

Womens' Corner.

What has become of the kissing bug? What would man do without a collar button. The latest in automobile colors is cranberry red. Do not leave vegetables in water after they are cooked. Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups. It is a bad sign when your conscience ceases to trouble you. The four-leaved clover loses its charm unless you gather it yourself. Sunday is the time the average man takes to get acquainted with his family. Why do we always think of such clever things to say just after it is too late. The woman who thinks of nothing but herself must work an awfully stupid time. Some people work harder taking a vacation than they do at their regular employment. The man who thinks he knows it all ought to open an employment bureau for servants. One girl who is learning the latest con song is about all the musician a neighborhood needs. Some people make up their minds to do a certain thing and then ask other people's advice about it. Don't fail to add a drop or two of vanilla flavoring to a pot of chocolate. It is a great improvement. If milk is kept in a large, shallow basin it will remain sweet for a longer time than if kept in a deep jug. It is all very well to take things as they come but you can sometimes get a great deal more by going after them. Always keep spices for household use in tins and shut them up tightly as soon as the required quantity is taken out. Glasses that are used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before they are washed. Hot water drives the milk into the glass. The greatest compliment that can be paid to a Brazilian lady is to tell her she grows fatter and fairer every day.—Philadelphia Times. When baking pies or tarts don't stand them on the top of the hot stove after they are done as that makes the pastry soft and soddan. If a hard boiled egg is plunged into cold water immediately after it is taken from the fire it will prevent the black rim forming around the yolk. The woman who is always bewailing around the 21st of December that she did not begin to save up for Christmas soon enough ought to start in now. More than one girl who goes to the seashore and has her picture taken in a sentimental attitude with a summer acquaintance lives to repent of it afterwards. A little memorandum book or slate in the kitchen is a great convenience for busy housekeepers in which to write a list of things needed for the kitchen and able. Neither cheese, cabbage fish nor baked beans should ever be put into the refrigerator. They all leave an odor of which it is difficult to rid the refrigerator and they also flavor the food. To stone raisins easily pour boiling water over them, let them stand for a few minutes drain the water off and you will find that the stones can be quickly and easily squeezed out from the stem end. Children's headaches are frequently caused by indigestion and if they are allowed to have sweets at all times of the day to eat between meals and to indulge unlimited cake and pastry it is not to be wondered at. This sort of treatment keeps their stomach in a perpetual ferment and gastric headaches are the natural result. The children's diet should be light plain easily digested and nutritious and above all they should never be allowed to eat between meals or to have sweets at all hours of the day. An oilcloth or linoleum may be cleaned and made to last as long again if treated in the following manner: Cut into pieces half an ounce of beeswax put in a saucer cover entirely with turpentine and place in the oven until melted. After washing the oilcloth thoroughly with a flannel rub the whole surface lightly with a bit of flannel dipped in the melted wax and turpentine. Then rub with a dry cloth. A polish is produced and the surface is lightly coated with the wax. When the floor requires to be cleaned the wax is washed off together with the dust or dirt that may have gathered while the oil cloth is preserved. The following rhyme taken from an old scrapbook is reprinted for the information of engaged couples. It will be remembered that Punch's Advice to Those About to Marry was Don't, but the writer of these lines evidently means Do except on certain days. It would be extremely interesting to hear from some one whose experience confirms or confirms this prophecy: Wed on Monday—always poor; Wed on Tuesday—wed once more; Wed on Wednesday—happy mate; Wed on Thursday—splendid catch; Wed on Friday—poorly mated; Wed on Saturday—better waited; Wed on Sunday—Cupid's wooing; Wed in the morning—seldom ruling.

His Prayer was Heartfelt.

An old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then and quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse approached the well in hand and began to ring a ling. Jack thought the horse was coming and said; hang the old blind horse, he's coming this way sure and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in on me—whoo hoo!

The Sound came closer.

"Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minute!" cried the wretched man as he saw the returned horse last Friday.

A GRAVEYARD PROMOTER.

An Enterprising Missourian Who Has Become a Plutocrat in the Business.

"You eastern people are not the only enterprising inhabitants of the globe," said an enthusiastic man in a New York business house, according to the Sun of that city. "I have a neighbor in Pemecost county, my state, Missouri, who is a sort of plutocrat in graveyards. Some years ago he opened a tombstone factory in his part of the state, and as he marked down the price, he had quite a boom in his business. In a short time there was a monument or headstone at every grave in the cemetery, and as live people do not buy tombstones, this man's business was hit by what your Wall street folks call a flurry. What does he do but go to another town not far away and buy a graveyard of his own, and put down the price of lots. This caused quite a cemetery boom until all the lots were disposed of. As soon as some of the people began to die the enterprising tombstone dealer was again in the whirl, or, as my old friend Wilbur F. Storey was wont to say of his paper, on the top crest of the advancing wave. In a year or so he had every grave in the cemetery marked with his goods, and another thud hit his business. But he rallied, went to another town, invested in another graveyard site, and manipulated this scheme as he had the others, and with like results. "That makes three cemeteries he has started, filled and marked, and the last time I saw him he told me he was looking for another. He is now known as a graveyard promoter."

NIGHTKEYS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Why a Brooklyn Man and Wife Received Them from Their Next-Door Neighbors.

A Brooklyn man and wife have had two peculiar experiences which have caused them to be talked about in their neighborhood. A few months ago they went out for the evening and forgot to take a nightkey. The servant was out the same night. When the man and his wife returned and failed to get a response to their ring, the husband smashed one of the windows and crawled in. In this way he opened the door and admitted his wife, says the New York Sun.

One experience of this character is sufficient to make an impression, but it left no warning on the mind of this man. Not long after the incident he and his wife again went out and forgot a night key. Failing to get in on their return the man sent his wife to a neighbor's while he went over to a hotel nearby to borrow a jimmy, as he had decided to get in with that and save the expense of a window glass. Armed with the jimmy he returned and after considerable effort he forced the door, walked upstairs and found his neighbors and his wife enjoying themselves. He had forced the doors of his neighbors, adjoining his own and architecturally a counterpart of it. Then his wife made the discovery that she had the key of her house.

Among the Christmas offerings received by the man and wife was a bunch of night keys.

ODD CALENDARS.

There is One Used in Russia That is Twelve Days Ahead of Every Other.

The most out-of-date almanac is that possessed by Russia, while the palm for the "largest circulation" goes to that issued from Peking. Incredible though it may sound, it is nevertheless a fact that the land of the Great White Bear still cherishes a calendar which is 12 days ahead of everybody else, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is true that our own calendar was 11 days out until 1751. Then our English forefathers put it straight by dropping these spare days out of the reckoning, much to the dismay of the uneducated. The public state of mind at that time may best be realized from the fact that it held riotous mass meetings, to protest against the "robbery," with bands and banners, from the latter of which blazed forth its grievance: "Give us our 11 days!" Indeed, it was not until several heads had been broken by the swords of the military that those who still remained intact cooled sufficiently to appreciate the fact that the change was inevitable, and not merely the outcome of a government dodge to fleece the workingman out of 11 days' pay.

The Scots and Bavarians.

In a paper on Recent Ethnographical Work in Scotland, read before the British Association, Mr. Gray described his observations on the color of the hair and eyes of the schoolchildren of East Aberdeenshire. The pigmentation of the Scotch children was shown in a table and compared with the continental districts, whence, according to tradition and history, the lowland Scots derived a large element of their population—viz.: Schleswig-Holstein, Lusatia, and the Saxon states of the Elbe and the Saxon. The tables showed that the three north German districts were more blonde than East Aberdeenshire. Germany got more brunette and less blonde from north to south and was more so as far as upper Bavaria to get a district approximating in pigmentation to East Aberdeenshire.

Was Thoroughly Soaked.

At Wichita in the early days a spiritualistic seance was held, which a cowboy attended, who, after trying other notables, asked for "any man who was drowned in Noah's flood." A shadowy individual appeared and after a groan or two induced the cowboy to ask: "and may make a trip to Nebraska before returning home."

Farmers' Corner.

(Iowa Homestead.)

How ungratified a boy must be who will get mad at the team when he returns from college and swears at it in Latin, so the horses cannot understand him. Some college boys do a good job of "fencing" at college, and they "crib" a great deal of the old man's money while there. They plow out the deep thoughts, hoe their own rows when they can and may be considered as "making hay while the sun shines."

The man who complained of his wife because the sugar bill was a little heavier during the fruit season than common, had better look for other leaks on the farm. Perhaps the implements are piled up somewhere and the loss amounts to more than the extra expense for sugar. Perhaps there are cows in the herd that do not pay, or the grain is sheeked or stacked in a slovenly way, and in fact there are many places where leaks may be found if a hunt is made for them.

Every man who raises stock should understand that it is the top quality that commands the top price. It matters not how the supply and demand may affect the market price, quality counts. In bad markets as well as in good, the man who has something really choice to offer fares the best. There always was and always will be a premium on the best and there is but one way to secure that premium, and that is to produce the best.

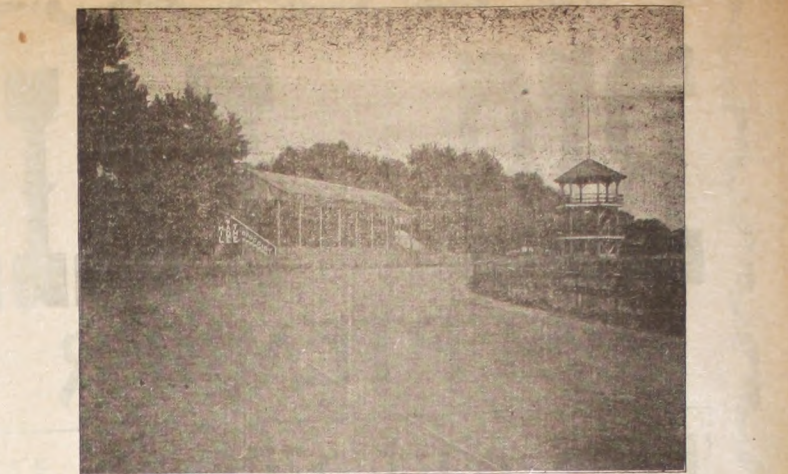
Some men want to know what an acre of corn fodder is worth. If it is left in the field and pastured by stock it is worth twenty-five to fifty cents per acre. If cut up in the right time it will cost ninety cents per acre to get it cut up. The fodder off of one acre is worth one ton of good hay, hence an acre is worth about \$1.50 per acre less the ninety cents for cutting it. This is only an estimate. There may be instances where it is worth more, and perhaps less in some other localities. There would be quite a saving in forty acres of corn fodder.

A friend of mine told me how he once started a bally horse. One day he was driving him along and he balked on a railroad crossing. At first he was afraid a train would come, later he did not care if one did come and in about an hour he was worked up to such a humor that he was afraid one would not come. Finally one came and he crawled out of the back end of the buggy. He smiled and the engineer whistled, but, Casablanca, the horse stood until he finally went. He was distributed all along the track for rod. He said it was fun—pretty dear fun—but he used the railroad for seven hundred dollars, and a jury of farmers gave him \$672.50.

In the midst of the fly season owners of live stock will be interested in the method successfully pursued by Dr. A. T. Peters, veterinarian at the Nebraska Experiment Station for combating this pest. He took an ordinary oil barrel and put into it a wooden spigot, using the barrel as a storage tank. Two and a half gallons of Zoleum with five gallons of cotton seed oil were then placed in the barrel and enough water added to fill it. As required the mixture thus formed was drawn from the barrel and sprayed upon cattle and horses, or applied with a sponge or cloth as the occasion demanded. The control of the flies was not only quite perfect but it had one marked advantage not possessed by most other mixtures for the purpose, in that the solution was not greasy and sticky but left the coat of the animals in fine condition. This mixture has the further advantage of being a very economical one, a barrel of it being compounded at very small cost.

There are some young men in every vicinity who have gained their majority the past year and are now about to set their stakes for future life. There are enviable positions before them and it is quite difficult for some make a determined decision. There is the city life inviting them to come, while the good old farm life keeps rather mute. Twenty dollars a month on the farm is much better than \$35 or \$40 a month in the city or shop. On the farm board washing and lodging are included, but it is not so in the city. As a general rule at the end of nine months the farmer boy has \$150 in cash, three pairs of overalls, two shirts, a straw hat and tons of good health; the city boy has four suits of cloths, a pair of baseball socks, a second hand bicycle, \$50 "in the hole" and his health ruined by dissipation and cigarette smoking. Yet there are 100 applicants for a city job to one for the independent life on the farm.

Portrait of J. H. Sullivan, (Bronco John). At the Fairbury Fair, Sept. 3-7. Color in Commerce. The United States consul general in Frankfort says "that it is important to study the taste of people in the matter of color, as well as in regard to shape, in designing goods for a foreign market. Sixteen makers of needles drove a wagon full of mules turning short enough to break a wagon reach."



A Portion of the Beautiful Half-Mile Track Showing One Amphitheatre.

Neighborhood Plunder.

The Methodists have inaugurated a twentieth century revival, with Bishop Thorburn at the head of the movement. Thru the autumn conferences efforts are to be made to hold thousands of Methodist revivals in small towns and it is announced that the more old fashioned the awakening the better.

Oregon has hit upon a new experiment to keep her citizens sober. Every man who drinks is obliged to take out a license costing five dollars per year, and unless armed with the document cannot be served with liquor at any saloon or hotel. Every six months the names of the persons who take out the license are to be published.

Among the illustrations in that excellent work, the Horse Book, written by Judge Biggle, is General George Washington's stable at Mt. Vernon. The chapter on stables contains many helpful hints and has the plans and elevation of an attractive village stable. The price is 50 cents, by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

The county review board at Pontiac is holding daily sessions and getting ready to make individual corrections. The assessors turned in \$1,300,000 more personal property this year than they did last year, and the board has information gathered from the mortgage abstract record, which they undoubtedly raise the assessment a good many thousands of dollars.

W. R. Jones received a letter from his brother this week, who is in Dawson City, Alaska. He is cook in a restaurant at a salary of \$750 a day. He reads a bill of fare which shows that the miners do not fare so badly after all. A very good meal is given for \$1, but extras come high, a half of a spring chicken costs \$3. Beefsteak sells out there for 75 cents a pound, and other eatables in proportion. Glibson Enterprises.

Young man, if you would succeed in the game of life, never mind about mathematics and Greek roots. Learn to be a good "mixer". Learn to shake hands with the man who says behind your back that you are an upstart and a numbskull. When another man's wife tells some fellow's frow that you are a "blooming idiot," and she has no earthly use for you, don't pout or sulk, but make yourself so beastly agreeable to her that she will go home and tell her husband what a amiable being you are. Of such is this life of earth.

The oldest and probably the most successful horse fair in the state is held at Odell, Livingston county. It was organized ten years ago and is held on the first Friday of each month. Not a fair day has ever passed since the organization but what horses and buyers have been there in abundance. From \$25,000 to \$40,000 worth of horses are sold every year. But few poor horses are now offered there for sale, as the instituting of this fair has tended to raise the grade of all kinds of stock.

Farmers south of Sterling report that cattle are going blind in large numbers and they are unable to find a remedy to check the strange malady. All classes of cattle, from the calf to the cow, are attacked. The symptoms are first noticeable when the eyes begin to water. This lasts about three days and is followed by a white "scum" or skin forming over the eyeball, closing the sight. After this peculiar formation the pupil turns red and disappears from the eyeball.

Write the Doctor. Vigor I shall certainly recommend to them just as strongly as I can that they get a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Mrs. N. E. HAMILTON, Norwich, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1895.

PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

Both Were Easily Obtainable in the Land Which the Professor Knew Nothing About.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the dominion Our Lady of the Snows. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, to Prof. York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christ Church, says the Philadelphia Post. The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada, and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little, but the next day called home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. "A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous peaches. "Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me to-day, and I'm blest if I know who sent them. From the south of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you. Stranger—they will be such a novelty, you know!"

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket and handed his whale blubber to the professor gazed at the bill, and then at the fruit, then at the poet. "I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm near Kent county, Ont., you know. He has 200 bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones, along with the whale blubber."

A TAME WILD RABBIT.

An Animal That is Difficult to Domesticate—A Hunter's Story of One.

Two sportsmen lay in a Montgomery county field the other day, smoking and rejoicing in the possession of a good string of rabbits, says the Philadelphia Record. "Did you ever see a tame wild rabbit?" said one of the men. "No, they say they can't tame the wild ones," the other answered. "My boy used to have some domestic rabbits, though." "Well, my boy had a tame wild rabbit," said the first man. "He got it young, and in a week or two it would come up to the porch and jump on your lap like a kitten. It would always be going for your legs, trying to make you play with it, and when you took it out the little thing would make naturally for the woods and underbrush, though if a dog got after it it would kite like the wind for the house. A very tame wild rabbit. My boy kept it in the yard with a tame guinea pig and alligator. Sometimes he would take all three out for an airing, and it was funny to see, on the pavement, going slowly along behind my boy, the rabbit and guinea pig, with the little alligator waddling awkwardly in the middle. They were the best of friends, but some bad youngsters from next door broke into the yard one night and killed them with an ax. That rabbit of my boy's was, I guess, the only wild one ever known to be tamed."

Wireless Telegraphy. Experiments on Communication Between Balloons Six Miles Apart and One Mile High. Experiments were lately made at Vienna on the possibility of communication between balloons and wireless telegraphy, and they met with some success. A captive balloon takes the place of the tall mast as used in the Marconi system. A copper wire is stretched between it and the earth, where the transmitting apparatus is placed, the second balloon, which ascends freely, carries the receiving instrument and is furnished with a wireless 60 feet long hanging downward from the basket. The balloons were raised by a telephone 150. Old F. O. Building No. 516 Public Square. Romberger & Smith.

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