Board Works Jan 1 01

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
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Quinine Wine
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We Guarantee it at
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Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

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STOVES at low prices.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 48 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 8, 1903 D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00

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JOHN McDONALD & CO.
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Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
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One Woman Too Many

"Why so petulant, Ally? Had a hard day's shopping? Confide in your cousin."

The man looked at his table-companion out of the corners of his eyes and then smiled blandly at the entree which the hand of an invisible man insinuated between him and his host's daughter.

Miss Alice Frankle's dark face darkened, her mouth contracted impatiently, and her eyes roved over the glittering dinner-table.

"Relatively," he continued, "I know I'm a bore compared with—with Sir John, yonder, for instance. But I have many good points. Talk stocks, shares, and so on, and you'll find me bright as a button."

"I'm sick of such subjects! Surely, surely, surely it's enough to know we're worth millions? and that I'm heiress to it all without having to think of the deals that did it, and the 'flutters' that increase it. Give me a man who——"

"With a soul above money—eh? My dear cousin, let me tell you a secret. There aren't any to be had!"

"I think I know one," she said bitterly.

"Where? What's the figure he won't bite at? Who is the—— Oh, bosh! There isn't a man in London, not in some matrimonial trust or combine, who wouldn't bite at your purse-strings, for instance." He glanced over the dinner-table at the assembled guests, and pursed his lips up as if to whistle. "You don't mean Sir John Leveral?"

Miss Frankle did not reply: indeed, she scarcely spoke again during the dinner, but whenever her eyes rose from her plate they always dwelt for a moment on the handsome face of Sir John Leveral before they returned; and each time an unmistakable gleam of malice brightened them. She knew she was beautiful, and to have her beauty slighted was galling enough; but for her charms to be resisted, and the magnetism of her immense fortune defied by a man circumstanced as she knew the young baronet was, filled her narrow little soul with torturing resentment. No, he had no excuse; on the contrary, the very circumstances which led to him being so often present at her parents' entertainments should have excited in him some susceptibility to the influence of her charms and the glamour of her fortune. But no: he had purposely misunderstood her insinuating sentences, which would have brought other men to her feet at once; and he had laughed away lightly every suggestion of a caress in her look, manner, or action. He had stung her pride to madness.

And yet it was nearly always at her suggestion that it was arranged for him to come, although his coldness, indifference to her changed her love or him into an unruly passion. But the notion that he might choose another woman was worse. That was as the infinite to the minute.

And so long as she could stealthily watch him and perceive him drifting in love towards Cynthia Barry, she could tell when the moment arrived to strike, to crush him in humility, to expose and shame him, and Cynthia Barry, too. For what would Cynthia's feeling be when she learnt she had been made love to—she, a Barry, with two thousand a year—made love to by an "extra man!" A pittance, perhaps—two thousand a year, but enough to make a woman strong in a spirit of independence, and to nourish a Barry's hereditary pride.

She watched them furtively through the dinner, and with a jealous woman's instinct divined that Miss Barry found almost as much pleasure in Sir John's company as he found in hers; and when the millionaire's daughter rose with the ladies from the table, she had decided that the hour of Sir John's humiliation was rapidly approaching. She knew it had arrived when, an hour later, she missed Cynthia and Sir John from the drawing-room, and, stealing into the conservatory, found them sitting together in a divan half-hidden by palms and ferns. She paused a moment like a black cat about to spring, trying to gain some semblance of control over herself; and she heard Cynthia laugh lightly, like the water that splashed and rippled over the rockery at the end of the conservatory. She knew by the laught Sir John was not declaring his love—no woman ever laughs when a man does that; but there was in the laugh something that told Alice Frankle that it rose straight from a heart touched by the ineffable joy of loving.

One step and she stood before them.

Sir John rose slowly, and reading her mind, whose alphabet she herself had taught him, turned pale. Cynthia started, and looked perplexedly from the woman to the man. But before either could speak, Miss Frankle struck.

"Do you consider you are earning your fee by picking out the most charming and beautiful girl in the room and devoting yourself to her, Sir John?" she said, smiling scornfully.

"For pity's sake, Miss——"

"Or acting honorably to this lady in making love to her who is ignorant of your position here?" she cut in fiercely.

"Alice, how dare you!" cried Miss Barry, springing to her feet with flashing eyes and flaming cheek. "He was not!"

"My dear girl," replied Miss Frankle deliberately, ignoring Sir John's appealing looks and gestures, "I speak for your own good. This—this gentleman is paying you attention as our honored guest, and naturally you accept his attentions under the impression he is a friend of ours; but he is not, he comes for a fee, is engaged for the evening, like a conjurer, a ventriloquist, an—an extra waiter, to help entertain our guests—to fill up a gap at the table, an extra man. And he is taking advantage of your ignorance to make love to you to capture a rich and charming wife. But that is too much! I won't have our guests insulted like that, Sir John, and tomorrow I shall lodge a complaint against you with your agents."

II.

Miss Barry, from whose cheeks the color had disappeared, whose eyes were dulled by mental pain, turned slightly to the man, and, without looking at him, said:

"Why do you not speak?"

"I have nothing to say. She is correct as to essential facts, though malice perverts the truth. I come not for a fee, nor for praft, but for a sum allowed me to cover out-of-pocket expenses. I don't know what my agents receive each time I am engaged, but a guinea reaches me."

"Your agents get four," said Miss Frankle.

"I can't believe it," he said, bowing, while his eyes battled with hers, though his tone was perfectly calm and cold. "I get a guinea; it is my price. I know it buys me, so to speak; but I would rather sell myself cheaply than be a profit to myself. I am a poor man, waiting for a dead man's shoes, which are mine by right, and another's by law—my father's fortune, which reverted to my uncle, a misanthrope. I don't attempt to justify myself—least of all to you, Miss Frankle, who have thus branded me before Miss Barry——"

"I warned her—merely warned her," interrupted Miss Frankle.

"But a lonely man needs some sort of social intercourse," he continued, "and I am too poor to be able to afford it without the humble guinea which I take to cover my expenses."

"I think I'd sooner emigrate," said Miss Barry, unaware that she spoke her thought.

"And leave the acres that I love?" he said humbly, consideringly. "The dear old place that is going to ruin for want of attention by a loving master. I have thought of it, but my heart has conquered each time. That is enough! I am not conscious of having in any way neglected or exceeded my duties as an extra man, Miss Frankle; but I have had an experience the danger of which I never dreamt of—that of being deliberately insulted and exposed by a—a lady who, as the daughter of my hirer, had no excuse for such a singular breach of confidence."

And with that the baronet strode away.

"How could you do it?" Cynthia said softly, with wonder in her tone; and, looking up, she saw she was alone.

Miss Frankie had gone precipitately in search of the baronet.

"Sir John! Sir John!" she exclaimed.

He stopped and approached her.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she pleaded, panting, and laying a hand lightly on his arm. "You can never understand a woman's reason—motive!"

"Good-night!" he said.

* * * * * *

A few days later Sir John Leveral received a request to call upon Mark Frankle, the millionaire, at the latter's city office, and, on doing so punctually, was very cordially received.

Getting to business, Frankle said he was floating a new company, and should like to include Sir John in the directorate. The necessary qualification of one thousand shares would, of course, be allotted to him.

Sir John hesitated, or appeared to do so. Instinct told him that the idea had not originated in the brain of the financier, but in Miss Frankle's, and the toe of a lady's small shoe which he saw round the side of a high, five-fold screen, which shut off one corner of the room, confirmed him in that view. He was under the impression, too, that the wearer of the shoe intended it should betray her presence, as her presence implied that she was trying to do him a good turn, and thereby trying to make amends and evidence her sorrow for having done him a bad turn. He recognized the subtlety so characteristic of Alice Frankle, and smiled at his thoughts.

"I like the offer, Mr. Frankle," he said with a business-like air, "and I accept. I suppose it won't affect your proposal, but I am floating a company—a limited company—myself very shortly?"

"You are? What do you know about company promoting?" cried Frankle, his yellow face widening in a smile.

"Enough to manage this flotation, I hope."

"Capital?" asked the millionaire incisively.

"Working capital will ran to about a hundred and fifty thousand. I'm putting op a hundred thou', having come into my own."

"You! What's the concern?"

"A concession granted me by Fate," Sir John returned, rising—"a mine of happiness, Mr. Frankle, a mine of happiness. Miss Cynthia Barry is putting up the other fifty thou'!"

The screen rocked. The millionaire had the presence of mind to steady it with his hand.

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, you'd like to withdraw your proposal?" Sir John suggested. "But I'd like to join you, if only to mark my appreciation of your daughter's kindness to me. Fact is, if it hadn't been for a suggestion Miss Frankle let drop last time I was at your house, I shouldn't have asked Miss Barry to join me, for I had an idea that she hadn't any belief that the mine would pan out right; and your daughter helped me to see that Miss Barry was favorable to a combine for our mutual happiness."

"I see what you mean—you're marrying," said the millionaire ruffling his hair, and looking very embarrassed. "Well——"

His daughter saved him further parley by sweeping into the middle of the room and bowing roughly to Sir John.

"Under the circumstances, papa," she said spitefully, "you had better withdraw the offer, for it will not, perhaps, be well for your company to have a director who is concerned in a bogus mine."

Her eyes flashed at the baronet as she uttered the last two words of her sentence, and he made no attempt to disguise a smile of admiration for the way she had turned his metaphor upon him.

"How do you do, Miss Frankle?" he said. "So pleased you looked in before I left. Good-day, Mr. Frankle. You withdraw your offer, I take it? As to our mine at the capital is subscribed by ourselves, and we're satisfied that it will pay. By the way, you'll find a preliminary prospectus of our company in to-day's 'Morning Post'—notices of weddings arranged. Good-bye!"—London Answers.

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE.

Mr. James Outram Describes His Successful Ascent.

Of the beautiful peaks of the Canadian Rockies, one of the most difficult for the mountaineer has been Mount Assiniboine, or, as it is often called, "The Matterhorn of the Rockies." If forms a massive pyramid, more than 11,000 feet high. Its precipices have successfully withstood the assaults of many a climber, the first successful ascent dating only a few months back.

That ascent, made by James Outram with three guides, is described in the September Century. The narrative is as keenly interesting as Whymper's accounts of his scrambles in the Swiss Alps. We have not the space to quote much of Mr. Outram's article. Readers will be interested in the following description of the descent:

"Well roped and moving generally one at a time, we clambered downward foot by foot, now balancing upon the narrow ridge, 5,000 feet of space at our right hand; then scrambling down a broken wall-end, the rocks so friable that hand-hold after hand-hold had to be abandoned, and often half a dozen tested before a safe one could be found; now, when the ridge became too jagged or too sheer, making our cautious way along a tiny ledge or down the face itself, clinging to the cold buttresses, our fingers tightly clutching the scant projection of some icy knob, or digging into small interstices between the rocks; anon, an ice-slope had to be passed with laborious cutting of steps in the hard, wall-like surface; and again, cliff after cliff must be reconnoitered, its slippery upper rim traversed until a cleft was found and a gymnastic descent effected to the ice-bound declivity that fell away beneath its base.

"For close upon 2,000 feet the utmost skill and care were imperative at every step; for scarcely half a dozen could be taken, in that distance, where an unroped man who slipped would not inevitably have followed the rejected hand-holds and debris that hurtled down in leaps and bounds, to crash into fragments on the rocks and boulders far below.

"But with a rope a careful party of experienced mountaineers is absolutely free from danger; and though it took our usually rapid trio three hours to make amends and evidence her sorrow for having done him a bad turn. He recognized the subtlety so characteristic of Alice Frankle, and smiled at his thoughts.

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"But with a rope a careful party of experienced mountaineers is absolutely free from danger; and though it took our usually rapid trio three hours to make ascents and evidence of 800 feet, our confidence was fully justified, for nothing insurmountable obstructed our advance, and, after a brief halt below the last cliff wall, a gay descent, on snow that needed no step-cutting, brought us soon after six o'clock to easier, continuous rocks, where we unroped."

HOW TO DO IT.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription, and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drachms of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough syrup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it to-day. When he says he does, you answer that you'll make a special effort.

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three-minute prescription, my boy, if you want to become a first-class druggist."

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—O. W. Holmes.

A Case of Eczema
No Pen Describes.
After Three Years of Terrible Suffering Little Mary Millar Was Permanently Cured by
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Many of the cures brough about by Dr. Chase's Ointment are so much like miracles that people can scarcely believe them. When Baby Millar became a victim of eczema her parents did everything that could be done to get her cured. Three doctors tried all the means in their power, but without success, and then all sorts of remedies were used, with the vain hope that something would bring relief from the disease that seemed to be burning up the living flesh.

It was not until Dr. Chase's Ointment was used that relief and cure came. This case is certified to by a prominent Sunday school superintendent of St. Catharines.

Mrs. Wm. Millar, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—"My daughter, Mary, when six months old contracted eczema and for three years this disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that ever came to my notice, and she suffered what no pen can ever describe. I had her treated by three different doctors, but all to no purpose whatever, and all sorts of balms, soaps and lotions were tried with no beneficial results.

"Finally I decided to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to my surprise she began to improve immediately, and after regular treatment for a time the disease of so long-standing completely disappeared. As that was four years ago, and not a symptom of this distressing ailment has ever shown itself since, the cure must certainly be a permanent one. At the time of this cure we were living in Cornwall, Ont., and the doctors there feared that if she was not cured of eczema she would go into a decline."

Mr. S. Richardson, jun., Superintendent Christ's Church Sunday School, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "I am acquainted with Mr. aad Mrs. Wm. Millar and believe they would not make any statement knowing it to be in any way misleading or untrue."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

DISPOSAL OF DRAINAGE WATER

The topic brings up a question which has frequently occurred to enterprising land drainers, and attempts have been made to use open gravel strata found in some localities beneath the surface for the disposal of drainage water. There are instances of successful work of this kind, but it has been confined, as far as I know, to the drainage of small areas, perhaps not larger than 20 acres, by means of tile drains, the water from which has been relieved of all sediment by passing through the soil, writes a drainage expert, Mr. C. G. Elliott. In the early practice of drainage in England, Elkington found in some localities that he could dispose of soil water by means of boring made to gravel below. It should be said that his peculiar art, for which he became noted, consisted in tapping underground water which saturated the soil above it, bringing it to his drains, and leading it away by gravity to a proper outlet.

One difficulty in disposing of water through wells is in ascertaining the capacity and permancy of such an outlet. If a bed of coarse gravel can be found which has some free communication with a surface or underground stream, and drainage water be delivered to it free from sediment, it may be utilized and serve as a lasting and efficient outlet. Many of these underground gravel beds, however, are in basins which have a considerable reservoir capacity with only a small free outlet. When the reservoir becomes filled, its capacity is limited by the size of its discharge.

If, for instance, we discharge into it 6 cubic feet per second and it can care for only 3 cubic feet per second, we have an outlet which is inadequate and soon becomes useless. This condition is apparently encountered in many of the irrigated sections which depend upon the reservoir or dry gravel or soil underneath the surface to take care of such waste water as may pass through the porous soil in the process of irrigating to the lower depths. This gives perfect relief until the quantity of water which finds its way into these depths exceeds their capacity, when the work must be supplemented by artificial drainage.

DISCHARGE BASINS.

The theory is, and it is well sustained by practice, that where water is pumped from a well which is supplied by an undercurrent or vein the same quantity may be discharged into it without raising the water surface of the well. How much more such a well will take is a matter of mere conjecture and must remain so until results are obtained by actual trial. I have personal knowledge of a common house well which received and cared for a 2-inch stream of waste water from pumping works for four years and was continuing to do so at last account, but the well was within 200 feet of a stream and was sunk to river gravel. Streams are known which disappear in sand beds or rock crevices and emerge at a lower level.

These instances, as well as the fact that wells have been occasionally successfully used for small systems of underdrains, indicate that underground outlets may be used if they can be found. As is well known, the results of sinking wells in some localities is to bring water toward the surface with such force as to preclude their use for the reception of surface water. What is known as the, dry well sunk into open gravel is the one best suited for the purpose.

The problem assumes a more perplexing nature when we consider the disposal of surface water in large quantities. The uncertainty of the capacity of any subterraneous outlet until it has been ascertained by costly experiment, lends but little encouragement to such undertakings. Especially is this true when we attempt to relieve a tract of considerable area from rainfall which is at times excessive. Lagoons and swamps, by reason of their location, usually gather water from a considerable area outside of their recognized boundaries, making an outlet with variable flood capacity of prime importance. In fact, it is a problem which taxes the skill of engineers to the limit by reason of the varying quantity of rainfall and those climatic conditions which occasionally bring about unforseen contingencies greatly affecting land drainage.

DIFFICULTIES MET.

Could an outlet of sufficient capacity be secured by means of wells, the difficulty of screening or filtering the water so completely that the receiving gravel in the wells would not become clogged by sediment would be a formidable one. Considering a small lagoon of 500 acres only, it might be necessary to remove 1 inch in depth of water each 24 hours for a time from the surface. This would require the filteration and removal of 1,500,000 cubic feet of water 24 hours, or 17½ cubic feet per second. There are locations where at times this capacity might be required, but of course it is a flood example and should be considered as such.

The rational treatment of such cases where it is desired to utilize underground outlets is to first ascertain if a water-receiving bed can be reached at a practicable depth, and by various tests determine if these wells will care for any considerable quantity of water. A single line of tile might be discharged into a test well and the effect noted. If the result should be encouraging, other wells could be sunk to the same stratum at several points on the tract which could be made the outlets for small system of underdrains, the object of the work being to discharge all drainage water through underdrains into as many separate and scattered outlets as practicable.

The service will be more likely to be lasting and efficient if this can be done and the water will be filtered in the best possible manner. Drains which are laid in clay subsoils discharge nothing but clear water after they have been laid a month or two and the clay has settled compactly about the tiles. Where the subsoil is loose or sandy, however, there will always be some silt carried by drainage water, especially after a heavy rainfall.

TURKEY RAISING.

Have your stock of turkeys on the place by the middle or last of January. Never have hens and gobblers of the same flock; make a change so they will not be all related. Inbreeding is the cause of lameness and puny turks. As turkeys are shy and apt to hide, keep watch of them sufficiently to make them select their nests near the house or in some retired clump of bushes. Let them lay and set on the ground.

Take care of the eggs and handle them carefully; turn from one end to the other every few days. Set 17 to 21 eggs under a turkey hen and if there are any left set them under a chicken hen at the same time. Let the turkey hen have all that are hatched at once, but do not mix them, for if there is one or two weeks' difference in their ages the older ones will run over the younger ones.

Place the young turkeys with their mothers in a quiet place near the old nest. Feed them with curds or bread soaked in milk. Season the food with black pepper once a day at least. They will not eat much the first day. Feed four or five times a day. Let everything be quiet and let them go. Keep other fowls away from them. Give them plenty of range, as they will not bear confinement. They are the easiest poultry raised and will pay for themselves in bugs destroyed. In the fall feed whole grains and change as for other fowls.

WHEN TO PICK FRUIT.

There is an opinion held by many growers that apples keep better if they are picked before they are ripe, and as a result the fruit is often picked and packed before it is fully grown. Tests in cold storage show that fruit that has not been allowed to become fully grown on the trees is usually damaged to a considerable extent by scald, and that it is also shrivels somewhat. For the best results the fruit should be ripe, but not what is termed "dead ripe." If overripe it does not keep well in cold storage, and should not be used for exhibition purposes.

SOLDIERS WHO LIVED LONG.

It is not always true that war shortens life. The sole survivor of the Greek war of independence is said to be 105 years old, and the last survivors of wars have often reached a much greater age. Sir Joseph Fayrer, one of the king's physicians has spoken to a man who fought in the battle of Buxar, which took place in 1764. William Gillespie, who saved the colors at Preston Pans, and is on the roll of Chelsea pensioners, died in Dumfries at 102, and the last survivor of the capture of Gibraltar lived to be 115. Thomas Winns, who died in 1791, near Tuan, in Ireland, had fought in the battle of Londonderry in 1701, and Phoebe Hessel, the Amazon, who received a bayonet wound at Fontenoy in 1745, lived to be 108, receiving a pension from the private purse of George IV. until her death. A veteran of Culloden drew a pension for sixty years, and died aged 106, and a man whose horse was shot under him at Edgehill in 1642 died ninety-four years later, aged 118. There is now no survivor of Waterloo, but Madame Givron, of Viesvize, Hainault, saw the ground drenched with blood, and Napolean riding "as if in a dream."

COAXING THE BOY.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the school-house?" asked the magistrate, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship.

"Well, first I gave him a good hiding," said the firn parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper, and took his clothes away, and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."

GERMANY'S WAR HOARD.

It is not generally known that Germany has intact the indemnity which was paid by France after the great war of 1870. In the Julius-trum of Spandau this enormous sum in gold, amounting to $30,000,000 in value lies hidden in boxes. The little town 15 miles outside Berlin, is most heavily garrisoned, and there are several giant arsenals and ammunition stores, so that any scheme to lay hold of the sum of money would be doomed to defeat at the outset. The idea in hoarding up this vast sum is original. It is that there may be money ready at any moment to provide for one week's operations in the way of mobilization.

WAS HE SOBER?

To ascertain whether a man was drunk or sober, a Dublin doctor made him hop twelve feet on the right foot and the same distance on the left, and then stand on one leg for seven seconds, and the other leg for four seconds. The man stood the test, and the magistrate accepted it as a proof of his sobriety.

About the ....House

SUGGESTION FOR PICKLES.

Nearly all vegetables can be pickled. The best pickles are made from fresh, tender vegetables. Use the best cider vinegar. Alum makes a crisp pickle. Blend spices carefully, and do not use too plentifully. Keep in a cool dark place in stone jars or glass cans. A piece of horse radish in the vinegar prevents mold.

Pickles Without Cooking.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful salt, one good sized root of horseradish, one tablespoolful white mustard seed, one gallon vinegar, mixed spice to taste. Boil the above ingredients. Then allow the prepared vinegar to become cold before putting in the cucumbers. Use the smallest pickles as the largest ones do not always become thoroughly pickled, but for the small ones this way of preparing them is excellent. Crisp, plump and tender, when once put up by this easy method, you will never again resort to the old ways of making cucumber pickles.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Cut your tomatoes in quite thick slices, put in a crock with salt sprinkled plentifully between each layer. Let them stand for 24 hours. Then drain and cook in weak vinegar until tender. Drain carefully, and set in crocks or cans: then cover with a spiced vinegar well sweetened. The woman who is famous for the excellence of her sweet tomato pickle, writes that these pickles will keep for years as she has proven. When fruit is scarce her family relishes these sweetened green tomatoes, with their pleasant, tart flavor, as a supper dish. Sends me her recipe for chopped tomato pickle. Use equal amounts of green tomatoes and cabbage; chop fine, arrange in a crock in layers with salt sprinkled between. Let stand for 24 hours, then treat the same as the sweet tomato pickle.

Sliced Mustard Pickles.—One dozen large cucumbers sliced, two dozen very small cucumbers, one quart of small onions, one large cauliflower, steamed slightly. Soak all these ingredients in cold brine over night. Paste for the pickles is made as follows: One half pound of ground yellow mustard, one teacupful of flour, one teacupful of sugar, one-half ounce of turmeric. Rub the above ingredients together with a little vinegar until smooth. Then add three quarts of vinegar, letting it scald until a thick paste. Next add one-half ounce of celery seed, and pour the hot paste over the pickles, put in cans and seal.

Pickled Peaches.—To every pound of the peeled fruit allow half a pound of white sugar, and arrange the two in the preserving kettle in alternate layers, as in preserving. Bring slowly to a boil, and while it is coming to this point prepare the vinegar. Measure out a pint of this for every six pounds of the fruit, and to every pint add a tablespoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves and mace, first mixing them into equal portions, and tying each up in a bit of thin muslin. After the spices are in the vinegar, turn this upon the peaches and boil fifteen minutes. Take out the peaches with a skimmer, spread them upon the flat dishes, boil the syrup until thick, put the fruit into jars, pour in the syrup, and seal.

Pickled Onions.—Select small white onions as nearly one size as possible peel them and throw them into a strong brine. In this they must lie for four days, when a fresh brine must be made scalding hot, and in this the anions must be boiled five minutes. Again they must be drained, cold water must be poured upon them, and they must stay in this half a day,—or over night Drain, put in jars, and pour over them a boiling spiced vinegar. Prepare this by adding to two quarts of vinegar half a cup of sugar, eighteen whole cloves, and as many whole peppers, a dozen whole allspice, and six blades of mace. Boil all together for five minutes, and it is ready.

Sliced Cucumber Pickles.—Slice two dozen good sized cucumbers, and boil them one hour in just enough vinegar to cover them. To on gallon of vinegar (not that in which they were boiled) put one tablespoon each of ground ginger, cinnamon, black pepper, tumeric, horse radish, sliced garlic, and whole celery seed, one teaspoonful each of ground gin' ger, allspice and cloves, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, and a cupful of sugar. Lay the sliced cucumbers in this; let them boil for two hours, and put into jars.

A HYGIENIC BEDROOM.

Every bedroom should be provided with the essentials for healthful sleep and the daily sponge bath.

As nearly as possible the room should be kept free from anything that would tend to contaminate the air.

It should be as large as one can afford, and the windows so arranged that they may be opened at the top and bottom.

If possible the floor should be bare and the rugs so small that they can be taken out of doors with ease for cleaning and airing.

Everything about the room should be washable.

The bed should be light, and fitted with strong castors, so that it may be readily removed.

The springs ought to be firm and strong, and the mattress of a kind that will not allow the heaviest part of the body to sink, and so cause the sleeper to lie in a cramped position.

Many people prefer a cheap, hard mattress next the spring, and a light one of hair on this; but any kind of a mattress is better than one that is too soft.

Above all do not overfurnish the bedroom.

PICTURES.

In hanging pictures, says an authority on the subject, the general effect should be considered rather than the desire to show a great number. It proves most advantageous in many rooms to have the picture frames like the woodwork and considered a part of the decoration. Pictures are too often hung without any thought of their relation to the places they fill. In a wide, heavily carved fireplace an oil painting was substituted for the ordinary mirror. The deep sunk, elaborately treated frame formed a part of the mantel and the rich warm colors in the painting itself gave a substantial unity to the whole end of the room that no mirror or suspended picture could ever have effected. The best rule for framing and hanging pictures is perhaps, after all, to throw tradition to the dogs and use your individual taste.

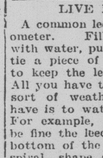
HARD AND SOFT WATER.

All cooks do not understand the different effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking meats and vegetables. Peas and beans cooked in hard water containing lime or gypsum will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable casein. Many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is the best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling, where the juices should be retained, hard water or soft water salted is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

BABY SQUIRREL OVERBOARD.

Skill and Gentleness Displayed by the Mother.

"I was very much amused and very much instructed recently," said a man who lives in the country, "by the antics of a mother squirrel in my section, and while I have grown up, as I might say, among squirrels and trees, it was a revelation to me. The squirrel had nested in a low, dumpy tree close to the edge of a lake, and the nest was probably thirty or forty feet from the ground. The mother squirrel happened to be in the tree at the time, although I had no occasion to notice either the old squirrel or her young until something tragical happened in the family. In some way one of the little fellows scrambled over the edge of the nest and fell to the ground. I heard the noise, and, looking in the direction of the sound, I saw the baby squirrel squirming around in great agany and totally unable to get on its feet. The mother squirrel rushed down the side of the cypress like a streak, and almost in an instant she was by the side of her offspring. She took in the situation at a glance and set to work to get the youngster back in the nest. She switched the body around and turned it over and then grabbed it with her teeth just under the smaller portion of the back. Instinctively, I suppose, the young squirrel threw its arms around the mother's body and after she made sure that the hold was good she started cautiously back to the nest. She reached there safely, and I saw no more of the distressed mother nor the youngster. I was very much impressed with the gentleness and skill she displayed in handling the injured baby squirrel, and really it was an inspiring scene."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