

# Home Page

BY ALBION W. TOURGEE.

Specially Prepared for this Paper.

CHAPTER V.  
I shall never forget the ride to Olmstead that day through the "feather snow." There is no man so entertaining as an old lawyer when he gets leave of his caution to talk his store and reminiscences. Martin Harmon had practiced law at Hardinsville for thirty years, and for him every road leading into the country town was thronged with memories. I knew every man we met and every house we passed. Despite the cold, I was sorry the end of the journey came so soon. After dinner at the hotel, I walked with him to the house where Sadie Harrington lodged. She was attending school in the town, preparatory to teaching. We had been friends from childhood. Her mother had lived in a small place out off from the north side of the Gedney farm. She was a kind and a disolute vagabond, who squandered all she had except this little tract, and after his death she and her daughter would no doubt have suffered but for the secret benefactions of the man who owned her ancestral home. These afforded much amusement to neighbors, being regarded as indirect approaches to the widow.

There were some who chose to consider them as offerings made by a conscience. According to them, and indeed, by universal rumor, Joel Pike had in some mysterious and wrongful manner come into possession of the Gedney farm where he had lived since the death of its former owner. Joshua Gedney had been one of the most prosperous and prominent men in the country round. Joel Pike had worked for him when young man, and was much liked by his employer. He was said to have been a very handsome and obliging young fellow, who seemed devoted heart and soul to his employer's daughter, Susan Gedney, then a young girl, who was at that time a student, therefore, when he suddenly left Gedney's service, went West, and only returned after several years. He had been among the first to reach California after the gold was discovered, and had been one of the most successful of those early adventurers. If he brought any money back with him, however, no one saw it. He found his early sweetheart married—a fact which caused her to greatly dislike him, though he said little about it. He remained in the neighborhood only a short time and nothing more was heard of him until three or four years later. He turned up on the estate of Joshua Gedney, the owner of the Gedney farm, some three hundred acres, except twenty acres with a small house and orchard reserved for life to the daughter. For this he claimed to have paid five thousand dollars at the time a much larger sum than it would be considered now. In proof of this he showed not only Joshua Gedney's deed, but also a receipt for money witnessed by the husband of Susan. The deed was duly acknowledged by the maker.

The mystery was, what had become of the money? Harrington denied all knowledge of the matter and hinted that he must have been drunk when he signed the receipt. On the whole, there was a general belief that in some way or other a fraud of the most atrocious character had been committed. The new owner would make no explanation. He told his old employer's daughter she was welcome to occupy the premises rent free as long as she lived, but her husband must not come upon them. Of course she refused. Not long afterwards there was a conflict between the two men. No one knew how it came about, but Harrington was reported to have been terribly beaten. Joel Pike moved on his new farm, put it in complete repair and attended it with the best the country could afford. He seemed to have all the money he required, but made no show, nor could anyone obtain any reliable knowledge as to his wealth. He hired such labor as he required, but would allow no woman to enter the premises, and lived absolutely alone. Indeed, it was said no one had penetrated farther than the hall since his occupancy began. A horse which belonged to him when he went away, he had left with Susan, who had, during his absence. When he left the place he requested her to take the horse. On her refusal, he shot the animal and had never owned another. Best things among many other stories illustrative of his eccentricity and avarice. I had heard while teaching the public school of the district. Sadie had been one of my pupils, and, though I

lor, she was with a flushed, tearful face, but apparently on the best of terms with the lawyer.

"Well," said the Senior after a moment, "you are two old friends, and I know you will want to visit. I don't suppose you would have seen him if I hadn't dragged him from his books and made him come with me. I assure you, he is almost devoted student. If you are to be absent three years I'm afraid he'll grow to his chair—if he survives at all, that is."

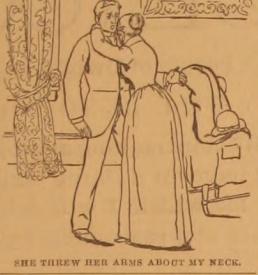
The great liquid eyes overflowed with humor as he made this bantering comment. But the intimation his words conveyed was startling enough. "You are going away?" I asked her in surprise.

"She will enter Mt. Holyoke Seminary next week," said the Senior, answering for her.

"Enter Mt. Holyoke?" I looked at Miss Harrington who blushing assented.

"What?" I don't understand—"I said, turning from one to the other in wonder.

"I leave Miss Sadie to make the necessary explanations," said Mr. Harmon, with a laugh at my perplexity. Then,



shaking her hand with a paternal familiarity which was irritating enough, he said: "Good-by, my dear; wish you all success. You understand I hope that you can only give offense by being economical."

Then he bowed himself out, and I turned to my companion for explanation. I confess I was not prepared for what followed. Hardly had the door closed when she threw her arms about my neck, rested her head upon my breast and began to weep.

"Isn't it too bad?" she asked between her sobs.

"No," I had dreamed of having that bright young head in the very position it then occupied too often to give assent to such a dolorous sentiment, even when enforced by her tears. So I answered non-committally:

"Well, I don't know."

"Poor mamma!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of tears. I did my best to soothe this natural outburst of the motherless girl.

"Poor papa!" she continued, "it doesn't seem as if I could go away without seeing him!"

"Poor Joel Pike!" I repeated angrily. "Miserable old rascal! What do you want to see him for, nor that I had agreed to take Sadie to see Joel Pike the next day, though he teased me about her all the way back to Hardinsville, and, no doubt, guessed half the truth. I must have been a dull fellow, for I thought of nothing all the way but the fair form I had embraced, the eyes which had looked love to mine through their tears, and of the dewy lips which I had kissed.

"I suppose you think I have been a very fortunate day," said the Senior, breaking in upon my reverie, as we drove into the village as the gray winter twilight settled over the snow-muffled scene.

"I suppose I must have stammered some sort of assent, for he laughed good-humoredly.

"Yes you do not know half the luck that has befallen you to-day, nor how much I am indebted to me for taking you with me."

"I suppose not," I answered seriously. Whereat my master laughed loud and loud as we drove through the street to the house. I heard him chuckling over it as he went up the steps to the door; yet I could not see anything laughable in what I had said.

never heard her speak of the matter, I sympathized with her greatly as a victim of Joel Pike's fraud and avarice, and had come to entertain for her a preference not wholly based on pity. I did not wonder, then, she hated the miserly creature who had wronged her mother so bitterly, and knowing well her independent spirit, I had no doubt that the Senior would come out second best in the interview. He was about to have with her. It was with a smile, therefore, that I heard his careless remark to come around in about an hour," when he learned that she was in.

CHAPTER VI.  
The morning brought the perfection of a winter day—a sparkling. The "feather snow" still dulled the glare, and though the roads were well broken, the track was like velvet under the horses' hoofs. The school bell was still ringing for the clock assembly when I drove up to the gate and found Miss Sadie waiting for me. I wondered if she had been as impatient as I. In truth, sleep had hardly visited my eyes during the night, or if it did, the visions it brought were so full of glad anticipation that I could not distinguish between them and my waking thoughts.

What ten shall describe a lover's first ride with his sweetheart, especially on such a day! Never shall mine attempt it. Yet I live in memory still. I have only to close my eyes, and see the mellow light that bathed the

world, hear the soft yielding snow creak beneath the runners, feel the warm presence by my side—to live over again, in short, the rapture of that ecstatic hour.

We did not go through Hardinsville, as I did not wish Mr. Harmon to see us until our return. So our way took us through a long, deep canyon lined on either side with evergreens bowed down and decorated in all fantastic ways with clinging puffs of snow. Never this side of the peary gates, shall my eyes again behold anything so beautiful as that snowy gorge! As the horses waded along the unbroken track, tossing aside the feathery particles, every instant brought to light some new beauty. Even the little stream that ran, bright and steaming, along the rocky bed at the bottom of the glen, was a thing of rare loveliness. Every rock, each bit of anchor ice and every bush along its bank was hidden with cushions of clinging snow. Some of the forms were of striking beauty, while others were of quaint and laughable grotesqueness. How sweet it was to note the curious resemblances we found and call them to each other's attention! And when we were so busy admiring the beauty so pleasant to hear our voices so softly echoed up and down the chasm, while the snow upon the overhanging branches loosened by our laughter, came rattling down in a shower of sparkling snow.

It was just noon when we arrived at our destination, the "old Gedney Place." The spacious front yard was all upgrown with neglected evergreens, upon which the snow lay in soft, light masses undisturbed. The path to the front door was guarded by the interlocked arms of two great balsams on either side. No one had passed along it in a dozen years. I drove through the side gate, and found a carriage evidently the one most in use. A pretty shepherd dog sitting on the threshold eyed us wonderingly, retreated a few steps, and then came crouching to a side for recognition. A word and a caress made him my friend, and he led us to a pair of horses to a convenient post, threw the blankets over them, and as the path was not a good one between the sleigh and the door, I lifted my companion and carried her, putting her down at the door, when she carefully sat her down, taking pay for my galantry before I knocked for admission. There was no response. I knocked again. All was still. I stepped back and examined the door. The shutters on two of the windows were opened, the others closed. A light curl of smoke rose lazily from the chimney.

"He must be in," I said, as I returned and once more rapped, louder than before.

"Perhaps he will not admit us?" my companion suggested.

"Pshaw!" I answered scornfully. "He will not keep us out."

The bravest man on earth is his mistress in the presence of his mistresses who speaks of imaginary danger. Nevertheless my heart stood still, when, after a moment's waiting, the door opened, and a woman looked into an empty room. At the same time the dog at our feet set up a prolonged and mournful howl. As soon as we could get the snow-light out of our eyes and realize that the room was empty, we turned and fled. The door at the other side, towards which I went walking softly, for no reason that I could give, and Sadie following me, I think because she did not wish to remain alone in the empty room, and we went with beating hearts. There was no reply. I rapped again, more emphatically. The dog howled once more, while we waited for a response. I glanced at the outer door. The sun was shining brightly without.

"Pshaw!" I said, impatiently. "What's the sense of this? The man is either a boor or not at home."

I lifted the old-fashioned latch and entered a room, warm, bright, cheerful, and in every way as inviting as bright and clean, stood opposite the door. A window full of flowering plants let in the Southern sunlight. A big, old-fashioned clock pointed both hands to twelve, and with its solemn tick seemed to warn us not to break the silence. We had closed the door before we saw that there was anyone within. Then I noticed the owner lying on a broad settee with a high back, which at first had screened him from our sight. A table stood beside the stove with dishes yet upon it. He had probably eaten, laid down and fallen into a doze.

"Before my pardon, Mr. Pike," I said, advancing toward the couch. He did not speak or stir. His small white hands were folded on his breast and I fancied I could see them rise and fall with his breathing.

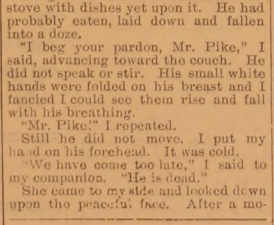
"Mr. Pike," I repeated, "still he did not move. I put my hand on his forehead. It was cold.

"We have come too late," I said to my companion. "He is dead."

"Gladly," I said, and looked down upon the peaceful face. After a moment she fell upon her knees, kissed the cold brow and murmured through her sobs:

"Poor Joel Pike!"

Mr. Harmon uttered the same exclamation when, an hour afterwards, I informed him of his client's death. Everyone reiterated it when they learned that he had left his estate to "Sadie Lois Gedney, usually known as Sadie Lois Harrington." When that it was revealed that the marriage of Susan Gedney had been void because of the previous marriage of Harrington; that her father sold his farm to prevent her exposure, and that this was the reason Joel Pike had bought it; people exclaimed with regretful emphasis, "Poor Joel Pike." And when it was known that Susan Gedney, learning of these things on her death-bed,



had named Joel Pike as her daughter's guardian; that because that young lady had planned the whipping to induce her to accept his bounty without revealing her father's guilt, a note of admiration mingled with their reference to the man who had been so long condemned, and of people still in awe of his constant, as they exclaimed, "Poor Joel Pike!" Sadie foolishly thinks he was a hero; but everyone knows that there are no heroes in these "realistic" days, if indeed there ever were any. So he could not have been a hero, or perhaps even a lover, but just a foolish litigious accident, whom we can only call "Poor Joel Pike."

How Corns Grow.  
Even in those so slight as corns we may find an ample illustration of the law of cause and effect upon which disease is dependent. The first change consequent upon an irritation of the surface of the foot is a perceptible increase in the amount of blood supplied to the part. This, since there is no rupture of the surface, results in undue activity of the tissue changes of the epidermis, and we have a thickening of the superficial part of the skin. It is obvious that this only aggravates the difficulty, inasmuch as the danger of irritation is greater in a raised condition of the skin than when the surface is flat. It is now that the painful period in the growth of a corn begins. The deeper layers of the skin in their turn undergo a change, and there is a deposition of excessive activity, and the consequent thickening of the tissue. As corns usually make their appearance over joints, no cushion is afforded by soft tissues beneath them on which the swelling may rest. On the contrary, the deeper and sensitive portion of the corn is caught and squeezed, as it were, between two hard plates, the thickened epidermis on the one side, and the surface of the bone on the other. The increased activity continues, however, and with the pain the effort is established, which is significant of the fully developed corn. The appearance of a corn when a vertical section of it is made shows us, as might be expected, the button-shaped callus resting externally upon the concave surface of the deeper growth, which it has hollowed out by its own pressure. This constitutes the "core" of a corn. The treatment of corns may be gathered from what we have learned as to their growth, and consists solely in keeping the callus soft and restricting the activity of the tissue-changes. It is obvious that the irritation necessary to the origin of a corn may be brought about by a shoe which is too loose, as well as by one that is too tight. We get friction in the first case, and pressure in the second.—Youth's Companion.

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Most houses plant a great deal from the dry atmosphere of dwelling rooms, and syringing alone does not suit their wants. A florist suggests a new idea to overcome this difficulty. A wire frame in the shape of a bell large enough to cover the plants is made to support a tent of heavy cotton flannel. Every night the flannel is dipped in water and then wrung out and placed over the plants. If it dries on rapidly it may be sprinkled again. It is claimed with this treatment tender maiden-hair ferns have been kept in perfect health. A very important operation connected with the cultivation of plants is watering, and much care and judgment should be exercised in applying it, especially when in pots. The amount of evaporation which takes place continually varies, and therefore no set rules can be given when to water. Many plants suffer on account of being given an insufficient supply. They should be only watered when moderately dry, and then given to soak through all the soil in the pot, allowing it to run out at the bottom. Rain water is the best for watering, but should not be used when the plants are at a lower temperature than that in which they are growing. To prevent bad effects of moisture lodging on the foliage in winter watering should therefore be attended to in the morning, after which a light syringing is beneficial to most all plants. It is desirable to keep dry over night.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Location of an Apiary.  
The location of an apiary, on a farm is an easily solved problem. There is always some corner in which stock does not go, sheltered by trees, or orchard, or along some hedge, and on every farm this spot might as well be occupied by bees as by weeds; and if a season comes when the cornfield or stubble are overrun with weeds, owing to too much rain, or other unfavorable circumstance, the farmer may rejoice in the fact these same weeds will increase his honey crop. With a little forethought and some labor what a source of plenty and profit these unused nooks would be.

Hints for Housekeepers.  
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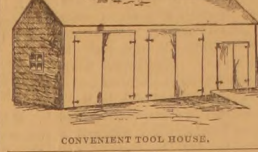
## OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Tool House for the Care of Farm Implements—Success in Fruit Gardening—Action of Frost—What for Sheep—Farm and Household Notes.

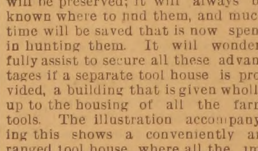
Care of Farm Implements.  
There are farmers who leave their tools exposed to the action of the weather for twelve months of the year, but, fortunately, these are comparatively few. There are, however, a great many farmers who, at the opening of spring, bring forth their tools and more expose them for six months or more to the action of sun, air, and rain. Tools used in this way are left in the field, or out of doors, for expected use on the coming day. These expectations are frequently not realized because of rain or dull weather, during which these implements of iron,

wood, and steel, suffer constant depreciation. It is a slipshod method to leave tools lying about out of doors during the season of farm work, and this practice goes a long way in leading to the conviction that "farming doesn't pay." No business man could afford to thus expose his machinery or stock in trade. In fact, there are very few business operations in the country that could survive such wasteful practices as are to be seen on many farms. A little effort will soon establish the habit of putting tools in a safe and proper place when not in use. Thus the implements will be preserved; it will always be known where to find them, and much time will be saved that is now spent in hunting them. It will wonderfully assist to secure all these advantages if a separate tool house is provided, a building that gives wholly up to the housing of all the farm tools. The illustration accompanying this shows a conveniently arranged tool house, where all the implements in use about the farm may be secured when not in use. One end of the building is partitioned off and floored where the small tools can be kept, while the rest of the building has an earth floor covered with gravel and entered by two large doors, permitting mowers, rakes, and other machines to be driven into the building.—American Agriculturist.



Success in Fruit Gardening.  
Published accounts are given of the success of small orchards planted a few years ago in Northern Ohio. Among others is that of Aaron Teeple, who ten years ago bought three acres of land, built house and barn on it, and planted it with a general collection of fruit-trees, including peaches, pears, and plums, and twenty of the most popular grapes. One half of the ground is devoted to a hot-bed garden. For three or four years he has taken premiums for the fruit. It is said that the receipts this year will exceed \$100. The plum crop was over fifty bushels this season, and the fruit large and highly colored. This furnishes a fine example of the brief time required to bring fruit-trees into profitable bearing.

A Strong Hot Trough.  
A very strong trough may be made of sawed lumber, as shown in the accompanying engraving. For every three feet in length of trough use a plank support two or two and one-



half feet long, twelve inches wide, and two inches thick. Saw out from the middle of each piece a right angled triangular piece with the sides forming a square of the same length. Use boards one inch thick for the sides, and nail the trough together as usual with the triangles sawed out of the two-inch stuff for ends. Now set the trough in the angles sawed out, but far enough away from the end piece to nail from the inside of the trough into the supports, and put the triangle sawed from the supports for the center, and nail that after cutting enough from the bottom corner to let water run through.

Location of an Apiary.  
The location of an apiary, on a farm is an easily solved problem. There is always some corner in which stock does not go, sheltered by trees, or orchard, or along some hedge, and on every farm this spot might as well be occupied by bees as by weeds; and if a season comes when the cornfield or stubble are overrun with weeds, owing to too much rain, or other unfavorable circumstance, the farmer may rejoice in the fact these same weeds will increase his honey crop. With a little forethought and some labor what a source of plenty and profit these unused nooks would be.

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Action of Frost.  
The process of congelation is curious and interesting. It is well known that water, when frozen, well expanded and occupies more space than it did before, and hence that the ice is lighter than water and swim upon it. If a bottle full of water, tightly corked, is left to freeze the bottle will be broken for want of room for the expansion of the water while assuming the solid form. This property of water, when frozen, tends every year to diminish the height of mountains. Fissures and crevices become filled with water during the summer and its expansive power when frozen detaches masses of rock, which will roll down to lower positions.

In its more moderate and minus effects, the operation of this general law is productive of a very beneficial consequence to the farmer, for the hard clods of turned up soil are loosened and broken into pieces by the expansion of water which they contain when frozen. The earth is pulverized and brought to a finely divided condition for receiving seed.

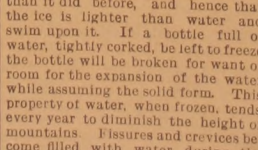
How to Turn a Hog.  
It is a serious thing to be bitten by any domestic animal, and the danger

is probably greater when bitten by a hog than by any other. This is not because there is an active, poisonous gland with hallow neck through which the poison is pressed. That is the way a rattlesnake bites, or rather stings. The danger from the bite of a hog may be as great as from a rattlesnake, but it is the danger from bloody poisoning caused by carrying on the tusks of the hog some poisonous saliva with which its mouth is filled. We call this saliva poisonous because the hog is an indiscriminate feeder, and not careful about getting particles of dirt or even of excrement of other animals with its food. It is poisonous, just as are the scratches from finger nails, which are healed in an inflamed sore, hard to be healed in proportion to its abrasion of the skin. This is because with each scratch of the nail some of the dirt that always gathers under it is brought into contact with the blood. A cut with a clean knife heals more quickly, especially if treated at once with some antiseptic and the air is carefully excluded.

The Best Poultry Closes.  
Opinions differ as to what breeds and crosses are the best business fowls. A writer in the Farmer's Journal has selected the Light Brahma for roasting fowls, the Black Minorcas for eggs and the Black Langshans crossed by the Black Minorca for broilers. The Black Minorcas used are not strictly pure bred, they having an outcross with Langshan to give them extra hardness and larger bodies. The Light Brahma are used both in their purity and crossed by Indian Game. But there are other Good breeds that can be selected, notably the Plymouth Rock, the Wyandotte, the Houdan and the Lochon, with probably as good results as this writer obtains with his selections.

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BREAD crumbs cleanse silk gowns. MEND the torn pages of books with white tissue paper. GLOVES can be cleaned at home by rubbing with gasoline. TOOTH powder is an excellent cleanser of ill-greasy jewelry. MORTAR and paint may be removed from glass with hot, sharp vinegar. NEVER put salt on a steak until it is cooked and removed from the fire. COOKS warmed in oil make an excellent substitute for glass stoppers. The brown discolorations may be removed from cups used in baking by rubbing with a flannel dipped in whitening. GUM arabic and gum tragacanth, in equal parts dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mullage you can keep in the house.

WHEN purchasing canned goods it is a safe rule to observe whether the head of the can is concave, a bulging appearance being indicative of decomposition. ODDS from a sick room can be easily removed by sprinkling coarse ground coffee on a shovelful of burning coals, and thrust it into the corners of the room.

is probably greater when bitten by a hog than by any other. This is not because there is an active, poisonous gland with hallow neck through which the poison is pressed. That is the way a rattlesnake bites, or rather stings. The danger from the bite of a hog may be as great as from a rattlesnake, but it is the danger from bloody poisoning caused by carrying on the tusks of the hog some poisonous saliva with which its mouth is filled. We call this saliva poisonous because the hog is an indiscriminate feeder, and not careful about getting particles of dirt or even of excrement of other animals with its food. It is poisonous, just as are the scratches from finger nails, which are healed in an inflamed sore, hard to be healed in proportion to its abrasion of the skin. This is because with each scratch of the nail some of the dirt that always gathers under it is brought into contact with the blood. A cut with a clean knife heals more quickly, especially if treated at once with some antiseptic and the air is carefully excluded.