

Home-made Rugs.

This is decidedly an era of rugs, and their popularity seems ever increasing, both from an economic and sanitary point of view, and the rag carpet rugs are as popular as any other just now. All sorts of odd pieces can enter into this useful article, and in the weaving a variety of patterns can be produced. The whole or a portion of the rug may be of the "hit or miss" pattern, for which the material should be cut in short pieces not over a foot in length, these pieces being promiscuously joined in preparing the material for the weaver. A very pretty one was made in this way with red and black stripes at the ends. Others are woven with a solid color in the center, with stripes of gay colors at the ends, or one of a single contrasting color. This is perhaps the easiest way, and they are quite as pretty. A most serviceable one was made with a dark brown center and woven with red warp. The warp is knotted and forms a fringe at either end of the rug, and the ends are striped with red.

White cotton and all kinds of scrap were colored brown with dyed cotton, and the other pieces were colored red for the stripe. If you make a rug of this kind, you will have one that is really artistic. It will scarcely look like a rag carpet rug, the effect is so unusual. Other good colors are a moss green, a rich red, and a wood brown. The burlap rugs are also very popular. These rugs are easily and quickly made, and are very neat and durable. The rugs are made any desired shape, and the burlap is colored before being cut, or the rug is made and then dipped in the dye, which makes it solid. The burlap is cut into strips five or six inches wide, then the threads are drawn one inch on each side, making a fringe and leaving an unraveled center. When a quantity of strips are fringed, double them in the middle and whip them to a piece of burlap the size and shape you want the rug to be. Begin on the outside and sew the fringe one inch apart. Sew the rug to a strong foundation; an old piece of carpet washed clean is excellent for the purpose. A beautiful rug of this kind was shaded from garnet to pink, several shades of the same color being produced by weakening the dye.

Farewell to the Farm.

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children mounting fast,
And kissing hands, in chorus sing
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hay-loft door,
O hay-loft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything.

Crack goes the whip and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing;
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

An old Scotch farmer being elected a member of the School Board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what an auld farmer gie's ye for haudin' his horse."—Selected.

Prayers by Phonograph.

The typewriter and the phonograph are serving a most useful purpose in missionary labours. Some time ago some English supporters of the Church Missionary Society sent a typewriter to Daudi Kasagama, King of the Toro, in the protectorate province of Uganda. The dusky monarch was delighted with the new gift, and has become an expert operator, a proof of this being a typewritten letter of thanks sent by him to the society. The phonograph was taken by some missionaries who went to Tripoli to learn the language. They succeeded in speaking the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and certain other sentences in Hausa into the phonograph. The cylinders were sent home, and the result is that intending missionaries will be able to learn the native pronunciation before leaving England.

Impressions.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye;
Or a word exchanged with a passer-by;
A glimpse of a face in a crowded street,
And afterward life is incomplete;
A picture painted with honest zeal,
And we lose the old for the new ideal;
A chance remark or a song's refrain,
And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped,
Or tender word is left unsaid,
And one there is who, his whole life long,
Shall cherish the brand of a burning wrong;
A line that stares up from an open page
A cynic smile from the lips of age,
A glimpse of loving seen in a play,
And the dreams of our youth are swept away.

A friendly smile and love's embering spark
Leaps into flame and illumines the dark;
A whispered "Be brave" to our fellow-men,
And they pick up the thread of hope again,
Thus never an act or a word or thought
But that with unguessed importance is fraught,
For small things build up eternity
And blazon the ways for a destiny.

—"Philadelphia Times."

The Chinese wall is the most extensive fortification in the world. According to the surveys made within the last few years, this wall is 1,728 miles in length, and it passes up steep mountains, down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys, and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. It is 25 ft thick at the bottom, and 15 ft at the top, and from 25 ft to 30 ft in height, with turrets or towers 35 ft to 40 ft high every 200 or 300 yards during its entire length. The exterior walls are of well-cut granite blocks, the interior is filled with earth and stone, and the passage way is paved with bricks 1 ft square. The erection was begun in 211 B. C., and it was designed to protect the northern frontier of China against the savage tribes of Siberia.

A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. The Quaker said:

"Dost thou not believe in France?"

"Yes, though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thine own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

Teacher—What is an octopus? Small Boy (who has just commenced to take Latin), eagerly—Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.—Life.

Baboo English.

Examples of quaint English written by Hindoo and other Indian clerks have, from time to time, found their way into the press, and the following letter is about as amusing as anything we have seen in print. We hardly supposed that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had spread so far among the not very pale inhabitants of the Indian Empire, but apparently their advertisements have penetrated sufficiently far to suggest to one enterprising native the desirability of entering the company's service. The judicious intimation that this gentleman's ailments only commence after business hours is especially amusing:

Calcutta, Nov. 7, 1899.

Honored Sir,—I can't help but to take it to your kind notice, that I am greatly suffering from a bad attack of fever to my system. Last fortnight I have been in a hospital, but I got no relief. Though somewhat cured, yet that's nothing. The doctors there told that I shall soon within six months get paralysis. I am now 19 years old, the case would be severe to. Don't leave me hopeless, do try kindly. If I don't get any relief from it. It is sure, no doubt, I shall commit suicide, for I cannot bear this horrible torture. By day I live alright, as an ordinary person I do everything, but as night falls I get into my bed and keep up whole night in agony. I have nobody in this world, neither have I got a penny. If you kindly take me to you, and keep me under your treatment, I shall be so much benefited and so highly obliged to you for life as I can't speak out you shall be the saviour of my life. I pray you heartily, kindly rescue me from this horrible pain. Do to me as you would do were you my father. Oh Lord, look over me to your wretched son, who it now going to die in agony. You are great and rich, we are wretched and poor; if you don't look over us father and mother in this greatest danger, our case is fatal; we get nobody to say. Be kind enough to stand by me and take me as a father of my own. It is very very simple thing for you. I promise you, I shall work in your office 8 or 9 hours a day, faithfully, as I shall land there free of charge. Kindly excuse me for the trouble that you shall take for me. Have mercy on me as your own son. Save me, save me please. Reply me very kindly and soon.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchase. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

The tortoise is a great sleeper, and that characteristic yields the London Spectator a funny story of one which was a domestic pet in a country house. As his time for hibernating drew nigh, he selected a quiet corner in the dimly-lighted coal cellar and there composed himself to sleep. A new cook was appointed soon after. She knew not tortoises. In a few months, with the lapse of time, the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm. Entering that department, the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awestruck wonder and exclaiming, as with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at the stone that I've broken the coal wi' a' winter!"