SAGO WOMEN BOOZ

AYS PREACHER OF PILGR
ONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

g Sermon Given in Windy Ci
Accuses Women of Drinking
and Gambling.

subject of Rev. Frederick E. Hop
sermon, "The Growing Habit o
Drinking Booze in Public;" als
ng," printed in boldfaced type i
eekly church bulletin of the Pil
congregational church, Chicago
nnounced to members of th
a week ago; something of whic
y, was calculated to mak
e local delinquent and disinte
urchgoers "sit up and take no
If attendance the notice in th
escaped the eyes of some, ther
large placard bearing the subjec
upon the big tree on the corner
front of the church doors. Th
and the placard appeared to b
and speculation as to th
the preacher's remarks re
ic throughout the week
day the preacher was greete
ge congregation which filled th

OSE WOMANLY NATURE.

Leave the girls and women o
NY. No one can help but see
ade restaurants and cafes, where
ly served, and sitting a
drinking and drinking cock
flirting with the nonchalance
er with which they would order
I wonder what the societ
ade is coming to, and what kin
we are going to become
next generation or two,
ed in sentorian tones, be
fed all traces of ennui and
lassitude on the qui vive for th
ter of the discourse.

men and girls of our city and
nation are rapidly degenerating
influence of these two curses
former days were reserved fo
r sex. These girls and women
future mothers of the men and
of the country, and "throug
have a sin cursed and be
nation and a nation of phys
and degenerates. They learn
k and gamble to the utter exclu
more worthy and womanl
paid with these sins only to
other degrading and u
es who in place than without
a refined and conventional
wing letters on the verge, bal
ng as it does not fall

LAUDS CARRIE NATION.

n on his audience I as
d, What sort of a girl wa
to be your wife and th
your children? Will y
woman who sits in a fa
cafe and drinks with you at
an atmosphere saturated wi
liquor and replete with cri
of degeneracy and wo
of the lower type? Answer no
and the man here who woul
a man for his wife wo
a restaurant and sip li
with as nonchalantly
would, or who has the nerv
put on a poker game with
and a queen against a fu
Test So on a loaded flush
the sort of woman who thinks
fashionable to possess the exper
to drink a gin rickey than b
and who thinks bab
long are a drudge and

for the women's clubs
B. Wade, and varied i
English. The news
all the fun they pleas
Nation and her hatchet, b
man who prays God fo
and you'll soon no longer see real
anything."

THE POINT AND PATHOS.

that he has a lot o
when he sudden
kind of neighbor to have
that lets you forget they a
person who has enough
need to spare you
changes his min
can do after he start
Claire men boast
they want to say somethin
to you.
seeds in that you neve
the worth that was in them b
them.
quick a woman's ide
is beauty change
to grow fat.
man's your son is almos
as your daughter ear
the piano.
enough said in the wor
make with while the tim
during it out.
success and popularit
listen to advice and ye
in to it.
what a lot more com
woman seems to place in he
in her husband.
thing a man can do
ow all about something
to tell him about.
what a difference there
of your babies' cri
the chap next door.
having a lot of fun at
assured it is somethin
others will probably disap

never tell how much mone
has by the number of h
you can tell how much

THE TANTALUS OF METALS.

The Swedish discoverer o
gave that name to the met
of the tantalizing difficulti
encountered while investiga
It is only recently that tanta
obtained in a state o
the rapidity with which
can be produced, in response to th
of commerce and industry,
unprecedented. It furnishes a
filament for electric lamp
a little while ago the miner
which tantalum is obtained wa
that not enough could be foun
specimens to all the miner
museums. Now Australia alon
es more than 70 tons of tantalu
This does not seem a very gre
but it is to be remembe
single pound of tantalum suffi
nish 23,000 lamps, each of
power. The metal is so sc
it is said that a diamond-poin
making 5,000 revolutions a
produces in it, after three
ork, an excavation only one
inch in depth.

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

suddenly and walked

his mother, in
terror that he stopped.
and seized him by the
fastened on his face,
ale as death, with an
ed fear. "Rudolph,
what are you going
ered.
turned away, as
fore that look or hear
he said, "what are
reated Lora, clasping
she came toward her,
tell me what has hap-

still kept her son's
she said in a whis-
sane expression in her
It is Benberg, Lora;
money to pay out for
Machnitz, while he was
Leipzig. Machnitz had
leave and told the peo-
Benberg for their pay,
Both was in difficulties,
had for a fortnight—
you understand——"
ter at to you, Ru-
Lora.
I think I don't real-
came about," murmur-
more; she stood there,
cut of stone. Only
slightly.
berg, Lora," repeated
for him, nevertheless,
the young girl.
is to be done?"
is, unfortunately, only
not send the money
by to-morrow even-
hrugged his shoulders;
his uniform with so
that the charms on his
to the ground.
whispered his mo-
erily was hardly con-
did. "Don't let papa
quiet."
d, Lora," what will
ng?"
shered. But we must
Lora—"
only grieved all this
What do you mean by
the money did not ar-
had there was abso-
Machnitz had four
days ago it was a mat-
with. Do you under-
my word of honor
is, she said have the
when the devil must
suits come a fortnight
at! This last part I
lay through one letter
ans. Benberg seems to
read."
h, is it?"
thousand marks."
s. Rudolph! and you
where you can get it?"
If I had, do you sup-
absurd."
find you the money,
Becker," said Lora,
friends now—
d shook his head. "He
a penny, Lora, not to
for Aunt Rudolph? I
expect him, for the sake
and of Benberg, whom
is so miserable."
very much; don't trouble
Lora, perhaps, find it
the man whom you re-
greatest rudeness, could
enough to advance your
thousand marks. Such
and hardly be expected
f a sane person."
ly believe that, Ru-
of it. Before the even-
Becker was ready to
I wanted. But when I
next morning, he could
moment to raise the
me off with hopes for
not understand
holding breath. "Indeed,"
when I cannot help
any sacrifice from
and left the room.
looked after him. "
to get at Lora. "
sight, this poor
been pierced to the
threw her arms
Lora, dear mother!"
not take it so
take courage. We
know here."
No matter, Lora,
go to your father.
though I had been agi-
better for you to
have one of my head-
going to lie down. I
Lewi go to Aunt
get out."
with you, mamma."
stay here."
She sat with her fa-
sick room, and played
The major was in a
humor than he had been
made jokes; and was de-
he at length succeeded
his daughter.
the street from where
opposite houses. Close
which the Sunday dances
so furious there stood
house, with shining
behind which were snow
There the Eagles lived
who had the reputation
well off. The old lady
a housewife; the old
harmless soul. They used
friendly nods with the Tol-
families, according to
Westenberg custom, sat out on the
benches in front of the door, on summer
evenings.
Frau von Tollen had often said, when
she saw the old couple sitting there so
happily together, he in his dressing-
gown, with his long pipe, his cap on
his silver-white hair, and she in her
black woollen apron, with her knitting
in her unwearying hands, "They look
like the very personification of comfort
and happiness, Lora." The Tollens had
never seen happiness except from a
distance.
But what could possess her mother to
go into that house? Lora could see her
quite plainly—could see the brown door
closing behind Frau von Tollen. Good
heavens! was she going to try to get the
money from the Engles?
Lora's hand shook suddenly; she
knocked down several pieces. "I beg
your pardon, papa; but it is so close
here."
"It is this abominable weather,"
grumbled the old man. "I have felt it
in my leg for three days. Open the
window if you like."
Lora opened the window. Her fa-
ther was right; it was unnaturally
warm outside, and so still—the still-
ness before the storm. Her eyes were
fixed on the house opposite. Was it
not wrong of her mother? What if
those good people should grant her re-
quest, and lend her their hard-earned
money? Was it not betraying them?
She was a borrower who could offer
no security; her mother had not thought
of that. She had gone there in her
terrible anguish.
She heard the sound of a bell, and
saw Frau von Tollen coming out of
the Engles' house. Lora thought she
had never seen her face so deathly
white.
She looked neither to the right nor
to the left; but beat her steps toward
the church.
"There goes your mother!" cried the
major, who had got up and was look-
ing over his daughter's shoulder. "I
thought she had a headache. Heaven
knows, one is cheated and deceived
within one's very walls. If I only knew
what you were all about! I say, Lora,
I hope you are not getting up any non-
sense for my birthday? You know,
Lora, I couldn't stand that."
"No, papa, I don't know of anything,"
replied the young girl. "Mamma often
goes into the fresh air when she has
a headache."
"The devil she does," cried the major,
half laughing, half in earnest. "She
generally sleeps like a dormouse. No
matter, shut the window, and come
here. You may all go out, for aught I
care."
Darkness came on rapidly, and Lora
lighted the lamp. The major, tired of
idleness, read his paper, and Lora first
went down to the kitchen to get sup-
per, and then went up to her little
room and began to write to Ernest
Schoenberg. Katie would bring her his
address.
She felt that she must write away
her vague fears. If he were only here,
if she could only tell him all—but she
could not do that; she could not tell
of her family's disgrace. Was Rudolph
less guilty than the man who had com-
mitted a crime to help him? She tore
up her letter into little pieces. O God!
it was so frightful, this position into
which the man's folly had plunged them
all! Her mother would only come
back!
Outside, the storm had already be-
gun; it lashed against the panes of the
Malisade window, and howled through
the branches of the linden in the school
yard opposite. And through the storm
sounded the clock on the tower of St.
Mary's.
Seven o'clock! Would no one ever
come? Neither Rudolph, nor her mo-
ther, nor Katie?
She was just going down to see if
the lamp was lighted in the dining-
room, when the door opened, and some
one crossed the threshold, whom Lora
certainly had not expected.
"Good heavens! Aunt Melitta! And
how you look!" she cried.
Fräulein had taken her shawl
off her gray head, and had dragged off
her bonnet with it; her corkscrew curls
flown by the wind, hung down round
her face, which wore a strange expres-
sion of fear and consternation.
"Be quiet, Lora, as your father will
not hear," she whispered. "Let me
sit down, child; I want to talk to you
—you know very well what has hap-
pened, and that something must be
done, and done at once."
"Has my mother been with you,
aunt? Did she come home with you?"
"They are all downstairs."
"Katie too? Why doesn't Katie come
up? Shall we go downstairs, aunt?"
"Sit still, Lora; I want to talk to you
first," said Aunt Melitta. "You see,
your mother has been running about
so long. Dick and Harry, trying to get
the money—perfect madness, Lora. Not
a soul would lend you a penny, let
alone such a sum as that. But the poor
woman is nearly beside herself with
anxiety. Rudolph borrowed a horse
from the Bechers, and rode over to
Zepplin, to old Schlictow; but, dear
me! he has got three sons in the army
himself, and you can't blame him for
saying 'No,' and in such a hurry, too.
Now-a-days people don't have so much
money in the bank. So I went to the
Bechers myself."
Fräulein Melitta stopped and wiped
her forehead with her handkerchief.
"Aunt!" came anxiously from the lips
of the young girl.
"They will lend the money, child,"
continued the little woman, "if you will
only give him a little hope—nothing
more at present. I gave you my word,
Lora."
"Aunt Melitta!" cried the young girl
in horrified tones, "are you mad? How
can you say such a thing? Is there
no sense of honor in our family?"
"Lora, I beg of you, you don't know
what you are talking about. It isn't
for the sake of Rudolph—the young scoun-
drel might put a bullet through his
head, as he declares he will, for all I
should care—but for the other one and
his mother, and above all for your own
poor mother, who will certainly die of
it."
"Aunt Melitta, I would give my life,
if it were necessary, but not that!"
"Ah, Lora, it is all very well to talk
That sounds like a novel; but that is
of no use. You would not be engaged
to-day or to-morrow. You need only
give him a little hope."
"But I cannot do that. Have some
pity on me! I should be wicked if I
did so. I cannot give him the slightest
hope, Aunt Melitta."
"It can all be arranged afterward;
but for the present you must overcome
that feeling, you must, I say. It is
your duty to make some sacrifices for
the honor of your family—do you hear,
Lora? Think it over; think what your
parents, what your mother has done
for you. Parents and children are
obliged to help each other, Lora, I
beg of you, don't look at me like that!"
The young girl seemed utterly crush-
ed beneath this storm of entreaties.
"Not!" she gasped out. "I will die
first."
"Well, then! you will see your bro-
ther and your father and mo-
ther will never recover it; and then see
how happy you will be!"
The old Fraulein rushed to the door
in utter despair.
"Send Katie up to me," entreated
Lora.
"Katie! What can Katie do? She has
no responsibility. She does not even
understand what it is all about—the
capricious thing. She came to me to-
day, and she did not open her lips, but
sat like a stock and stone at the win-
dow where you always sit. I asked her
questions, but I got no answer; she
only kept staring at the Schonberg
house, as if she had never seen it be-
fore. I brought her her favorite book,
the 'Almanach de Gotha,' and she said
it did not interest her at all to know
whether Herr So-and-so married Frau-
lein So-and-so or not, or how many
children they had—it was tiresome.
Good Heavens! What is going to be-
come of you spoiled children?"
"Send Katie to me," repeated Lora.
"Do be reasonable, child!"
"Don't torture me to death!" cried the
young girl, wildly drawing her hand
through her soft, light hair. "I can-
not, God knows I cannot, Aunt Melitta."
"You will not?"
"No, I will not."
"Well, then, let come what may."
The old Fraulein went away, and
Lora was left alone.
It was icy cold in her room, for the
little stove was only rarely heated, but
her cheeks burned like fire. She look-
ed toward the door and listened. Katie
must come. Yes, there she was! Slow-
ly, step by step—what ailed her? At
last the young girl came in.
"Ah, Katie; thank God it is you!"
"Yes, it is I—and—a nice day we are
having to-day," she replied, leaning her
back against the door.
"Yes, it is very sad; it is dreadful,
Katie, but——"
"Don't be offended, Lora; but when
such a choice is put before a girl——"
"What then, Katie?"
"I mean family disgrace, or self sac-
rifice, one knows very well what has
to be done."
"Katie, do you say that? You?"
"Yes."
"And you say it, knowing that I
should break my word and destroy his
happiness?"
"Yes."
Lora made no answer, and Katie,
too, was silent. She did not move
from her position, but kept her eyes
cast down, and tapped on the floor
with her foot.
"Katie," said Lora at length, "you
may go."
"Very well. Good-bye."
"Only I should like the address."
"I don't know it."
"Didn't you ask him for it, Katie?"
"No. Good-night!"
She turned slowly
away. "It is to Leipzig
but I did not put a la-
bel, "she cried over
thing he will."
The door banged behind her, and
Lora felt uncertain whether she were
awake or dreaming. She sat down on
the chair by the bed and tried to think,
but she could not. "Why should I suf-
fer?" she said once aloud, and then
relapsed into her apathy.
It must have been late when she
started up at last; the lamp was burning
low, and she was shivering. Had
the others all gone to bed? She looked
at the clumsy silver watch, hanging
over her bed, which had belonged to
her grandfather, and which she had
begged of her father so she should
not oversleep. The hands pointed to
eleven.
She wondered whether her mother
was asleep.
She went out softly, and listened over
the balusler. It was all dark and
still below; only the wind rattled the
blinds. She was just going back,
when a groan sounded in her ears.
"It is the storm," she murmured, but
she dared not move; an indescribable
dread took possession of her; all the
tales of horror which the country-peo-
ple here related came into her mind.
In storms like this the people say,
has taken his own life; when any one
then his poor soul is driven away with the
night-raven over the dark land, and
must flee so through storm and hor-
ror, through all eternity, as a punish-
ment for his sins." Lieut.-mant Benberg
had found in Rudolph's pocket-book
fearful distinctness, a photograph she
him yesterday, in the had seen
had found in Rudolph's trunk; a slen-
der man, with his uniform buttoned
up to the chin; but the face was pale
and grave, frightfully pale, and he lay
on a cushion, with his eyes closed.
Dead—and through Rudolph's fault;
and she, she might have saved him!
"Merciful God!" She started violent-
ly. Another groan through the wailing
of the storm. The next moment she
was on the stairs, and was standing
in the hall on the first floor.
"Mamma!" she cried, "for Heaven's
sake, where are you?"
It was so dark down here that Lora
could not see her hand before her;
nevertheless she found her mother at
once, and kneeling down, she threw her
arms around the figure, which was
crouching down at her son's threshold.
"Mamma," sobbed Lora, "my poor,
dear mamma!" and she sprang up and
raised the trembling woman. "Come
home, you are shivering; come to bed,
and I will stay with you."
"Do you think he is asleep, Lora?
Do you think he is here?"
"I will see, mamma; but first you
must come to your room." She almost
carried her mother in, laid her on the
bed, and began to rub the cold feet.
"Oh, my heart, Lora, my heart! it
feels as if it would stop beating," wail-
ed her mother. Then she lay still
again; and her daughter held her hand,
sitting beside the bed.
"Go to sleep, mamma, do."
"Ah—sleep!—Lora, I keep thinking of
the time when Rudolph fell from his
horse, and they brought him home for
dead—do you remember?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Good God! why didst Thou not take
him to Thyself, then?" murmured the
unhappy woman, sitting up in bed, and
wringing her hands. "The poor, sick
man in the other room," she continued,
as if talking to herself; "the day after
to-morrow is his birthday; and he sent
secretly to Kruger's and ordered tick-
ets for the concert, so you might have
a little pleasure on that day. And
now, what will be the result? Lora,
don't cry; you can't help it. Ah, Lora!
—my Rudolph, my curly-headed boy,
my dearest son! he has proclaimed him-
self a common thief, and I shall never
see him again! For God's sake—Lora,
he will keep his word, and come to
say good-bye to me!"
"Mamma, I do not understand you."
"Lora, he cannot leave Benberg in
the lurch! Well, he has written to
Machnitz that he stole the money from
Benberg—do you understand? Ben-
berg is to act as if he had no suspicion
of it—he will get off with a reprimand
and Rudolph will go to America—he
is going this very night. But," she
whispered with strange, fixed eyes, "he
only says that; Lora; he will go to
Hamburg, and there he will buy him a
revolver, and then he will go away in-
to some quiet spot and the next day
they will find him. You see, child, a
Tollen cannot live as a thief—never!
My brother did it, too—Lora, don't cry
so loud; papa sleep so lightly. Ah, I
wish I were dead!"
The young girl threw herself down
beside the bed and buried her face in
the cushions. She thought her mother
was dying.
"Mamma—mamma," she murmured,
as she raised her head, "mamma—I
will do it!" And again her head sank
back on the cushion. "Go to sleep,
and I will come back in a moment,"
she whispered.
"You will be sure to come back?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Just listen at his door—didn't it open
then? He is gone; I am sure of it! Oh,
Almighty God, and I did not see him!"
Lora sprang up and ran across the
hall to her brother's room. She could
hear steps within; he was awake, he
was moving about. She grasped the
knob suddenly. "Open the door," she
cried in a low voice; "it is I, Lora."
The door opened. Her brother stood
before her, in civilian's dress; a small,
open portmantea lying beside him on
the floor.

(To Be Continued.)

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Bits of Useful Knowledge About Most Everything.

About 1,200,000 people are always afloat on the seas of the world.

It is estimated that there are 2,500,000 dogs in Great Britain, and that 85,000 go astray in the course of the year.

The highest railway fares in the world are those in operation on the Congo line, where $100 is charged for a journey of 250 miles. This works out at nearly 33 cents a mile.

A single lady of Indianapolis has just died at the age of ninety-five. When twenty years old she was jilted by a faithless lover. She swore never to speak to a man again, and for seventy-five years kept to her resolve.

The largest telegraph pole in England, with one exception, has just been erected over the post-office at Chorley, Lancs. It is over 70 feet high, and weighs 2½ tons. The diameter is from 16 to 20 inches. The weight of the cross-arms and insulators alone exceeds one ton.

One would imagine coal-mining to be little short of a deadly occupation, what with coal-dust-laden air, the cramped position, and the damp and confinement generally ever threatening consumption, rheumatism, and other diseases; yet the death-rate annually is barely nine per 1,000.

The most unusual method of deliver-ing mails doubtless is that employed by steamers passing the islands of the Tonga group in the Pacific. On account of many reefs landing is extremely dangerous, and the few letters to be delivered are attached to large sky-rockets which are fired and reach the shore in safety.

The highest price ever given for a single stamp is $9,375, which sum was paid by the German Postal Museum in 1902 for a specimen of the 2d. blue Mauritius. In 1904 the Prince of Wales bought at auction another specimen of this rare stamp for $7,250. The scarcest stamp in the world is the one-cent British Guiana, 1856, of which only one specimen is known to exist. This is in the possession of M. Le Renotiere von Ferrary, of Paris.

There is a large hotel in Colorado which has a notable feature of interest in the fact that a trout stream runs right through its dining-room! A guest is allowed to take rod and line and angle for the fish, which, when caught, are cooked and served to him at the next meal, and it is quite a regular custom for a visitor to catch trout for his own breakfast. The water comes from a genuine mountain brook, and everything about the portion of it which flows through the hotel is kept as true to Nature as possible.

A well-known American millionaire is reported to have expended $100,000 on a coffin. This is thought to be the record in this form of post-mortem extravagance. Several coffins, however, have been known to cost over $5,000, and not many years ago a lady buried her husband in a coffin made of elaborately carved mahogany, with gold fittings and silk lining, the whole costing $20,000. In another case a lady directed that an electric light should be kept burning in her tomb, and another inside her coffin at an annual cost of $500. Li Hung Chang's coffin is said to have cost $65,000, and to have been profusely embellished with gold figures and clusters of precious stones.

CREEP CURE FOR CHILDREN.

German Doctor Finds That Standing Overtaxes the Spinal Column.

Prof. Klapp of the University of Bonn believes that creeping is the true and natural remedy for half the troubles of infancy. Every child should be allowed to creep plentifully before it is taught to walk, he says; it is nature's law, and when this is neglected he prescribes a return to creeping to undo the injuries to the spine, joints and muscular system that result from a premature habit of standing erect.

His attention was first called to the subject by dogs which had suffered nervous breakdown and showed symptoms of paralysis as a result of training in tricks for the stage or circus ring. He undertook to treat some of these and naturally began with a rest cure, including stoppage of the requirement to stand upright on their hind legs.

To his surprise he found that the dogs recovered strength and nervous tone without further treatment, and he concluded that the strain on the spinal column from the unnatural erect position was the sole cause of the symptoms. From this it was an easy step to the deduction that children of from 1 to 4 years of age who showed nervous symptoms and general breakdown were victims of strain placed on the vertebral system too soon, too suddenly and before they were fit to bear it.

He experimented with a creeping treatment and it is said has achieved such results that several children's hospitals are adopting the system that he has introduced in Berlin. The children, even up to 6 years of age, are encouraged and even forced to creep about the floor of their ward.

Creeping games are provided and the nurses see to it that there is as little standing or walking as possible. The attitude of creeping prevents spinal curvature in a lateral direction and the weight of the body forces the vertebrae to adjust themselves in the natural forward curve at the waist line with the shoulders thrown back.

The neck is strengthened by supporting the weight of the head, and the shoulder, back, abdominal and hip muscles are strengthened. The standing habit is redeveloped gradually in such a manner that the body adjusts itself to it gradually.

Charity is a cloak that covers a lot of advertising.

The Farm

VALUE OF FALL CULTIVATION.

In order to get the land into the best mechanical condition for the production of cereal crops and at the same time obtain control of the various weeds which of late years have taken possession of our fields, fall cultivation, with a short rotation of crops is essential.

As soon as possible after haying all clover intended to be followed by corn or roots should be carefully ploughed; the ploughing of each day being harrowed down before night. In about a week or less the weed seeds brought near the surface will have germinated and the tiny plants show green over the field, when this happens go over the land with a broad shared cultivator, cutting not more than about two inches deep, the effect of this will be to destroy weeds of every class before they can become established and at the same time provide a mulch upon the surface sufficient to conserve moisture and promote fermentation. This at the interval of another week should be followed by a lance-toothed cultivator, lapping the work, so as, in fact, to cover the ground twice. By working the land in this way alternately each week with broad-shared and lance-toothed cultivators, slightly deeper each time of going over it, bacterial action will be promoted, moisture conserved, and every weed seed near the surface caused to germinate and be therefore destroyed. At the end of September, or early in October a suitable implement may be used to rib up the land, making the ridges about sixteen inches apart. If when this is done there are any hollows or even slight depressions in which water can lie, a man with brains should be sent on the field with a narrow, round nosed shovel to cut water furrows or channels in such a way as to effectually surface drain the whole. The land can then be laid by for the winter. Under ordinary circumstances fields treated as above may be successfully worked two weeks earlier in the spring than those upon which insufficient cultivation was done in the fall, and the resulting crops will be at least fifty per cent. larger. In one case well known to the writer, where this system has been followed for some years, oats or mixed grains have averaged ninety bushels per acre, while clover has never failed and in fact has always yielded fully double the crop produced on adjoining farms where spring cultivation was chiefly practised.

Of course with regard to the use of tools or the exact time for doing each particular item of the work, no cast iron rule can be laid down, for instance, it may happen that under some circumstances it would be best policy to disk a field where the sod was heavy before cultivating it, and in the case of heavy land, particularly when the season is wet, favorable opportunities must be seized for cultivating.

What has here been said with regard to grass or clover land applies with equal if not greater force to stubble fields. In the Province of Ontario it is often the practice to seed down all grain, and farmers object to losing their seed, but if our farms are to be freed from the weed curse and are to be brought up to their highest producing power, fall cultivation must be practised. In our Western provinces this system requires to be carried out rigidly or serious results will follow.

THE FARMER'S LAWN AND FLOWER GARDEN

One of the great charms of farm life in the old land, more especially in the south and west of England, is the delightful lawns and gardens usually found surrounding the cottages and farm houses. Visitors from all parts of the world admire the many rural landscape and floral beauties of the old land, more especially those of farm and cottage homes. And it is no wonder that those who have lived amongst these surroundings, whether in the hey-dey of childhood or the more mature years of life, never forget them; and the mere mention of the old ivy clad village church or the jasmine-covered porch of the old home brings pleasing recollections to those who have lived amongst or even visited casually the peaceful, quiet beauty of the rural districts of England.

Whilst from climatic conditions, and short spring and summer seasons, we may as a rule not be able to have such elaborately laid out gardens and lawns as exist there, still there is no reason why every farm homestead cannot have a small grass-plot and flower garden in close proximity to the farm house.

Make the surroundings of the homestead more home-like and attractive. It is no wonder that sometimes the young people are lured away from the farm where oftimes there is little but the regular routine duties of farm work to interest them or occupy their attention. Give the young people, more especially the young ladies of the family, a flower bed or border and lawn. The latter should be large enough so that the members of the family can enjoy a game of croquet, or tennis, whenever a few minutes time can be spared for recreation and pleasure from the sometimes heavy and onerous duties pertaining to farm life. Here a few rods of perhaps your many acres set aside for home enjoyment, it may prevent the tendency of so many of the young people from wishing to leave the farm for the gay and—what proves too often to be—the delusive and ruinous surroundings of city life. A small lawn and a few shade trees with some plants and flowers are not expensive luxuries to obtain, and will not cost much to maintain and keep up when once secured. A nice grass plot or lawn adds most decidedly to the attractive appearance of a farm home and also its marketable value, without adding any extra figures to the assessor's tax roll.

A NEW KIND OF VENTILATOR.

How to ventilate a stable in which live stock are kept in any number has been a frequent question and the answers given have been many and various. A new and simple plan has just been patented in Britain by two brothers named Fisher. The essence of the idea is to build a main tube say of galvanized iron, running across the top of the building to be ventilated. The under part of this tube will be freely perforated so as to admit the warm, impure air from the animals. This tube is carried through the walls, where openings in each end will allow of the pressure of the atmosphere being used to carry off the foul air. Valves are so arranged at each end of the tube that a current of air will pass through the tube from either end according to the set of the wind. This arrangement is said to be very effective and its construction is equally simple.

The Indiana experiment station has a very effective system for ventilation. Intakes for fresh air are put in the sides low down and carried up inside the lining to an opening near the ceiling. Impure air is carried off through other openings to a ventilator on the roof which acts automatically so as to maintain an even draught of air in all states of the wind. The draught can be further modified by other checks if desired. In this way the natural warmth of the air inside is maintained at a comfortable temperature, which is always kept sweet.

ATTRACTIVE FARM HOMES.

To make the farm home attractive—

Pile wood neatly.

Keep the barn clean and neat.

Keep walks and porches swept clean.

Clean up or fill up small, dirty ponds.

Burn as much of the garbage as possible.

See that fences are mended and painted.

Keep the grass around the house in good condition.

Cover the old rain-barrel with a piece of cheese-cloth to keep the insects out.

Rake off all the rubbish, pick up the papers and dispose of all waste matter.

Keep the house in good condition. See that the roof is mended and the house painted.

Put screens in neatly and see that the screen doors have locks that are in order.

Don't keep garbage or wet material in wooden barrels, because the wood becomes soaked and can't be cleaned.

Don't empty dishwater right out in the kitchen door. It makes a wet sloppy place, which is often the source of disease.

Be sure that the fence around the chicken yard is in good shape, so that the chickens won't get into the flower garden.

Dig a deep pit and put all the old tin cans, broken bottles, broken china, rusty pans and kettles into it. Cover with earth.

Prune the trees, and don't leave the branches lying under them. Either burn them away or use them for a hedge for sweet peas.

Do not have too many trees around the house. A farm-house should be very healthy, but it is often quite the opposite; and we find the rooms damp and the roof and foundation offered over-ered with moss.

A TALE FROM MOROCCO.

A Perfectly True Story Told by Frank Scudamore.

In Morocco, the Baled-el-Maghrib, land of the setting sun of the Arabs, the Lex Talionis is as much an integral part of the social system as is life or death. The Moors it may be said are frankly brutal. They have a code of rude code of honor to which they adhere when convenient, but among themselves they devise every possible excuse for not fulfilling engagements with "ghiaour."

On the other hand, they are extremely punctilious in exacting full measure of complement of execution from Europeans with whom they have dealings, and many stories might be told showing how Moorish judges mete out justice to their own people to the detriment of the alien.

For instance, it is not very long ago that a British subject riding through the Soko (or market place) at Marakesh, the ill-fortune to cannon against a blind old woman, who, falling to the ground, broke off two of her front teeth. The Englishman promptly offered compensation. It was refused, and the injured woman, before the local judge demanded that her innocent aggressor should have two teeth knocked out in retribution for her injury.

Protest followed on protest against this exaction until finally the matter was carried to the Sultan himself.

That potentate (and this instance is given to show the forcefulness of Moorish custom) begged the Englishman to comply with the old woman's demand, and publicly sacrifice his incisors, in lieu for which oblation he granted his concessions which have made that British merchant and his family for ever among the wealthy foreigners in Morocco.

SAUCES FOR MEATS.

Roast beef—Grated horseradish.

Roast veal—Tomato or horseradish sauce.

Roast mutton—Currant jelly.

Roast pork—Apple sauce.

Roast lamb—Mint sauce.

Roast turkey—Chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly.

Roast venison—Black currant or jelly.

Roast goose—Tart apple sauce.

Roast quail—Currant jelly, bread sauce.

Roast canvas-back duck—Apple and black currant jelly.

Roast chicken—Bread sauce.

Fried chicken—Cream gravy, corn fritters.

Roast duck—Orange salad.

Cold boiled tongue—Sauce tartare, olives stuffed with peppers.

Veal sausage—Tomato sauce, Parmesan cheese.

Pork sausage—Tart apple sauce, fried apples.

Frizzled beef—Horseradish.

Pork croquettes—Tomato sauce.

Corned beef—Mustard.

Sweetbread cutlet—Sauce bechamel.

Reed birds—Fried hominy, white gravy.

Lobster cutlet—Sauce tartare.

Cold boiled fish—Sauce piquante.

Broiled steak—Maitre d'hotel butter, mushrooms.

Tripe—Fried bacon and apple sauce.

Broiled fresh mackerel—Stewed gooseberries.

Fresh salmon—Cream sauce and green peas.

BIRDS HAVE SURGICAL SKILL.

Some interesting observations concerning the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently made by a Swiss naturalist. He noticed that a snipe had often been seen making with its beak and feathers a very effective dressing of a wound. It had even been known to secure a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered it on the following day when he found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings of mud from other parts of its body fastened by congealed blood, and a sort of splint of interwoven feathers to both limbs. In a case recorded by another naturalist a snipe which was observed to fly away with a broken leg was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position—the upper fragment reaching to the leg-joint—and they were secured there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss interwoven.

The Home

TOOTHSOME DISHES.

Stuffed Prunes.—Wash in luke warm water half pound of large prunes, then cover with cold water, and let stand over night. Chop together dates, citron, and English walnut kernels, moisten with currant jelly. Cut a slit in each prune and remove the seed. Fill this cavity with the mixture, press together, and roll in pulverized sugar. This is a dainty novelty to serve at tea.

Mahogany Cake.—Use one and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, three eggs beaten, one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one half cup grated chocolate boiled in one-half cup milk till thick, cool and stir in the cake batter. Flavor to suit.

Egg-Plant Patties.—Boil one sound egg plant till tender; remove skin and stem; mash through colander. Add one egg, salt and peper to taste, butter size of an egg, and two tablespoons of flour. Beat well. Fry as you would fritters, in a small quantity of butter and lard; serve hot. Makes fifteen patties.

Potato Dumplings.—Peel six large potatoes, let them lie in cold water over night. Next morning grate them, let them stand about one hour, then strain through cloth and squeeze out as tight as you can. Take half cup cereal to one pint of milk, then cut three slices of bread into small squares. Brown them in butter, mix all together, and add salt to taste. Make them into balls and drop into boiling, salted water. Boil half hour, not too fast.

When Jelly Won't Jell.—Cover the liquid jelly with paraffin, as usual, and put away till wanted. A few hours before serving time heat the jelly to the boiling point. Add a tablespoonful of gelatin previously soaked in sufficient cold water to cover, to a tumblerful of jelly. It then will mould, and can be turned out in perfect shape. It must be used at once, as it will not keep long.

Graham Gems.—Take a piece of butter a little larger than an egg, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, almost two quarts of Graham flour, two cups sweet milk; beat well.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.—Peel tomatoes and with a teaspoon remove the pulp. Fill with chopped cucumber, seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little vinegar. Cover them with salad dressing and serve when cold on lettuce leaves.

Pickled Tongue.—Boil fresh tongue until tender and remove skin. Peel and slice one lemon and place in a dish. Slice tongue and place over lemon. Dissolve box of gelatine in one cup of warm water and pour over meat. Place in ice chest. Place in slices on platter.

Cookies.—To two cups of white sugar add one cup of lard and butter mixed, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and allspice, one teaspoon soda, one cup of milk and flour to make soft dough; roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a quick oven.

Pie Economy.—In making pie crust when a little short of lard, or when pinching to economize, try taking about two-thirds the usual amount of shortening used, and add a teaspoonful of baking powder instead, and you will have a crust that will be more flaky than when made by the old way.

Peach Stones Substitute for Almonds.—Housekeepers who have peach trees can use their peach stones instead of almonds for cakes, puddings, etc. Take the stones, wash them and put them in a basket to dry. When ready to use crack them open, take out the nuts, and chop fine for the cake. Put it with baking powder. Flavor well.

Green Tomato Pie.—Use green tomatoes, equal to apple, in crust, and add a tablespoonful of grape juice, the sugar from bits of butter. Bake. The juice from a lemon pie is made by adding large tablespoonfuls of flour, placing a cup of sugar for filling, a cup of molasses, two lemons in place, and some water. Put on upper crust and bake.

To Prevent Crystals Forming.—A glycerin to six glasses of grape juice, in making jelly, will keep the sugar from crystallizing, and jelly will keep in perfect condition for years.

USEFUL HINTS.

Stop Squeaking Shoes.—Drive a peg in the sole.

Yolk of Egg Removes Spots.—To take spots from washable goods, rub them with the yolk of egg before washing.

Dingy Black Kid Gloves.—Renew black kid gloves by adding a few drops of ink to a tablespoonful of olive oil. Apply with a feather and dry in the sun.

Renovate Veils.—Cover a broomstick with white cotton cloth, the width of a veil. Roll on carefully. Pin top and bottom. Steam over boiling water. They will look like new.

Alcohol for Stains.—If a fruit stain appears upon your table linen or on the children's clothes, saturate as soon as possible with alcohol, and the stain will disappear with the first washing of the article.

Black Goods Dressing.—Boil 10 cents' worth of logwood bark in two quarts of water. When cool add two quarts of stale beer. Add water sufficient to cover goods; lift and stir goods occasionally until of an even black. Then rinse, partly dry, and press.

Triumph Furniture Polish.—One-half gallon raw oil, one pint turpentine, one-half pint alcohol, one-half pint benzine, one-half pint aqua ammonia. First remove all dust from article to be polished, then rub with a canton flannel cloth dipped in the mixture.

Wash the Piano.—When your piano looks dull and dingy, don't daub on more polish, but simply wash it. Take any good pure soap, preferably white castile, and make a lather with tepid rainwater. Wash the piano carefully but thoroughly, using a piece of soft cheesecloth or clean chamois, and rub dry with clean cheesecloth. The piano will look like new. This is what is used in piano stores.

A miss is far better than a mile. No man would care to miss a mile.

The Ameer of Afghanistan finds his chief amusement in cooking, and is said to be a better chef than those in his palace kitchens. He is fond of tennis and cricket, takes a great interest in the magic-lantern, and has a good knowledge of mechanical work, gained from the Cabul factories, where between four and five thousand men are employed in the manufacture of arms, cartridges, harness, soap, furniture, etc.