

MY STORY MARM?

My story, marm? Well, really, now, I have not much to say. But I would call a year ago, and then again today.

No need of words to tell you marm; for your own eyes could see how much the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread. And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed.

Now look into the larder, marm—there's sugar, flour and tea. And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

The pat that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer. But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year.

He pays his debts, is strong and well as any man can be. And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low. And he didn't like to meet the folks he once was proud to know.

But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free. And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

A year ago these little boys went strolling through the street. With scarcely clothing on their backs and nothing on their feet.

But they've neat and stockings now and garments, as you see. And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him—his coming stopped their play. But now when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away.

The boys all frolic around his chair, the baby climbs his knee. And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

Ah, those sad days are o'er, of sorrow and of pain. The children have their father back, and I my John again.

I pray excuse my weeping, marm—they're tears of joy, these. How much the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning, when he goes to work, I upward look and say, "O Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day.

And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee. For what the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOES.

Before putting on new patent leather shoes it is recommended to warm them slightly before a fire. This will soften the leather and prevent cracking.

After wearing them for the first time it is a good plan to oil the creases. A little attention of this kind in the beginning will make the shoes last twice as long.

Indeed, the proper care of one's boots is very important, not only as a matter of looks, but for the sake of economy as well.

In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending.

In certain parts of Asia Minor it is not unusual for a pair of shoes to be handed down from generation to generation, being worn only on state occasions, and carried in the hand by the proud possessor on Sunday.

THE FINGER RING.

In striking contrast with decorations worn on the clothing, in the hair, around the neck and arms or pendant from the ears, lips and nose, is a finger ring, the model of convenience. It is seldom lost, for it need not be taken off; requires no preparatory mutilation of the body, is not painful, is always in view, a perpetual reminder of the giver, and of the purpose for which it is worn.

The popularity of the ring must therefore be in large measure due to its convenience, and that this good quality was early learned may be inferred from the Hebrew tradition, which attributes the invention of this ornament to Tubal-Cain, "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

THE FRILLS AND FREAKS OF FASHION.

Some of the new dress cloaks are dainty enough for tea gowns or evening cloaks. One worn recently at the races was of few China silk, trimmed with double ruffles of ribbon round the hem, and had a cape of guipure tied with long ribbon loops. They are lined throughout with thin China silk.

Like an old picture was a wonderful evening gown worn by a fair young maid at a ball last. It was a white brocade, the skirt hanging straight and sheer from the bust to the feet, the full-gathered bodice girdled with a long sash of gold gauze, passed beneath the Watteau fulness of the back and knotted in front to fall with the gown to the slippered feet.

essor only. She it is that, knowing low-necked gowns so fashionable as well as comfortable, dons a garment of this description, only to present the appearance of the long-necked bird whose feathers are as charming as his throat is ugly, or the ungainly giraffe. She must suffer with the heat and a high stiff collar, or expose her scrawny, bony neck to the gaze of an unfeeling world.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

All the light soft summer materials, crepes, crepons, muslin delaines, and foulards are printed with large pompadour bouquets of flowers in pure Louis XV. colors, delicate half dead shades of pink and green and heliotrope.

For hats the blossoms most in vogue are forget-me-nots, orchids, poppies, blue and yellow flees, and clematis. Fancy Tuscan hats of plaited reeds include among their decorations velvet ears of rye, wheat and bows of wide green grasses.

One of the most striking novelties in foot-gear is the mephisto-piel-anth of scarlet and crimson, made to match the low shoes of red or patent leather. Sometimes the stockings are toned down with checks of black or a powdering of embroidered flowers.

Among the colors adopted by the Paris-syndicate for fall are "Euphroie," a bright black red, "Angeline," a pale apple green, "Paradis," a light Paradise yellow, "Diable," a bright cinnamon shade, "Eugenie," a brownish yellow, "Tramontane," a faded crimson, raspberry, and "Emmeuse," a deep purple.

Very little fringe is worn now by women in the street, and it is never seen forming an unbroken line across the forehead. In Paris they start out with the idea of no fringe, and they drag down a curl or two from some inexplicable source where to break the severity of the parted hair.

IT IS THE BEST.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best for the best of us. They are the best for the best of us. They are the best for the best of us.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT A FELLOW ENJOYS.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a fool submitting to the operation of a back scratcher. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing towards him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner changes as a mark of change, his eyes close, and an expression of intense enjoyment glazes his face.

Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which starts him, or until he has had as much scratching as he wants, when with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.—Over Dumb Animals.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SLOTH.

Those who are opposed to early rising—and as time goes on the numbers seem to increase—will learn with interest the opinion of a German doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, and finds that the majority of long lives indulged in late hours. At least eight out of ten persons over eighty never went to bed till well into the small hours and did not get up again till late in the day.

He considers that getting up early tends to exhaust the physical power and to shorten life, while the so-called invigorating early hours are, he thinks, apt to produce lassitude, and are positively dangerous to some constitutions. This explains the old maxim of early to bed and early to rise.—London Court Journal.

A GOOD SCHEME.

A druggist of Atlanta has invented a contrivance to prevent serious mistakes in filling prescriptions. His invention is a bottle, just like others, except in one particular. It has a glass stopper covered with innumerable sharp points that sensibly prick the hand if one is not careful in removing it from the bottle. All poisonous and dangerous drugs are to be kept in bottles like this. The peculiar contrivance will make the druggist careful, no matter how great his hurry, and if he is made to be cautious in handling bottles he will make no mistake in filling prescriptions.—Hamilton Times.

THE DISOBEDIENT LITTLE GIRL.

She was very fair, with light, fluffy curls, deep-blue eyes, and a roseland of a mouth. When asked her age, she said she was "half-past three."

Because she was so pretty, foolish people had praised her until the little head was nearly turned.

She had become so vain that she would cry if she could not wear one of her prettiest dresses every day. She would run away whenever she found a chance. This habit worried and frightened her friends.

One warm day her busy mother resolved to dress her so that there would be no danger of her running away. Removing her dress, shoes and stockings, some old slippers were tied on the bare feet; then a flour sack cut open at the end, with places at the sides for arm-holes, was put on her for a dress and tied around the waist with a tow-string. A newspaper pinned into the shape of a peaked hat was placed upon her head.

She was put out into the back yard with some playthings, and her mother with a sigh of relief, returned to her household duties.

A little while Jessie amused herself with her toys in the shade of a large tree. Tiring of this she looked about for something else. Seeing a loose board in the fence she pushed it aside, wriggled her plump little self through, and was in a neighbor's yard. There she saw an open gate leading out into the street. Forgetting all about her queer attire, she ran through it and down the street. Some small boys, catching sight of the strange object, ran with a whoop after her. Others joined as she ran on in mad haste. Soon the crowd were yelling the words in large letters on the paper dress, "Family Flour."

An old gentleman approached to learn the reason of the clamor. Seeing the boys in full chase of what he concluded was a child, he scattered the crowd, and a terrified little girl ran to him screaming, "Grandpa!"

After a look at the tear-stained face he recognized his own pet Jessie. He carried her home in his arms. It was her last runaway. This is a true story.

SUDDENLY PROSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent a note for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation about every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS, which saved my life.—MRS. J. N. VAN NATA, Mount Bridge, Ont.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

Their Persecution by the Protestants of Uganda.

A cable to the New York Herald from London, under the date of July 27, gives these particulars of the religious war now raging in Africa.

The latest advices from Uganda state that the British East Africa Company has become firmly established there. It is further stated that King Mwanga has escaped from the French Catholics, who recently had him in custody, and has returned to the Protestants.

King Mwanga is described by the officials of the Catholic Missionary Society as a conciliated young man, inflated with his own importance. He was always a bitter enemy of Christianity, and among his hostile deeds toward the missionaries must be counted the murder of Bishop Hannington on the coast of Uganda, and the massacre of his Christian subjects in 1885.

A letter from a missionary recently published in a Berlin paper says:—On Jan. 21, the English Captain Williams led his troops against the royal residence to seize the king; but Mwanga had fled. Captain Lugard availed himself of the victory to haul down the king's flag. He proclaimed the Mohammedan chief Mbugo his successor. These are the facts. All Catholic missionaries work is stopped, and 20,000 Catholics either murdered, sold as slaves, or dispersed in all directions. Who is responsible for all this? The English missionaries, who for years have preached hatred against the Catholics, and Captain Lugard, who was sent to protect the Christians against the Arabs, but has now made use of his power to destroy the Catholics and to make an Islamic king.

In October last Mwanga, who was already unpopular as a native, and who had been discovered to have conceived a bad plan, put to death his entire body-guard by abducting them to starve them on a small island in the lake. The body-guard, being warned, refused to enter the camp and returned to their capital, where they immediately attacked the palace. Mwanga fled to some assisting him, and his older brother, Kiwewa, was placed on the throne. Some time after Mwanga again fled to the upper land.

A letter written in the German station of Bakole on Nyaza, Victoria, by the Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Hirt, who is driven out of Uganda, contains what are alleged to be the most authentic details about the recent disturbances in that country. The letter is addressed to the General Superior of the White Fathers, and is dated February 10. Mgr. Hirt declares at once that the recent bloodshed was the work of the Protestants, supported by the agents of the British East Africa Company, and that recent events in that country form one of the most disgraceful pages in the history of the civilization of the Dark Continent.

The writer describes the religious and political state of Uganda during the last three years. He says:—It was the Protestants who first wished to form a special group, and were then the cause of a Protestant and a Catholic party being formed in Uganda being divided into equal parts between them. Then in order to play the game, became better. Religion and politics were mixed up together without the missionaries being able to separate the two questions. The British flag was taken by the Protestants as a signal for gathering together against the Catholics, and the attempt was made to force the flag upon King Mwanga without all such attempts. He claims a guarantee from officers of the British fort that the flag should afford protection to both parties equally. Instead of this his authority and that of his party was systematically undermined.—Boston Pilot.

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FARMERS' COLUMN.

THE ONE-HORSE FARMER.

The one-horse farmer has a life-long ambition to gain a reputation for wearing a dirty shirt.

He will alarm the neighborhood by getting up two hours before day, then sit around and not go to work till after sun-up.

He will complain of hard times, then tear his pants climbing a fence where a gate ought to be.

He will pay \$3 for a new bridle, then let the calf chew it to pieces before Sunday.

He will get all his neighbors to help in getting a cow out of the bog, then let her die for want of attention.

Stock will get in and destroy his crop at a place in his fence that he has put out for six months.

He will sprain his back lifting so nothing to show how strong he is.

He will talk a day Sunday on what he knows about farming, then ride around the neighborhood Monday hunting seed potatoes.

He will go in his shirt sleeves on a cold day to show how much he can stand, then return home at night and occupy two-thirds of the first place until bedtime.

He will illustrate the mechanism of a cotton planter, and then go out and much his thumb nailing a board on a fence.

He will go to town on Saturday and come back with fifty cent's worth of coffee, a paper of pins, a dollar's worth of chewing tobacco, and a steamer full of whisky.

He is economical; economy is his forte; he will save ten cents' worth of axle grease and ruin the spindle of a seventy-dollar wagon. He won't subscribe for a newspaper, but will borrow one from his friend, and forget to return it.

REDUCING BONES.

The reduction of bones and the manufacture of fertilizers on the farm is a work of considerable difficulty and for that reason and for lack of the knowledge just how to do things has suffered for the time and labor continued. And yet there are circumstances at times when the effort is worth making, and the end sought accomplished. A farmer, a correspondent from London, Mr. T. Graham, who was known as a very able and successful farmer, writes as follows in the Practical Farmer.

The only way in which bones can be made available for fertilizers by the ordinary farmer is by the treatment and this is a hardy to be made to my mind. I do not myself like to handle and keep in hand a great deal of phosphate and oil of vitriol. The greatest care is needed if you use any special manures, or burn more skin and fish than the fertilizer is worth after it is all ready. Even then the bones should be made as fine as can conveniently be done, before they are exposed to the action of the acid. My favorite way of treating old bones is to burn them. In spring I make a great fire of brush, rotten rick, knotty pieces of wood, and all sorts of rubbish and when a good body of live coal has accumulated underneath, I pile on the old bones somewhat gradually, and some coarser stuff if I have them. This will reduce the mass to a mixture of burnt bone-meal, lime and ash, and makes a good mineral fertilizer. Of course it depends the bones of what little nitrogen they contain, but puts the phosphoric acid in a shape in which plants can make immediate use of it. These are quick ways—and others of reducing bones to plant food are slow.

You can break the bones up as fine as possible, and put them in a large tin with fresh horse manure, moistening the mass sufficiently to keep it in a moderate state of fermentation. This in the course of months will soften the bones, so they can be used for manure.

Another way available for you, since you have easy access to wood ashes (provided they are unburnt) is to put them, broken in fine in a terrine, layers with the bones, and packing all tightly, as a man, and put on water enough to moisten the mass and keep it moist by additions of water when needed. In six months, in a year, the bones will be soft enough to be used for manure.

This mixture of ashes and bones will be first rate for your garden crops. Plaster Paris will seldom be of much use for the purpose, especially after it has been used for some time. Many of the grain farms in the East have been "plastered to death," and do not respond any more to further applications of plaster.

Of course the solution of the question of what fertilizers are best for your purposes, depends very much on the condition of your soil itself. On most grain farms it is mostly phosphoric acid that is needed. In that case apply phosphates—large dissolved bone, and phosphate phosphatic guano, South Carolina or Florida rock, phosphate meal (Thomas slag), etc., and if, as is likely on sandy soil, potash is needed also, the ashes will supply the deficiency. Should nitrates be needed also, as indicated by short growth of straw, try a little nitrate of soda, or other fertilizers furnishing just that element. Nobody can give you definite information on these things from a distance. Ask your own soil by making a few trials of the substances named.

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