

YOUNG FOLKS

SUSAN'S GREEN BOW.

Susan was in the country on a visit to Grandmother Dodge, and the little girl was quite sure that there was no more lovely place in the whole world than the brown farmhouse, with the white porch over the front door and the big piazza on the side.

Susan could play about the green yard and in the big barn, and had her playhouse under one of the big trees in a corner of the pasture; and although there were no other children for her to play with, she was never lonely.

One reason why Susan enjoyed her playhouse so much was on account of a goat that was pastured in the next field. A high board fence was between the field and the pasture, and Susan's playhouse was close to the fence.

The goat would sometimes try to poke his head in between the fence boards, but never quite succeeded.

One day Susan tired of playing with her pieces of broken china, her bright tin dipper and the rag doll, Dinah, who was always such agreeable company, and began to wonder what she would do next. She looked toward the high board fence and saw the goat feeding in a distant part of the field, and as Susan watched the goat she remembered how funny it always looked when it tried to get its head in between the low boards.

"I know I could get my head between those boards," said Susan to Dinah, putting up her hands to tie the lovely green-ribbon bow more securely. It was a new ribbon. Grandmother Dodge had brought it home from the village only the day before.

"How watch me, Dinah?" commanded Susan, standing the rag doll where her eyes of black beads were fixed directly on the fence; and then Susan tipped her smooth brown head and sid it carefully through between the boards. Then she tried to lift it a bit, thinking that she was really smarter than the goat, and hoping the goat would see her.

The goat did see her. The nodding green ribbon waved suggestively between the fence boards. "O-ho," said the goat. "Another bunch of green grass for me?" Susan had just decided to go back to play, but, some way, she could not tip her head so easily with the board fence holding it so closely. She moved this way and that, making the green ribbon wave invitingly, so that the goat came faster and faster, and in a moment Susan felt a fierce tug on her hair.

"Oh!" screamed Susan. "The goat will eat off my head!" And she twisted her head so quickly and screamed so loudly that not only did the goat jump back in surprise, but Susan found her head free again, and stood up straight on her own side of the board fence, and looked reproachfully at the goat, from whose mouth hung an end of her beautiful green hair ribbon!

The goat looked so solemn and chewed on the ribbon so perseveringly that the little girl forgot to be sorry about her loss, and laughed aloud.

"Old Billy goat thought it was a new kind of grass," she confided to Dinah, as she brushed the hair back from her face and started home across the pasture to tell Grandmother Dodge.—Youth's Companion.

HEALTH HINTS.

In cases of acute indigestion the banana is of immense service. Bananas should be eaten as a dessert, and care should be taken that they are quite ripe.

Cure for Felon.—Take a tablespoon of butter just from the churn without salt. Stir enough calomel in the butter to make a stiff paste. Spread on cloth and put on felon. This is a sure cure.

Gargle the throat with salt water, in which a little borax has been dissolved when there is an epidemic of diphtheria. It is cleansing and soothing to the mouth and throat at all times.

Black-currant tea is an excellent drink for a sore throat. Put two tablespoonsful of black-currant jam with a pint of water, into a saucepan and allow it to simmer for half an hour, strain it, and if it is to be taken for a cold or sore throat drink it as hot as possible.

Remedy for Boils.—After a boil has come to a head by putting common soap and sugar mixed as salve on it you can get the pus out of it easily by the following process: Take a pop bottle, or grape juice bottle is better; fill it full of warm water and cork it; put the filled bottle in a wash basin with warm water in it; set on the stove till the water in the basin almost boils—that in the bottle will be just as hot. Then remove the basin from the fire and empty the bottle; cool only as much of mouth and neck of the bottle as will be necessary so that when placing the mouth of the bottle over the head of the boil it will not blister the skin; hold it there a few seconds, which will be painful, but the steam in the bottle will draw all the pus out. The boil will not hurt after that and will begin to heal.

MOTHER IS THE SERVANT

SELFISH DAUGHTERS KEEP HER IN THE BACKGROUND.

Have No Consideration for Mother Beyond Making Her a Drudge.

A young woman was entertaining a dozen or more guests. One group surrounded the piano, with its litter of latest songs. Four young people were playing cards in another corner. A bowl of fruit punch was on tap. Beyond sight in the pantry were plates heaped with sandwiches, dainty cakes, salted almonds and home-made candies—made by mother.

"Where is your mother?" asked a sweet-faced girl of her fluttering hostess. "I hope she is not suffering from our common enemy, the grip?"

"Yes, yes," answered the girl hastily, "she has had a touch of it."

She did not dare say to her thoughtful young friend that mother was probably sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, not unmixed with bitterness, due to overwork in preparing the refreshments, and then being told by her daughter that as only young people were coming there was no need of her putting in an appearance.

HEIGHT OF ILL-BREEDING.

Another picture, in another parlor! A young girl, flushed with the triumph of suddenly acquired belated, entertaining all at once three nice young men. It is Sunday afternoon, somewhat late, and she hates to lose her sense of power. So she asks them all to stay to tea—and how mother works! No one was expected for tea, so she opens jelly and pickles, heats up hot biscuits and finally waits upon the unexpected supper circle with cheeks flushed, hair so what awry and wrath in her soul for the broken day of rest.

You call this selfishness of youth, but it is more than that—the height of ill breeding.

SHOULD CONSULT MOTHER.

In the first instance, the mother should have received the guests with her daughter, and the daughter should have helped to get the refreshments out of the way in time for mother to dress for a proper appearance before guests. The mother need not remain in the room during the entire evening, but common courtesy gives her the right to meet her daughter's guests.

In the second case, the daughter should have slipped quietly from the room and asked the mother whether it was convenient to entertain three young men for tea—and then it was the mother's privilege, not the daughter's, to extend the invitation.

THE PALACES OF RUSSIA

SUMPTUOUS HALLS AND RECEPTION ROOMS.

One Palace Has Over a Thousand Rooms—The Chapel at Tsarskoe-Selo.

We do not recall any palaces in Europe which the public is permitted to see that contain such a wealth of decorations, furnishings and art treasures as those of Russia. After we had passed through what seemed a mile of reception rooms, banquet halls and ball rooms, we came into a sumptuous hall supported by marble pillars, where in front of the entrance to a conservatory was a large circle inlaid with mosaics. This, we were told, was where the Empress stood as all the brilliant and distinguished company passed by, and any one she signified a desire to speak to might step inside the charmed circle.

And as we looked and listened we had the constant thought: "What a delicious situation for comic opera!"

This magnificent palace, whose owner has not dared to enter it for several years; 1,330 rooms and the tenant obliged to live on a yacht! It seemed almost as if the great bronze statue of Catherine II, most some day come to life, take into her own strong hands the affairs of government and teach an emperor how to reign.

SPLENDID SUITES OF ROOMS.

A second scene might be laid at Tsarskoe-Selo, the country residence of the Czar, where he is supposed to have been living much of the time since he left St. Petersburg for his health. The splendid suites of rooms, with walls of amber and mother of pearl, give no sign of having been occupied for the last century, except one that had been newly and richly furnished for the recent marriage of the Prince of Sweden and one of the Grand Duchesses, which took place here. We were shown the spacious room where the bride was robbed for the wedding, all the toilet appliances being placed on tables of solid gold, the large salon where the Lutheran service was held with a choir of Swedish singers in the next room,

and then the famous royal chapel where the rites of the Russian church were performed. One has a strange, uncanny feeling in this chapel, as if he did not know where he was or how he got there.

WOMAN MAY NOT ENTER.

No daylight enters, the color tone of the small but lofty room is a deep azure, with gold and precious stones sparkling all about; jeweled lamps shed a soft lustre; a rich canopy hangs over the spot where the Czar stands during divine service. Back to allow us a glimpse into the splendid holy of holies, no woman is ever allowed to set foot in this sacred spot in Russian churches, and the attendant eyed me suspiciously as I approached and put out his hand as if he saw a look in my face that made him cautious.

In one corner of the chapel is a small entrance for the Czar, but this is so shrouded in curtains that one could never tell where he came from. One may well believe, however, that no one enters this sanctuary who cannot be trusted.

HEART-STRAIN.

The heart is a long-suffering and patient organ, and fortunate it is that this is so for even the gentlest or the laziest person puts burdens on it that any less obliging organ would resent to the extent of quitting work.

The digestive organs do this sometimes, and the result is much suffering for the time being; but when the quarrel is patched up, and the offender ceases to abuse these useful and necessary parts of the body, life goes on as before.

If the heart cannot stop work for a minute, for if it should life would end at once; and so human nature presumes upon its knowledge of this, and puts all sorts of difficult tasks upon the heart.

There is a limit, however, that cannot be exceeded, especially by those who have passed the fortieth mile-post, without risk, if not of instant death, at least of chronic invalidism.

The heart is a muscular bag, divided into four compartments, the function of which is to pump the blood to all parts of the body, which it does by the regular contraction of its walls. In health and under normal conditions this pumping action goes on regularly and quietly, but when an impediment is offered to the flow of blood in the arteries, such as occurs during active exercise or under the stress of some strong mental emotion, such as grief, anger, or great joy, the muscular wall must contract more forcibly.

If the opposing force continues beyond a certain time, the heart gets tired, and its arteries dilate a little, while its action grows more rapid. The sign of this shortness of breath. Young athletes, by a course of judicious "training," gradually strengthen the heart muscle so that it is able to meet the strain and overcome it by more forcible contractions. In youth, also, the organ is elastic, and readily returns to its normal size, even in the absence of "training," as soon as the strain is reduced.

In later life, however, this elasticity disappears, and a severe tax on the organ, such as bicycling, hill running, or even a strenuous game of tennis, when one is "soft," may result in a dilatation which is not reduced readily, or which may even persist as a crippled heart, making its owner more or less of a permanent invalid.

Every person over fifty should avoid severe physical strains of all kinds. He should exercise regularly—walking is the best kind of exercise for the heart,—but he should avoid unusual feats of running, bicycling, or even horseback-riding, such as the army officers are now subjected to, if he would keep his heart in condition to last as long as the other organs—up to eighty or one hundred years, which is the natural limit of a well-spent life.—Youth's Companion.

STARTING EARLY.

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular hail of rice, confetti, and old shoes, for good luck, as he got into the cab. Moreover, on turning round, he was struck above the eye by a friendly shoe with rather a heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away, no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief held by his sobbing bride over his injured optic, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination, the newly-created Benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and—"

commenced Wangles, when the doctor broke in:

"What, has she started already?"

An old woman was put in the witness-box to tell, what she knew about the annihilation of a prize pig by a motor-car. Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the car kill the pig in question. "I see it," then, said counsel, "tell the Court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"That I can, zur! It just tooted and tuck him."

ON THE FARM

WASHING PIGS.

Pigs glory in wallowing in the mire, and the most filthy holes provide them with conditions which appear to give them the greatest delight, says W. R. Gilbert. Some mud that when they roll in the dirt they are desirous of getting dirty. I am not so sure of this. Judging from what I have seen, the reverse seems to be the case. No pig I have ever owned has gone on enjoying having a crusty coat on any part of its body. When hampered with such they soon rub and scratch with the object of getting it off, and they find peace and relief in this. I believe they often take to the muddy mud-holes to roll and get the hardened softened. I have always noticed that a pig with a thick layer of dirt on it will roll on the slush much sooner and more often than one that is clean, and I have satisfied myself by practice that pigs that are kept clean are more contented and thrive much better than those that are always in fidgets with an irritating coat. In warm weather they will rush into the pools and streams and have a bath, but there is nothing objectionable in that. How they do enjoy a good scrub and they almost seem to take pride in avoiding dirt afterwards, but the clean skin does not suggest a return to the addition filth. When pigs are being turned out on the clean grass, I would urge that all be scrubbed before they go out. Use a liquid composed of one gallon of hot water, half a pint of paraffin oil, and two cups of soft soap, when all parasites will be killed, dirt removed and clean, sweet skin supplied. Extra feeding may cause pigs that have come to a standstill to develop more freely, but I can say a good wash whenever necessary, will move them on wonderfully. I have often admired the pigs shown at the big shows, for their skins. What a difference if they were all No doubt much good food is given to them in such prime condition, but the finishing touch is the clean coat, and to this alone I give credit for their superiority.

STORAGE OF POTATOES.

In a community that produces many potatoes, storage houses become a necessity. Potatoes stored in an ordinary storage room lose weight rapidly and soon become siveled and of poor quality. The underground storage combines all the qualities for keeping potatoes in the best condition.

Possibly the most important requisite is to keep down the temperature of the cellar. These cellars should be built lengthwise with the currents of air so that in the fall when the potatoes are put in, a draft through the cellar can be established at night to carry off the heat brought in with the potatoes during the day. The practice is to fill in the bins in layers of not more than one foot each day and let this layer cool down during the night.

After the potatoes are all in the ventilation is regulated so that the temperature is kept as near freezing point as possible without freezing the potatoes. This ventilation is necessary, not only to regulate the temperature, but to keep the air pure and dry. If the air becomes foul and damp, moulds will grow and dry rot or Fusarium will develop. Many potatoes are spoiled in the stores and in the store rooms of dwelling. The potatoes are stored near a furnace with more or less light. Before the sack or barrel is all used the potatoes become greened by light and are not only unwholesome, but to a certain extent, poisonous.

HOG WEIGHT AND SHRINKAGE.

Hogs shrink from live to dressed weight 18 to 20 per cent., according to weight. Heavy, solid hogs shrink the least. Most packers estimate 20 per cent. shrinkage, and this is about the average. This is on a lot basis, of course. There is a further shrinkage of about 1 1/2 per cent. in chilling. A test of a large number of hogs averaging 23.21 pounds live weight, showed a shrinkage of 18.84 per cent. from live to dressed weight. This, of course, was the hog weight and not the chilled dressed weight; also, of course, with the head on and the ham factors. The net yield of these hogs was 69.51 per cent. of the live weight, figuring sides, hams, shoulders, lard, grease and rough or market meats.

Knitting is declared to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from rheumatism, and it is sometimes prescribed by physicians because of its efficacy. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis, or any other affection of the fingers of that character, knitting is regarded as most beneficial.

Walking is the finest exercise for everybody, and girls in particular. Physical culture with dumb-bells or other implements which develop the muscle and make one part of the body abnormal at the expense of another is not to be recommended. Severe training of that description may produce beneficial results for a time, but unless it is persevered with the muscles soon become relaxed.

SHREDDED

Make Your Stomach Happy with SHREDDED WHEAT

and fresh fruits. An ideal summer food, wholesome, nourishing, delicious. CONTAINS MORE REAL NUTRIMENT THAN MEAT OR EGGS. 1054 SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

WHEAT

FINGERS AND MACHINERY

THE FORMER ARE STILL USED FOR THE FINEST WORK.

Many Trades in Which Mechanical Contrivances Have Not Ousted Man.

We seem to think that machinery can do anything, but there are numerous important trades which are carried on in much the same way as they were ages ago, trades in which machinery has not ousted man.

The articles of cutlery, which are everywhere so common, are made in exactly the same way as they were hundreds of years ago. Go through any great cutlery manufactory at Sheffield and you will find that there is almost an entire absence of machinery, so far as regards the best articles, and that the tools and instruments used are practically the same as were used in the days of Chaucer, says Pearson's Weekly.

Take the case of a razor. One man will make the whole of the blade, simply with the aid of a hammer and a block of steel. With lightning-like rapidity he will quickly forge a rough piece of steel into the shape of a razor without the use of any utensils or patterns. He works by his eye alone, masterfully placing every blow just where it is wanted.

In foreign countries, it is true, machinery has been invented to stamp out razor, knife, scissor, and other blades, but the finished article cannot compare to those made by the Sheffield workman with his hammer and anvil. It is the case that many such machines are used in the cutlery city itself, making cheap goods, but no machine is able to judge exactly where each blow should be placed, nor can it "humor" the blade.

Much the same applies to grinding. The cutlery grinding of today is carried on in the most primitive manner.

THE ANTIQUATED GLASS TRADE.

Gold-leaf is another example. Today it is made in probably the identical manner it has been made ever since man first made a piece of gold-leaf. Strips of gold are beaten out by hand, for the reason that no machine can think before each blow is given. The gold-leaf becomes so delicate that a single wrong blow would entirely spoil it. Each strip of gold requires special treatment, and a machine would give exactly the same treatment to every strip. Then no machinery has been invented so delicate that it can lift up and pack the finished product.

Pottery is still made by the same simple process followed since the earliest times. It is true numerous advances have been made in details, but man still reigns supreme in the pottery. The implements used are of the simplest, still, machinery has little to do. Here, again, no machine can be trusted to exercise the discrimination which is necessary in dealing with greatly varying materials.

The glass trade is another trade in which machinery plays only a small part. The visitor to a glass-works is impressed with the apparent awkwardness and antiquity of the processes followed. Many machines have endeavored to oust the glass-blower's lungs, but the man is still superior to the machine.

Glove-making is purely a hand trade. No machine could cut out a glove properly, for the simple reason that it could not distinguish between good and bad, thick and thin, pieces of leather. Each piece of leather requires special treatment in shaping, and therefore the cutting can never be mechanical.

HUMAN CORK CUTTERS.

In much the same way the cutting of cigar covers from the tobacco-leaf is done by hand. In fact, the best brands of cigars, and also cigarettes, are entirely handmade, as a brain is needed, and no machine is provided with a brain. Little defects in the leaf are beyond the power of a machine to discriminate. The manufacture of the best kind of corks, those made for champagne bottles, are never entrusted to machines. The ordinary cork is made by machinery, but the best work invariably is done by human hands, and the champagne cork cannot be trusted to a machine. All the blemishes in the cork have to be taken into consideration, so this work is done by hand labor.

The leather from which the best boxing-gloves are manufactured is another article which is made entirely by hand, or, rather, by hands and feet. Machinery is useless for the purpose. In the manufacture of parchment man-labor has no rival.

The black edges of morning newspaper are the product of direct man labor. The worker sits at a table, and with a deft movement of the hand spreads out a score of sheets of paper, so that an even depth of edge shows along two sides. Then, with a broad, flat brush dipped in a black pigment, she rapidly covers the two sides in the same manner.

The manufacture of straw hats, Panama hats, and the like articles cannot be entrusted to a machine; while the same applies to basket-making, and to the weaving of wicker covers around pears and bottles.

"A MIRACLE IN WHEAT."

The Story of This Marvellous Wheat Is Not True.

This paper printed an article from the Saturday Evening Post about a wonderful new wheat which one Adams is said to be raising on his farm in Idaho. If the claims for this wheat were true it would revolutionize farming the world over, but so far as further investigation has brought out, they are not true. The Saturday Evening Post dispatched a thoroughly reliable man to Idaho to examine the wheat on the ground, and his wire report, which follows, pretty thoroughly disposes of this agricultural marvel:

"Assertions of huge crops of good flourmaking quality not justified. Adams' only claim of proportion of two hundred bushels an acre is with an eight of an acre per year ago. For last year, he admits farm average only thirty bushels. So far this year only two to five to thirty-five an acre. One's excuses such as weeds and undersowing. Not true that wheat has been successfully grown elsewhere. Misleading to say frostproof, for Adams some injury by snow. Flour-making qualities unknown. Adams was given experiment station analysis last year and told with that milling test was necessary to show the quality with certainty. Has not had the test. The wheat in appearance is much like certain large, coarse wheats not valuable for flour."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Every life is determined by its loves. You cannot hold down the man who looks up. The golden heart does not have the brass face. There is no gaining without sowing. An absentee God accounts for a prodigal world. Work is always weariness when its goal is only wages. It takes more than a homemade halo to make a hero. Wisdom is in aging the head and keeping the heart youthful. The best of all the churches is the temple in your own breast. Love is that which roots in sacrifice, grows to service, blooms in joy. It's no use believing in angels in heaven if you cannot discover heaven here. It often takes the barrenness of the desert to teach us to look to the stars. The pessimist is the man who always goes straight for the chair with a pin in it. Every time you beat your adversary has beaten you. It is a good deal easier to know the lives of all the saints than it is to show the life of one. A man has no greater capacity of heaven than he has power to create heaven about him. Morality because it pays to be moral is simply the immorality of civilized selfishness. There's a lot of difference between taking faith as a shield in battle and as a cloak in business. The finest lubricant for the machinery of our human living is the recognition of virtues and values in other people.