

## With Womankind.

ers" as one could desire, together with a model dairy, the pride of the village, and a wee nest egg in the bank. And all this has been achieved by one little girl, with no experience or capital save one little, lame cow, or in fact any unusual capabilities beyond the possession of an unlimited amount of the quality termed "grit."

I had the pleasure not long since of paying her a visit and watching her at work, in spotless cap and gown, filling the jars, which now may be seen in many houses throughout the length and breadth of her state. Noting my very evident interest in her work she, with characteristic generosity, was good enough to give me the formula for the preparation which is bringing her fame and, if not a fortune, at least a comfortable income.

"Let the milk stand for twenty-four hours in winter and half that time when the weather is very warm. The milk-pans, which should be of tin, holding about twelve quarts, are then placed on a hot plate of iron over a stove, until the cream has formed on the surface, which is indicated by the air bubbles rising through the milk and producing blisters on the surface coating of cream. When it is done the top looks thick and small rings appear, and it is then removed to the dairy. The following day it is skimmed, and is then ready to be packed in pint or half-pint jars and sent to market. The time required for scalding depends upon the fire. It must, however, on no account be allowed to boil, and in fact, the slower the process the better the results. Extremely firm and fine-flavored butter may also be made from this clotted cream."—[Edith Drage.

## SOME CONTRIVANCES.

We were too poor to have half the pieces of furniture we wanted, but we were going to leave the rented house where we had lived so long, and move on to a farm my husband recently purchased. And oh, how I did want lots of things before we should move among entire strangers. Foolish, no doubt, but natural, nevertheless, I cogitated and conjured, but to no effect, until my mother came to visit me, and then I knew something would be done for she has three times the planning ability I ever possessed.

I explained to her how much I wanted a sideboard, for I had lots and lots of the usual Christmas and holiday gifts—pieces of china and silver and no suitable place to keep them. Then in the old-fashioned farmhouse we were going to there was a big hall with the usual straight stairs, and absolutely not one piece of furniture that could be spared to go in it.

John had paid out the last dollar we could possibly spare toward the place, so new furniture was out of the question, and I would rather go without than try to cheat myself or anyone else with packing boxes and crates.

Mother told me to go to bed and dream about it, and give her time to think. This I did, sure that something would be evolved, even if it was not exactly what I wanted. In the morning mother asked me where was the old bureau that I had used so long as a general storage place. Upstairs, full, as usual, too high, for I had thought of that. The handles were mostly gone, and it was too heavy anyway. No one could do anything with it, I was sure.

"Where is the settee all your children were rocked in?" "Out in the shed with one leg gone and propped on a stick of wood. It generally sat out beside the shed and held plants in the summer; now there was nothing on it."

Well, would I do her the favor to keep out of her room, and the empty one next to it, until she gave me permission?

"Certainly, and glad to." So, for several days I was banished from part of the chambers, and I found that not only mother, but John, spent a good part of their time there. Luckily it was winter, and business was slack.

At the end of a week I was called up to see the result of their combined efforts, and while I had expected to be pleased, I was very much surprised also, for I would not have believed, if I had not seen with my own eyes, that such really elegant pieces could be turned out by inexperienced carpenters. They had taken out the three bottom drawers, and made three small doors of the fronts, which were solid cherry.

The middle one reached the whole height the three drawers had been, but the outside ones only the height of two, and the space on top was filled with two of the small drawers that had formerly been on top of the bureau. Over these was a shallow drawer the whole width of the sideboard. This had not been meddled with at all, and was just as it had been ever since I could remember. Above this the front and sides had been removed, leaving only the back and the front posts or frame of the original, to the height of 15 or 18 inches, and panes of glass fitted in the ends, and a small narrow pane in the middle of the front. On each side were glass doors, plainly formed of pieces of the cherry, and above the glass cupboard thus made, there was a plain back of cherry finished with a heavy molding. It was perhaps 18 inches higher than the cupboard. The whole had been scraped and cleaned of paint, and finished with oil filling, and it was a beauty. It would have taken a good many dollars to buy as good a one, and the cost of this was for the glass, handles, hinges, and bit of molding, for we always kept the oil finish in the house, and I suppose one dollar and a half would have been ample for the expense.

The settee had been supplied with a new leg, two or three missing rounds put in, the rockers taken off, the paint sanded off—what little was left—and a coat of oil finish applied, rubbed off and applied again. Result, a fine colonial settee that I am very proud of.

Our homely, bald-looking old clock had been supplied with a grandfather's clock case. It was setting on a shelf fastened inside, and if I had not known better, I should have thought it a genuine, well-preserved antique. The case had been fashioned after one belonging to a neighbor, and was the work of our village "handy man," being rather beyond John's skill, but it is very nice, and will outlast both us and our children, if it does not burn up.

Some old plaster of paris figures that had belonged to us in our childhood, had been made to look exactly like ivory by dipping in wax barely melted, and hung by a thread to drip and dry. They had the appearance of being costly statuettes, and their last estate was much better than their first.

A thin tile that we had used to grow flowers in, had been cleaned up and nicely painted, the drip pan inside was a five-cent pie tin that fitted nicely, and lo! an umbrella holder, and a pretty one.—[Florence Holmes.

**Ants in the House.**—These insects are difficult to deal with, because what seems to be effectual in one case is absolutely ineffectual in another. Sometimes the odor of tar, wormwood or pennyroyal will drive them away, and again it seems to have no effect. Trapping and killing them appears to be the surest, even if the most troublesome method. Spread a thick coating of soft lard on some plates and place these about the pantries and closets. Set little sticks against the plates on which the ants can climb. When the plates are filled with the imprisoned insects, drop them into a pan of boiling water. Set the traps again, and continue until the ants are exterminated. Do not use sand in cleaning, as these insects are attracted by it. When ants are troublesome about your grounds, nearly fill small bottles with water and pour a little oil on top of the water. Sink the bottles in the earth in the locality where the ants appear. They will enter the bottles in search of the oil and be drowned.—[Maria Parloa.

"Why, the time was," said a passenger with a gorgeous watch chain, "when we had our county so well in hand that we could elect a brindle pup to any office we chose to nominate him for."

"—and you can't do it now?" queried the other passenger.

"I should say not. The other fellow has beat us three to one in the last elections."

"To what do you attribute the change?"

"Well, I am inclined to think the reason is that, when we had the power, we elected too many brindle pups."

"What do news from Marse William do for capital?" asked the colored constable.

"Well, the paper says that he has the floor."

"De goodness gracious! Is he drunk already?"



## AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE.

**Missed.**—As I look around our happy circle, there is one face I sadly miss, Shiftless Simpson's. Let us learn a lesson from him. Though he suffered, yet he bore it patiently, and none who read his cheerful letters could guess his secret sorrow. I am sure he is with us now, even though we cannot see him.—[Lou Carrol.

**Swim Out.**—Buck Strap, you seem to be in very trying circumstances at present. If you are willing to take some advice from a "Bunch Grass girl," let love affairs alone till you can court and wed without having need of neighbors' help; that is, if you ever get out of your present scrape. Webfoot, if you are what your name indicates, why couldn't you swim out of the puddle as well as into it? One of the Boys, I admire your independence. But, seeing you live in the city now, are you sure there is not some other reason for wanting to don clean clothes toward evening? I fancy there is a "woman in the case." Amo (skito), can it be possible that you are ashamed of the last half of your name that you fail to sign it?—[Tulip.

**"Her First Dose."**—Ladye Prue, I will tell you some of my favorite compositions and songs: Le Secret, by Gaudier, Melody in F by Rubinstein and the Favorite Andante in F by Beethoven. I am in third grade music. Am now taking lessons on the organ, but want a piano, which I am earning by teaching school. After I am far enough advanced in music, I want to become a music teacher. Then I want to study at a conservatory for a year. Some of my favorite hymns are Lyons, Love Divine and Softly Now the Light of Day. Girls, do not be in too much of a hurry to leave home. Let us stay and help our mothers a while to repay them for what they have done for us. I believe in their taking a vacation, as well as us daughters. Boys, I think there are more men that are flirts than girls. After a girl has been flirted with she considers that "turn about is fair play." As the majority of boys are not in earnest while paying compliments or attentions to a young lady, it doesn't pay to let such trash sink deeply in the heart. Webfoot's "girl" is probably swallowing her first dose, but the right one may come along sometime. Let us not trifle with anyone's affections.—[Bryantite.

**Well-Mated.**—Mentor, I knew one couple who became acquainted through a matrimonial paper and are now happily married. They seem very fond of each other and are indeed a well-mated couple.—[Dovey.

**A New Picture Book.**—To the young man enamored of the maid of 18, I would point to some "old sayings," which, if he will follow them, may find for him the love he desires. "Never give up; the wisest is the boldest." "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." "The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed." "To know how to wait is the great secret of success." Nearly all men of a knowledge of human nature who have written, have expressed similar sentiments to the above. I would counsel you, my friend, that "while there is life there is hope," and if you determine to win this girl, and persevere, with the aid of a clean life and high aims, just so sure will you succeed. A girl of 18 is not in a position to know her heart. The world is a new picture book to her and she has not yet begun to think upon the problems of life. As soon as she does she will recognize your qualities and accept you. If she is all you believe her to be. If she does not, you are merely infatuated, for she is not as you see her and not worthy of you. She would make you unhappy in after years. The mind's eye only should be used in choosing a mate. We too often allow our eyes to lead us into matrimony. I do not believe a mere "sensation at the heart" can be relied upon. If your reason

points to one who will make a good companion, when the heart and eyes tend otherwise, follow the reason and the heart will follow, while the eyes will recognize the sublimity of simplicity. Men who are woman-haters, and women who hate men, can trace their morbid malady to a time when, if they had seen more deeply, they would not have experienced the disappointment which has led them to profanely denounce the handiwork of God as unclean. If girls laugh and giggle, if boys curse and drink, whose fault is it? Their ancestors for generations have bequeathed to their children, through their own short-sightedness, many bad qualities. The only remedy for such is the cultivation of the mind. [William.

**A Tangle.**—Here is a puzzle from real life, if I can state it plainly: A family of three we will call John, Sr., John, Jr., and Jim. Another family we will call Ann, Jane and Sam. The other party, a widow, is Polly. The first are father and two sons, the next three are sisters and brother. Ann married John, Sr., Jane married John, Jr., the widow married Sam. Sam died and the widow again married, this time to Jim. The widow Polly has a son and there is a son by all of the other marriages, making five sons in the last generation. What relation are the parties to each other? I would like to see a full answer, but fear that it would fill a large space in F & H for a long time to come, and possibly add several patients to some insane asylum.—[A. I. G.

**The Jolly Ten.**—Our circle, No 108 (the Jolly Ten), is now upon its third successful round. I have resigned my place as secretary and appointed No 2 to fulfill the duties. Our circle is composed of school teachers, farmers, bankers and musicians, and we can boast of a "preacher" or bishop, also bicyclists and camera fiends.—[Secretary.

This circle was formed previous to March 1 last, at which date we discontinued the circles.

**"Untactfully."**—I must say a word about a girl I know, who, though of excellent sense, is, without knowing it, rather unpopular because of things she does and says untactfully. She refuses to accept apologies which are sincerely offered, also she does other things which are not altogether polite. She means well, I know, and does these things from force of habit or because she believes them to be right. How shall we correct her? Will some girl tell? I love girls and I can't believe that love is ever lost.—[C. B. B.

**"Watch Her Secretly."**—I think Annie Rooney (Oct 15) really has a talent for writing, though it may not seem very brilliant at present. We all have a talent of some kind, but if we do not have an opportunity to develop that talent, it is taken from us and we become discouraged and think we are of little value in this world. Annie Rooney has the right idea, for by keeping the fire alive, though it gives little heat, the coals are still there in the grate, and when the time comes and plenty of fuel is at hand, we have nothing to do but await results. Patience is a virtue. Wish Wash, I would wait, and in the meantime watch your lady friend secretly. Is she always glad to meet you? Is she interested in your work? Does she invite you to her home? These instances on her part will show you whether she has any love for you at all or whether she has altogether changed her opinion.—[Lily.

**A Mistake of Men.**—I wish to join the Councilors, as I have enjoyed their letters for nearly two years. I am a California fruit farmer and think this is the finest state in the Union—the land of eternal sunshine, the land of oranges and olives, where the roses bloom 365 days in the year. It is the mecca of the invalid and the land of the bachelor. In Fresno county, where I live, there are thousands of acres of grapes of all kinds and large orchards of peaches, pears and prunes. The people are prosperous and well educated. If Kittle May could see some of our scenery she would be pleased. Mermaid, I like your sentiment, though I think that a great many men fall in love with their ideal, which may not at all correspond with the character.