*** The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

THE TRANSFORMED SYMBOL.

O thou prophetic cross upreared
In tragic gloom against the past,
Thy shadow melts in light at last,
The darkness from thy head hath cleared!

The hands upon that cruel tree,
Extended wide as mercy's span,
Have gathered to the Son of Man,
The ages past and yet to be.

One, reaching backward to the prime,
Enfolds the children of the morn;
The other to a race unborn
Extends the sweetest gift of time.

No longer to a child of heaven
Is God's incarnate love denied,
The Christ, with arms extended wide,
For all mankind His life has given!

—ADVANCE.

THE HOME.

A Little Child's Trust.

I had been writing in my study. The snow-clad country, that had all day been wrapped in a mantle of purest white, now lay in darkness. The early night of winter had settled misty and thick over hill and vale; and in spite of the lighted lamps and bright fire, a chill seemed to enter the room, and to steal even into my very heart. There was trouble in my work, and few know, save those who have experienced them, the difficulties that beset many a village minister. And there was sickness in the home. The most loved one of the family had been laid low. No wonder questionings arose! Why should I suffer thus? Why did God withdraw His countenance thus? And the bright fire burned low as my musings saddened. I was not alone. My little girl, not three years old, was quietly playing with a book under the table, when a call summoned me to attend a sick bed. Forgetful of my darling, I arose and blew out the light, and was leaving the room, when she cried out: "Papa, it's very dark; I tan't see you." Turning, I said: "It is very dark, dear, but come along. You are not afraid?" "Yes I is, for I tan't see you," was the little one's reply. I took her hand in mine, and led her through the next room, which was in darkness also, when she said: "Papa, I is not afraid now; I tan't see you, but I tan feel you."

Dear child, she taught me the lesson I then most needed! I had been afraid that God was far off, because it was dark, and wondering why He had sent this disappointment and that trouble. Like the disciple on the Mount of Transfiguration, "I feared as I entered into the cloud." (Luke 10: 34.) No wonder I was afraid! But I reached out my child-hand of faith, and I no longer feared. It was straightway clasped by the Father hand. I could feel Him, and could rest in the assurance, "He knoweth the way that I take."

Troubled heart, you think God is leaving you, because you are in darkness! Put out your hand, and He will take it into His. Imitate my little girl in trust, and you will fear no more.—*Rev. Jas. E. W. Cook.*

A Sentence for Women to Read.

When I see women stay indoors the entire forenoon because their morning dresses trail the ground, and indoors all afternoon because there comes up a shower and the walking dress would soak and drabble; or when I see the "working woman" standing at the counter or at the teacher's desk from day to day, in the drenched boots and damp stockings, which her muddy skirts, flabbing from side to side, have compelled her to endure; when I see her, a few weeks thereafter, going to Dr. Clark for treatment, as a consequence; when I find, after the most patient experiment, that in spite of stout rubbers, water-proof gaiters, and dress skirt three or four inches from the ground, an "out-of-door" girl is compelled to a general change of clothing each individual time that she returns from her daily walks in the summer rain; when I see a woman climbing upstairs with her baby in one arm and its bowl of bread and milk in the other, and see her tripping on her dress at every step (if, indeed, baby, bowl, bread, milk and mother do not go down in universal chaos, it is only from the efforts of long skill and experience on the part of the mother in performing that acrobatic feat); when the physicians tell me what fearful jars and strains these sudden jerks of the body from stumbling on the dress imposes upon a woman's intricate organism, how much less injurious to her a direct fall would be than the start and rebound of nerve and muscle, and how the strongest man would suffer from such accidents; and when they further assure me of the amount of calculable injury wrought upon our sex by the weight of skirting brought upon the hips, and by thus making the seat of all the vital energies the pivot of motion and the centre of endurance; when I see women's skirts, the shortest of them, lying (when they sit down) inches deep along the foul floors, which man, in delicate appreciation of our concessions to his fancy in such respects, has inundated with tobacco juice, and from which she sweeps up and carries to her home the germs of stealthy pestilence; when I see a ruddy, romping school girl in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double-runner, or afraid of the stone walls in the blueberry fields, or standing aloof from the game of ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry tree, or begging him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with nearly all the women and children on board, and the accompanying comments, "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived, but they could not climb, and we were forced to leave them to their fate;" or when I hear the wail with which a million lips take up the light words of the loafer on the Portland wharf when the survivors of the Atlantic filed past him, "Not a woman among them all! My God,"—when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with blunders in dress, and have entered the category of crimes.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Arena.*

Baby's croup is cured by Hacknomore.

Discovery of Printing.

John Gutenberg, of Mentz, Germany, was the undoubted inventor of printing by movable types; but his success aroused the jealousy of his associates, who induced the authorities of Strasburg to demand the revelation of his secrets—refusing which, he was driven out and returned to his native town penniless. Here, again, he was subject to persecution, and though his last years were peaceful under the patronage of the Elector of Nassau, he died a poor man.

On the other hand, both Faust and Schoeffer, who had been associated with him and stole the art, grew rich and tried to rob him of his fame. There is a curious, but not very well authenticated, story about a visit Faust made to Paris to push the sale of his Bibles.

"The tradition of the devil and Dr. Faustus," writes d'Israeli in the "Curiosities of Literature," "was said to have been derived from the odd circumstances in which the Bibles of the first printer, Faust, appeared to the world. When Faust had discovered this new art, and printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible to imitate those which were commonly sold as MSS., he undertook the sale of them in Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery and to pass off his printed copies for MSS. But, enabled to sell his Bibles at 60 crowns, while the other scribes demanded 500, this raised universal astonishment, and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price.

"The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician, and on searching his lodgings a great number of copies were found. The red ink—and Faust's red ink is peculiarly brilliant—which embellished his copies, was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the infernal. Faust at length was obliged, to save himself from the bonfire, to reveal his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of the wonderful invention."—*Boston Herald.*

Chilblains.

Chilblains are one of the afflictions of the country school child, who trudges through the snow to the country schoolhouse. They are, in fact, a mild species of frost bite. Nowadays, when parents provide their children with heavy articles, which thoroughly protect the feet during even a good, long walk through the snow and ice, chilblains are not as common as they once were.

Nevertheless, there are some people whose feet are peculiarly sensitive and who always suffer from them. This indicates the feeble condition, so often found in delicate children, where there is a lack of red corpuscles in the blood, and the circulation is not vigorous enough to withstand the effects of cold. It is essential to take special care of such a child. See that the feet and hands are kept thoroughly protected by stockings and long-wristed mittens of pure wool. If the child seems to suffer intensely from the cold and be without the ruddy glow of health, a tonic is probably needed and a physician should be consulted, and a warm hot dinner given in the middle of the day.

Chilblains show their presence by a swelling of the foot and a violent itching and tingling. The spots on the foot are quite red and are painful to touch. A good lotion is made in about equal parts of turpentine and laudanum, but the most efficacious remedy for this affliction is a preparation of iodine, which may be obtained in the proper strength from any physician. The feet are painted with this iodine with a little brush, and then dried before the stockings are put on. Where people have suffered from chilblains one winter they are quite likely to have them the next, and to prevent this special care must be taken. A child who walks a long distance to school through the snow should take along an extra pair of warm stockings to replace those she has worn, and which may have become damp and cold. She should avoid going near the fire while her feet are chilled, but should bathe them with alcohol and water and rub them briskly with a friction towel until they are red and glowing. Where chilblains become ulcerated, as they sometimes do, a physician should be consulted, as it is too serious a matter for domestic treatment.

Prevents Burning at Bottom.

I had an augite stovemat sent by mail. When it came I didn't feel as hopeful about it as before I saw it. It looked like a piece of pasteboard bound with tin, likely to burn up the first time it got over a hot fire. But my wife said she'd give it a fair trial. First she laid it on the hot stove ten minutes before putting any thing on it. I don't know the object of that, but it was according to directions. It didn't take fire and burn up. Then she set a pan of milk on it. By and by it began to puff up as milk does when it boils. She thought she'd better take it off, so it would not boil over on the stove. I told her it would be nothing so terrible to have it all over the stove, and she let it boil for a long time. It puffed up in a threatening manner, but never dared to boil over. She was jubilant on finding that the bottom of the pan was not at all burnt—only a thick coating, easily scraped off. Then she put on it a dish of oatmeal to cook. After letting it cook a long time she came with a glowing face to tell me, "It's a perfect success! Oh, it will be such a help!" Then she tried a cornstarch pudding. "It's a supreme success," came the report; and then with unusual enthusiasm she recounted some of the things in which the new mat would be such a help. Now I feel sure that, when you get one, you will thank me for calling your attention to it, and your wife will be very thankful. I shall send for a number to give as Christmas presents to friends.—*Root's Gleanings.*

— A quack heads his advertisement: "Ho, all ye dyspeptics!" That's just what dyspeptics won't do. If they would all hoe vigorously they might not need any medicine.

— Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

THE FARM.

Fence for Fowls.

A fence two ft. high and tight enough to keep sheep in is good enough for Brahmas or Cochins, while my Leghorns would smile to see a fence they could not fly over if once they took a notion to get away. It is quite easy to shut a lot of Leghorns out of a garden or other small inclosure, but it is entirely a different matter when you try to shut them in a small yard that prevents them from roving freely. This leads me to adopt the plan of keeping my Brahmas shut up and my Leghorns shut out. I have no trouble in keeping my Leghorns shut out of the garden with only a four ft. wire-netting fence around it, because they have all the rest of the place to range over and will not make the effort to get over the fence, but if I should try to shut them in that garden every one would be out before night, I have no doubt.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Tempered by Trees.

The writer has a natural windbreak to the north and west of his buildings, composed of second growth white and black oak, the white oak predominating. As the white oak holds its leaves during winter, and the trees are of various sizes, it makes a splendid windbreak and shelterbelt. This belt covers one acre of ground, and is valued by the family more highly than any other acre on the farm. During severe cold days in winter it often happens that some member of the family starts to leave home without an overcoat, and as soon as he gets away from the influence of the windbreak he realizes how cold it is, and returns to the house and dons his overcoat before leaving the farm. Many of my neighbors who live on the windswept prairie, when visiting my place in winter, say that they would give almost anything if they had such a shelterbelt. I tell them they can have as good a one if they will raise it, and that if nature had not provided me the one I have, I should have raised one that would have answered the purpose just as well.—*Eastern Iowa Horticultural Report.*

Artificially Colored Flowers.

Aniline-scarlet, dissolved in water to about the transparency of claret, has a very rapid action on flowers, coloring them pink and scarlet. Indigo-carmine produces beautiful blue tints. The two combined dye various shades of purple, with curious mottled effects, some parts of the flowers becoming pink and other parts blue and purple. Greens are produced by using the blue dye with yellow. Indigo and cochineal are not very satisfactory. Among some of the effects produced are the following: Lily-of-the-valley flowers become beautifully tinged with pink or blue in six hours; narcissuses are changed from pure white to deep scarlet in twelve hours, and delicate shades of pink are imparted to them in a very short time. Yellow daffodils are beautifully striped with dark scarlet in twelve hours; the edges of the corona also become deeply tinged, and the veining of the perianth strongly marked. It is well to note that it is by the passage of the colored solutions through the vascular tissue of the flowers that the effect is produced; and the effect is beautifully seen in white tulips, which in a few hours become prettily marked with pink, blue, or whatever the color of the solution may be.—*London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Requisites for Cows.

For fifteen years I have fed and milked my own cows, and in that time have tried all kinds of feed and nearly every kind of cow. Regularity as to time and quantity of feed has nearly as much to do with the quantity of milk as does the quality of feed. I try to feed my cows at the same time each morning and evening, and make the cow's appetite the gauge of the amount, always giving as near as possible just what she will eat up clean. I use as far as possible a mixed ration, composed of hay, grain and cottonseed meal, in the proportion of three parts of grain to one of cottonseed meal, with all the hay she will eat up clean.

The best ration I ever used was composed of one part peas, two of corn and four of oats, well mixed and ground together. Of this I give from eight to twelve quarts per day, according to the size of the cow, the hay of course included. I give in addition to the above, about three times a week, wheatbran, all they will eat, besides the parings of potatoes, turnips, etc., from the kitchen. But I would never allow a cow to drink slop from the kitchen. To make good pure milk the cow must have pure water. Kindness and good shelter are also prime necessities in the management of a cow.—*Jersey Bulletin.*

Intelligence of Cattle.

A cow and steer—the latter two or three years old—were the only occupants of the barnyard. A baiting of hay was put out to them. The steer wished to share it; but the cow, like some higher animals, was selfish, and as often as he would manœuvre around from side to side to get a bite she would drive him off at the point of her horn. The steer was so persistent that at last the old cow's patience gave way, and, making a determined and vicious charge on him, she punished him severely, though he was her own offspring. The steer felt badly hurt, not only in body, but evidently in mind as well, and immediately started out of the yard and off down the lane toward the pasture, where were the rest of the stock, bellowing vengeance at every step in a language which was unmistakable to the bystander, and which the mother well understood, as she ceased eating and listened intently to the threatenings of what was to come. When these died away in the distance she resumed her ration, but with evident apprehension. In due time the steer was seen returning, bringing with him a companion larger and stronger than himself. As they approached, the rumblings of rage and revenge could be again heard, which grew louder as they came nearer. The cow took in the situation at once, and was now terror-stricken. As her assailants rushed into the yard she dodged them and rushed out at life-and-death speed, and away toward the rest of the stock in the field, with her pursuers close on her tracks.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Sunlight for Apples.

I have in mind an orchard where the trees, set 20 to 25 feet apart, interlocked their branches within twenty years, the branches dying year after year, the trees continuously growing higher, to get to the light, and bearing their fruit only at the top instead of all over the tree as they should, thus giving little fruit and much trouble in harvesting it. Another orchard, set the same way at the same time, passed to the possession of a different owner, who removed every alternate tree in the rows each way after they were from 9 in. to 1 ft. in diameter, leaving only one-fourth the original number. This orchard is now healthy, round-headed and fruitful, while the trees of the other are uncouth, deadwooded, without foliage excepting at the very top, and yield less that a quarter as much fruit per acre as the neighboring orchard, the number of whose trees have been reduced three-fourths.

Cultivating Colt Courage.

A horse that is naturally courageous may be made cowardly by abuse. If he often receives blows the fear of them is uppermost. The man who abuses his horses is often rewarded by the destruction of his property and injury to himself, the result of runaways. It is hardly saying too much to assert that if the colt is properly treated it will never run away. The horse should be trained, not broken, and training requires firmness, mixed with much kindness. The man who has no control over his own temper and whose judgment is warped by anger is not fit to train a colt. The basis of courage is confidence, and the first point is to secure the confidence of the colt. The next is to make the colt sure of his surroundings. Watch closely and whenever he shows fear of anything allow him to smell of it. If he has confidence in his trainer this will not be difficult. If he shies at a stump or a rock, ride or drive him up to it. Drive him nearer and nearer the cars until he is no longer afraid of them. Have the whistle sounded when his head is turned toward it, and repeat this till he ceases to start at the sound. Handle his limbs and touch them with a strap until he no longer shrinks.

The courageous horse, the one with spirit trained, not broken, is the horse that does the most work. It does not lag, it has the spirit, the courage to exert itself to the utmost. It is one with trained spirit, with fine temper that does the most work, the least harm, and in danger acts quickly and intelligently.—*American Agriculturist.*

Notes.

—I was amazed to read that hay-fed horses are sick more than others; I thought it was right the other way. I have bought heaves and stiffness before now, but never had acute disease of any kind in my stable; while neighbor Githere is up nights with cases of colic, *et al.*, my horses only complain in old age, and that they never have but once. When let out for daily exercise they caper and run; I do not think they are trying to get away from the hay they have eaten.

— *Home and Farm*, of Louisville, Ky., quotes a commission man, anent short weight of butter due to shrinkage, and his suggestion for giving a little to save three times as much: "Soak your tub thoroughly in clean water. After filling with enough butter to barely tip the scales on the pound, put in one-fourth pound more. It is economy. Your butter will shrink some, and you can't help it. Without that extra quarter of a pound, every tub will be marked down a whole pound."

— This plan for a rat and mouse proof corncrib not elevated on stilts is credited to *The Stockman and Farmer*: "Build as low as you wish, 5 ft. wide and cell the bottom, ends and top with any good hardwood lumber and make good-fitting doors. Now lath the sides and leave cracks one inch, or a little more if you wish. Then cover this with good wire screen of about one-fourth inch mesh. This can be fastened on by laying it on and nailing strips around the edges and across where it is needed to make it lie down well. Then paint well and you have a crib that is handy and will save corn as long as you care to keep it."

— Observation has convinced a *Farmers' Review* correspondent that much more loss results from firefanging of heaped manure than from possible washing when spread on the fields direct from stable; and he notes in particular the surprising water requirement necessary to prevent burning of compost: "Last summer I had a heap about three feet deep, and containing perhaps fifty large loads from horse stables in town. Though I kept it tramped and flat on top to catch all rain, and kept a windmill running many days driving a three-inch cylinder in a forcepump with hose attached, I never could get it wet."

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