

THE FARM.

To Prevent Rust.

The rusting of iron causes endless inconvenience in all branches of mechanical work. Iron rust impairs the value of the farmer's machinery, and the rusting of nails and bolts causes wood-work to lose strength, become leaky and fall to pieces.

Get two or three pounds of red lead and some boiled linseed oil; do not be persuaded into using raw oil. Get also some Japan drier; this will be needed at the rate of perhaps a tablespoonful to the pint of oil.

This paint is water-proof, and in making a tank or trough it is better than the best white lead for putting into the joints when they are put together.

Tin pails covered with two or three good coats of red lead paint, resist water as though they were rubber. The coating is hard and very durable; in this respect being greatly in advance of any other paint.

Plotting Out the Prairie Farm. In starting a home on the prairie one can easily show his good sense in the location of the buildings. Here you have one hundred and sixty acres, take pencil and paper, and upon the supposition that you locate your buildings all in one corner, as nine-tenths of the settlers do, you can easily estimate the amount of staming it will require one of these days to get the produce to the barns from the forty acres in the opposite corner.

The division into lots of equal dimensions, and the same space can not be conveniently done unless the land is very level. If undulating, or out into a dry run, or by sloughs, or moist meadows, which nature laid out without regard to section lines, you will have to cut according to your cloth; even in that case it will be a good plan to have stakes every ten rods apart on the outside lines.

What Ailed the Baby. Since the installation of the nurse, rather peculiar symptoms of some disorder had been noticed in the three-month-old boy—the first baby in the family. One day, when these symptoms appeared rather more alarming than usual, I was called upon for advice.

Mission Teacher.—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what they mean?
A Boy's Reason.—Yes, ma'am; I obey my father.
Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father?
He's bigger'n me.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mary Macdonald was publicly decorated recently with the medal of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire for having, at the peril of her own life, saved that of a workman.

The women cricketers of Sidney, Australia, played a very successful match recently. The two eleven were led by two sisters, the colors being respectively cardinal and blue, and black and gold.

Princess Blanche d'Orleans, daughter of the Duke de Nemours, is a pupil of M. Aubert, and gives proof of great artistic talent. The hotel of the Duke de Nemours contains several remarkable works of the Princess.

The temperance hospital just established in Chicago, under the lead of Miss Frances Willard, is the second of its kind in the world, the first one having been founded in London in 1873.

A petition three hundred and seventy-one yards long, and signed by thirty thousand women of Ulster, has been addressed to the Queen, and beseeches her to withhold her assent from any Home Rule bill which may be passed.

Lady Archibald Campbell, the leader of the "Pastoral Players," has obtained permission from Lord Tennyson and Mr. Irving to bring out during the next "pastoral season," the Bower Scenes from the Laureate's drama of "Becket."

Miss Alma Murray, whose representations of Constance in Mr. Browning's "In a Balcony," of Colombe, and of Beatrice in the "Canoe," have marked her as an actress of high intellectual gifts, is engaged for the autumn to take the leading roles at Drury Lane.

A young married lady, Mrs. Lee, is Cæcilia's most valued pupil. Her mother was a native of New Orleans, and her father of New York, and she was brought up in Europe. She can declaim in five languages as perfectly as though each were her mother-tongue.

At the fifteenth commencement of the London University, thirty girls were made bachelors of art or science. Several of them took high honors. Miss Mary Madeline Adamsen taking first honor as bachelor of science over her male competitors.

The College for Higher Education of Women at Egham, England, raised by the munificence of the late Mr. Holloway, was opened by the Queen in person. Little short of two and a half millions of dollars has been spent on its erection.

A Miss Gibbons, who last year made a trip through unfrequented parts of North Devon, and published an account of it, under the title "The Donkeys in Devon," resumes her wanderings this season in the same little cart, with donkeys driven tandem, and will write an account under the head of "The Donkeys on Dartmoor."

Harlem has a woman captain, Mrs. Mary E. Coons, who is licensed captain of the yacht of which her husband is engineer. Her application astonished the inspectors, but as she could "box the compass," knew the "rules of the road," and promised not to swear at the chief engineer, the license was made out, and Mrs. Coons became the second licensed captain of the female persuasion in the world.

Lady Anne Blunt, the granddaughter of Lord and Lady Byron, is one of the cleverest women in England. She is an author, an adept in music and painting, a student of Oriental politics, a scholar capable of writing to her Seylon friends in their own language, and capable manager of her beautiful home, Crabtree Park, and the teacher of her only daughter.

Through the founder, the Countess of Carnarvon, a society of Irish women have sent to the Edinburgh Industrial Exhibition specimens of homespun and tweeds, knitting lace and crochet, embroidery and sprigging, besides plain sewing and the making of poplins, gloves, umbrellas, paper bags, mustard cakes and biscuits. Mrs. Foster's copy-books pottery painting and straw bottle-covers. The Society for the Employment of Women is sending samples of serigraphy, illuminating, engraving, and wood-carving, tent-making, tobacco, matches, Indian carpets, artificial flies, fishing-lines, pellen-nets, and tennis-nets, pins, muslins, linens, and fans.

Lady Walsley has originated the scheme of a "May-Fair" cart, which calls three times per week at such opulent houses in the west end of London, whose owners are willing to assist in the work. The food is put into different cans, and then taken to a coffee-house, where, under superintendence, it is made up into appetizing dishes, or arranged in cold portions. It is then sold to laborers out of work, or others in straitened circumstances, at a nominal figure, which does not cover the cost of collecting. Sixty families, three hotels, and two clubs have already become contributors, and there are many others, who on the occasion of a dinner or other entertainment, have signified their intention of sending for the May-Fair cart.

The Queen of Denmark has on several occasions presented her own oil paintings for charitable purposes, and a new instance of her Majesty's kindness has just transpired. The small and poor parish of Lundee, in Jutland, was sadly in want of a new altar-piece for the church, but their finances would not allow of the expense. The parishoners, however, resolved to present a petition to Queen Louise, asking her to paint one, and accordingly a deputation of two men was sent to Copenhagen. Her Majesty received them very graciously, and promised to fulfill their request. The men, having been served with refreshments in another apartment, were again summoned before the Queen, who asked them if this was their first visit to Copenhagen, and then handed to each of them a closed envelope, saying she hoped they would enjoy themselves while in the capital. The envelopes contained some new bank-notes.

A Boy's Reason.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Choice Recipes.

TOMATO SOUP.—To one quart of boiling water add one quart of tomatoes; boil eight and put in one teaspoonful of soda; as soon as it has ceased foaming, add one pint of milk, four rolled crackers, butter, pepper and salt, and serve very hot.

A NUTRITIOUS BROTH.—A quarter of a teaspoonful of beef extract, the yolk of an egg beaten up, a cup of boiling water, a little salt added, and served with a slice of hot toast, makes a palatable and nutritious luncheon, and an excellent repast for invalids.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One quart of milk, one pint of bread crumbs, the yolks of two eggs. After it is baked spread jelly or any kind of fruit over the top. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, mix with sugar, and put on the top and set in the oven until a little brown.

BROWN BREAD.—Three cups cornmeal, two cups of rye, half a cup molasses, 1 1/2 cups each of sour milk and warm water. Mix molasses, milk, and water thoroughly, adding one teaspoonful of soda; then stir in the meal; steam four hours. Be very careful not to let the water stop boiling while steaming.

LEMON TART.—One cup of sugar, two lemons, all the juice, and a teaspoonful of grated peel, one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, and one and one half dozen raisins, stewed, out in two, and seeded. Beat up well, and bake with upper and lower crust.

ORANGE TARTLETS.—Two fine oranges, juice of both and grated peel of one, one cup of sugar—three-fourths cup if the oranges are very sweet—one tablespoonful of butter, one-half lemon—juice only—to wet one teaspoonful of corn starch. Beat all well together and bake in tartlet shells without cover.

A DELICATE SOUFFLE.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of chocolate in luke-warm water; add the yolks of four eggs and a cup of powdered sugar, and mix well together until you have a smooth, frothy paste. Beat up the four whites to a stiff froth and add them to the mixture. Pour all into a baking dish; leave it for twenty minutes in the oven and serve.

INDIAN PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Boil a quart of milk, and stir in a scant pint of Indian meal mixed smooth with cold milk, boil for twenty minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one each of ginger and cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of salt. Stir in a cup of molasses, and bake for an hour and a half. This may be varied by the addition of a couple of raisins and currants.

COFFEE CREAM.—Beat one quart of rich, sweet cream to a stiff froth, like the white of eggs for long; then mix with one-quarter pound of granulated sugar, and shortly before serving, beat into it one cup of cold coffee extract, which has been made by slowly filtering two cups of boiling water through two ounces of finely ground coffee. Serve in a glass dish, with lady fingers or fresh sponge cake.

SHORT-CAKES FOR STRAWBERRIES, BLACK-BERRIES, OR RASPBERRIES.—One teaspoon of cream, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, mix and beat in flour, roll out quickly one-half an inch thick and bake. When taken from the oven split, spread with sweet butter, and then add berries; lay the upper part on, crust side down, and cover with berries and sprinkle with sugar. Prepare your berries with sugar half an hour before using. Be sure the berries are ripe.

APPLE JELLY.—Take any tart red apples and quarter them to be sure of no wormy ones, but not peel them. Nearly cover them with water and boil all to pieces. Strain through a jelly-bag without using much pressure, as it will not be clear if you get in much of the pulp. Allow three-fourths pounds of sugar to one pound of juice and boil twenty minutes. Jelly from crab apples is made in the same way, the little apples making the nicest and clearest jelly.

VEAL SALAD.—Mix one half teaspoonful of mustard with half a cupful of vinegar. Beat the yolks of two or three eggs, with a little salt, until they are quite thick and light, then, stirring briskly all the time, slowly add two or three tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, and four tablespoonfuls of rich, thick, sweet cream. Then add mustard, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, and some very finely chopped parsley and tarragon. Pour this sauce over a heaping plateful of cold roasted veal, cut into pieces about an inch long and a quarter-inch thick, cover tightly and let it stand in a cold place for an hour or two. Serve on a platter and garnish with sprigs of crisp parsley and slices of a hard boiled egg.

Journalism Under Difficulties.

When we first struck Vancouver a small medium safe would have held our gold without any special strain, but when we had interviewed the enterprising business men of the city, and sized up the prospect and position of this splendid lay-out the telegraph wires were worked, and the first steamer from San Francisco brought a neat and complete newspaper plant, including the best press in the province, upon which the Advertiser was printed for just six short weeks. The fire left us just enough type to print a respectable hand-bill, but unassured by the example of our neighbors, and full of faith in the future of the city, we commenced business in a 14 x 17 building with a canvas roof, and we wrote this article in a tent next door.

A little girl greeted her mother's return from a shopping expedition the other day with the news: "Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. called while you were gone." "Did they? Hope you answered." "Quite well, I thank you," when they asked how you were, "N—o, mamma, I don't think I did." "And didn't you kiss them good-by?" "N—o, mamma, I didn't." "Well," impatiently, "what did you do, you ill-mannered little girl? I fear you don't understand your good mother." "Oh! no, mamma, I did not; I talked to them in the same funny tone that you do to me every day."

LET ME OUT OF THIS.

The Astonishing Experience of a Farmer. On the evening of June 19, 1868, George Wellington, a Quebec farmer, had a gathering of friends at his house. He was a man 42 years of age, and of robust health, and on this evening it was noticed that he was in particularly good spirits. After the guests had departed he remarked to his wife that he felt more like singing and dancing than going to bed. They retired about half-past 11 o'clock, and she was asleep before midnight.

The farmer was always out of bed at 5 o'clock, but on the morning following the party the wife awoke at 6 and found him still sleeping. When she attempted to arouse him she discovered that he was dead. A doctor was sent for, and he arrived in the course of an hour to pronounce it a case of heart disease. He said the man has been dead three hours when the wife awoke. The undertaker came and prepared the body for burial. It was remarked that the corpse retained a life-like appearance, and that none of the limbs grew rigid, but the two other physicians called in vigorously combated the idea that he was in a trance and might be restored to life. Nevertheless, the wife and sons had a secret hope that death had not really come to him, and the funeral was put two days ahead. During the interval the COFFIN WAS CONSTANTLY WATCHED for signs of returning animation, but nothing occurred to delay the funeral arrangements.

The burial was to take place in a country graveyard, and most of the vehicles gathered at the house belonged to farmers. The usual ceremonies took place over the dead, and the coffin was brought out and placed in the hearse. While the procession was forming, a team attached to an empty wagon came down the road, running away. The wagon collided with the hearse and the latter vehicle was upset and the coffin flung out. Four or five men ran to pick it up, but before a hand had touched it a voice was heard saying: "For God's sake, let me out of this!"

The people at first moved back in affright, but as the voice continued to address them the coffin was righted and opened, and Wellington was found struggling to get out. With a little assistance he pulled himself out of the box and walked into the house and sat down in a chair. In half an hour he had his clothes on and was moving around among the amazed people, to whom he related this experience: "I did not fall asleep until sometime after midnight. When I awoke the clock was striking 5. I made a move to get out of bed, but, to my great amazement I could stir neither hand nor foot. I had the full use of my ears, but I could not open my eyes. I argued at first that I was not yet wide awake but

WHEN MY WIFE SHOOK ME and called me by name and I could not respond by even moving an eyelid, I became satisfied that I was in a trance. My mind was never clearer, and painfully acute. I made efforts after effort to throw off the great weight which seemed to be holding me down but I could not bend a toe or crook a finger. However, it was only after the doctor had pronounced me dead that I felt any alarm. Up to that time it had seemed as if I could sense enough to get rid of the weight. Had a pistol been fired in the room I am sure the spell would have been broken. After the doctor's ultimatum I felt that I should be buried alive. But was I alive? All of a sudden this query flashed across my brain, and I was troubled more than I can tell you. As I had never died before how was I to know the sensations? Could the dead hear and think? Was the mind of a corpse in active operation? It was a problem I could not solve.

"Not a word was spoken near me which I did not catch and fully understand. There was a great deal of weeping, and I failed to satisfy myself as to the cause. I had died, but it did not seem as if this was a sufficient excuse. When my wife bent over the coffin and grieved and refused to be comforted, I did not feel bad with her. On the contrary, her sorrow surprised me. When the two other doctors pronounced me dead I made up my mind that I was dead and that THE END HAD COME.

I had been taught to believe that the spirit of the dead ascended to heaven, and that the dead were dead in mind as well as body. It was a "base deception," I felt indignant that it was so.

"As an instance of the acuteness of my hearing, let me explain that after I was placed in the coffin the receptacle was moved over to an open window in the parlor, where it was supported on sawhorse. Two of my neighbors took seats on a wagon box in the barnyard, fully 200 feet away, and for an hour conversed of my death in ordinary tones of voice. I did not miss one single word of the conversation, as both afterward admitted. I could hear every tick of the kitchen clock, and much of the conversation of the women in the up-stair room. On the night previous to the funeral about half past 10 o'clock, and while the two men sitting up with the corpse were reading, I heard two men climb the fence into the barnyard, cross the yard, and enter the barn. After a few minutes they came out, and I heard the jingle of something carried by one of the pair. I could not make out what was going on, but I started afterward. The two men stole a horse from a field opposite my barn, and they entered my premises in search of a bride.

"I heard the people assemble for the funeral, and as I caught a word from this one or that one I identified them by name to myself. I LISTENED CLOSELY TO THE CONVERSATION, but when the minister spoke of me I could not take it as personal. It was as if the names and persons belonged to some one I had known years before. I knew when I was carried out and placed in the hearse, and I am certain that I heard the clatter of the team rattling away before anybody noticed them. When the people began to call out in affright I felt that same fear of being hurt that my five men feel. I heard them trying to back the hearse out of the way to let the team go by, but they were not quick enough. As the hearse came my eyes opened and my speech was restored and then, that moment I was all right."

"Yes, sir," said the sister. "I've seen a whole lot could swallow a schooner." "Oh, that's nothing," said the minister. "I have seen a man that could swallow a schooner."

ROUND THE GLOBE.

Harry L. Falk, swimming in the length of him. He grabbed for a lucky enough to catch his fingers in a net and swam ashore with a firm fish.

John Reynolds, a bad boy of Chicago, Willie Knock last Sunday, and went to go to the lake. Willie, who was way to church, declined, and John a small revolver and shot Willie fatally.

A Maine groom who could talk an English and a French bride who could speak English and French, both had understood the spoken language of courtship.

Five years ago Lida Garrison of Texas, fell from a tree, and hurt her arms. She has not since been able to hold a paint, holding the brush with her left foot.

A twelve-year-old boy in Pleasant O., attempting to draw water from a fifty feet deep well, fell in. He went to the bottom without hitting the bottom, and grasped the rope, and was drawn up safely by his mother and sister.

Farmer Underwood, of Bolinas, took a fine calf into Waterbury to sell to the butcher. Just as he was on the railroad a locomotive came along, whistled shrilly. The calf gave a tumble, and dropped dead in the apparently dying of fright.

Two sparrows attacked a cat in the Ill., drawing blood from its back with its stout little bills. The cat squatted and ed on its back, trying to back off with its paws. But the little birds kept right at him, and he ran away, and hid under a log.

Several days ago John Wade of town, Md., published his view of a pit-bull. He thought it had a good effect, but the dog was biting him, and when his master returned home a few days later, he attacked him, and was mangled, but he was rescued. The enraged brute was shot.

Mrs. Margaret Webber of Cambridge, little Eddie Wood to drive her child of the yard. Boy-like he threw a stone at them, and to his surprise he struck the finest of the flock and killed it. Mrs. Webber became very angry, and a stick of wood beat the boy until he her feet. The boy died ten days after Webber has been arrested.

Four years ago Julia Smith, who had an old house in a lonely place between dam and Chester, Conn., died. She had her only mourner a mongrel dog, which lived at the house ever since. No one in the house, and no one wants to; the dog is always in the little yard, and bays say they never see him go out. Are these who think that Julia's ghost her faithful cur?

A train had in the Salem Railroad on a recent hot night had a curious coming from a freight car. He went among a lot of eggs found one through a chink had stuck its head. The little low was removed and now thrives in train hand's home. The weather in this time called "hot enough to fry an egg." This was evidently hot enough to fry an egg.

A Detroit tramp, who for ten days been driven from place to place by the saw a little boy fall into the river, and once plunged in and saved him, but not until the boy in his struggles had drowned both. The tramp was arrested, a policeman that he wouldn't be any more, the bystanders praised him, the boy thanked him. He looked at the boy as he walked away to dry his rag.

The garden of Albert Smith in the Sedus, N. Y., has been a well-cultivated patch for nearly thirty years. Two weeks ago an area of thirty square feet rose three inches above the normal surface in a single night, and rose more during the day. The next morning it was seven inches above the normal land. This yeast-like process has been going on until now the spot is three feet or more than the rest of the garden and is ing. A Cornell professor is going to the eccentric garden and explain the phenomenon.

A little 7-year-old Bridgeport girl young woman drop her purse in a street and a man pick it up. She told him that the purse belonged to the young man. He said nothing. She repeated the action, and he told her to shut up. She called the attention of some gentlemen to the car to the case. They said he was up the purse; he said he hadn't found it. The little girl stuck to it until the man and so are steeples in neighboring churches. Six swarms of bees were seen to gather on the spire of a Paxton church in one day.

Stowed Dog as an Advertisement. The enterprising managers of a new Indian show, now exhibiting in the city of New York, have devised an ingenious method of utilizing the common dog to degree with much profit to themselves. They cause the dogs to be placed in the position by the Indians, giving out by the fact that the savages are celebrating their annual traditional sacred feast, and that the dogs are placed in the position to detail their reporters to witness the feast and write up vivid reports of it. As first the Indians refused to do this, the regular annual feast was not held, often than once a month, but now any color will do, and the Indians are a weakly institution. The Indians are a weakly institution. The Indians are a weakly institution. The Indians are a weakly institution.

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