*** 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.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise,
Roguish and blue and quick to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her nicest old chair,
Quickest to get to the top of the stair,
Quickest to see that a kiss on the cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.
Look in her face and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or wish might be;
Scarcely one. They all forget
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud and she holds him fast;
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool, which is out of its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can—
That is why she is proud of her little man.

THE HOME.

The Cross Mother.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold her arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue, weariness of body and mind, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings, and repels loving attentions, with her irritable hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's lives. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked; it made me cross," and she considers that the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears, and then the trouble repeats itself. The remedy lies close at hand. Let the mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened; much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength.—*Christian at Work.*

Facilities for Travel.

The progress made in the conveniences for travel and in the great speed attained, make it possible for those who have means to see the world within the period of a natural life. A railroad is being projected that will connect North and South America. The Russian government has appropriated eighty thousand rubles for railroad extension, and twenty thousand men will soon be put to work. Twelve thousand of them are now working on the trans-Siberian railroad. The connection between Alaska and Russia is again under consideration. Those who think the bridging of the Behring Straits impracticable because of extreme weather in the winter and ice floes, do not think there will be much trouble in the establishment of a line of ferry-boats adapted to the region, with capacity for transferring whole trains of cars. A few years ago it was thought impossible to circle the globe with the telegraph wire, but now the news from almost every known country may be read every day in the morning papers. Trans-continental railways have been established and operated even in winter. In the lake region immense ice-boats plow through from two to three feet of solid ice, and keep the channel open in many places through the winter. If such obstacles have been safely overcome in one place, they may in another. The genius and energy of man has not reached the limit of capacity, but seems to be equal to every emergency.

How to Make Good Coffee.

Roasted coffee should be bought in small quantities, kept closely corked, and ground just before using. The finer it is ground the better, and the darker the coffee is roasted the more injurious its effects. Boiling coffee extracts a poisonous oil and the delicious aroma and flavor of the true coffee escape with the tide of the stream, floating upward. There is but one true and healthful way of making coffee—that is by percolation. Then you have an infusion, not a decoction.

The most important point in making good coffee is to use the water at the first boil; after it is boiled a few minutes it parts with its gases and becomes flat and hard, and will not make a perfect infusion if you use the finest and most fragrant berries ever exported from Mocha. Have the teakettle washed perfectly clean every morning, fill it with fresh, cold water, and bring it quickly to boiling point. Have the coffee in the pot, allowing one heaping tablespoonful of finely ground coffee to each cup, pour over it the water; as soon as it drains through the biggin fill the top again, and so on until you have the desired quantity. Serve immediately in the same pot, if possible. The best coffee is made from a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha.—*New York World.*

— The following is from the Chicago *Interior*: "Twenty years ago it was often true that a young man who drank beer, or wine, or even whisky in moderation, might be advanced to places of great trust and responsibility. It is now scarcely possible. The habit is simply fatal to success. There is not a reputable business house in Chicago where an employee who drinks intoxicants of any kind, has anything like an even chance for promotion. The taking of a single glass of beer may, and often does mean, losing the chance of a lifetime. Brainy boys and young men, teetotalers from principle, are plenty enough to fill all the places in the line of promotion."

THE FARM.

Buttons from Blood.

Judging from what a well-known Chicagoan says, there is one secret of the great fortunes of the wealthy packers of that city which is very simple. He says they don't waste anything. The meat, the entrails, everything is made use of but the squeal. They can't catch that, so it is wasted. Funny thing what they do with the blood. It is caught in a great tank, and after it clots is carted off to a stamping house, where powerful machines are busy stamping it into buttons. Yes, says the *Grange Bulletin*, buttons of blood are no novelty. It is all done at one stamp of the big dies, and it is found that they wear remarkably well. They are easily distinguished by their peculiar, dark red color.—*Colman's Week.*

Connecticut Peach Culture.

In the Connecticut peach belt, embracing Hartford and perhaps twenty-five miles north and south of it, running diagonally across the State, Mountain Rose, Stump, Oldnixon and Late Crawford peaches (ripening in the order named) have proved their usefulness and adaptability. Late varieties are favorites because they do not come into competition with Southern fruits. Wood ashes, muriate of potash and ground bone seem to be the cheapest and most effective fertilizers. Potash is the one element most in demand. Until trees are five years old some other crop usually occupies the land with them. At this time trees frequently begin bearing, although this is governed somewhat by circumstances. If the temperature fall even as low as eight degrees below zero enough buds will retain vitality to insure a crop. Peach trees one year from bud, instead of two, cost less, are more likely to live and grow fast enough. One-half of each season's growth is cut back during the first three years after planting.

Peas and Beans.

Although peas were known and used as food many centuries before the birth of Christ, it is singular that green peas came into use in Western Europe only 200 years ago. Mme. de Maintenon wrote in 1696: "All the talk now is about the new dish—green peas. The impatience for them, the pleasure of eating them, the triumph of finding them so enjoyable, and the joy of anticipating a repetition of the treat are animating points of conversation at our courts. And many ladies after going home from a royal feast must have a dish ready to eat at home before lying down."

Beans were in use 2,000 years before Christ, but in the Egyptian temples they were under ban. Priests must not eat them nor look at the growing plants. They were served at funeral feasts only on the dishes placed before the seats of the lately deceased. Thus a prejudice was created which prevented much use of one of the cheapest and best items of food even in Europe until a late day. We have gained nearly as much by the shaking off of such old fetters as by new discoveries.

Fish for Poultry.

There is quite a host of our readers who live near large bodies of water or rivers where fishing is carried on during almost all months of the year when the water is open and free from ice. Many of the small fish are either left to decay on the shore or to be devoured by gulls or other birds. Many cart loads of them are annually used for manure. There is a far better use for a part of these offal fish, and that is as poultry food, for which they are valuable, especially to fowls in confinement.

There are several ways of preparing the fish, but the best and simplest is to take a portable boiler about half full of fish, fill up with cold water and start your fire. As soon as the water comes to a good boil the fish will be sufficiently cooked and ready to be removed. When the fish are cooked they fall to pieces. Now take some of the fish, bones and all, and mix corn meal with this and the liquid the fish were boiled in, and you have a mess which the fowls will greedily devour and thrive upon. Do not feed too much at a time nor oftener than every other day on this food, for too much of a good thing is as bad as not any. Some persons on the shore or near the fisheries cook a mess fresh for their fowls every day, while others cook a barrel at a time and make a slop with them, the juice they are cooked in and bran, corn meal or corn and oats ground, mixed with it, feeding the mess to the pigs with evident good returns.—*The American Poultry Yard.*

Dirt Floors.

Box stalls and dirt floors with good light and air is the perfection of a horse stable. We like to have a large window where each horse can put his head outside into the sunshine or fresh, pure air; all horses love this outside air and they like to see what is going on around them, then, with dirt floors the horse will be comfortable and contented. True, dirt floors are more trouble to keep in condition, but they are far better for the horses' feet and legs, and fresh clay or soil is often eaten by the horses with a relish, and they love to wallow on a clean, dirt floor. Mr. J. Malcom Forbes, the well-known breeder, says in *Turf, Field and Farm:*

The most important feature of my stalls is the foundation. My horses stand on loam, they eat it, they sleep on it. Mother earth is the best specific for a horse that I know of. Give a horse plenty of light and air, plenty of exercise, plenty of the right kind of food and plenty of clean loam to eat and he will always be in good condition. That is the secret of the success of Kentucky bred horses. The Blue Grass region is famous for its horses, but I firmly believe that it is the good Kentucky dirt and not the grass that is the secret of the success in horse raising. There are not many who realize how much dirt a horse eats in the course of a day. Why, it is not at all an uncommon thing for a horse to eat a good sized capful of earth in a single day. He needs it to stimulate his digestive organs just as much as a fowl needs gravel. Keep a horse away from dirt, shut him up in a stall with board foundations, and he will quickly get out of condition.

My stalls are constructed on this plan: For the foundation I have a thick layer of gravel, and over that I place several inches of clean, rich loam. That is all, except occasionally a layer of straw in extremely cold weather. The gravel serves as a drain for all impurities and the loam is changed as often as the occasion seems to demand. As soon as it loses its freshness it is removed and a new layer is spread. As a result, of this system my stalls are kept absolutely clean and sweet without the use of any disinfectants. There are no unnecessary ornamentations. Such things collect the dust and keep the air full of impurities. For that reason I have constructed my stables as simply as possible.

In the Land of Roast Beef.

John Bull is not a vegetarian. He eats meat and plenty of it. He thinks more of his chop or joint than any one else on earth. From the days of Hengist and Horsa that has been true of the inhabitants of the island of Great Britain. Moreover, they are fond of good meat—beef and mutton that has been ripened in the most thorough manner. Mr. Van Natta's "crack" Hereford Jerry Rusk would not have been faulted so much for excessive richness in London as he was at the late Chicago Christmas fat stock show. The result of this national appetite for choice meats has been the creation of a list of improved meat-producing breeds of British origin such as no other nation has ever evolved; and as skill in breeding necessarily implies skill in feeding, it is probably true that there are more real expert feeders and fine "finishers" of butchers' stock among the English and Scotch than among the farming population of any other one country—our own not excepted. The British farmer knows that the highest results in producing select beeves and muttons cannot be obtained save by a degree of watchfulness and care in the breeding and feeding, which is seldom resorted to in American agriculture. While they appreciate to the utmost the necessity of good sires and have successively and successfully invoked all the powers of selection, heredity, in-breeding and out-crossing, they unquestionably have a deeper realization of the true influence of good care and keep in the maintenance of form and type than exists among our Western people. While we have only just fairly begun to study the chief problems involved in economical and profitable feeding, our old country cousins have for at least a century been forced by the exigencies of their situation and the exactness of the connoisseurs to whom they were catering to make feeding for market almost one of the learned professions.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

"Down On" Dehorning.

Mr. H. S. Matteson, in whose Hillside Dairy, during forty-two years there has not been a single instance where a cow was ever hurt by the headgear of her companions, objects to the dehorning business, except in case of the abnormal bovine "on the warpath, constantly looking for something to gore." From a fluent article of his in *The Orange County Farmer*, we take the following illustrations anent to the question at issue:

"A week ago while driving past a farm where there was a dairy of about forty cows (all dehorned) they were just let out to drink in a lot of 15 to 20 acres; but to drink they all had to go to one small place at a little mudhole, and the thought came to me, Will these dehorned cows all crowd quietly into that mudhole and drink, or will they bunt and drive the weaker ones away while the stronger ones drink? And I stopped my team and watched them with this result: They drove each other away and jammed around, the same as did another dairy about a mile further, on a place similar, the last dairy having horns on. Now, these two dairies rather weakened my faith (if I had any) in the statement that to dehorn made them perfectly docile.

"Last week I visited the fine farm and dairy of Judge Lamoud, and when fifteen or twenty of his nice Guernseys were let out in a very small yard to drink, I noticed by their quiet, gentle ways that here was a dairy that had quiet, gentle treatment from the hands of those who cared for them and did as any animal will do, partook of the nature of their owner. We find now and then a man who claims a larger amount of milk because of the food to supply the horns' growth going for milk production. Well, perhaps it does. They used, some years ago, to cut off a pig's tail, claiming that it took just a bushel of corn to keep that tail up even with the rest of his system. I have known a man getting a leg broken by being kicked by a cow. Why not take her leg off?"

Expert Data as to Mad Dogs.

When I was fifteen years old my father gave me a black setter. Dash and his master were inseparable. He was a loyal comrade, a faithful servant, a merry playmate and learned many useful ways and amusing tricks. Above all, he was thoroughly obedient. The value of this kindly training was proved when the nervous, affectionate creature finally went mad. We did not realize our danger, being misled by the sensational stories that still are rife. Dash bore no malice. It was no pleasure to him to go mad. He craved our sympathy in his mysterious affliction, and we gave it. He made no attempt to harm us, and obeyed our every command. One thing that deceived us was the very word hydrophobia, the dread of water, which only marks the malady in the case of human patients. Mad dogs do not always shun the water. Dash would eagerly plunge his foaming jaws into the drinking trough, though seeming unable to quench his thirst.

After a few days he grew sullen and snapped at imaginary objects in the air. Our suspicions thus aroused were confirmed when he savagely bit the dog that intruded on his domain. A neighbor then stopped his career by a merciful shot. The bitten dogs were confined to their kennels and watched. They all went mad, but being undisturbed they passed quietly through the successive stages of the malady until they expired from exhaustion. None of them had fits. None showed rage or fury. They were only poor, suffering creatures that sought solitude and darkness when human sympathy proved unavailing. What they might have done had a crowd of frantic men and boys made them run the gauntlet can only be conjectured. Their ferocity might have been terrible.

The dread of infection formerly caused unfortunate human beings smitten by hydrophobia to be cruelly left to their fate. But it is now known that the friends and attendants need have no such dread. Indeed, it is doubtful if the bite of any rabid animal can carry the virus except those belonging to the tribes represented by the dog, the cat and the skunk. Never kill a dog that has bitten a human being, no matter how savagely, until time enough has elapsed to determine the condition of the brute. An angry dog is not necessarily mad. Cauterize the wound, but spare the dog as a witness whose testimony may save his victim months and years of vague yet terrible dread.

Fear alone may cause many of the symptoms of hydrophobia. Yet parents actually try to excite those very fears in the tender minds of their children! During a recent call on a family in my parish the father made his nine-year-old boy roll up his sleeve to show me where he had been bitten by a mad dog. Others bitten had been taken to New York for treatment, but he had not. The man told me, in the presence of all the children of the neighborhood, that his son was sure to go mad. My heart ached for the lad, who stood there quivering with anguish in view of coming disaster.

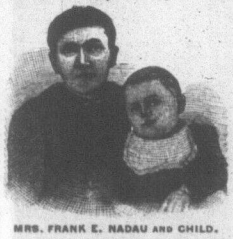
I found that they had killed the dog instantly and without proof of his madness. I also found that the boy had been bitten through the sleeve of a heavy coat. I then explained to them all that the virus was not injected from a fang like that of a snake, that the cloth must have wiped the tooth clean from saliva before the skin was broken, and consequently that the boy was as free from danger as if he had not been bitten. The father thanked me, the boy's face shone for joy and a dark shadow was lifted from that home.

Some Arizona cowboys told me that hydrophobia was like delirium tremens. It was useless to show them their mistake. They said they had seen both and there was not much difference. "Anyhow," said one of them, "that notion made us quit drinking. We don't want to be poisoned either by whiskey or mad dogs." Their sensible conclusion was only a modern echo of the old warning against that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*The Congregationalist.*

— Prohibition in Des Moines, Ia., is thus spoken of by the editor of the Des Moines *Daily News*. No one is more competent or more worthy of confidence: "In my own city of Des Moines, I have seen prohibition, though poorly enforced, do that which, if generally accomplished in American cities, would make this republic a model. In ten years a city of twenty-three thousand people, ruled by a bold, corrupt and powerful municipal ring, and with sad extremes of wealth and poverty, has been transformed into a city of seventy thousand orderly, contented and prosperous people; with almost no business failures; with savings-banks piling up large deposits; with last week's bank clearances nearly two hundred per cent. greater than those of the corresponding week of last year, and this gain going on constantly; with the workingmen, once an engine of misrule, now a reliable power for honesty in public affairs; with the better elements easily in control at all times and carrying all city elections, almost without effort; with the worse elements discouraged and submissive; with churches and schools dominant, and with nearly three thousand students enrolled in colleges within the city limits. This did not come without fierce opposition, rioting, and even assassination; but it has come, and it is what America needs everywhere, even if it must involve martyrdom here and there."

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."



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Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 25 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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