

## About the House.

### JELLY MAKING.

In spite of our inherited notions to the contrary, there's no more "luck" in making jelly than any other kind of preserves, for when you do the right thing from beginning to end it's sure to "come" and come fine, too.

If you have to buy your fruit, get just as good for jelly as you do for canning, and never any that is dead ripe. Of course, jelly can be made out of half-grown culled fruit; but you never can give jelly any finer flavor than the fruit itself has; and besides this the larger the fruit the more juice it makes. So if you raise your own fruit, it is better economy to use the culls for marmalade than jelly.

Wash currants in cold water before you pick them from the stems; and strawberries before they are hulled, and dry them both on a soft cloth. Neither strawberries nor red raspberries will make a jelly that is firm enough to keep its shape when turned out of the bowl, but by using one-quarter part red currants, it will be.

Rub the down off from peaches and quinces with a dry cloth; cut out the blossom ends and stems, as well as black and knotty spots, from crab-apples and quinces, and then cut the fruit in quarters.

Don't have a thin dish or an iron spoon in sight, but from first to last use earthen, stone or granite ware.

Use the least water you can in cooking the fruit. Of course crab-apples and quinces have considerable, up to about half their depth, but there is no need of using any with currants and berries, if you mash part of them and heat them over a slow fire until the juice runs freely before you put in the rest.

Make a double seamed bag out of loose-threaded linen towelling, and one-half as large out of cheap cheese-cloth.

When the fruit is cooked, wring the linen bag out of hot water; pour in the fruit and hang it in a warm place where it can drain into a crock or deep bowl. After the fruit has drained an hour or so, press against the sides of the bag with two sticks or big spoons, and now and then squeeze it gently with the hands, but never wring it. It does not make a particle of difference what kind of jelly you are making; if you twist and wring the bag to get out all the juice possible, or boil the juice and sugar together, it is sure to have a biting, pungent flavor, and to be darker-colored than there is any need of.

Be just as particular to use granulated sugar as good fruit. Coffee sugar has a coarse, disagreeable flavor. Most kinds of fruit need a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Green gooseberries and wild grapes need a quarter or a half pound more than this, while three-fourths of a pound is enough for peaches or red raspberries and currants together.

We forgot to say that peach jelly has a better flavor if you cook about one-third of the pits with the fruit.

Measure the juice and weigh the sugar; put the latter in the oven, and the juice over the fire in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle. Boil the juice—uncovered—twenty minutes, taking off every bit of scum as fast as it rises; let the sugar get real hot, so the jelly will boil as soon as possible after you put it in. When the twenty minutes is up, turn the sugar into the kettle; stir carefully until it is dissolved, and just as soon as it boils, draw the quart pitcher is handier than a dipper to fill the bowls and glasses from, and should be hot so the jelly will not set and waste. Wring the cheese-cloth bag out of hot water and strain the jelly through it into the pitcher. Wet the jelly dishes in cold water before you fill them. Next morning put a layer of melted paraffine wax over the top and keep them in a cool, dry place. This wax is better as well as more convenient than a paper wet in brandy, because it shuts the air entirely out and keeps the jelly moist and soft on top. It does not cost much at first, and can be used year after year if it is washed and dried when the jelly is used.

### GROW ROSES IN THE HOUSE.

In the first place procure good plants. There is a vast difference in the amount of vitality, in the roses sent out by mail, but it is by the cheapest and best way to get them. They are dormant plants and arrive tightly packed in moss. Immerse the roots without removing the wrappings in lukewarm water for two or three hours. Very fertile garden soil well enriched with old decomposed cow manure is best. It should be thoroughly heated in the oven the day before being used, to destroy insects. Pint tin cans are much better than pots to grow house roses, for they do not dry out so easily. The tops can be removed by turning upside down on a hot coal fire, leaving them in just long enough to melt the solder around the rim. Take them out with a poker and give a sharp rap with the stove handle, when the top will fly off. Cut a hole an inch square in the bottom with a chisel and cover with a flat stone. Roses abhor a wet or soggy earth, but to allow them to dry up in a pot is just as detrimental to their health.

Cut the tops back about one-half, trim to a good shape and cut out all broken and misshapen roots. Set the plants half an inch lower than they were before and shape the earth well around the roots, press down and water. Cover with glass fruit cans and set in a bright, warm place, but not in the direct sunlight. The cans should be removed every day to give air, but do not leave it off. They will often start to grow at once. When they have made an inch or more of growth, commence leaving the glass off each day a little longer than before until they can endure it without wilting, then give full sunlight. Do not water until the ground feels quite dry to the touch when stirred. Always use lukewarm water—sopasuds if obtainable. Keep a close watch for insects and if found remove by hand. You will not fail to have beautiful roses by following these methods, and always remember that a plant just starting growth or while resting can be killed easier by too much water than perhaps any other way, while a plant growing vigorously must be well supplied. While the roses are blooming, give a weekly watering with diluted manure water. That from the chicken house to which a little ashes has been added is best. Always cut the flowers before they fully expand, removing 3 or 4 inches of the stem. Unless this is faithfully followed, your plants will soon be worthless. I have seen a single rose, left on the plant until its petals dropped, ruin the usefulness of the plant.

### A CHILD'S FEAR OF PICTURES.

Be very careful in the selection of pictures for the children's bed-room or the nursery. Remember that the lives of little children are made glad or sad by what they have about them.

One little child would never go to sleep in her little crib, if left alone; even before she could talk plainly she would cry unless some one was near.

The mother had tried in many ways to make the child less timid, but she finally gave up and sat beside her every night until she was in a sound sleep. At last, one evening, a very sensible auntie, came to visit mamma, and, after she had put Miss Baby into her crib, she turned to go out of the room, but the pitiful cry of the little one soon brought her back beside the crib, where she sat until baby was in the land of dreams. Then auntie reached up over baby's crib and took from the wall a colored picture of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf, and from another side of the room a picture of this same bad wolf, with wide open mouth preparing to eat up the good old grandma. Auntie watched with much interest the next night to see if the removal of the pictures would be noticed by Miss Baby, and she put her into her crib herself, saying very lovingly, "Good night, darling; auntie is going into the next room now." Baby sat up in her crib, looked for the dreaded pictures and wisely nodded her curly head as she pointed her tiny finger to the vacant spaces on the wall, and said, in her baby language: "All gone, all gone," then laid down and was soon sound asleep. You may be sure that those pictures were never rehung, but were replaced by others which did not suggest anything disagreeable either to baby or her friends.

### WHALING AT SNOOK'S ARM.

The Leviathans of the Deep Are Now Killed by Scientific Appliances.

At Snook's Arm, on the east coast of Newfoundland, is a scientific whaling-station, the only one in the Western Hemisphere. Here, as well as at the great whaling-stations of Iceland and Norway, specially constructed steamers are employed, equipped with every appliance that skill can devise.

A small harpoon is no longer hurled from the hand of some trained Eskimo, but an immense iron bar, more than six feet long, with great wings or flanges a few feet from one end,—like the bars of a cross except that they are folded back to the main shaft,—is now fired from a cannon on the ship. There is a large projectile at the end, filed sharp and pointed so as to penetrate the whale's body. It is loaded with combustibles that generate volumes of gas.

A man with steady nerves and quick aim is at the cannon, and in an instant there is a flash, and the great harpoon is hurled through the air. With unerring aim it plunges into the whale's side, the wings on the cross-bar suddenly flying horizontal, and the exploding projectiles generating great volumes of gas that keep the body afloat. Death is very speedy, and almost without suffering, if the range is not too close.

When the cannon is fired at close quarters, and the whale happens to be young, with tender, thin hide, the harpoon flies right through the body, the rope holding the wounded creature fast, and men are despatched in boats to spear the prisoner.

Since last July more than a hundred whales have been shot, and not a single shot has been lost, although in one or two cases it has been necessary to fire a second harpoon before a struggling monster was killed. The whales are towed into the harbor and moored, to be dragged by steam-power and logging chains up the slippery, slanting wharf.

Mr. Penn—One physician says that the tramp instinct is a disease. Mr. Pitt—Does he recommend a change of scene as the remedy?

In kidhood he clung to the bottle. And his was the pinkest of toes; In manhood he clung to the bottle. And his was the pinkest of nose.

## Her Mistake.

"Quite comfortable now?" asked Crawford of the News, as he threw a rug across Vandeleur's feet.

"Perfectly, thanks!"  
The two men occupied a sheltered nook on the cliffs at Hastings, close to the Palace Hotel; and Crawford, after arranging Vandeleur's rug, threw himself into a grass chair and lit his pipe.

Vandeleur closed his eyes restfully. He looked pale and thin, and his left arm rested in a sling.

After a few puffs Crawford burst out:  
"By Jove! isn't this glorious? What a difference there is between it and Omdurman!"

"Rather! All the same, I liked it. I liked the rush and whirl; ay, and even the killing and the chance of being killed," adding cynically, "I suppose I am ungrateful, but sometimes I wish that Arab sword had caught me a few inches lower down."

"Oh! stop that! What ails you, man? I often wonder whether it was professional enterprise made you so reckless, or—a love affair, eh? By Jove! That reminds me of something."

A lady at breakfast this morning some way or other got to know that I was Crawford, the News man. She had also evidently heard that you and I had been pretty thick at the front, as she inquired if you had completely recovered; seemed quite interested in you, old chap. Her name is Sinclair."

"Sinclair?"  
"Yes—Heavens! what's the matter old man? You do look queer."

"Well, old fellow, you see I knew her once. Engaged, got chucked; somehow, you see, I can't—You understand."

Crawford quietly stooped down and grasped Vandeleur's hand. There was a lot of silent sympathy in that quiet hand-clasp.

Vandeleur was always somewhat of a mystery to Crawford. The latter could never understand why a successful novelist such as he was had given up a promising future. His hairbreadth escapes had become the talk of the army. It was at Omdurman his run of luck almost came to a close.

They had dragged him from beneath the heap of bodies, and at first every one thought that the dervish sword had finished the "mad correspondent" of the Sentinel.

The shave was a close one, but nevertheless they had pulled him round. And now he was on the fair road to recovery.

After a pause, Crawford spoke.  
"Forgive me, old chap; I didn't know. You see, we hadn't met until after—after that."

"Don't apologize; I am so confoundedly weak. Crawford, I can't stay here; I must get away. I can't meet her again—or, at least, not just yet."  
"Oh, nonsense! You can't go just when the air is pulling you round so well. Besides, there is little possibility, of your meeting, as she is not even aware of your being here. Hallo! there's White calling me. Do you mind my leaving you for a few minutes?"

"Not at all. In fact—I am afraid it's not exactly complimentary to you, old fellow, but I would rather be alone for a bit. You understand?"

Crawford comprehended, and merely said, "I understand, old man; I'll be walked off."

Vandeleur sat thinking. His thoughts were bitter as they went back two years, and he recalled the heartless manner in which this woman threw him over without any perceptible reason. He could never understand it.

Are all women the same? he wondered. Does every woman play with a man merely to fool him in the end? But his cogitations abruptly ceased as his glance wandered down the path in the direction of the hotel.

He started slightly, and a flush showed itself for a moment in his thin features.

A strangely familiar figure was coming toward him, and his fingers nervously twisted and untwisted as he recognized the one woman in all the world whom he least desired to meet.

His natural impulse was to get away but weakness rendered such a proceeding impossible.

In his weak state the sight of her conjured up strange emotions. He felt more keenly his own helplessness, and then, as he watched her, there arose in his heart a passionate longing for sympathy and rest.

If only, if only—Bah! what a fool he was—as big a fool as he was eighteen months ago almost!

Then, as she sauntered carelessly along, a dull feeling of resentment displaced his previous nervousness.

True, she might not deign to notice him; but if she did there would be no trace of the old madness to gratify

Meanwhile, the object of his wrath, utterly oblivious of exciting the attention of any one, never deviated from the path that must inevitably take her past the spot where Vandeleur was sitting, but strolled along with an open book in her hand.

So immersed was Miss Sinclair with her reading that she failed to notice the man, who was rather feebly essay-

ing to light a cigarette, until she was quite close.

At the first glance, however, she recognized him, and the sudden shock was almost painful; but, recovering herself in a moment, walked straight up to Vandeleur, and held out her hand, saying gently:

"I am so glad, Mr. Vandeleur, to see that you are better—so very glad."

Although Vandeleur's heart beat quickly, he was outwardly calm and cool as he replied, nonchalantly:

"Thank you. Except for the fact of feeling rather weak now and then, I am comparatively well. I trust you are quite well, Miss Sinclair?"

"Yes; I am very well, thank you. But—Mr. Crawford told me you had but by no means recovered yet."

Vandeleur mentally anathematized Crawford, as he said, with a bad imitation of a laugh:

"Pshaw! Crawford is an awfully good fellow; but, you know, he occasionally constructs a mountain out of a molehill."

Pointing to the seat which Crawford had vacated a few minutes previously, he continued:

"Won't you please sit down, Miss Sinclair? I long to have a chat with an old friend."

His own desire now was to keep her, and an unnatural elevation pervaded him as he hailed with almost hysterical delight the prospect of showing this woman how utterly indifferent he was to her.

She hesitated for a moment, then quietly sat down.

"But surely, Mr. Vandeleur," she said, "your wound cannot be of so trivial a nature as you would have one believe? You were reported killed at first; all the papers said so, and I—every one was so dreadfully sorry."

"Were they?" said Vandeleur ironically. "Sorry to say their feelings must pass unappreciated. Enough of myself, however, I presume you are staying down here for some time?" he added, as he threw his cigarette away.

"Please don't!" cried Miss Sinclair. "You know I have no objection; my tastes have not changed even in eighteen months."

"Excuse me," said Vandeleur, coldly. "I thought they had. However, it is of no consequence, as I smoke very little now, tobacco doesn't commend itself to invalids, you know."

During the conversation Miss Sinclair had been surreptitiously observing Vandeleur.

With a dull pain at her heart she noted the unmistakable evidence of suffering in his look.

A strong desire to tend and nurse this man, whom she loved as a woman only loves once, overmastered her, and she experienced a mad impulse to cast all conventionality aside, and throw herself at his feet and cry: "Oh, my love, my love, I wronged you innocently! It is all a hideous mistake! Won't you forgive—only forgive!"

The impulse died away, however, as she glanced at Vandeleur, and saw the hard line of his mouth.

He will never forgive, she thought—never!

Neither spoke for some minutes, and the pause was becoming awkward, when a puff of wind disconcerted Vandeleur's rug. He feebly essayed to reach for it; but Miss Sinclair forestalled him, and with a "Please allow me!" arranged it.

While doing so, her hand slightly touched that of Vandeleur, causing the blood to jump madly through his veins, while the color flooded her own face.

Presently Miss Sinclair said hesitatingly: "I have been trying for the last few minutes to—say something. Will you listen? I want to ask your pardon—Some time ago we—I quarreled with you, apparently without any ostensible cause whatever. Three months ago I discovered the fact that I had done you a grievous wrong."

"Took you some time, didn't it?" sarcastically interjected Vandeleur. "I was acquainted with the fact exactly eighteen months ago."

The venom of his remark almost scorched the words on her lips, but she quietly proceeded:

"Please reserve your sarcasm until you have heard me. Not even the fear of your misunderstanding shall deter me from performing what I consider to be right and my duty to do. It is right you should know that I had some slight excuse for my apparently wanton capriciousness."

She paused a moment, resting her chin on her hand, and Vandeleur stole a glance at her.

She had changed somewhat, he thought—grown gentler and more subdued; and the passionate desire grew on him to open his arms and say:

"I forgive all, I forget all! Only love me!"

"Please go on," he said.

"Thank you," she replied quietly. "I will. The 'Story of a Man and a Woman,' is an old title, and has been used many times, yet I purpose using it once again as a heading for my narrative."

She paused a moment to collect her thoughts, and glanced at Vandeleur, who continued to gaze sternly seawards. Then she continued:

"The man in this particular case appeared to love the woman very dearly, and she—well, she required his affection."

Vandeleur started, and shifted his position slightly.

"He was a writer of books," she continued, "and on her twenty-third birthday he presented her with the first proof of the book that had made his name? It was a unique present, and she appreciated it accordingly, until on turning over the leaves she found between the pages a letter.

She, however, did not discover this until later; but, she in her misery at what she imagined to be the man's falseness, never answered his demands for an explanation—never spoke to him again."

She paused for a moment, overcome with emotion. Vandeleur gazed at her dumbly.

"Some time later," she proceeded, "by a man, entitled 'The Hand on the Wheel.' His heroine was called Gladys, and the love-letter that had destroyed the woman's happiness was reproduced almost word for word in its pages."

"Then she understood, and for the first time discovered the awful mistake she had made. It was too late, however, to repair the error. He had gone abroad."

"Then at last one day the news came that he had been killed, and it nearly broke her heart."

Vandeleur could not speak; the joy in his heart was supreme enough to preclude all utterance. He merely held her hand as if he could never let it go.

Presently he drew her gently toward him, and rested his cheek against hers.

"You forgive?" she whispered.

"My dear! My darling!" was all he said.

### OLD LETTERS.

What disposition shall we make of old letters or of friendly letters which have not yet become old? The question is a practical one, and people answer it according to their temperament, and in various ways. Some persons never destroy a letter. They keep in orderly files, duly labelled and endorsed in the proper succession, all communications received during a week, a month, a year, a lifetime. For business reasons it is well to preserve business letters until the progress of time has made it certain that they will not again be needed for reference or consultation. Receipts should be filed. A writer in Harper's Bazar says business must be a matter of record, not trusted in the human memory, which has burdens enough to carry without being weighted by a straw's unnecessary load. Even in this line of written transaction, however, there comes a period when pigeon-holes and desks may be cleared, and room made for new claimants, the old having had their day; that which was of an acknowledged permanence, like title deeds and marriage-records, committed to volumes and safes in selected places, and that which was merely transient being given to the flames.

Hard as it seems to the friendly hand and heart to pursue a similar course with letters of sentiment, it is usually wise after an interval to destroy all letters received, unless there is some strong reason to the contrary. Letters gather dust; they grow yellow and faded; the writers and recipients alike pass away, and a trunk in the attic under the eaves holds the loves and hates, the secrets, the scandals, perhaps, of a generation gone. A woman rummaging in her garret discovered one day the strange and hitherto unsuspected shameful story of an ancestress whose memory had been held in honor through the long years. It was told in letters which ought to have been burned as soon as read.

Where there are family revelations of disaster or sin, family traditions of hate or malice, where a family skeleton rattles his dry bones in the pages of familiar correspondence, there is but one sane thing to do, and that is to reduce the infamy to ashes as soon as possible. We owe something to those who are contemporaries, something to ourselves, something to those who may come after us, in our conduct as regards the written word.

Even love-letters, and letters of tender friendship sent by woman to woman, having served their first turn, given their errand, are best out of the way. Chloe writes to Phyllis in terms of fondest intimacy, and it is all beautiful and right until Stephen finds the letter by accident, reads it before he quite comprehends its nature, and goes off into paroxysms of laughter over the folly of the feminine mind.

Ladies given to the outpouring of their souls in poetic phrase to one another should not preserve their letters, but by common consent their letters should speedily go upon the funeral pile for which hyperbole and exaggeration are its material.

When any one of us is honored by the acquaintance of a person of distinction, of some one whose letters are fine and picturesque, letters one day to have a commercial value perhaps in the autograph market, or to fill a place in biography, it becomes a duty to their writer would disapprove. Only the ignoble soul makes merchandise of the friendly letters of a helpless man, and none are so helpless as the dead. Be sure that your friend, while living, has no care about the ultimate fate of his letters, or provide that in case of your own decease they shall be returned intact to him or his heirs. In reading very interesting memoirs of which charming personal letters form a part, the gentle reader occasionally cannot escape the feeling that he is eaves-dropping or peeping through a key-hole. One ought at least to be certain in his bearing toward correspondence of every kind except that which relates to business, that he is doing the best he can and evading no responsibility.

When a man pays a woman a compliment it is said that she never forgets him.

That's not exactly the way of it, she sometimes forgets the man, but she always remembers the compliment.

## HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

### PURE WATER AND PLENTY OF IT.

The plan here described has given me more satisfaction and real benefit than the same amount of money expended in any other line, writes A. D. Barnes. Some 100 ft. from my house on top of a high hill I drilled

a well through boulders and clay, and a well through what is called a drive well put in what is called a drive well pump. I was fortunate in striking good stream of water. Over the well I erected a low tower and put up a windmill. I then went about 30 ft. down the incline of the hill and made a large excavation 18 ft. in diameter and 15 ft. deep. This I lined with rough stone wall 2 ft thick, laying the part next the earth in mortar and that portion toward the center in cement. The bottom was paved with cobblestones and cement, and the sides were carefully cemented. The excavation was covered with oak sleepers and three inch boards. The whole was covered with two feet of earth, with the exception of a manhole in the center 2 ft square.

The water is conducted underground from the pump to the reservoir, in a 11-in. pipe from my buildings to the bottom of this reservoir, keeping it at all points 4 ft. under the surface of the ground. At the lower end of this main pipe, I have three branch pipes, each three-fourths of an inch in diameter. One goes to the cellar under the house, then up through the floor into a sink. One goes into the horse barn and the other to my packing house. I also have a 60-ft. hose and nozzle which can be attached at a moment's notice, and as the reservoir is 60 ft. about the hydrant the pressure is very good. The hose can be used for washing carriages, carpets, rugs, windows, porches, horses, etc., and spraying lawns, flowers or shrubbery, and in case of fire water could be thrown into any room in the house or on the roof of any of the farm buildings. I have an overflow pipe from the reservoir, so that the mill can run continuously, and as the reservoir holds about 500 barrels, the water is always pure. It is just as fresh as when it came from the well. The hydrants cut off the water below the surface of the ground, so that it never gets warm, nor does it freeze.

My plant cost me about \$400. The drilling of the well was difficult, but much of the material passed through was rock. The trenches were dug through stiff clay, and the piping was more than would be necessary in many cases. If it is desirable I can turn out a small stream and let it run night and day for the benefit of the stock in lots or pasture, or for irrigation. I would most earnestly recommend this system of water works on dry and rolling farms and there are thousands of them that can be supplied by this wonderfully handy system at a cost of not to exceed \$200 to \$250.

### HOW FARMERS MAY HELP THE ROADS.

It is easily possible for farmers to keep country roads in a much better condition than most of them are at present. The individual can afford to do road mending on the same principle that he repairs fences and buildings.

"It pays me." And a land owner ought to feel as much shame, even guilt, before the general public over a mudhole that can be drained, or over a choked up sluice along his premises as he ought over neglected cattle or a display of filth.

It is not necessary to wait for road-working season to some. The most profitable, common sense work can be put in a little at a time, if at the right time. Drainage is the beginning and the ending of the whole matter, if roads are to be roads and not sloughs.

Watering-troughs and hillside springs are common causes of standing water, yet it is a very simple matter to direct the water flowing from them in the way it should go. A stone, a loose board, a chunk of soil washed down against the end of sluice may choke it up till it is worse than nothing. Five minutes' work would send the water rushing through its proper channel. It is not uncommon to see water following the wheel rut for rods, when a man with half an eye can also see that a mere cut through the ridge at the edge of the road would lead the water into the ditch, perhaps down a bank.

Dropping into a bad hole or so place a few superfluous stones now and then to keep the water out would work a double-headed blessing to a passing that way. Heaving out a few stubborn old stones from the track would work detriment to the blacksmith and wagon maker perhaps, but a big saving to the farmer. If a such patching were thus well kept up the yearly toll of public service would count more and more toward the good roads of which all are dreaming and talking. This view of the subject, no more than one feature of practical farming intelligence, economy, a matter looking out for number one, no matter how many others are also benefited.

### GIRDLING GRAPES.

Among the many artificial expedients for making plants do as we wish, that of girdling or ringing the grape, which is now and then practiced by horticulturists, is not the least curious and interesting, says the Homestead. It consists of the entire removal of the bark just below the fruit cluster about a month before the time