

Saved The Farm.

Jackson Smith had a hobby, an unconquerable aversion to old maids. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular like her father, but her face was pleasing and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or piecing quilts while other girls were making merry.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself.

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance; we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife.

He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come to-morrow. There's money enough in the bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" and Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded, then Sarah kissed the round, unburned face and said: "Mother I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you. I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over," and putting on her pink sun-bonnet she went out the back door. When some distance from the house, she sat down in the shade of a tree, and while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice she resolved to outwit him.

"There's Josh Mullin, he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. "Yes, there's John Howard, but"—and her face grew pink—"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear-stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and, giving a jerk to her sun-bonnet, she started down the path across the meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching, he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern on his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes. Dr. Brown says he can't live more than two or three days, and—oh, John, it's awful the way he is!"

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you"—

"Oh, you don't understand, John! He's going to leave everything to—Jackson Goggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed.

"You can't mean it, Sarah! Why—why, that would be outrageous. What makes him talk of such a thing?"

"Because—because—I am an old maid; he hates old maids," and her face grew pinker than the sun-bonnet. John Howard shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—oh, John don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong, John—not so bad as letting mother be put out of her home." She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled. "I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me. I couldn't see any other way. Good-bye, John," she was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp. He'd see right through it, but—if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah. We could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—yes, you don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind. I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's high noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have asked you, John, only—you understand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red again.

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to business for us, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening, John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's.

"Will you come in, John, and stay

about some? I'd—I'd rather you'd tell him, if you don't mind," Sarah said. John unhitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had."

"It's the brindle heifer," interrupted Jackson Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John Howard, you think because I am on my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like you to shoot a neighbor's heifer just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and cut-throats—but I'll leave it in my will, Jackson Goggan shall law and law until"—He sank back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over that brindle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married—Sarah!" and Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah!" he said, under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I know Sarah was a Smith. Why there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. Call Sarah. I want to give her the brindle heifer."

When the lawyer came the next day he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter, Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.

"Will you come in, John?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it would only pester you if I did. I—reckon I ought to go home—but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone—and you'll be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her position.

"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would be the easiest way out of our—our—dilemma, but, if you'd rather not stay we could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."

"But, Sarah, if we told that, it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me, and you didn't suspect me, but now I feel mean and as if you will not respect me when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued: "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always wanted you, but now I feel I can't stay—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open wide in amazement and the face so lately tear-stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered.

CANADIAN BOATMEN.

Exciting Experience of an English Officer at Quebec.

An English army officer who visited Canada some years ago, tells how he was ferried across the St. Lawrence at Quebec one January day when the river was full of moving ice. Under such circumstances the passage of a river is likely to turn out a pretty lively experience.

Huge fields of ice were hurrying down the current, and looking at the distance between my side and the other, I could hardly see how we were to escape being knocked to pieces. However, I resigned myself to my fate and to my French-Canadian crew; and they, five in number, as soon as I was ready, began sliding the canoe down the beach into the river, each springing in and snatching his paddle as the boat was launched.

Four of the crew knelt in the front part of the canoe, working their paddles furiously and yelling like so many demons. The fifth, placing himself behind me, assumed the duties of coxswain.

The instant we were in the stream, the fields of ice seemed stationary, owing to our being swept along at the same rate; but still I could not see how we were to cross, and waited with some anxiety for the first sheet of ice.

This happened to be a large one, the men pulled straight for it, and as soon as the prow of the canoe touched it, the four who were paddling sprang out and dragged the canoe after them across the ice. On reaching the other side they launched it again, with wilder shouts than ever, springing into the canoe at the same time, and resuming their paddling as if for their lives.

These manoeuvres were repeated at every sheet of ice, and in a far shorter time than I could have imagined, we touched the Quebec side, when a number of idlers, attaching a rope to our canoe, ran us up on the slope from the river, and left me sitting, with my crew, still shouting and gesticulating, in the very street.

The Home

SHORT TALKS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Cold food should be eaten very slowly in order to raise it to the proper temperature for digestion. Hot meat is digested more rapidly than cold.

Prevention is always the best cure for everything, flies included. Keep the windows of the living rooms closed during the heat of the day. For the kitchen windows and doors that must be kept open, provide screens.

The cause of loaf cakes cracking open while baking is usually the fault of the oven being too hot when the loaf is first put in. A piece of asbestos paper placed over the top, if the temperature is too high, will prevent the cracking. It can be removed as soon as the bottom is well baked.

Pickled eggs are very appetizing through the summer season, either as an addition to salads or sandwiches. They should be put in cold water which is heated slowly and allowed to boil one hour. When taken out they should be dropped at once into cold water. The shells are then removed and the eggs put into good vinegar in which beets have been kept. They should remain at least a week in this pickle, when they are ready for service as a relish. A dozen or more can be done at a time.

The simplest method of cleaning a white straw sailor hat is to scrub it. Remove the band and apply a good heavy lather, made of pure white soap; scrub with a good stiff brush until all spots of dirt are removed and then rinse the suds out thoroughly. The hat will then be clean, but the soap is liable to turn it yellow, so that in order to keep it white it must be subjected to a bleaching acid. The best is sulphurous acid. This should not be confused with sulphuric acid, as that would ruin the straw. Scrub the hat again with the aid of the brush until it is perfectly white.

Ham muffins make a nice breakfast dish and are relished by nearly everyone. A light batter is made with a pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a scant cup of milk, one egg, beaten light before it is added, a little salt and a half-teaspoonful of sugar. Chop about a cupful of cold-boiled ham very fine and stir into this batter. Bake in muffin tins for fifteen or twenty minutes.

It is rather late to suggest a way to keep furs and woolen clothing, but there may be some housekeepers who are depending on the shake-out-once-a-week plan who will be glad to avail themselves of an easier method. Take a clean barrel and line the interior with newspapers securely pasted on, so that no crack or crevice remains. Look over each garment carefully and see that no moth egg is in it; brush free from dust and sponge off all spots; then pack in the barrel. When full, cover the top with two or three thicknesses of newspaper pasted down at the sides. If care is taken that the paper is well fitted the barrel will be moth-proof.

In buying shoes it is well to remember that the foot is fully one-third of an inch longer when one is standing than when one is seated; and the elongation is further increased when walking, for the weight is then thrown entirely on one foot at each alternate step.

Some of the lighter prepared cereals that are used for breakfast foods, those that are cooked in their preparation for the market, when served with blackberries, make a simple, nutritious dessert for the children's table. A pint of hot water is added to a pint of blackberries. When this reaches the boiling point a half-cup of the cereal is added, the mixture boiled hard for ten minutes and stirred constantly. It is then poured into a mold and served cold with cream.

White duck skirts and waists are worn a great deal this season. The yellow streaks which sometimes appear when they are laundered is due to the sulphur which is sometimes used to bleach white goods. The garment should first be rinsed in clear, cold water, and any spots should be rubbed with soap. After this it should be put into hot suds and washed vigorously with a strong soap, rubbing on the rubbing-board. Rinse white duck or pique in a boiler over the stove. As soon as the water around it begins to boil take it out, wring dry and spread it carefully on the grass, where the hot sun can bleach it. When it is dry, sprinkle and iron on the wrong side. If this process is followed the garment will be dazzling white. Every time the garment is washed it may be blued in a carefully prepared bluing water made from indigo.

USING PLUMS.

Plum Jelly.—The fruit should be gathered when only part ripe—about half colored. This point is very essential. Put plums in a large granite or porcelain kettle—the latter is best—with barely enough water to cover them. Cook until tender, but not until they are in a pulpy mass. Having previously covered a large jar with a cloth, strain the fruit in and let the juice drip through, but do not squeeze.



CHALLI FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

This little frock is of red and white figured challi, with a tucked white lawn guimpe and standing collar. Two narrow ruffles trim the bottom of the skirt. The top of the waist and the epaulettes are edged with double

pleatings, one of the goods over a narrow white lawn pleating, headed by two rows of narrow white ribbon. At the side are white ribbon bows connected by a strap and the belt is of white ribbon.

When all has drained through, strain once or twice more through another cloth, until the juice is perfectly clear. To one measure of juice provide one measure of granulated sugar, but do not put together at once. A very important point in the making of all jelly is that only a small quantity should be cooked at one time. Into a medium-sized kettle put, say, 4 tumblers of juice; let it boil briskly 15 or 20 minutes, then add the 4 tumblers of sugar, and in a very short time—usually from 3 to 10 minutes—the jelly will be finished, light, clear and delicious. To test the jelly, dip a spoon into the boiling juice and sugar and hold it up; when the jelly clings to the spoon in thick drops, take it off quickly and put into jelly glasses.

The plum pulp which is left can be put through a colander and used for plum-butter. Roll the tumblers in boiling water quickly and fill them with the jelly. On the top of each, while it is still hot, drop a lump of clean paraffin which will melt and cover the top tightly, preventing all moulding.

Plum Butter or Jam.—Boil the fruit in clear water until nearly done. Remove from the stove and put through a colander to remove the pits. Then rub through a sieve to make the pulp fine. Place pulp in kettle with about half as much sugar as pulp, or if you wish to have it very rich, nearly as much sugar as pulp, and boil down to the desired thickness. Stir almost constantly to prevent sticking to the kettle. To make extra nice plum butter from any freestone plum, pare and take out the pits, put in granite kettle or pan and sprinkle heavily with sugar, and let stand over night. In the morning there will be juice enough to cook them. Stir constantly while cooking and add more sugar if not sweet enough. This way preserves the grain of the fruit and with the De Soto plum makes a butter equal or superior to peach butter. If put in glass and canned, less cooking is required than if kept in open jars.

Spiced Plums.—Make a syrup, allowing a pound of sugar and one pint of vinegar to each seven pounds of plums. To this add a teaspoonful of allspice, one of cloves, two of cinnamon and one-half ounce of ginger root, tying these spices into muslin, and cooking them in the syrup. When it boils add the plums, bringing all to the boiling point, then simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, and stand in a cool place over night. Next drain the syrup from the plums, put the plums into stone or glass jars, and boil the syrup till quite thick, pour it over the fruit and set away. Another way is to pour the boiling spiced syrup over the plums in a stone jar, drawing it off and bringing it to a boil every other way and pouring over the plums again until it has been heated five times, after which the fruit and syrup are placed in a kettle and boiled slowly for five minutes, and sealed hot in glass jars. This will preserve the plums whole.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

If you have an unused door in your sitting room or dining room, you can, at small expense, convert it into a book-case.

Unhinge the door and remove all fixtures. Set the door as far back in the casing as you can, to form a back for the shelves. Set an upright on each side of the casing to make it flush with the wall. Fasten small iron brackets to these uprights to hold the shelves, which you must space, in distance apart, according to the height of books. Frame around the door with some fine wood, paint or stain it all; put up a curtain pole to suspend a curtain from and you have a case that will hold 150 books or more. Of course glass doors will be better than a curtain, and may be added without increasing the expense more than two or three dollars.

The sleeping-room that hasn't a closet should have a corner cupboard. Get some of the iron brackets that sell for ten or fifteen cents a pair and have some wide boards cut to fit the corner. Put up two or three shelves according to height, and on the bottom of the lowest nail cleats into

which to screw the hooks to hang your gowns upon. Fit a board to the corner, on the floor, and have a narrow board or molding tacked to the front edge. This is for shoes. Hang a curtain from the edge of the top shelf, making it long enough to reach quite to the floor, and full enough to hang in graceful folds. This is the best substitute for a closet we know of unless you can afford a wardrobe. Denim, figured or plain, makes a good drapery. Get it to correspond with the color of the room.

WHO INVENTED THE BICYCLE?

The Pope Says It Was a Priest, But This Declaration Is Not Ex Cathedra.

The Pope a few years ago, in granting permission to the priests to use bicycles, took occasion to announce that the wheel was invented by Abbe Painon, who used it in 1845. About the same time that Leo XIII. made this statement, E. R. Sipton, Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, of England, asserted that the first machine was invented by a Scotchman in 1846. Another correspondent asserts that, strictly speaking, no one invented the bicycle—"it just grewed." The bicycle is the developed result of a long series of mechanical contrivances for the acceleration of individual motion, and its beginnings are probably of older date than many people have imagined.

In August, 1665, Mr. John Evelyn, on his way back to London from his home at Wotton, called at Durdano, near Epsom, and afterward noted in his diary that he had found Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr. Hooke "contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions. Perhaps three such persons together, were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." What was this wheel in which one could run races? It is impossible now to say, but the description is curiously suggestive of some contrivance of the cycling kind.

Another one hundred years were to pass before anything resembling the modern cycle was to be invented. The first velocipedes, as they were so long called, appear to have been made in France. In the "Journal de Paris" of July 27, 1779, there is an account of a velocipede invented by MM. Blanchard and Magurier, which seems to have been a clumsy affair of four wheels, carrying two people and very heavy to work. This invention was a false start. No one followed it up, or improved upon it, and no further attempt in this direction was made for some thirty or forty years. Then appeared the "dandy horse," upon which our fathers and great-grandfathers disported themselves gayly, albeit at times a trifle laboriously for a brief season. When the crank was first invented, or who invented it, is quite uncertain. The date must have been early in the present century, but who first hit upon it is quite unknown. It was possibly first attached to a three-wheel machine.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?

The announcement that two million glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany alone has set the London Lancet and other authorities speculating on what becomes of them all. Is it possible that there are two million one-eyed men in the civilized world, with the other eye made in Germany? And does the other eye only last a year? It is only one-eyed men, as the Lancet reminds us, who use glass eyes. Nobody ever heard of a man who was totally blind indulging in this forlorn vanity. On reflection, however, the Lancet comes to the conclusion that glass eyes probably include eyes for stuffed beasts, eyes for waxworks, and eyes for dolls. And no doubt this is the explanation.

CANOE RACING.

First Aquatic Youth—How was the canoe race to-day?
Second Aquatic Youth—Dull. Awfully dull. Only three upsets.