

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD

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CHAPTER I.

Some years ago, one of the most beautiful places in the neighborhood of Great Barrington was owned and occupied by Mr. Robert Minturn and his family. As a rule, this household was an example of domestic concord and happiness. An easy income exercised one common source of anxiety, and the judicious mingling of common-sense and philosophy in conducting the ordinary affairs of life prevented the growth of minor annoyances.

The house was large, irregularly built, and the very perfection of comfort. Mr. Minturn had a theory, and also the means of putting it into practice. He believed in individuality and the opportunities for its growth. He had his own rooms, his favorite pursuits, and every requisite for their enjoyment. His mother had her wing, where she ruled as she pleased, and his daughter was mistress of the main building and of herself.

Mr. Minturn would point to trees as illustrating the truth of his reasoning. Those that had room to develop and expand, equally were perfect in form, beautifully balanced, and exquisitely graceful; those that grew in the dense depths of the forest were but poor specimens of their kind. Lacking space, forced to seek light in spite of it, they were irregular, crooked, stunted, and often grotesque. So, to the full extent of his ability, he protected the sacredness of individuality in the members of his own family.

One afternoon in June, soon after the arrival of the mail, the ladies of the household became conscious of the fact that something had occurred to disturb the equilibrium of its owner. Mrs. Minturn had taken her knitting to the shaded corner of the side porch, and her granddaughter was sauntering about the garden, examining the buds on the rose trees.

"He has had bad news, dear," said Mrs. Minturn.

"But what could it be about, grandma? Money, perhaps. I don't think he would keep it to himself if it were only a loss of money."

"Oh, no. Besides, he wouldn't go off by himself to worry over a sum of money. He would come and share the news with us. Suppose you go to him, pet?"

The "pet" looked at her grandmother, and then at the windows of her father's study.

"Better wait! He'll take us into his confidence after a while. He could not keep a secret from us."

"Maybe old Mr. Pounce is dead."

"Daddy wouldn't run away from us for that."

"No; I don't suppose that any one will cry after poor Tom Pounce."

"How could any one miss him—a miser who never does a kindness to a human being, and threatens to leave his millions to public charities and let his relatives struggle along for existence?"

Mrs. Minturn sighed and grew absorbed. Presently the girl approached, and bent to kiss her.

"Grandma, you always look unutterable things when old Mr. Pounce is mentioned. I suppose he was one of your admirers?"

"Yes, he once asked me to marry him."

"But you never liked him? You couldn't have cared for a man with his disposition."

"I preferred your grandfather, love. But I often think that a good woman who could have loved him would have influenced him and altered his life. Hasn't some one discovered that a woman always has a kind thought for the man who proved that he appreciated her?"

"Who could help loving you? I know you were beautiful. Was he rich then?"

"Oh, no, love. No one was very rich fifty years ago. He had his business, and I think, was better established in it than your grandfather was in his. But we were all very well-to-do, as we used to say. I don't think that people laid so much stress upon money when I was young. Character was the great thing. The young men expected to learn and labor truly to get their living, as the catechism says, and the young women were glad to marry them and take care of them and their earnings. We lived by faith then. If a man was upright and industrious, the future looked cheerful and the present was fully enjoyed. When I was young life was full, and broad and deep. A man and woman had to be all-in-all to each other. The outside resources that exist now were unknown then. Home meant mutual love, confidence, sympathy."

"Poor Mr. Pounce! When he could not have you I suppose he made up his mind not to marry, and he devoted himself to money-getting. No wonder he has plenty of it, after fifty years of hard work. Why, daddy says that he is in his office as promptly as any of the clerks."

"Yes, his heart is in his business. See, here comes your father."

"Yes; now we'll hear the latest."

Mr. Minturn had thrown open a side door of his wing, and now approached, holding an open letter.

He was a tall, fair man with fine features, and a smile like a school-boy.

"What do you suppose Martha Everett wants me to do?"

"She was always ready with strange propositions. Has she found a wife for you? That was one of her pet schemes."

"Does she want you to stand for Congress, daddy?"

"Guess again; but you would never imagine what she utters of me. It seems that Larry has failed in mathematics, and he will be given another examination in the fall. I might as well candid with you. Now, she thinks I can coach him, being a professor

cause I like young people. I'll think about it. I can telegraph in the morning."

CHAPTER II.

About dusk on the next afternoon a tall, muscular young man in navy blue opened Mr. Minturn's gate and sauntered across the lawn, glancing at the broad front porch, with its array of empty easy-chairs. The doors and windows were open, and the sound of voices reached him coming from the direction of the garden at the side of the house.

As he approached the steps, Mr. Minturn turned the angle of the house and came forward with outstretched hands. "I should know you anywhere! You are so like your mother. Come this way; my mother will be delighted to see you. So you got my message promptly?"

"Yes, and I didn't lose a moment."

"That was right. Mother, would you know?"

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Minturn was holding out her hands and smiling. "He resembles his grandfather."

"I don't remember him; but I can see his mother in his eyes. This is my daughter, Everett; my Hardy Rose. I call her, because she is always blooming as you see, winter and summer."

Rose laughed merrily, and put out her hand.

"It is so glad you came."

"It is like coming home," said Everett, frankly. "How good of you all to make me so welcome."

"It is very nice to have the pleasure," said Mr. Minturn, feeling the charm of Everett's manner and the winning, boyish smile that seemed to beautify his features as if by magic.

"You are just in time for tea. I hope you are old-fashioned enough to enjoy a cup with us."

"I am a perfect antique in that particular. My den is known as the tea-room."

Having touched on the topic, Everett went on with an account of his college life and discussed his standing and disabilities with simplicity and earnestness. Rose listened attentively, and mechanically did the honors of the table without losing a word of the conversation.

"If I start to-morrow morning at the very foot of the mountain, and work indefatigably, I ought to pull through in September. What do you think, Mr. Minturn?"

"I agree with you, provided, always, that the mentality is present. There is a kind of deficiency, you know, that study cannot supply."

"I have thought of that; but I feel sure that I have the capacity if I can command the training. You see, I was doing well in my studies, when my mother concluded to go abroad. I think the change did me good in lots of ways. I was inclined to be delicate; but we two went from place to place, avoiding cold weather and living in the open and I grew like a young lion. I had good tutors from time to time, and I am up all right in what I study with them. The joke is that they all shirked mathematics, and to graduate as I want to graduate, a man must be up in the exact sciences, I did for a while contemplate giving up the effort, and going right into the office. Mother is so completely cut up about it, you can't reason with her at all. She says the Everetts must be deteriorating mentally if I can't do what my father did before me. So, for her sake, I'm willing to turn school-boy this summer, and I don't know how to thank you for agreeing to help me."

"Succeed, my dear fellow, and I shall be amply repaid for what I may do for you. How early can you get here in the morning?"

"At any hour that you may appoint. I can have my breakfast at six, they tell me."

"That's good. By half-past seven we can commence work."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Minturn; "you are in earnest."

"I shall be all lines and curves and angles by lunch-time," said Rose, her beaming eyes meeting Everett's.

"I suppose you are at home in Euclid. A Happy Household gal 2."

Rose glanced at her father.

"I never got beyond the threshold."

"That is a sore point with my daughter. People are apt to think that mathematics must run in the family. The fact is, I know that Rose could not do it without sacrificing some of her strength, and I don't want to do that. I am glad that you are so thoughtful, and I am glad that she has never had a pain or ache that she can remember, and I am satisfied."

"She should have a diploma for that!" cried Everett, with admiration in his eyes and voice.

"We may live to see colleges founded here, efforts for physical perfection will take the place of mental cultivation. I shouldn't object to letting you try for honors in such a school."

"Oh, daddy! You are an anachronism. You should have been a Greek, centuries ago."

"I'm content. We can copy the wisdom of any age, you see, and add it to the advantages of our own. I say, first be healthy, then study thoroughly to your own limits. The truth is, Everett, I am wholly opposed to our present theory and practice of education, and I am thankful to say that I came to my senses in time to save my child from its ruinous effects. This mental cramming has the same results as over-eating. The brain is weakened. The diploma gained, the reaction sets in. The mind is exhausted, enfeebled. Its proper, gradual, full development is no longer possible. The attempt to do the work of twenty years in four has rendered the entire scheme abortive. Why, look about you and see for yourself the outcome of our boasted system of free schools and endowed colleges. We have clever men and women, but no great ones. Education steps with the certificate setting forth that its owner knows just so much, having passed successfully an examination limited to the knowledge of the men who drew up the questions to be answered. Our bright boys and girls are mentally destroyed by this process. They are like plants forced into one magnificent mass of bloom that kills them."

To Be Continued.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

LONG KEEPING BUTTER.

A correspondent has this to say about making butter that will keep a long time without deteriorating in flavor:

"I want to give the methods of some dairies that are to-day and have been for more than twenty-five years, year after year, making and selling for prices from five cents to ten cents above highest quotations."

First of all, they have good, healthy cows that have pure food, pure water and pure air. They are run in pastures that are kept as free as possible from weeds. Their stables are light, roomy and well ventilated. The cows are never worried by either men or dogs. They are fed, milked and handled in all ways with the strictest regularity as to hours, and by the same persons, especially as to being milked. The milk is never allowed to stand in stable—or any other place where there might be objectionable odors—until it cools to the temperature of the stable. The milk is strained through wire and cloth strainers into the pans or creamery or separator, whichever method of creaming is used.

Most of those who have successfully made this kind of keeping butter use the gravity process of creaming. Still the method of creaming matters but little, provided you get the right quality of cream and can ripen it to perfection. They skim their milk just as soon as the milk shows the least acidity. The cream is churned in about forty-eight hours after being taken from the milk. As regards temperature, as much as possible the milk from the gravity process is kept at from sixty degrees to seventy degrees.

So also is the cream after being taken from the milk. Generally speaking, the cream from the milk handled in this way is what would be called forty to forty-five per cent. cream—that is, 2.4 to 2.5 pounds of finished butter. Cream of this quality would necessarily be quite free from other matter than butter fat as compared with cream of which it takes four to four and one-half pounds for a pound of butter.

The cream is churned at a temperature ranging from fifty-eight degrees to sixty-two degrees, as the temperature of the air may be at time and place of churning. When the cream begins to show a general form in the churn especially with the heaviest per cent. of cream, some well water of about sixty degrees temperature is put into the churn. As soon as the butter globules form into size like small shot or grains of wheat, the butter is run off and the butter is washed with water at not far from sixty degrees temperature. After washing and draining as dry as possible, the butter is taken from the churn, weighed and put on butter worker ready to be salted. The quantity of salt runs from one to one and a quarter ounces per pound of butter, as customers may desire. When the salt is thoroughly worked into the butter it is rolled into large lump and after being well covered with a linen cloth dampened so as to exclude the air as much as possible, it is left for four or five hours, when it receives another slight working and is packed or stamped into pound prints.

So much for the method of making. Now as to packing, when wanted in large packages, the best package I have ever yet used is a first class well made white oak package. These should be well soaked in brine for several days before being used. The butter is put into these packages in quantities that will make a layer not far from two inches in thickness. When this layer is firmly pressed down in the package, a sprinkling of salt is put on top of the butter and another layer of butter put on until the package is full. When filled, a piece of muslin placed over the butter and a layer of salt on top of the muslin. The salt is dampened and well placed against sides of package. Sometimes the salt will need moistening a second time. A smooth stone or piece of plank is laid over the package and it is left in this package until it is shipped. When a sack the size of the package should be made that will hold salt to the quantity of one-half inch thickness. This can be put on top of the butter and kept until the butter is all used out.

To get the butter from the package in good shape a V shaped piece may first be taken from a layer, and then you can cut out any shape or size you like. Great care must be taken at all times when butter is taken from a package to see that the bag of salt is put back in good shape, and you are safe against having tainted butter.

CRIMSON CLOVER.

The value of crimson clover is not as a food for stock, but as a crop to be ploughed under in the spring. Clover derives a large share of its nitrogen from the atmosphere through the agency of minute organisms, and as nitrogen is the most costly fertilizer that the farmer must procure, the use of crimson clover is a cheap mode of adding fertility to the soil. It covers the ground in the winter and prevents loss of soluble plant food that would be carried away by rains and snows on bare soil; hence it not only adds nitrogen to the soil, but prevents the loss of that existing therein, and

so rapid is its growth in early spring that it is usually high enough to be ploughed under by the time corn-planting must be done. Farmers who have grown rye know that rye covers the ground and provides late pasturage for stock when other green food is scarce, and it also gives the early green food after winter is past. Crimson clover will keep pace with rye in that respect, being the first to push ahead in spring and provide early green food should it be required, but the main object in growing crimson clover should be that of turning it under, as it is more valuable for that purpose than any other crop in comparison with the cost and period of time during which such a crop is secured. Every piece of land that contains no crop should be seeded down to crimson clover.

Failures have resulted with crimson clover even when the conditions were apparently favorable, but one of the errors into which farmers fall is that of seeding it down too late in the year. This was due to the extravagant claims made in its favor. It is safe to admit that farmers have had fairly good crops of crimson clover after sowing the seed on corn land after the corn was "laid by," but as a rule the weeds, birds, and other drawbacks do not promise good results under such methods. The proper time to seed crimson clover is just as soon as the dry portion of the summer is over. It is better to seed about the first of August than to delay to a later time, and the ground should be ploughed and carefully harrowed, the seed to be brushed in using the same quantity of seed as of red clover. If the seeding is properly done there will be a fair start, and the field will be uniform. The plants will become well rooted before winter and will have made sufficient growth before cold weather sets in to prevent being thrown up by frost. Early in the spring, if the clover has started well, it will be fairly under way before other plants have recovered from their torpidity, reaching the blooming stage before the land is ready for corn, and will almost tempt the farmer to cut it instead of using it as a sowing crop. After sowing the seed it will be an advantage to apply wood ashes on the land, or lime, and lime will also be of assistance if applied to the land in the spring after the crop is ploughed under.

INSECTICIDE FOR PLANTS.

Cosmos, a French scientific review, says that a South American farmer has recently made an accidental discovery of great value to gardeners and florists.

It was to the effect that leaves of the tomato-plant will drive insects away from other plants. He covered away from other plants. He covered shrubs he wished to protect from the sun and from small insects, and was delighted to find that the latter cleared off as soon as they got the odor of the tomato leaves.

He then extended the same treatment to an entire row of young peach trees, and his success was complete. To render the process more simple, he tried a decoction of the fresh tomato leaves as a spray on other trees and shrubs, and found that he had a perfectly effective weapon which cost practically nothing. He also found a spray of the same kind would keep flies off his horses.

A Carpenter's Story.

STRICKEN WITH LA GRIPPE, FOLLOWED BY RHEUMATISM.

Suffered a Great Deal and for Two Months Was Unable to Work — Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Health.

From the Reporter, Palmerston, Ont.

There is not a better known man in Palmerston, than Mr. Jas. Skea, who for the past twenty-four years has followed the trade of carpentry in the town. Mr. Skea, who is a native of the Orkney Islands, is now sixty-six years of age and is hale and hearty. A few years ago he was attacked with grip, which left in its wake acute rheumatism. For two months he was unable to work and suffered a great deal from this dread disease. He used several kinds of liniments, but to no avail. Having read in the papers of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People he decided to try them. He took one box and was surprised at the effect. He took a second and finally a third, when he found that his old enemy was about routed.

To a Reporter representative, who called upon him at his residence to find out if the reported cure was correct, Mr. Skea said: "I was greatly surprised at the result of taking a couple of boxes. I suffered fearfully, but they made a new man of me, and fixed me right up. I now take them every spring and fall to guard against colds and grip. They are the only thing that does me any good. Mr. Campbell or Mr. Thom will tell you that I wouldn't be without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anything. They are the best medicine in the world. Though I am up in years, my health is good and I am right as a dollar. I attribute it to the use of these Pills. I recommended them to Mr. William Beattie, carpenter foreman on the G. N. W., who had also been troubled with rheumatism and they speedily effected a cure in his case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."