confined them to one thoroughfare, limiting the terror of the foot passengers to the one street. On reaching Woolwich common (a square mile of grass land) they were allowed to gallop, and they gradually tamed down. A sufficient force of artillerymen turned out, and they were ultimately secured and taken to the Remount, from whence they will in the course of a few weeks be turned out perfectly docile and tractable.

Good Cause for Alarm.

Occasionally the servant has really reason to find fault. A man appeared at an intelligence office the other day and engaged a girl for general housework. "Have you any children?" asked the maid before she closed the bargain. "Only a few," he replied, and she took this to mean two or three. She arrived at the house just at breakfast time the next morning and was surprised to see nine little ones filing into the dining-room. "Are there any more?" she gasped. "Well, yes," answered the proud father, "there are the twins, who cannot walk yet, and the baby." The girl did not stop to unpack her trunk.

Disestablishment in Wales.

Church disestablishment in Wales is foreseen by many of the strong friends of the Establishment. Bishop Brumby told the Church conference a few days ago that he could see the wave of disestablishment coming nearer and nearer to the shore, and he added, "If the Church has maintained her hold on only 25 per cent. of the population she has no claim to 75 per cent. of the endowments." This sentiment was not applauded.

Mr. Sampson Concluded to Go.

"If I were to tell you, Miss Smith," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "that I am about to start on a long journey, even across the sea, and that it may be months, and possibly years, ere I return, what would you say?"

If the girl drooped it wasn't perceptible. "I would say, Mr. Sampson," she replied, "Ta, ta."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Good Fishing.

"I've just returned from a fishing excursion in the Adirondacks. I had a lovely time!"

"You had good luck, then?"

"Oh my, yes. I caught a Chicago millionaire!"—*Life.*

Wild Rice for Manitoba.

Mr. John Gunn, who has a stock and dairy farm near Gonor Station, has succeeded in growing wild rice, the seed of which was taken up from Ontario.

Some do not know that a tablespoonful of baking soda in a quart of boiling water, thrown into the sink and left to run out, is a disinfectant; and the same put into a pork barrel and thoroughly washed round it will cleanse it and make it as sweet as when new.