*** 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 WILD FLOWERS' MISSION.

In the dim woodland, under the snow,
Sweet little wild flowers slumber and grow—
Wait till the kiss of the welcoming sun
Tells them their long winter sleep is now done.

Dear little wild flowers, sparkling with dew,
God has a place and a mission for you.
Though you but blossom to droop and decay,
Think not your brief life is thus thrown away.

If but one heart has been cheered by your bloom,
If your sweet fragrance has brightened its gloom,
If to one life, heavy-stricken with pain,
You have brought comfort and healing again.

Then, little wild flowers, sent from above,
Forming a part of the infinite love,
Let your glad voices their death pains sing;
Yours is a life-work would honor a king.

—ELEANOR MAYFIELD.

THE HOME.

Rest Days.

Toward the end of the summer even the strongest person feels the effect of the long continuance of hot weather. Something of that languor and indolence which we have learned to consider as the characteristics purely of tropical races become parts of the most energetic among us. Some women, with stern consciences which will never let them rest, fight against this demand of nature for rest and quiet. They still struggle with the same burden of hard work which they have borne through the winter, when every breath is a tonic and the very air is a stimulus to renewed efforts. Yet this very languor tells as plainly as the heated flesh of the fever patient that it is time for care and recuperation. Only a woman of heroic mould, who possesses the physical strength of a goddess, can endure such a strain without becoming a physical wreck, or a nervous, querulous invalid, a trial to herself and all her family.

There are few, if any, women whose health does not demand a change of scene and work during each summer. The month of August is a season when the haying is over and the harvesting has not begun. It is a season when there is very little preserving to demand the attention of the housekeeper. Only plums and a few of the wild berries need to be put up during this month. The vegetables and other fruits that ripen now may just as well be taken care of in September from later crops, when the air is cooler and there is less danger of their spoiling. For it is notable that the dog-days are the most trying in the year, not only to the temper, but to the provisions in the preserve closet.

Almost any woman in the country who is not absolutely dependent on her daily labor for her bread can get the necessary change from the hard drudgery of house work to comparative recreation at this season of the year better than at any other. If nothing better presents itself, a camping-out party to some distant wood or shaded meadow, casting of all the cares of sweeping and dusting the house, a return in miniature for a few days to the primitive, old-time ways of cooking with the gypsy pot and hot stones, limiting the family for the time to the wild diet of berries and fish from the river, with such home-made fare as can be brought from the farmhouse—this will give an excellent change, from which the worn-out housemother will return refreshed, and rested and amused. The primitive housekeeping of such a camp is little care. The fragrance of the sweet fern and pines in the wood induces refreshing slumber, and half the day can be spent in absolute bodily rest. It is all the better still in its healthful results if the tired housekeeper can go to some quiet summer place, where she can get a complete rest and change of scene and faces.

But all these changes will do the housewife little good if she cannot cast off her mental cares as well as her physical troubles; if she persists in worrying over the cares of to-morrow when she should be enjoying the rest and recreation of to-day.

Cleaning Rugs.

The best way to clean Oriental rugs is with good soapsuds, made of a simple white soap. The rug may be stretched upon the floor and scrubbed after being thoroughly shaken, and as much dust beaten out of it in this way as possible. If the rug is very thick or very valuable it is best to intrust it to a professional cleaner. Grease spots should be removed with gasolene before the cleaning begins. For this purpose lay a heavy cotton cloth under the rug and rub the spots vigorously with gasolene. Care should be taken when gasolene is used to have the windows open and no fire in the room. Even thick Moquette carpets may be cleaned in this way and by scrubbing them afterward in the soapsuds.

To apply the soapsuds to either the Oriental rugs or Moquette carpets use a perfectly clean scrubbing brush. Scrub a small portion at a time, rinsing it off in clean, cold water, and drying it thoroughly with a clean, dry cloth. As the drying cloths become soiled and damp use fresh ones, and wash the brush and scrubbing cloths frequently. When the rug or carpet has been thoroughly gone over in this way leave it to dry. One of the secrets of success in this matter is to use just water enough to do the work, and absorb as much as you can of it by the drying cloths. Some people prefer to use ox-gall, in the proportion of a gill to every pail of water, but unless the colors are liable to fade this is not as good as light soapsuds.

Most of our common brown soaps have a certain proportion of soda, which makes them especially efficacious in washing underwear and white clothes generally, but because of this bleaching power which they undoubtedly possess one who is washing colored goods must avoid them and cling to white soaps. The art of soap making has been carried nearly to perfection by our American soap manufacturers, yet, in the nature of things, it is not possible for them to make a soap which shall be equally efficient for white and colored clothes, as the one requires a slight bleaching soap and the other one strictly non-bleaching.

Packing a Trunk.

First, the articles that do not crease easily were put in the trunk; underwear, shoes, hose, towels, etc. Each piece of clothing was then taken separately and folded neatly and smoothly as possible. Everything should lie as evenly as possible along the bottom of the trunk, and if you can remember the order in which you have placed the several articles of underwear, etc., you will be able to find them in a hurry, should you require them on short notice, while you are on the journey. A few rolls may be put in, but if things are carefully foulded, the skirts and gown, just to fit the trunk, there will be a few places where rolls are needed to fill in. Fold waists wrong side out, and be sure the sleeves are laid out straight; few creases are unavoidable in the very best regulated trunk, with the present fashion of much be-trimmed waists, but with care things may be folded so that wrinkles will be in unnoticeable parts of garments. This, according to the *Prairie Farmer*, is the best way to pack a trunk.

Athletic Girls.

The ridicule of literature and the advance of common sense has long ago dispelled the illusion that ill-health was synonymous with refinement. We are beginning to have the true idea of the matter, and to look upon the presence of pallor and languid manner and feeble appetite as indications of disease, and therefore repulsive. The young women of to-day affect nearly all the athletic exercises of their brothers. They enjoy boating, long country tramps, driving, skating, and all out-door exercises. It may be that they are less expert than our grandmothers in Berlin wools and eye-destroying embroideries. They do not count the stitches of their hemming like those faithful dames of yore; but if their needlework is not so faithful in minute details, it is far more effective and artistic.

Household.

TO MAKE GOOD MASHED POTATOES.—Pare the potatoes, put them in boiling water well salted and cover the pot. Allow them to boil steadily until tender. Drain thoroughly when done, sprinkle with a little salt, mash them in the pot with a potato beetle, working in a tablespoonful of butter and enough milk to make the paste soft and flaky.

GIPSY TOAST.—Cut eight or ten slices of raw ham thin, remove the fat and shape them of equal size. Fry them in butter over a brisk fire on both sides and arrange in a hot dish. Mix with butter a large handful of bread crumbs and a tablespoonful of vinegar, heat it quite hot, adding the juice of a slice of onion and pour on each side of ham.

BANANA GEMS.—Beat together one cupful of sugar with three eggs. Add one-fourth of a cupful of water and stir in one cupful of flour, mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in two thinly sliced bananas and half fill cups, which should be steamed one hour.

RASPBERRY SYRUP FOR ICE WATER.—Fill a two-quart glass jar with fresh red raspberries, pour over them cidar vinegar until the jar is full. Screw the cover on and let them stand one week, then scald and pour in a jelly bag and let it drain; to the juice add one pound of loaf sugar to every pint. Boil fast tyenty minutes and skim when any scum arises; while hot put in six bottles or glass jars. One spoonful in a glass of iced water makes a drink of delicious flavor.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.—Carefully scald twelve peach tomatoes and remove the skin. Cut slice from stem end and carefully remove seeds. Cut cress fine, add a little chopped chives (these grow wild in almost every sod). Put into a bowl a teaspoonful of salt, dash of cayenne and six tablespoonful of olive oil; mix and add gradually sufficient vinegar to make a creamy whitelsh dressing. Fill the tomatoes with the cress and chives, pour over the dressing, place on lettuce leaves and serve.

THE FARM.

The Dairy Cow in August.

This is the most trying time of the year to the cow that is giving milk. Flies and heat combined with short pasturage usually make the quantity of milk grow less and less, and unless some supplemental food is given, the cow sustains a loss of vitality that it will require much more food to replace later in the season if she does not go dry entirely.

Every farmer should have had his corn fodder or other green food ready for the middle of July if it should be needed, and give the cows all they will eat of it at least once a day. It pays to keep up the flow of milk, and if the pastures do not supply it, it must be made up in some other way. We always feed grain to our cows all summer; two quarts each of ground corn and cob-meal and wheat bran night and morning. After following this practice for several years, we are convinced that it pays to do it. Whether in winter or summer, the more a cow eats the more milk and butter she will manufacture, and it is as foolish to scrimp her at one season as the other.

Just now the flies are very troublesome. If it can be arranged so as to turn the cows out to pasture early in the morning and again during the night it will be well to keep them in the stable in the middle of the day, when flies are the worst. Carbolic acid in water sprinkled around the stable with a common watering pot, if no spray pump is at hand, will do much to abate this nuisance in the stable as well as to purify the atmosphere.

Don't forget to give the cows free access to fresh water at all times during hot weather. They need it more frequently than in winter. Be very careful of the cow that is to calve soon. She will be better off if kept in a darkened stable by herself than in going to the pasture these hot days.

Don't be afraid to milk out a portion of the contents of her udder if it becomes hot and dry, showing inclination to become caked. What is left will be all right for the calf, and there will be less danger of parturient fever. Give her an occasional bran mash, but no other grain, and green corn fodder or fresh cut grass will be better than dry hay.

Never allow your cows to be hurried in going to and from pasture in hot weather. The slowest pace is best, as heated blood means heated milk as well, and that should be avoided.—*E. E. Rockwood.*

Conservation of Livestock Foods.

Central and Western New York embrace the great hayfields which largely supply those engaged in operating the coal and iron mines of adjacent Pennsylvania, as well as large quantities furnished consumers in New York and other sea-board cities. So extensively is the shipping of hay conducted in the region named that at most of the railroad stations large hay-storage barns are erected where farmers may be seen delivering this product almost every week-day of the year. The hay crop in this section the present season is over one-third short; and the same can be said of a good share of the State of Pennsylvania, necessitating larger drafts than usual upon the hay-fields of New York. Hay is being shipped to Europe to supply shortage there. The hay crop of France is a doleful failure this season, and she must import forage largely. All signs indicate that hay will be unusually dear for a year to come, and it behooves every one to gather up every fragment of forage, that none be wasted. There are many ways to economize the fodder crop.

First. On every farm much more grass is usually suffered to go to waste than a casual observer would readily believe. There are fence corners, swales and other waste places that might be mowed. Often grass in pastures becomes old so stock will not eat it. This could be cut with benefit to the grazing, and it would make fair hay. These sources of securing fodder are the perquisites of a hired man on a farm of 100 acres I know of, and he gets hay enough by this means to winter his cow, the value of which is as much as $25, an item worthy of consideration by most farmers.

Second. Farmers waste an immense amount of hay by feeding it to horses in winter when they have little to do. Two quarts of oats night and morning, with what straw they want, will winter them better than all the hay they could eat, and their coats will be sleeker. Let any one figure the comparative expenses of the two systems of feeding, and he will ascertain that straw and oats feeding is the cheaper by as much as half. Barley straw and half a pint of barley or corn a day will winter sheep better than timothy hay.—*Dr. Galen Wilson.*

Our Berries.

I am not a professional berry-grower, but I am finding out every day that a farmer can have a few kinds of small fruits so that the family can have their fill of berries for weeks, and the cost is but a few hours' time, and not a cent of money. Today we are on our twentieth day of strawberry-eating, and there are three or four days more berries in sight. This does not mean a little dish now and then, but three large saucers full for each person daily, not to say anything about good eats between meals, and three other families who have had their wants supplied besides, and there is not to exceed seven rods of ground in the patch. I suppose that this lot is not cultivated as laid down in the "law," but I get lots of berries, and of the finest, so I keep on in my way. First I set out four to eight rows of plants in August, after a good rain, taking up the best plants and setting them at once. These are set eighteen inches apart in the row, and rows three feet from each other. I keep this bed clean, and mulch at winter, first scattering fine hen manure between the rows. A little more mulch is added in the spring after the plants are in sight, so as to avoid all culture. They are allowed to fruit all they wish, and as soon as they are free of fruit the mulch is taken out, the ground well worked, and the runners allowed to close in between two rows, every other row being kept open for a path.

By this plan there is little weeding to do, as in setting and the culture the second year, the season of weeds is over, and the hoeing can about all be done with a light cultivator. When the ground is frozen in the late fall, mulch is put in the paths, and forest leaves strewn thickly among the plants, and they, with the dead berry leaves, make the cleanest mulch I can find to keep the berries clean the next season. We do not do any regular weeding only to pull out now and then a stray weed or clover as it appears. When the berries have been picked the second year, the bed is mowed as close as possible, and dragged with a sharp arrow with the intent to tear up half of the vines. A dressing of hen manure is given them and the bed is good for the third year, and it is wonderful how luxuriant they will come up in a few days. I have a bed treated this way which I am now picking my fourth crop from, and finer and better berries I never have raised. A noted berryman said to me yesterday: "Don't plough it up, see what it will do next year!"

One of my ways is to take a plough as soon as the fruit is done, and plough off the row of hills set two years before, leaving the last year sets; then make the soil fine between these rows and train the runners along so as to leave a path, and so have a new set without much bother. To get an abundance of berries does not cost me over two days' work in the year, aside from picking, and that performed at piecemeal; so I do not really feel that all this luxury has cost me a cent, but in the main their culture has been a sort of recreation. Currants follow the strawberries, and the raspberries are in quick succession, and then comes the garden, and in the season three or four kinds each of muskmelons, then the watermelons, until snow flies and later. For two years we have eaten our last watermelons during the holidays, for a good ripe watermelon laid upon the cool cellar bottom will keep for two months if not handled.—*John Gould, Ohio.*

Education on the Farm.

Many a young man is forced to go to work on the farm with very little schooling. Some have dreamed of a college course which they were finally obliged to give up for want of funds, and buckle into the steady pull of hard work. What is to be done? Give up all and lop down in a hopeless rut of careless knownothingism? No! For ever it is ours to choose our path in life; to distinguish between a right and a wrong way of doing whatever our hands must take hold of. A farm is a mine of wisdom; work on it is better than any agricultural college, if we are ready to make use of the helps to intelligent farming and good country living. No matter what our work in life may be, making the most of it in good faith and good courage makes the most of us, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. Take hold, one at a time, of the things you do not understand, from the composition of soil to the mechanics of the last invention. A question in the mind is a leading string of thought; follow it faithfully, patiently. Turn over in your mind the thing you find hardest to do, experiment until you are satisfied with your improvement. You may one day invent for others valuable helps in farm work. Begin to accumulate a farm and garden library of the very best works, one book at a time, as it can be well read and digested. Don't despise botany and chemistry, and gradually your farm work will become the centre of a wonderfully interesting school of life, which will keep you in touch and in sympathy with the whole world. Do the work, but don't forget the things that can be sandwiched in along with every day's duties. Be thankful for the farm itself, which is a mine of wealth in more than the literal sense.—*Louise M. Fuller, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Flossie's Tenths.

Flossie was very much like some other young ladies. Not being markedly proficient in any one thing, she had no objection to Algebra and read Vigil with tolerable ease; drew quite well, and practiced on the piano without a great amount of coaxing.

Out of school hours, also, she cheerfully aided her mother with the housework, doing usually the best parts, which Mrs. Gruden considered Flossie's share. The mother did the sweeping and Flossie did the dusting. The mother made the bread and roasted the meats and peeled the potatoes, and it was the daughter who set the table, cut the bread into delicate slices and toasted them. And it was generally the mother who washed the dishes, and the daughter who wiped them. But on rare occations the dish-washing fell to the lot of poor Flossie. At such times she would wield the dish-mop with tolerable cheerfulness—as far as the spider and kettles—these she left.

"Flossie," said mamma one day, "you have been asking for an allowance. Now if you will faithfully wash all the dishes every day for a week you shall have two dollars; but only if you say nothing more about the kettles. You know some one must clean them as well as the other dishes."

Flossie thought things over. She had never had a regular allowance, and she did want one most terribly. Kittie Austin and Julia Sanderson, her two dearest friends, often spoke of theirs. Several times she had heard Julia remark, "I've bought such a lovely ribbon, Floss," or, "You must see my new gloves, Flossie, they are just an exquisite shade." Then when a trace of a shadow crept over Flossie's open face, Julia would hasten to add, "I never should have had them but I purchased them myself with my allowance."

Then how freely and recklessly did Kittie buy dates and peanuts and candy, and every kind of sweetmeat. She pressed them upon Flossie, and Flossie accepted some, but often felt ashamed in the act because she seldom had any to give in return. But now she too could treat the other girls!

"Mamma, I'll try the dishes and endeavor to do all thoroughly, but oh, mamma! don't I dread the old black things!" Flossie shuddered.

So it came to pass that Flossie received a regular allowance.

When the first two dollars came Mrs. Gruden remarked, "You will have to buy your own hats and boots and gloves now, daughter. You will very often wish you had more; but this is all we can possibly afford; so just try and see how far two dollars will go."

You may be sure that this arrangement taught Flossie economy. Now and then she had to forego the bright ribbon she coveted in order to buy the needed pair of gloves; tempting confectionery wooed her in vain when she remembered that her weeks allowance must go into a pair of boots.

Sometimes at first Flossie would forget the thing she most needed, and away would go a good part of her money for something, pretty in itself, but needless.

I suppose some of my readers think that I am making a great fuss over Flossie's bit of spending-money. But the truth is that Flossie's father and mother were hard-working, self-denying people. Both willingly went without little luxuries for themselves that the daughter might have them, and very often purchased things they would not have but for Flossie's enjoyment.

One Sunday afternoon Flossie lay on the lounge in her own room. She had been pretending to read Mrs. Whitney, but her thoughts were on a topic that had drifted into her Sunday-school lesson, viz.' "self-worship." "What is self-worship?" asked Miss Colby. Flossie had characteristically answered, "Indulging yourself when you ought to indulge somebody else." Her thought about it now as she helped herself from a paper of chocolates creams, was, "Dear me! what a curious question for Miss Colby to ask."

Then her mind reverted to the many self-denials of her mother. The thought of them served to make Flossie feel rather uncomfortable, they were such a contrast to her own little self-indulgent ways. Her allowance was teaching her some valuable lesson.

But, and this thought also intruded itself upon the volume of Mrs. Whitney, Flossie had never learned to deny herself for Christ. After all, I hardly think she was so very different from a good many others. Was she?

Her attention had been called to the subject in this way: A lady came to the house one day to ask for money for some benevolent cause. During her call the visitor said, "I should find it very hard to give, were it not for the system of tenths. But four years ago I decided that part of my money was actually the Lord's and I ought to save it for Him. So I began to lay aside one-tenth of every bit of money I received, and now I would not miss the pleasure it gives me. Don't you like that way, Flossie?"

"We have not always been able to do that," said the mother, in shielding tones, "but I have thought I would try it."

The caller continued: "I have gained so much happiness in this way that I am very anxious to have others try it. Will you not, Flossie, if you never have?" The two talked about it a little, and Flossie, who liked Mrs. Wentworth ever so much, promised that she would try it.

So on this Sunday afternoon Flossie thought it over. She was given to thinking things over; and Miss Colby had been speaking to her about it in Sunday-school. Yesterday she had been given her two dollars. One-tenth of two dollars is only twenty cents. But Flossie felt that she could spare it some other time a great deal better than this. "Why, I haven't planned for it this time, and I want every cent of this two dollars."

"Then," pursuing her investigations, "fifty-two times twenty cents would be almost ten dollars and a half. The very idea of giving all that away!"

Do not blame Flossie very much. It was a new thing to her that part of her money belonged to Christ. But she was not a coward. When a thing seemed the right one to do, Flossie did it. Certainly, not without failures, for her nature was like that of other girls, very human. Will she learn this best of all lessons, to deny herself for Christ?

I must confess that Flossie had quite a struggle with herself before she said, "Yes, I'll do it."

This time it was a lovely screen that she had set her heart upon, and all because of those sacred twenty-cent bits, it was three weeks before she could buy it. During those three weeks there was a shining in Flossie's eyes never seen there before.

Mrs. Wentworth's Christmas to Flossie was a pocket book of red morocco. On one side were printed in gilt letters the words, "Freely Ye Have Received."

Flossie said she valued this gift more than any other. Do you wonder why?

She is still the same merry girl, with the same love of pretty knick-knacks and bright ribbons. Yet sometimes, when I think of her, she seems to me to be very different. It must be that she has consecrated herself.

"But is it necessary to give away a part of all we get?" asks some one.

"Excuse me, please, I really haven't time to discuss the question. Ask Flossie."—*Watchman.*

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