

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 9, 1902.

HOW THE STEAMER LAKE SUPERIOR GROUNDED.

and while he considered him a good man... Mr. Mahoney witness answered a number of questions regarding the bringing of the boat into the harbor.

Chief Officer Turnbull.

The next witness was James Turnbull, chief mate of the Superior, who also had been examined before the pilot commission.

The Third Officer.

G. P. Blake, third officer, stated he heard the pilot give the order to port the helm, and he saw the order carried out.

Afternoon Session.

When court re-opened every seat in the room was occupied and a large number of people had to stand.

Capt. Clarke of the Neptune.

Captain Thomas Clark, of the tugboat Neptune, was called. He said he held a master's certificate and was attending the quarantine officer on the day the Lake Superior went ashore.

Kansas Dairy Cows.

Secretary Colburn of the Kansas state board of agriculture reports that the average yearly product of the Kansas dairy cow is \$9.65. They have been mostly bred for beef or are the "dual purpose" cows which Professor Shaw so much admires.

Capt. Stevens of the Lord Roberts.

Captain Frank Stevens, of the tug Lord Roberts, said he held an island certificate. He was about 100 feet from the harbor when the Lake Superior was docked.

Harbormaster Taylor.

Captain Charles Taylor, harbor master, saw the ship coming in the harbor and saw them let go the anchor about 10:30.

The Boatman.

John McGowan, boatman of the Superior, said he did not know how the ship was heading when she came up the harbor. He had visited the port more than a dozen times.

The Chief Engineer.

John Hattaghy, chief engineer of the Superior, produced his log, and said the engines were going full speed astern at 4:54 o'clock and stopped at 5:05.

Others for the Vessel.

William Gibb, second engineer, knew nothing further than the evidence given by the chief engineer.

Benjamin H. R. Hood, 3rd engineer.

Benjamin H. R. Hood, 3rd engineer, corroborated the chief's evidence.

Michael Matthews, boatman's mate.

Michael Matthews, boatman's mate, was sending up baggage from below when the ship struck and did not know anything about the accident.

William Carting, a donkeyman.

William Carting, a donkeyman, a board the ship, was asleep when the ship came to and did not know anything about the accident.

Julius LeBarre, quartermaster.

Julius LeBarre, quartermaster, was at the wheel coming up the harbor. Got an order from the pilot to port helm and later on got orders to starboard helm.

John Mahoney, pilot.

John Mahoney, pilot, gave the order to port and then steady, then the order to starboard.

The court was here adjourned until Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

FOR THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.



IN THE DAIRY

Concerning the use of farm separators in connection with creameries.

Dairy Commissioner McConnell of Minnesota says:

"The invasion of our state by the hand separator is a problem that we must wrestle with. The advantages of the hand separator are many, yet we seriously doubt, when all things are considered, whether they are going to drive away all the ills that the flesh is heir to."

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SLOPPING HOGS.

An Experienced Breeder Tells Just How He Does It.

A writer wishes that some one would invent a cheap way to mix slop, and John M. Jamison discusses the question as follows in National Stockman: He speaks of having 175 hogs on his farm to care for this winter when feed is high.

Chemical Weed Killing.

Arsenate of Soda and Carbolic Acid the Leading Destroyers.

A subject of growing interest is that of the possibility of successfully fighting weeds with chemicals. It is told that long ago as 1805 it was found at the Vermont station that the orange hawkweed, a serious pest in pastures and meadows, could be destroyed by spraying with the arsenate of soda.

Suppling Queens in Spring.

Very often, especially after a severe winter, some colonies will be queenless in the spring.

May and June Pigs.

On farms where cattle are fattened for the market pigs fattened in May and June will be large enough to follow the cattle the next winter.

Pigs in Winter.

Pigs in winter take a great deal of care, and one of the greatest cares is to keep them in a dry, warm place.

A POTATO TO INTEREST.

A Vineless Bush Sweet Potato—Handsome and Easy to Care For.

The Vineless Bush Sweet Potato of the Jersey Yellow variety in form and color after they were dug and the vine had become badly wilted, but it shows well the general character. The bush form is a great advantage in cultivation, especially in the garden.



VINELESS BUSH SWEET POTATO.

same as the Jersey Yellow when grown on the same soil.

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THE SAVINGS OF SARA.

A Lesson in Domestic Economy.

Next to Jack, I think I have been made happier than anyone else by Dorothy's engagement to him.

The other day, Dorothy came in with a dingy old office all day, I rarely saw her except in the evening, and did not know the delights of shopping and trailing about town after bargains with a really sympathetic and appreciative friend.

Now, as Jack is at his own office, that leaves our dear girl to me all day, and in the past two weeks we've had such a good time together!

The other day, Dorothy came in with an open letter in her hand, and without giving me a chance to show my curiosity by asking who it was from, she burst out breathlessly: "Hurry up, Polly, and get on your things! We're going out to West Newton, and we've barely time to catch the 10:15 train."

"Why, what—?" I began.

"I've got a note from Sara, and she wants us to come out to lunch and to spend the day with her. Hurry up!"

Now, Sara was one of us girls until she left us to be married, and she had returned from her wedding trip and settled in the cozy home but two months before. Dorothy and I had been out to pay our first call and had not seen her since, so I wasted no time in getting ready.

Well, when we got to the station, Sara was down to the station to meet us in her trap, which was a luxury her father had insisted upon her keeping. "Hop in, girls," she said briskly; "I've got you out here to show you how I economize. I hope you have a good square meal before you came away, for I haven't much besides crackers and water. If Dorothy is going to be married, she will need all the lessons in economy she can get."

The little house was as cozy as could be, and Sara explained that the reason they could afford to live in such aristocratic quarters was that Tom's father had said that he thought if Sara relieved him of the responsibility of looking after his boy the best he could do was to furnish him with a place to live in.

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"I won't begin by describing Sara's pretty and artistic little home, for I shall tell you about that some other time. As Dorothy 'peeped' the rooms from attic to cellar, she said: "Why, Sara, dear, your house is in perfect taste; I always thought people who economized used hand-painted china, and scrap baskets and things for easy chairs, and the remains of an old ball dress framed around the seat, and dressing table made out of packing boxes, draped in pink cheese cloth."

"Oh, no, not always," laughed Sara. "But I'll tell you some of the things I do economize in to you like."

"My dressing table is draped with the remains of my old night dress gown, and the wash basin is the bath room with which the girling around at the beach on you used to admire."

Dorothy gave a gasp of astonishment. "Then you really do use the kind of makeshifts one reads about in the Sunday papers!" she said.

"Well, yes, I suppose I do; and, Dorothy, you'll find after you get to keeping house that those same Sunday papers are a mine of information worth digging into. For instance, if you have something that is of no use to you and you don't know what to do with it, write to the home page of the Sunday Post and they'll tell you how to utilize it; or if you want to know how to make something you haven't got they'll tell you how to get it while as for recipes, there isn't a cook book in the uni case that can give you all you want, so I've found I can economize time and brain work by writing to the Sunday Post, to the cooking department, and asking for the particular recipe I want; I always get it, and it's really a tremendous help. But to return to our mission: you'll notice all those lovely things in the hall and up-stairs? Well, we didn't want to buy a lot of cheap rugs, and still we had to have some to use. We have the Smyrna and Persian rugs for the parlor and den, and shall get the others as we have the spare money. In the meantime those soft rugs in the bedrooms and red and green shades answer admirably and require no attention."

"They don't look at all cheap, I'm sure," said I.

"Well, but they are," said Sara, "and when I tell you that they were made from three or four discarded carpets which mamma had stored away in the garret for years, you will be surprised, won't you? There is a firm in Ohio who advertise to take old carpets and make them up into rugs in any size and fashion you desire. They ravel them all out, cleanse the warp and weft as they see them here (we carpet six or seven yards square will make three or four lovely rugs) and it really is a great saving."

"Sara," said Dorothy seriously, "I am going to be like Samantha and Josiah Allen; I won't be surprised! What are you going to show us next?"

Well, there were sachets for her bureau drawers made from her castoff silk dancing frocks, wadded and tufted, and giving forth a woody odor of old padding. There was a couch cover in the best bedroom made from her grandmother's old Paisley shawl, which had been a dream. Then she showed us her linen closet, with its drawers amply stocked with not only the beautiful linen which had been given her for her wedding but with a plentiful supply of other things. Two old tablecloths she had begged from her mother had been cut and neatly hemmed. "They are for glass," explained Sara. "They are beautiful, but, alas! I wish it so much better than the regular glass wallowing." Then

there lay a pile of sheets, which Sara told us she had been "tarning." It seems that they were worn in the middle, and she had torn them down the centre, hemmed the raw edges, which were to serve for the outside, then she had the selvages over and over for the centre. They lasted just twice as long in that way. There were neat little rolls of cheesecloth for handkerchiefs and rolls of soft old linen for use in case of sickness, as well as a large pile of pieces of old cotton. "My old pillow cases," said Sara, "I cut in half, hem and use for wiping windows. And, by the way, Dot, when you wash windows don't forget to polish them off with a crumpled old newspaper. It's great for taking off every vestige of lint and gives a brilliancy second to nothing."

We found that Sara had begged all the old sheets and pillow cases and linen of every description from her mother and her aunt's "to practice on," she said.

There were many other things to interest us and to talk over, and before we knew it it was nearly lunch time.

Sara left us in the pretty parlor, while she tied on a white apron and went out into the little kitchen to prepare the luncheon. She did her own work, having a woman come two or three times a week to aid her in the hardest, for, as she said she had started in to be economical, she thought that the best way of beginning.

When she called us to luncheon she explained that she had been arranging for an object lesson in domestic economy for our benefit. The delicious cream of chicken soup had been made from chicken bones, the accumulation of a week, and which she had let simmer all the morning. A half cup of cream was added, and a little celery salt, and it was thickened a trifle and strained. With it were served dainty bread sticks, which had been baked that morning with the bread.

The next dish looked as delicious as it proved to taste, and when we complimented Sara upon it she said: "Why that's only the halibut left over from last night's dinner. We had it boiled, and I first made a border of the mashed potato around this dish, then made a white sauce of half a pint of boiling milk, three ounces of butter and a bit of salt, thickening it with flour. I put a layer of this in the bottom of the dish, then sprinkled in some flakes of fish, then so on until my dish was full, sprinkling over the top some grated cheese, which happened to be the rind of the last piece we bought."

"Well if this is economy," said Dorothy between mouthfuls, "then I shall pray to be economical."

Next came another left over in the shape of fried chicken, Italian style. Sara explained: "This is the other half of the chicken we had for dinner last night. The water it was boiled in had been seasoned with an onion and a small dash of sherry, which gives it the bouquet. Then I fried it for us, in half a gill of olive oil with a bit of salt and pepper and a little minced onion. After it turned to this golden brown, I added a cup of the stock from which the soup was made, to the oil in which it was fried and thickened it with the yolks of two eggs, which makes what I call a delicious sauce."

"With it was served Delmonico potatoes. Of course you know," said Sara, "that they are only cold boiled potatoes, passed through a chopper and baked with cream and crumbs and cheese. Everyone knows how to do that."

The salad was composed of the celery left from the night before with two chopped apples and a few English walnut meats added, served with a delicious mayonnaise.

Then the dessert was a fitting end to this array of gastronomic delights, being a delicious cream made from the remains of a pint can of raspberries, which Sara had purchased at the W. E. & J. Union. The raspberries were strained through a piece of cheesecloth to keep the seeds from going through, and meanwhile a pint of cream was whipped to a stiff froth, with a bit of sugar to sweeten, then the raspberry juice was whipped in with it, and the cream heaped in high, slender glasses. It was fit for the gods, I can tell you. Coffee ended the repast.

Then Sara showed us her pantry, and the way in which she utilized everything. There were glass jars of bread crumbs, some browned and rolled fine, to rollysters and croquettes in for frying, and another jar held cubes of stale bread browned and cut into crumbs, with still another jar of twine back, all ready for serving with soup whenever wanted.

The pieces of stale cake were carefully put away in a tin box ready for a cabinet pudding, and on one side was the stock pot, into which all the bits of meat and bones were thrown. Everything was saved, even to the tiny bits of soap which was collected in the soap shaker that hung on its nail over the sink.

Every bit of brown paper, every bit of string, everything that could possibly be made use of again was saved, and put carefully away in its own particular place ready to catch up at a minute's notice. Sara, as she showed us over her domain, kept up a running fire of talk on her household economy, and Dorothy listened eagerly, drinking in every word.

Then when we came away Dorothy threw both arms around Sara's neck and gave her an ecstatic hug. "You dear," she said, "when I am married, I mean to do just as you are doing and help my boy save every cent; and you've taught me that economy isn't always the dingy cheerless look to hoe I've always supposed it to be, but that it can be made a science, and doesn't necessarily mean scrimping."

Then when we got almost home, she turned to me, walking from a brown at 45, and said: "Polly, I want you to save all your bits of soap for my soap shaker, and don't you think my young dimity gown will make lovely sack curtains?"

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Such a book we have our "New Household Manual." This book covers, in practical form, the whole field of domestic life, and gives information and directions concerning the many things which are essential to the health and happiness of the family, but which are seldom found in books. If you desire to secure the agency, write at once for particulars. Address: W. J. OSBORNE, Publisher, Garden street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED--By a young man of good ability to correspond with a young lady with view to matrimony. Address: Correspondence, Address: C. S. care of the Telegraph Office. 4-9-21-w.

WANTED--A second class Female Teacher for Dipper Harbor, District No. 7, St. John county, N. B. Apply: stating salary, for balance of term, to W. A. Gallant, secretary, Dipper Harbor, West. 4-6-21-w.

WANTED--A third class Female Teacher for school District No. 8, Parish of McAdam, Apply: stating salary, for balance of term, to W. A. Gallant, secretary, Box 77, Vanceboro, Me. 4-6-21-w.

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WANTED--A third class Female Teacher for school to commence 1st April. Apply: stating salary, to Donald S. McKinnon, District Director, Victoria county, Apply, stating salary, to Donald S. McKinnon, District Director, Victoria county, N. B. 4-2-21-w.

WANTED--By a New Brunswick woman an unmarried middle aged Protestant Correspondent. Farmer or mechanic preferred. All correspondence confidential. Address: L. M. N. B. 4-2-21-w.

WANTED--A second-class Female Teacher for the remainder of the present term--school to commence 1st April. District Director, Victoria county, N. B. 4-2-21-w.

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Henry W. Robertson, L. L. B.

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