

line, and I became convinced that one woman without help, on a farm, could not sit up nights with an incubator, or make a success with capons; if one has plenty of help, not the hired kind, it makes a difference.

Then I tried a new venture. I killed and dressed for the local butcher sixteen big Plymouth Rock hens, and borrowed enough more to purchase a trio from a famous breeder. I paid double fancy express rates, and one pullet had the roup when she arrived, but without treatment (except isolation) recovered. Then business began in earnest—the selling of eggs from that trio, the disposing of surplus stock to breeders, the ordering of baskets, the arranging of the ever necessary advertisement, and the paying for it also, sharpened my wits. I soon found that a high priced ad. in a poultry paper did not pay unless you had a show record, and that was beyond the reach of a woman who was housekeeper as well as poultry raiser. The ad. in the local paper did but little to bring purchasers, but the state agricultural paper was more to the point. I will admit that for a time the balance, with a blue hand pointing to the words, "Please remit," made me feel like having a nervous chill, but I learned that an "ad" that was in every issue for a year was the cheapest in the long run, and that it became more valuable the longer it appeared; that it increased in value with age, was what medical men call "cumulative" in action, and that after a while the very fact that you were an old advertiser in the poultry column meant to the reader that you were not only ancient, but reliable. The hardest pull was at first. I soon learned to make my own crates and ship my birds and eggs, learned by a tough experience to let the C. O. D. customer severely alone. I learned how to make out a postoffice order or draw money from the bank without having an attack of nervous prostration; how to answer a business letter concisely and courteously, and how to deal with dudes who tried to get my best birds for half price.

I found a market among private customers for cull birds; bought a set of scales and did my own weighing; learned that the time of year to market dressed fowls is the first three months of the year, not the last, broilers excepted. All this came little by little, in the hard school of experience, but I am aware that if I should be left as many farmers' wives are—to settle their husbands' estates or act as guardian—I should not tremble at the overbearing manners of sundry officials, or have spasms because sharks tried to cheat me. Better by far than a course in a business college; a business experience humbly begun

and steadily pushed to a successful issue, and this is possible to a certain extent to every farmer's wife—as well as a little pin money.—*Priscilla Plum, in Ohio Farmer.*

### The Single Feathered Hat.

Have you seen the jaunty maiden tripping  
lightly 'long the street  
With an old grey goosequill sticking in her  
hat?  
She is neat and she is natty and most ravish-  
ingly sweet  
With that old grey goosequill sticking in  
her hat.

In her eyes there is a sparkle of most inde-  
pendent pride,  
On her face a cute expression she would  
never try to hide,  
And her bootheels with the pavement so de-  
cisively collide  
That it jars the old grey goosequill in her  
hat.

Oh! she is a pleasing picture as she gaily  
trips along  
With an old grey goosequill sticking in her  
hat!  
Her eyes are dreams of glory and her smile a  
radiant song,  
With that old grey goosequill sticking in  
her hat.

In her dress there is a smartness that must  
magnet every eye,  
Every head turns on its pivot as the men  
she passes by;  
They admire her style, her action and her  
bright, expressive eye,  
And the old grey goosequill sticking in her  
hat.

How she calls to mind the warrior of redskin  
Indian race,  
With that old grey goosequill sticking in  
her hat.  
Sometimes bears out the simile by painting  
up her face,  
With that old grey goosequill sticking in  
her hat.

She is out upon the warpath, be she plump  
or be she svelte,  
And many a pale-face fellow has her eye-  
shot arrows felt—  
Many lovers' scalps are dangling from her  
alligator belt,  
That sweet warrior with the goosequill in  
her hat.

We all love her and admire her, just cawn't  
help it, don't ye know,  
With that old grey goosequill sticking in  
her hat.  
She's the very fairest jewel in our western  
beauty show.  
That neat sage-hen with the goosequill in  
her hat

Maids of statuesque construction 'neath their  
ostrich plumes arrayed  
Or with wealth of floral beauty on their  
proud heads may parade,  
But they simply aren't in it with the dashing  
little maid  
With the old grey goosequill sticking in  
her hat.

—From the *Denver Evening Post.*

### To Cook a Husband.

The following recipe was cut from an exchange, and maybe our readers will enjoy it:

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were balloons and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, others let them freeze by in-

difference and carelessness. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good if managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to govern him. See that the linen in which you wrap him is perfectly washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called "comfort," as the one called "duty" is apt to be weak. They are apt to fall out of the kettle, and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive.

If he sputters and fusses do not be anxious—some husbands do that until they are called down. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he adhere to the kettle and so becomes useless. You can not fail to know when he is done. If this treatment is closely followed you will find him all that is desirable; but do not be careless with him and keep him in too cool a place.

### Washing Dishes.

To wash dishes properly begin right. Make ready for the work by clearing off neatly, removing every crumb and and bit of food from each dish. Drain cups and glasses; group each set of dishes by itself, placing the cups and saucers together. Put the silver on a small tray or on a dish by itself. Pile plates and platters carefully and in order, the greasy ones apart from the rest. Have plenty of hot, not merely warm, water; soap which will make a good lather, or better still a good washing powder and plenty of clean towels. Whether a dishcloth or mop is used depends upon your preference, but it is well to have both, a mop being indispensable for the cleansing of pitchers, glasses, etc. Besides, you may wash dishes with a mop without ever putting your hands into the water, thus keeping them from chapping in cold weather. If you use soap, have a soap cup, and never let your soap get into the dishpan. Dip the cup up and down, rubbing the mop on the soap until the dishwater is sufficiently soapy; just the proper degree of soapiness requisite must be learned by experience. By doing this you avoid all danger of finding bits of soap sticking to the dishes when you are thorough.—*American Queen.*



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