

think they ever were so full of bloom as this summer. I often say I just feel Jesus gives so much bloom to cheer us along; passers-by and all say they are a lovely show. Now, dear Nookers, one and all, I hope this long letter will not weary you, but cheer you a wee bit, it is all I can do now, and to write is quite a task for me. Thanking one and all again for any kindness shown to me, may you not weary in well doing. The below lines came to my mind, so send them on to let you know I wish to do much if I could.

Oh, that I could be more useful,  
Helping others along,  
And wouldn't I really love to,  
If only I were strong!

Will close, with best wishes to all.  
Your shut-in.

LANKSHIRE LASS.  
Wellington Co., Ont.

Dear Junia,—Is there any way in which white marks can be removed from a varnished table. They were caused by a damp dress being left lying on it. If so, please publish in "The Farmer's Advocate." I would also like to know what causes white curd in butter.

MOLLIE.

The Scientific American gives the following treatment for the removal of white marks from varnished or polished wood: "Fold a sheet of blotting paper a couple of times (making four thicknesses of the paper), cover the place with it, and put a hot smoothing-iron thereon. Have ready at hand some bits of flannel, also folded, and made quite hot. As soon as the iron has made the surface of the wood quite warm remove the paper, etc., and go over the spot with a piece of paraffin, rubbing it hard enough to leave a coating of the substance. Now, with one of the hot pieces of flannel, rub the injured surface. Continue the rubbing, using freshly-warmed cloths, until the whiteness leaves the varnish or polish. The operation may have to be repeated.

White particles or curds in butter are caused by having the cream too warm, too sour, or not thoroughly and frequently stirred. Sometimes it results from particles of dried cream or the surface layers hardening through evaporation. As a remedy, thoroughly stir the cream from the bottom upwards whenever adding new quantities to the container, and strain the cream into the churn through a perforated-tin strainer dipper.

### Domestic Economy.

(Another Husband Housekeeper, supplementing the information already published in the Daily Mail, reveals the system of housekeeping by enforcing which he saves pounds and pounds and pounds a year.)

When Sunday's heavy meal is done  
Our joint's career is but begun.

Imprimis, undismayed and bold,  
It reappears on Monday, cold.

And lo! the same on Tuesday will  
Appear again, and colder still.

The odds and ends we keep in store,  
Divided neatly into four.

A portion (No. 1) will do  
For Wednesday's so-to-speak "ragout";

A portion (No. 2) will be  
The gist of Thursday's fricassee";

A portion (No. 3) supply  
The pith of Friday's "cottage pie";

A portion (No. 4) will play  
The leading role on Saturday,

Entitled, may be, "a la russe,"  
Or, better still, "anonymous."

Thus is economy attained,  
For thus is appetite constrained.

—From Punch.

### The Scrap Bag.

When a garment has been scorched in the ironing, unless too deep, a hot sun-bath will effectually draw out the spot. If not quite gone, wet the place, rub with laundry soap, and again lay in the sun.

A very convenient contrivance is a leaf, like a table-leaf, built on your kitchen wall. It is out of the way when not wanted, and ready for use when needed.

Oil your castors once in a while and see how much more easily large pieces of furniture may be moved.

Before washing red table-linen, add a little borax to the water.

Pure oil of turpentine, mixed with one per cent. of oil of lavender, is the finest of all simple methods for purifying the air of a stuffy room.

If a paper bag is slipped over the hand before the cloth is taken to clean the stove, the finger-tips and nails will be saved contact with the brine.

To Launder Art-muslin Curtains.—Art-muslin curtains should not be washed in warm water. Put them into a lather of nearly cold water. If the curtains are green, add a little vinegar; if lilac or pink, a little ammonia. Salt will set the colors of black-and-white muslins.

Lemonade is a splendid liver tonic. A glass of it taken every morning before breakfast will often clear up a muddy skin.

A towel wrung out of very hot water and applied to the back of the neck will often relieve severe headaches.

To remove the traces of mud from black garments, rub the spots with a raw potato cut in halves.

### Seasonable Cookery.

#### PICKLES AND SAUCES.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles.—Pare and scrape the insides from seven large, ripe cucumbers, cover with water to which has been added a tablespoonful of salt, and soak over night. In the morning, take one quart vinegar, one pound white sugar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cassia, and pepper; add the drained cucumbers, and just boil for two minutes, and bottle.

Sweet Pickled Apples.—Make a syrup of one cup of vinegar and two of sugar; add a few small pieces of whole cinnamon and some cloves. Pare and core sweet apples, drop them into the syrup, and let them cook till tender. Put in a jar and pour the syrup over them. They are ready to eat as soon as cold, and will keep for any length of time.

Spiced Apple Pickles.—To three pounds pared apples allow one and a half pounds sugar and a half-cup vinegar; tie up a stick or two of cinnamon, a blade or two of mace, a few cloves, in a bag, and put with vinegar and sugar and teacup water. When it boils, put in the apples; let them cook until they are tender. Pour the spiced vinegar over them. Scald once or twice the first week by draining off and reheating the vinegar. Small apples are best for this pickle.

Little White Onion Pickles.—Pour boiling water over the onions and peel; then cook in strong salt water a few minutes, take out and fill up the bottles, pour hot vinegar over, and seal. To make the vinegar, use two quarts of any kind of white vinegar, two cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, six drops of cinnamon oil, six drops of clove oil, and boil about ten minutes. A small red pepper or two will look pretty in the bottles. This quantity will make up two grape baskets of onions.

Pickled Cauliflower.—Separate the stems, wash them carefully, and sprinkle with salt, using half a pint of salt for a peck. Let them stand twelve hours, then shake off the salt. Lay them in jars with a few pepper-corns, and cover with boiling vinegar.

Pickled Beets.—Select small, red beets of even size and boil till tender; then drain and place in jars, cover with boiling vinegar (adding spices if desired), and seal.

Chow-chow of Ripe Cucumbers.—Use four quarts of ripe cucumbers, peeled and chopped fine, two quarts of white onions

chopped fine, half a pint of salt, two ounces of white mustard seed, two green peppers, and one red pepper, one tablespoonful of black pepper, and enough vinegar to cover. Mix the chopped onions and cucumbers with the salt, and put in the press for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time put the vegetables in a bowl and add the dry ingredients. Mix well, and then add the vinegar. Put the chow-chow in jars, placing a few nasturtium leaves and a few pieces of horse-radish root in the mouth of each jar. They flavor the chow-chow and help to keep it fresh.

Chow-chow No. 2.—For two quarts of this pickle use one good-sized head of cauliflower (one weighing about three pounds), eight small green peppers, ten small cucumbers, about one and a half inches long, one pint of pickling onions of the smallest size (they should be no larger than a cherry), one pint of salt, one quart of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of tumeric, a generous teaspoonful of cayenne, and one gill of water. Peel the onions and cook them in boiling water for a quarter of an hour; then pour off the water and put them into a bowl. Break the cauliflower into small branches and wash in cold water. Put the peppers, cucumbers and cauliflower into a large bowl. Put the salt into a stew-pan with two quarts of boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Skim this brine and pour a part on the vegetables and a part on the onions. Let these ingredients stand in a cold place for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time pour off the brine and put the vegetables into a preserving kettle. Mix the mustard, tumeric and cayenne with the water and add to the vegetables. Now add the vinegar, and place the kettle on the fire, heat slowly to the boiling-point, and simmer for one hour. Put the pickle into hot jars, and seal.

### On the Little Mill Trace.

It was cold in the mountains. The ivory laden summits towered white against the brilliant blue of the west, steep after steep. From above the sun poured down a flood of light, but it was light without warmth. Save for a few curls of smoke, that rose visibly against the snow to vanish again, no sign of life showed on the crackling tree-clad heights. The song birds had long ago gone, and the four-footed mountain prowlers were tucked snugly away in dens and hollow trees, sheltering themselves from the icy wind. Even the mountaineers, inured to cold and made rugged by their hard lives, clung closely to their mud chinked cabins, hovering above roaring, oak log fires.

Warmly wrapped as I was, I heaved an anticipatory sigh when, at the top of a ridge, my guide pointed a glove swathed finger at a prosperous looking log cabin, behind which showed a meat house and lines of bee gum hives. Some distance beyond rose a curl of smoke that betokened another cabin.

"That's Zeke Tolliver's," he explained. "Yonder's the little schoolmistress' cabin."

Interestedly I studied the cabin, wondering whether Zeke or anybody else would tell me enough to repay me for my visit to this far-away mountain region in the depths of winter. As we drew nearer I could see that the path from Zeke's to the cabin beyond was well trampled. Along it a half grown boy, wrapped like a bear against the cold, was just coming into view through the ice-laden trees. Close to Zeke's my guide stopped him.

"How is she?" he asked.

The boy did not ask whom he meant. "She's dyin'," he mumbled. "Dr. Saunders says she'll live a week maybe; but she's dyin'." He choked up and hurried past.

My guide looked after him. "That's Bill Floyd," he grunted. "He's been walking five miles every day from Three Ridges to ask about her." I noticed that the guide, too, assumed that there could be but one "her."

He was right. The nearer I had come to the mountains the more it had been born in upon me that there was one woman and only one so far as the people of the region were concerned, and that one was the woman whose illness had drawn me all the way from New York in search of a "heart interest" story for the daily newspaper for which

I wrote. One woman—and she was dying.

Every one in the mountains seemed to know it. Rockfish had heard it; Devil's Knob had heard it; Nellyford had heard it; Massanitten had sent a delegate thirty miles to inquire as to its truth; Three Ridges had held a meeting and had subscribed various mites for her benefit. Throughout the length and breadth of four counties the first question asked when men and women met was as to the health of the little schoolmistress of Little Mill Trace, Four counties! Few are carried in the hearts of the men and women of four counties. So general was the interest that even the correspondent of The Gazette in the Piedmont county to the east heard of it and sent in an item about it—an item that had brought me to the mountains.

The absorbing interest felt was the more remarkable because the schoolmistress of Little Mill Trace seemed not to be a native of the region, though she had lived in it for so long that no one whom I had yet seen could tell when or how she had come. Most of those whom I questioned knew only that for thirty years she had lived in the cabin back of the Little Mill Trace schoolhouse and had taught day after day all who would come to her. Thirty classes—old and young, male and female—she had started upon the road to knowledge, offering their members escape from the narrow lives and hopeless ignorance that had hedged their parents for generations. Thirty classes she had taught that there were deeds to be done and prizes to be gained, both at home and in the great world that lay outside the towering mountain walls which ringed the Little Mill Trace. A few it seemed had gone forth and made great names for themselves—names that echoed even back across the mountains. Others had gone and had neither come back nor sent word to tell of their whereabouts. Most, however, had remained at their homes, richer, stronger, happier, for the knowledge that she had given them. Insensibly the whole tone of the region had changed. "Those people up there are most half civilized now," admitted one of my informants wonderingly.

And now she was dying. The Ridge could not believe it. She had been a torch for so many, lighting the way to better things. She stood for hope in the eyes of so many who had planned to attend her little schoolhouse "next year." It seemed impossible that she was going away and that the doors which had stood open for thirty years were to be closed forever.

So much I gathered here and there as I climbed the icy trails that led to the Little Mill Trace region. But of the woman herself, of her derivation, her history, her reasons for undertaking the great, unending task she had so splendidly begun, I could learn nothing. "Ask Zeke Tolliver," people told me. "He knows." So I had come to ask Zeke Tolliver. Zeke was at home. He rose and came forward to meet me as I entered—a huge old man, bearded and unkempt, and uncouth in speech, though not from lack of education. More than once as he talked he surprised me by his unexpected knowledge of the world.

"She came up hyer thirty-five years ago—thirty-five years 'most to a day," he said. "I know, fur I was forty years old the day I first see her and I'm seventy-five now. She's lived hyer ever since.

"I reckon you think we're mighty poor and shifless and onery up hyer. An' I reckon you're right! I reckon you're right! But we ain't neerer about as poor and shifless an' onery as we was when the little schoolmistress come. In them days we hved mighty nigh hand to mouth. We hadn't nothing—no fields no roads, no doctor, no preacher, no learning—nothing but old burnt-out muskets and a little powder and ball an' tobacco.

"Then the little schoolmistress come. She warn't the little schoolmistress then. She was jest a girl with white cheeks and with fear in her eyes. She come out of the night and fainted at the door of Dad's cabin. Mam looked at her and took her in an' turned us all out. An' before mornin' there was two of them. She never explained nothing; never said whar she come from; never told nary word about the baby's