

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

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"Cannot something be done in the line of reform?" asked Everett.

"I don't know. Individual efforts are made from time to time; but the evil has grown so gradually that it is almost impossible to get people to realize its extent and effects. You see, there are two classes equally ignorant to be taught common sense. The parents are demanding that their children be taught everything; the school officers try to win distinction by adding to the number of studies and raising the standard of excellence. In this struggle of ambitions, both parties forget the delicacy and limitations of a child's brain."

"Why don't the teachers protest?" asked Rose.

"That is a leading question," said Mr. Minturn. "They are themselves victims of the double demand upon their skill. They realize the mistake that is practised; but when exhausted in the fight, they withdraw instead of appealing for a change of method. I take my own experience as a case in point. I did my best to supply capacities to a regiment of very fine young fellows. Each of the number would have excelled, with special training, in a few studies. When I consulted my brother professors on the subject of a radical reform, I found that nine out of ten of them were depending entirely upon the salaries for their living. They couldn't afford to be honest with themselves and their employers. A professorship in a college is not readily obtained, and it is easier to swim with the tide than force it into new channels. I resigned, not enjoying nervous headaches and a bad conscience."

"Oh, daddy!"

"It's so. The injustice done to the honest lads who trusted in the wisdom of the faculty was a haunting ghost. I had one pupil that I always contemplated as a parent. He was intended by nature for a historian; but his father wanted him to be a civil engineer. That boy had my warmest sympathy and respect. You see in England the system of education adopted by the better classes produces great men. The child's brain is nourished as carefully as his body. He is taught at home by a tutor, who learns his natural tastes and seeks to develop them. There, they don't train an oak to a wall, or try to make a vine stand upright. Individuality is recognized and assisted. Look at the results. Giants fill every department of learning. England can show us how to produce towering intellects."

"You think we Americans enjoy a dead level in that direction?"

"We haven't thought of much outside of money-getting for some years. Our plutocrats make quite a show in the world. A rich American is the trademark of the United States. Perhaps in the far future we may boast again of a philosopher, a statesman or philanthropist."

"There's a chance for you," said Rose, turning her eyes on Everett, who returned the glance with interest.

"We could stand a few great women," he said dryly.

"Suppose we get into the garden before we grow famous," suggested Mrs. Minturn.

"Find room to expand," said her son, laughing and leading the way. "Oh, reform will come. I must! England is setting us the fashion in unimportant matters. After a while we'll reach the foundation of her system."

"Progression by retrogression," said Everett, thoughtfully.

"Precisely. We have grown rapidly as a nation, but all in one direction. We lack breadth. Lots of people think that the world began when the Puritans landed at Plymouth. What do you smoke?"

"Nothing, just now. I see you—Miss Minturn, inspecting the watering of her garden."

"She has some nice plants out there, if you care for flowers."

"Indeed I do."

Everett joined Rose in a garden path, and Mr. Minturn contemplated their figures in the twilight, and puffed his evening cigar. His mother came to enjoy his reflections and the fragrant air, in which the perfume of mignonette was most perceptible.

"He is very nice, Robert. Not as handsome as his father was at his age, but I think more attractive in manner."

"He has had opportunities for cultivation that were not obtainable thirty years ago. He is decidedly charming. Now if he proves diligent, his mother will have her wish. I like his desire to please her."

"Just listen to Rose laughing! Pleasure expressed in sounds, I think."

"Yes, it is a comfort to hear her. He has a good laugh, too—honest and unaffected."

"Daddy, aren't you coming for a walk?"

"Yes, I'll be along in a moment. We are going to the great elm; bring my wrap."

Mr. Minturn followed leisurely, the wrap on his shoulder. He was humming a little song. Ahead of him were the tall slight figures; the moon was throwing shadows on the narrow path; the air was sweet with the freshness of a June night. Presently, his daughter paused, turned, and linked her arm in his.

CHAPTER III.

Everett's punctuality was perfect, and Mr. Minturn was satisfied with his natural powers and his application. As the weeks passed, he made the acquaintance of the people who frequented Mr. Minturn's house, and was included in the merry-making incidents

of the summer months. His social qualities were luminous, but he did not allow pleasure to encroach upon the hours devoted to study. His progress was decided and rapid, and, charmed by his letters and Mr. Minturn's reports, his mother decided to pay him a short visit, and in due time arrived with her party at the hotel in the Great Barrington.

The next morning, Everett reached Minturn's house while that gentleman was still at breakfast, and took a cup of coffee from Rose.

"Will you call this morning?" he said to her, as if continuing an old topic.

"No, I'll wait until afternoon. Father and grandma are coming with me. We are going in state, so as to make a proper impression."

Everett laughed merrily.

"I want to hear your impressions. Mother has a friend of Mollie's under her wing—a Miss Daphne Van Ness, who is supposed to represent all the distinguished straits of her Dutch ancestry. Somebody is ill or absent, and mother is taking her to Newport with Mollie."

"Van Ness," said Mrs. Minturn, abstractedly. "I used to buy oil and candles from a M.M. Van Ness. He was a very honest quiet man, and he laid up money and educated his children very carefully. Two of his sons went into the sugar business, when you were a baby, Robert. I heard they prospered wonderfully."

"I think you have placed Miss Van Ness. Mother told me that her grandfather made a fortune in sugar refining, and invested it in New York real estate. Their wealth is solid."

"Mother is a walking directory of Old New York. She can locate people as fast as you can name them."

"New York was a comparatively small place when I was growing up in it, and then my father, being a good physician and in great demand, was brought in contact with all sorts of people. So I had the benefit of his comments and opinions."

"And a doctor sees sides of life that are not often on exhibition," said Mr. Minturn. "Mother could entertain you by the hour with histories of New York families. They enjoy the fruits of their grandparents' labor. Our aristocracy is very modern. A sufficient bank account is the patent of nobility. Luxury is magnetic. Our desires increase with the means of gratifying them. I must say that I enjoy seeing these boys and girls reveling in the ease of inherited fortunes. They belong to the development of the country, and an equal division of estates among the children checks overgrowth and keeps the balance equal."

"Is Miss Van Ness pretty?" asked Rose.

"I was waiting for that question," said Everett. "You must see and judge for yourself."

"Pretty is that pretty does" remarked Mrs. Minturn. "You must tell your mother that we expect to bring you all back to tea with us. We have a carry-all quite large enough."

"How good of you! I can answer for Mollie—this place will satisfy her. She loves quaint, old gardens, and real comfort. My sister is a little trump, if I do say it—simple in her tastes and loyal to her friends. She is afraid this visit is going to interfere with my progress, so I must double my efforts this week and set her kind little heart at rest."

"I am sure we are going to have a lovely time!" said Rose, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushing. "If this is their first visit, they will be charmed with the scenery and the drives."

"I thought of a picnic to Bash-bish, one day."

"Oh, yes! The carry-all will be just the thing!"

"And you are to dine with us another day."

"Daddy has a dinner party arranged for Saturday."

"That disposes of three days. I fancy we'll be able to make the week a jolly one. Of course, with Newport in prospect, they won't be dazzled with our efforts; but we'll do our little best," said Everett.

"The choir has undertaken some extra singing for both services on Sunday."

Everett shook his head.

"I told them it was entirely too ambitious," said Rose.

"Absurd!" remarked Everett, as he left the room.

The afternoon was an ideal one. Mr. Minturn drove, and the hotel was soon reached. Everett received his friends, ushered them into the parlor, and made the necessary introductions. Rose was too much absorbed in her new acquaintances to pay much attention to the elders in the group. She was conversant with a steady conversation of a strictly reminiscent character, while she answered the two girls, who studied her with equal curiosity. Miss Everett was short and slight, and was exquisitely dressed in gray, relieved with touches of silver. She possessed the attractiveness of youth, but was not gifted with any beautiful feature. Miss Van Ness was above medium height, and was painfully laced into a costly costume of fawn-colored cloth, embroidered in pink, and gold. Her complexion was dull; there were dark rings below her heavy, blue-gray eyes; her features were large, and her voice was harsh. Both girls used quantities of slang, which was untranslatable to Rose, and pronounced "a" like "ar" in a manner supposed to be English, although the weakness of the imitation was unmistakable to any person who had ever met and conversed with a native of England.

Not having seen her brother for

weeks, Miss Everett had much to tell him; and Rose listened, entertained and interested by the medley of light topics and the expressions which he understood from habit.

He arranged to join the party at tea-time, and having assisted the girls into the roomy carry-all, returned to his studies. Mr. Minturn had Miss Everett beside him. Rose and Miss Van Ness occupied the back seat. The views and the charming air did not interest Miss Van Ness.

"Is Mr. Everett really going to pore over books until dusk?"

"So he said."

"How stupid!"

"Do you think so? I admire his perseverance."

"I suppose you see a great deal of him. Is he nice?"

"Haven't you met him before?"

"Not until last night. He has been at college, you know, and I have been abroad. It is too bad that he has to bury himself in his little town just when we want him in Newport! Do you live here all the year round?"

"Yes; but we travel in summer, and go to New York in winter, if we feel like having a change of air and scene."

"Are you going away this summer?"

"I think not, because father cannot take a trip. He has agreed to help Mr. Everett."

"Are you disappointed?"

"No; I am very fond of my garden. I'll be able to watch all my plants coming into bloom. Then, in September, we'll have quantities of plums and pears. It is very lovely here at all seasons. We always return with a sense of relief and pleasure, no matter where we go for change."

"I should die of dullness in a few weeks."

"Not if your home and its interests were here. Grandma and I are never idle."

"Well, I have all I can do to amuse myself. I like to be entertained. I must live where something is always going on."

"You like to sit in the boxes?"

Miss Van Ness gazed intently at Rose. "Yes, that expresses it; I prefer to be a spectator; don't you?"

"I think I would rather be on the stage."

"You are ambitious."

"No; but there is so much to be done that I always feel like helping with the work."

"What! in this stupid place?"

"Stupid to strangers; but it is the little world of the people who live here. They are indifferent to what lies beyond it. They couldn't be happy if they were discontented with their own conditions and surroundings. You see, it is only the small minority that can be entertained; the majority will always have to find sources of recreation within themselves."

"Where do you get your ideas?"

"They are not mine, particularly. I think I know just how a place like this impresses a visitor. I remember once we returned from New York and left the thinking world all excitement over some great question in politics. The next morning, I started out to visit an old friend of father's and take him a bundle of newspapers so that he should enjoy all sides of the discussion. I found him in his barn, white with anger, because his cider apples had been left too long and were useless. He couldn't think or talk of any other subject, and a week afterward my bundle, covered with dust, was lying in his library unopened."

"He wasn't very polite."

"He wasn't interested in the world at large; he was wholly occupied with his own concerns. The loss of his winter drink was a serious matter to him, and he touched him more closely than the tariff question. But I learned a lesson. The world is moved by the people who attend to their own affairs, and make themselves contented in the work."

A Happy Household

"Have you taken him any papers since?"

"No; I concluded to wait until he asked to see them."

"You amuse me."

"I can assure you that his apples have never been neglected since then."

"I shall be really curious to see your garden."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed."

Rose could not decide what Miss Van Ness thought of her home. The visitors inspected the house, its outhouses and gardens, with a degree of interest that suggested intense curiosity. The flower-garden was a mass of bloom, and the girls decorated themselves with their pet blossoms, and made a very striking picture when Everett arrived on the scene. His appearance produced the effects of sunlight upon gems, and the bright hours took wings. The drive to the hotel by moonlight was lengthened by a detour that led to the hills and disclosed an exquisite variety of view. The day was voted a success, and the doings planned for the morrow.

Father and daughter returned home in the dewy night air and exchanged impressions of their guests.

"I hope they won't be tempted to stay beyond the week, Rose. I don't want Everett distracted with Miss Van Ness' attentions. Once he gets through, he can please himself."

To be Continued.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

It is said that lightning may be recognized at a distance of 200 miles when clouds among which it plays are at a high altitude, but that thunder can seldom be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. The sound of thunder is also subject to retraction by layers of different density in the atmosphere, as well as to the effects of "sound shadows," produced by hills and other interposed objects. These are among the reasons for the existence of the so-called "sheet," or "summer" lightning, which seems to be unattended by thunder.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

FARM SLOVENLINESS.

Many farms are estimated below their true value because of slovenly appearance. Weeds higher than the fences, trees blown down and left to rot in the same place, fences out of repair, gates and barn doors off of hinges or swinging on one hinge, unsightly litter in door yard and at the barn, these and many such evidences of carelessness depreciate the value of any farm.

The soil may be excellent, the water facilities all that could be asked for, and all natural advantages requisite to make a good high priced farm may exist and yet that farm scarcely make its owner a living.

It can almost pass for a truism that the farmer makes the farm.

Many reasons that there is no money in keeping the farm neat, no cash in the carefully kept barn yard, and that there is no time for these matters. Such reckon at random. Pleasant surroundings do very materially aid us to do better work, man succumbs to such influences unconsciously.

The farmer with neat premises will have better crops, better stock and get more enjoyment in life.

A man who justly appreciated the commercial value of a neat, well kept farm made many dollars buying farms that the owners had neglected, at low prices, making them attractive and selling them for much larger sums than were paid. The repairs were made at small cost of money, the outlay being mostly judicious labor and taste.

The great difficulty is that farmers try to care for more land than one man can possibly attend to properly, hoping thereby to increase income. The harvest many times is disappointing and discouragement follows, but, unfortunately, the difficulty is not placed on the right scale.

Farming, as all other vocations, gives us returns in proportion to the kind of labor expended. Attention given to these seemingly trivial matters will give larger returns than are anticipated, and nature will aid us to beautify the farm home, and wherever the spots and daughters go this charming soil will be fondly cherished, whereas, too many remember the farm home as a wilderness of weeds and brush.

BAD ODORS IN MILK.

It is a well known fact and one which admits of no dispute, that in order to manufacture a perfect article we must employ perfect material.

This is just as true in the manufacture of butter and cheese as in any other article of commerce.

Every man of any experience knows that the open and avowed enemies of fine flavor in butter and cheese are bad odors. These may be of great variety but are most likely to be those arising from something the cows have eaten or from surroundings in the dairy barn or dairy house. No matter what the source, it is sure that the best results in the handling of milk and its products are only possible by the total eradication or elimination of such odors.

No matter whether the milk is to be made up at home, sent to the creamery or cheese factory, sold direct to the consumer, or shipped to the city, it should be relieved of all deleterious odors. Every time a dairyman resorts to this practice he adds to his reputation for the production of a pure and wholesome article of food.

The only absolute sure way to rid milk of foul odors is by aerating and cooling it. Simple cooling will not produce the best results; for the cooling of milk without aerating may lock up and hold the odors. On the other hand the aeration of milk destroys or sets free the bad odors entirely.

The best possible results are to be obtained by aerating and cooling the milk at once and at the same time.

HORSES' FEET.

The London Live Stock Journal remarks that a large, broad foot, approaching to roundness, is no indication of strength and durability of the hoof—rather a sign of weakness, as tending to become flat-soled. When seen in a horse used for riding or driving, it may be taken, as a rule, to be a sign of common or coarse blood in one of his near ancestors, and that he himself has probably inherited their sluggish temperament as well as foot conformation. The wall of the hoof should not bulge out too much at the side. It should be of a graduated oval shape, and not round. There is a popular opinion that while dark hoofs are inclined to be brittle, white hoofs are inclined to be soft. High authorities believe the opinion has no foundation in fact. What has the presence of pigment or absence of it in the hairs which surround the coronet, to do with the durability of the horn, of which it is a continuation? Perhaps the horse with the best-formed and soundest foot of all modern breeds is the thoroughbred Hackney.

CARE OF MILK AT FACTORIES.

If the cows have been kept in a clean, well-lighted stable, and not fed tainted food or given impure water, the milk will be in good condition for the manufacturer of cheese and butter. The main points in caring for it are to strain immediately through a fine wire or cloth strainer. Remove as soon as possible to where the air is pure, and aerate properly by means of an aerator. Keep the night's and morning's milk separated as long as possible.

Do not cool milk for cheese making, unless when holding Saturday night's and Sunday morning's milk until Monday. In very hot, close weather, the milk should be cooled, even for cheese. Cool milk for the creamery to 60 degrees or below after it is aerated. Protect the milk from rain and sunshine, but place where there is a free circulation of air. Wash the cans and pails, then subject to steam or scalding water. Do not return whey or sour milk in the milk cans.

EARLY MOULTING OF POULTRY.

It is a very important point at this time of the year to have stock moult early. Of course it is well understood that the younger the bird the earlier she moults. This pertains to last year's pullets, and they will, if properly fed during the winter and spring, be inclined to moult during July. Still, valuable assistance can be given them to compel them to shed their feathers early.

The new feathers cannot grow until the old ones are off; therefore a systematic feeding is necessary to compel an early moult. The soft morning mash becomes useful here, and it can be safely fed every other morning, and a portion of linseed meal introduced, making the component parts as follows: One-quarter bran, one-quarter ground corn and oats, one-quarter corn meal, and one-quarter linseed meal. About twice a week add a small portion of ground beef scraps to this mash and it will be found to form a good-balance ration.

But feed alone will not accomplish the whole result. Breeding-pens should be broken up just as soon as the egg supply begins to diminish, thus separating the males from the females. Hens fed liberally during the laying season are apt to take on flesh, but during the moult they need this liberal supply of food to help them grow the new feathers. By giving them free range, they will keep in much healthier condition and the food will assimilate better. The older hens, those a year, two years, or even three years old, will pay better in the fall as layers, when eggs are higher in price, than in the spring, when eggs are the cheapest. When the pullets are in full moult and have ceased laying, these old hens will continue laying until cold weather sets in, say November, and by this time the pullets should be laying again, and the new crop of spring pullets also. So that the old hens are not by any means entirely useless, if a continuous supply of eggs is desired.

PROTECTING CANADIAN GOODS.

The issue of The Adelaide (South Australia) Advertiser for June 14th, just received, gives the particulars of a trial which proves that even in that far away country the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. is as active in defending its rights and protecting the public against the schemes of substitutes and counterfeiters as it is here at home in Canada. In the trial in question Frank Ashley and William Smith were shown to have been engaged in offering a substitute for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, claiming that the substitute was the same as that justly celebrated medicine. Both men were placed under arrest on a charge of obtaining money under false pretence and conspiring to defraud the public, and evidence was heard before the Chief Justice of the Criminal Court. The defendants' lawyer made a strong fight in their behalf, but in spite of this the jury, after a short absence from the court returned a verdict of guilty red sentence until the close of the year in both cases. The Chief Justice deferentially, in addressing the jury, however, the learned judge spoke very strongly concerning the evils of substitution and the dangers to the victim that may ensue from this nefarious and too common practice. —Toronto Globe.

EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

A Man Who Has Tried Both Tells What He Thinks is More Comfortable.

"You say you never wore spectacles" said the near-sighted man. "Well if you ever put on a pair you'll never wear anything else. I wore eyeglasses for years. I thought they looked better on me, and then I imagined that they were more convenient; that I could take them off and put them on more readily and all that. But after wearing a pair of spectacles once for a few days—I put them on, as I thought at first, temporarily—I discovered that spectacles were the glasses for comfort."

"There are, to be sure, people who do not wear glasses all the time, but only for reading or writing, and so on, to whom eyeglasses may be more convenient; and then I believe that eyeglasses are made nowadays that have more scientifically adjusted grips, and all that sort of thing; but I tell you that the thing for real comfort is spectacles."

WAR AGAIN.

—Minnie—This weather is so trying, I must get something for my complexion.

Mamie—I didn't know you had any.