

About the House.

MOTHS IN CARPETS.

If you fear that they are at work at the edge of the carpet, it will sometimes suffice to lay a wet towel, and press a hot flatiron over it; but the best way is to take the carpet up and clean it, and give a careful attention to the floor. Look in the cracks, and if you discover signs of moths, wash the floor with benzine, and scatter red pepper on it before putting the carpet lining down.

Heavy carpets sometimes do not require taking up every year, unless in constant use. Loosen the edges, fold the carpets back, wash the floor in strong suds, with a tablespoonful of borax dissolved in them. Dash with insect powder, or lay with tobacco leaves along the edge, and retack the carpet. Or use turpentine, the enemy of buffalo moths, carpet worms, and other insects that injure and destroy carpets. Mix the turpentine with pure water in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls to three quarts of water, and then, after the carpet has been well swept, go over each breadth carefully with a sponge dipped in the solution and wrung nearly dry. Change the water as it becomes dirty. The carpet will be nicely cleaned, as well as disinfected. All moths can be kept away and the eggs destroyed by this means. Spots may be removed and renovated by the use of ox-gall or ammonia and water.

A good way to brighten a carpet is to put half a tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water, and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice, and it will restore the color and brighten it up until you would think it new. Another good way to clean old carpets is to rub them over with meal; just dampen it a very little, and rub the carpet with it, and when perfectly dry, sweep over with meal. After a carpet is thoroughly swept, rub it with a cloth dipped in water and ammonia; it will brighten the colors and make it look like new.

WHAT TO DO WITH POTATOES.

Potatoes that have been left over from dinner or breakfast may be utilized in many ways. Boiled potatoes may be fried brown in butter in which a teaspoonful of minced onion has first been fried until yellow, then season with salt, pepper and parsley.

Cut in slices and browned in hot fat, or stewed in milk with parsley.

Cut in half inch dice and warmed in milk, seasoned with butter, salt, pepper and parsley.

Mixed with drawn butter or white sauce, seasoned with chopped celery, or with crumbled cheese, covered with buttered cracker crumbs and baked until the crumbs are brown.

Or mixed with sliced beet, yolks of hard eggs, parsley, onion, and lettuce, and served with French dressing.

Sweet potatoes may be browned in butter, or sliced, buttered, or sugared, and browned in the oven.

Cooked potatoes admit of such a variety of methods of re-serving that not a scrap ever need be wasted. Left over portions of mashed potatoes should be packed closely in a cup or small bowl, directly after the meal, then cut in slices and browned in hot butter or lard. They may be mixed with beaten egg, made into balls and browned in the oven. Or used as a crust for a small pie of warmed over meat, or fish.

OVERHEAD FURNISHINGS.

Floor and ceiling of a room should be as pretty as the walls and in a like scheme of color. Some summer art students who have a mountain cottage have made its walls of rough plaster colored a dull brown, which shades on the ceiling into a grayish green. Along the walls at the height of the picture rail, are narrow boxes, made of rich boughs, full of wood earth. In these are German ivy roots, the tendrils trained in a spider web of green wires, which spreads across the ceiling.

Another room has been arranged by its owner as a sort of mermaid's cave, the walls of stucco, covered with clam shells pressed into the plaster and tinted a soft green. The ceiling is draped with fish nets hung on spears. A whaler's lantern and a narrow painted frieze of red crabs heighten the illusion.

Japanese umbrellas have long been used to cover an ugly ceiling. Lintens have also been used, but they are not so pretty as the soft, bright crepes and chinzies which make looking upward a pleasure.

An ingenious young woman bought a roll of m.tting pliable and jointless, with diamonds of blue here and there. This, with a lot of picture moulding from a s-sh factory, a paper of brads, a stepladder and considerable patience helped to change a rather ugly little room.

Good effects can be secured with pink and white cheesecloth, the pink gathered in tiny folds for the walls, and at about twenty inches from the ceiling the white is shirred and meets it, extending further to be gathered in a big rosette in the centre.

The latest style when papering walls with a vine or stripe is to have the lines meet at a point in the middle of the ceiling. It makes the walls

seem lower, but it is novel and cheerful.

IN JELLYING TIME.

Canning and jelly making have been begun. All fruits should be plucked before they are very ripe, and on a clear, dry day. Four or five common playing marbles in boiling fruit juice, as they move about on the bottom of the sauce pan will preclude the necessity of constant stirring in order to prevent scorching.

The housewife's frock, when engaged in such duties, should be a skirt of print or some washable material, made quite short. Over it may be worn a sort of combined waist and apron, preferably of gingham. A shirt waist made rather scantier in front than usual is supplemented by a long apron of two breadths. One half of it is sewed to the belt, the other half over the left side, attached to a belt of its own. This apron saves the sleeves of the ordinary waist worn with the usual bib apron, and is likewise cooler. It is only a moment's work to slip off this novel arrangement and don a cool fresh shirt waist.

GOOD EGGS IN SUMMER.

Slake a peck of fresh lime in water and when cool dilute it with additional water to make a barrelful. When this is well settled and perfectly clear have a barrel sweet and clean and gently put the eggs in the bottom so that none are broken or cracked. Then pour the clear lime water over the eggs to level. Over them lay a piece of muslin larger than the top, and tuck it in all around so as to put above it the soft lime to the thickness of half an inch. Cover this with water and move the barrel in a cool place, then eggs for any emergency are at hand all summer. It is needless to say that for breakfast, one should always have them as natural, from the nest as soon as possible.

ROMANCE OF GOLD MINING.

History of the Wyalong Gold Fields, in New South Wales.

The romance of Australian gold mining is not inaptly illustrated by the history of the Wyalong gold field, in New South Wales. Less than seven years ago it was simply a grazing district, consisting largely of Crown lands held on lease by pastoralists, the level nature of the country, covered with red soil and scrub, causing it to be neglected by prospectors, although the Temorag old field, with its busy population, was only forty miles distant.

In July, 1893, a Victorian colonist, named Neeld, and his family, being desirous of obtaining a larger area of land for settlement than was possible under the Victorian land laws, crossed the River Murray and made their way to Wyalong, 338 miles south of Sydney, where a suitable area of land was secured. Mr. Neeld, who had had considerable experience on the Bendigo, Ballarat, and other Victorian gold fields, was speedily impressed by the auriferous conditions of the district, his attention being attracted by numerous ironstone nodules and loose

FRAGMENTS OF QUARTZ.

This was the beginning of August, 1893, and he at once commenced prospecting, but did not succeed in finding gold until about a month after his arrival, when he discovered it in a loose piece of quartz.

Other discoveries followed, and a few days later systematic prospecting operations were commenced. Fresh finds were made, and ultimately Mr. Neeld and his sons decided upon hoisting the red flag and pegging out their claims. This was done on Sept. 18, 1893, and no sooner had the discovery been reported than the news spread like wildfire, numbers of men riding the same night towards the scene of the gold discoveries, in order to secure claims wherever possible. In January, 1894, there were over five hundred men on the field. In the following March the first parcels of ore were crushed at Barmedman, the centre of the quartz-mining district, sixteen miles distant, when the marvellous richness of the ore became ascertained.

The result was a great rush to the ground, and about three weeks later the population had increased to about 10,000, but many subsequently left, being unable to secure auriferous land at the end of 1894.

THE SETTLED POPULATION.

In the Wyalong and Barmedman districts, was between 4,000 and 5,000, the number of claims worked being about 300, of which between twenty and thirty were on payable stone. In 1895 the quantity of gold obtained was 25,497 ounces; in 1896 it was 33,159 ounces; and in 1897, 34,370 ounces, being the largest auriferous output of any goldfield in the colony, the next richest being Hillgrove, with 31,886 ounces. The total yield from the Wyalong goldfield from its discovery at the end of 1893 up to the present has been estimated at 130,000 ounces, with more than £500,000.

The number and extent of the reefs promise not only a steady increase in the rate of production, but also furnish indications of its permanency. The township of Wyalong, which occupies a site practically uninhabited in 1893, now boasts of a population of about 7,000, Court House, public and private schools, branch bank, church, public offices, several large hotels, and numerous stores; also postal, telegraphic, and other facilities.

Agricultural

It should be the aim of every man owning and operating a farm to improve it in some way, writes John M. Jamison. Formerly, when these farms of ours were in the hands of the original owners, improvement meant something very different from what it means now. Then the effort was to get the land in condition to be cultivated, and to erect such buildings as the farmer must have to shelter himself and family. No thought was had looking to the improvement of the soil. Then a farmer's skill, in a great measure, was accredited to his ability to clear and fence land, and the buildings put up added to the value of the holding. Improvements in the way of buildings, in a newly-settled section, always add much to the value of the land.

In the improvement of new land, muscle originally counted for more than brains. Now, a new order of things must rule in the old sections of the country. Original fertility—in the main—has been exhausted, or allowed to escape. With the careful farmer, the buildings on land to be purchased are only valued according to the actual use to be made of them. If he does not expect to occupy them himself, he will not attach much value to them, even if they are costly structures. When lands thrown on the market are bought to add to pasture areas, the purchaser, in most cases, prefers the improvements to be in some other form than fine buildings. Clean fields and good fences please him more.

One fact stands very much against the improvement of farms in the hands of many owners; this is the expectation of so many to leave the farm some time, and have a home in the village or town. Much more interest would be taken in the improvement of farm homes, if every farmer fully expected to spend his days on the farm. There is much difference between the improvement that looks only to commercial value, when selling is the only object, and improvement made for the comfort and happiness of the owner. Many things considered as improvements in this direction by some have no commercial value whatever in the eyes of others. The improvement added to the farm by the owner, who must make his living from it, will often differ very much from that of the owner who has an income from other sources. When the farmer earns the improvements as he goes along, they are usually noticeable for their utility, and are fully appreciated. But if built for show, or because money is plentiful, they too often become a burden.

In the older sections of the country, the first improvement should be in the land itself, the other improvements following in course of time, as the products of the soil prove able to support them. It is the part of wisdom to improve the soil first, rather than put on surface improvements in the way of buildings and fences. The former when once started is cumulative, and in the hands of a farmer able to make the start, the improvement is rapid and profitable. The surface improvements are not cumulative, in value, but rather in expense. We pay taxes on soil improvement only as the volume of crops is increased; on buildings erected, as soon as they can be placed on the tax duplicate. It is not unusual that these become a cumulative source of expense.

Farming will rest on a better basis when every man farms for the love of it, and aims truly to leave the soil better than he found it; when the farmer builds the home on the farm, with the sole intention of occupying it while he lives. Most farmers strive to have a bank account to draw on when the infirmities of old age overtake them. This is commendable; but too often in this effort their farms are robbed of fertility. Soil improvement is entirely forgotten in the effort to secure the bank account. Thus the poverty of the farm or the soil of the farm sometimes makes strong inroads on these expected accumulations, with a resulting failure of the expected bank account. We find the farmer with a poor farm that will not sustain him, and with no bank account. He has robbed the soil with no effort or thought to add to or sustain its natural fertility, and when he most needs help from the soil it is a robber in turn, drawing from him the declining strength of old age in his efforts to make it yield him a sustenance.

This is one of the unfortunate results of failing to understand the necessity of improving the soil, a feature of our agriculture that forces itself on the attention of thinking men, and one that will not change for the better making soil improvement the basis of their farm operations. One of the aged farmer's life close on a farm that has been his lifelong home, and has tenance, simply because the land has always been robbed, and never fed the most distressing, and is at the same time a lesson to young men who have the opportunity to farm on a more intelligent basis. The question is to have them understand the necessity of starting in the right way.

STRAW IN THE ORCHARD.

It often happens that the farmer is

in doubt as to how to dispose of his surplus straw. He frequently comes to the conclusion that he should spread it in the orchard, under the impression that it will act as a mulch, then decay and become available to the roots of his trees. This is a three-fold mistake. First, the straw, though theoretically worth about \$3 a ton as manure, loses much of its nitrogen when it is compelled to decay as slowly, as it does when spread in this way. Second, it becomes a harbor for mice and other vermin, which, particularly if the orchard is a young one, may render great damage by gnawing and perhaps girdling the trees. Third, it keeps the upper layer of soil moist and thus encourages the growth of roots near the surface. This is dangerous to the life of the tree, since should the mulch be removed at any time, or should an unusually dry spell occur, the roots could not exchange their then dry position for a deeper one supplied with water.

It would be better to part with the straw at a loss than to jeopardize the life of the orchard. But the farmer can buy and feed a few extra stock to eat part and trample down the rest of the straw, and thus form good manure with no loss of the straw's nitrogen. He should gain instead of lose upon the investment, to say nothing of preventing a possible loss in his orchard. Clean cultivation with a harrow to maintain a loose surface, will prevent this trouble by making the roots go deeper into the soil for their food and moisture.

BEST BREEDS OF CHICKENS.

The difficulties of poultry raising may be overcome in a measure by the judicious selection of a breed of fowls best suited to your surroundings. If you have but a limited area and your flock must be confined most of the time, you should choose those breeds which may be kept in confinement with best results. The suburban residents produce a large proportion of the poultry and eggs consumed in this country. The farmer, as a rule, keeps one flock on a farm with less satisfaction than he who takes care of one in confinement. The best egg records are from those flocks which have been kept in yards instead of having an altogether free range. More labor is required, of course to manage flocks in confinement, yet this is made up for in the increased egg yield and saving in the cost of the range.

Leghorns, Hamburgs, Minocras, Polish and Houdans are true rangers, and an extra degree of care is needed to provide them with litter for scratching to satisfy their restless natures where their range is a small one. The Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes belong to the middle class, as it were, and will give great satisfaction either for confinement or on a free range. The Brahmas and Cochins are strictly fowls for confinement and will naturally do better under that condition than any other class.

QUEER RUSSIAN CUSTOM.

Of all the strange customs of foreign nations those that strike us to be most peculiar are the marriage customs of the Russian peasants. It is the aim of every young peasant to acquire for himself a wife that will be a suitable aid both in the field and in the kitchen, and he leaves the choice to his parents. The beauty of the young lady and her taste of dress and furniture is little considered, but instead the dispatch with which she can perform her daily duties. And in the following peculiar way her ability in that line is obtained.

The parents of the young man decide that a certain young lady would make a suitable mate for him. They say nothing about the matter to any one, but on some evening they will drop around unexpectedly to the prospective bride's home and will stay for supper. During the meal they will keep a close watch on the young lady. If she eats fast she will perform her work speedily; if she goes neatly and cleanly about her plate she will perform her work neatly and cleanly; if she does not talk much she will work, and not talk, and prove a faithful and obedient wife to her husband; if she is satisfied with her lot; if she does not gaze and stare at the visitors she will be a wife that will not continually pry into her husband's business, and if she immediately proceeds to clean up the dishes after the meal she will bring prosperity to her husband and will be economical with his money.

Thus the fate of the young couple is decided. Should she prove satisfactory to the young man's parents, by the above mentioned actions, the parents stay after supper, and close the bargain with the young lady's parents over a bottle of good vodka.

A most peculiar thing about the marriage ceremony is the fact that when the couple enter the church both groom and bride make a dash for the platform on which is the pulpit. It is believed that the one whose foot touches the platform first will live the longer, and that the children will take after that one in size, health and beauty.

The festivities last three days, during which all friends and relatives celebrate a holiday. The bride is adorned in a bandana of the brightest shades. The groom has a new fur hat and a skin overcoat tied with a belt of brightest red. The marriages generally take place in the fall, after the harvest has been gathered.

A WEALTH ROMANCE

From a Barrel of Beans to £200,000,000 Sterling.

"Some day, Charlie, some time when I am a man, I want to be worth 100,000 dollars. And I'm going to be, too—some day."

It is less than fifty years since a young farmer's son made this halting, half-proud confidence as he was conjuring up dreams of the future with a boy-friend, as poor as himself, says London Tit-Bits.

His father farmed ninety poor acres on the shore of Owasso Lake, and brought up his too numerous family in a small, brown-painted shanty, in which it would have required delicacy to swing the proverbial cat.

To-day the boy, who fifty years ago was glad to hoe potatoes for a shilling a day, and who dared scarcely breathe to his most intimate boy-friend the dream of a day when he should have £20,000, is the richest man the world has ever known—rich, in fact, that he himself does not know within a few million dollars how much he is worth, and can add or lose a million pounds sterling without a smile or a sigh.

He is so rich that if he were to throw away a sovereign every minute of his life, night and day, his yearly income would still be sufficient to create

TWO NEW MILLIONAIRES

every year. He might give away his own weight in sovereigns every working day of the year, and still his income for fifty-two Sundays would place him among the men whose annual revenue runs into six figures.

Every three days his income alone exceeds the £20,000 of his boyish dreams, he wakes every morning more than £2,000 richer than when he retired to bed; while he is smoking a cigar £200 is pouring into his exchequer; and while he is sipping his morning cup of coffee he presents himself with five £5 notes.

Three hundred horses would find their strength taxed to draw the 400 tons of gold he has accumulated in thirty-five short years; and eight regiments of soldiers would find it difficult to carry them away. With his sovereigns he could make sixteen piles, each as high as Mont Blanc, or he could make a golden footpath a foot wide, along which he might walk from Charing Cross to Brighton.

As recently as 1870 John D. Rockefeller had only made half of his dreamed of £20,000. Five years later his £10,000 had become £200,000; in 1885, it had grown to £1,000,000; in 1890, to £20,000,000,000; and this year it exceeds £50,000,000,000. Between 1870 and 1875 Mr. Rockefeller's wealth grew at the rate of nearly twenty thousand pounds a year, during the next ten years the annual increase was nearly one million pounds; between 1885 and 1890 it progressed at the rate of £2,000,000 a year, and since 1890 it has added to itself over £3,000,000 sterling every year.

Of this £50,000,000, thirty millions are invested in oil, five millions each in iron mines and railway securities, more than three millions in real estate, £1,500,000 in bank and a million each in lead and natural gas, and nearly five millions in steamships, municipal gas, and other securities.

IT WAS ON OIL

however, that Rockefeller first flowered his fortune, and on oil the bulk of it still floats. In his oil industry alone the multi-millionaire employs an army of 25,000 men, to whom he pays three and three-quarters of a million pounds every year in wages, none of his men earning less than eight shillings a day. His oil-wagon number 7,000; he has 200 steamers for oil-transport, 20,000 miles of pipe-lines and uses every year 4,000,000 barrels and 400,000,000 five-gallon cans.

The nursery of this colossal fortune, the eighth wonder of the world, was a small warehouse, which bore on a modest sign-board the name of "Rockefeller and Hewitt." An old friend of the millionaire still recalls the days when he used to find Rockefeller sorting barrels of beans in as much zeal as he now displays in managing his millions. I have put in my spare time, day and night, for the past few weeks," the coming Croesus said, "in sorting them over, and picking out the black beans. Now they are extra quality and we shall sell them at an extra price."

It was some years later, when the Pennsylvania oil-fields began to yield their treasures, that Rockefeller and Andrews started a small refinery, and by a gradual process of extension and absorption laid the foundation on which was built the world's record fortune. From a barrel of beans to a fortune of £50,000,000 is a great journey, and only one man has made it.

THE WHOLE STORY.

You see, he said I was a fool. Yep. And then I soaked him. M'h'm. And that was where I proved it.

CONFUSING.

These changes in the weather are bothering me to death, said the amateur singer.

Why? When I have a cold I'm bass, and when I get well I'm a tenor. I can never tell whether to practice "The Diver," or "Sally in Our Alley."

RESULT OF SKIN GRAFTING.

Something Went Wrong, and Now the Patient Must Suffer Another Trial—Interesting Surgical Case.

Louis Henschan, of Cincinnati, was severely burned about the back, shoulder and right arm on February 25. He lay for weeks in the City Hospital at the point of death, but gradually his horrible wounds began to heal, with the exception of the multiple wounds which had denuded the arm of almost every particle of skin. The stubborn resistance offered by these wounds against all known remedies finally decided the physicians to make a skin graft. As quite a large quantity of auticle was required to cover so extensive an area the physicians were at a loss to know where to obtain it.

In this dilemma Henschan's sisters volunteered to supply it, and would have done so had not a brother-in-law stepped forward and made the sacrifice. Under all known aseptic precautions enough skin was removed from the brother-in-law's thigh to cover the surface. After this the healing of the wounds went rapidly on, and the patient was discharged from the institution in less than a month afterward.

Recently, however, the new skin taken from Henschan's relative has begun to contract, drawing the arm up so that it has become almost entirely useless, the contraction being so gradual that it was scarcely perceptible. But one remedy remains, and that is to remove the shriveling skin and put other skin in its place. The operation, if consented to by the patient, will be a difficult one and require skillful handling.

NORWAY'S SKATING SOLDIERS.

Newly-Organized Corps for Scout and Picket Duty in Winter.

The Norwegian army has lately organized a highly trained corps of skaters. The men are armed with repeating rifles. They wear a specially constructed skate evolved after numerous experiments with various types. The heel is so shaped as to enable the men to turn with great rapidity. As a matter of fact they perform the "right about" in much quicker time than infantry, spinning round as though on a pivot at the word of command.

The corps can be manoeuvred with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry, and at a recent review—one of the fjords—their evolutions astonished the military representatives of other nations who were invited to witness the display.

For patrol and scout duty they are expected to be of the greatest use, as the ice season in Norway is of considerable duration.

The men are the pick of a skating nation, and they are commanded by an ex-champion. They are capable of traveling 80 miles a day on the ice, fully equipped.

ARE YOU JEALOUS?

After marriage jealousy should be striven against just as one battles with fever or any other kind of disease. It creates misunderstandings by the hundreds; it chills love, though it is a sign of love, and it makes the unity of thought and feeling that should exist between husband and wife a hollow mockery.

It is the wife's part to cure this banker. Women are so delicately sensitive and so wonderfully wise and diplomatic, that without throwing their cards on the table, and thus revealing their hand, they can force the game to go any way they will. Jealous husbands are very quick to see when their wives really adore them, and then alone, and the woman who is the victimized wife of a jealous man instead of scorning his weakness, does well to be lenient toward it, and tender, remembering that her conduct alone is its cure, or, on the other hand, its aggravation.

There are wives who argue falsely that when their husbands cease to be jealous they also cease to love them with the passionate fervor of the first few years of married life. Never was there a more absurd mistake. Of a truth, only the woman who has not known the pangs of jealousy would so argue.

Jealousy has been known to kill people. It saps the strength and weakens the vitality of the heart. So, though it does invariably imply love, and real hot love, too, it should be quenched by the sufferer and the object of his or her devotion. Love remains; be certain of it, and more truly it is love where the green-eyed monster has been killed.

EVIDENTLY.

I think the man who works at that place across the street is the most faithful and conscientious workman I ever saw. He never takes a holiday, and always labors away till it's too dark to see any longer.

Faithful workman? Great Scott! He's the proprietor of the shop!

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

Mrs. Henry Peck—First we get horseless carriages and then wireless telegraphy. I wonder what next? Her Husband, meekly—Wireless matrimony, perhaps.

A NEW VERSION.

Lives of great men oft remind us We can be as great as they, and, departing, leave behind us All we cannot take away.