

FIELD AND FARM.

Household Hints.

For seriously chapped hands try this: Scrape a cake of brown Windsor soap until it is all fine as powder; mix it with an ounce of cologne water and an ounce of lemon juice. Stir this very thoroughly together, shape it into cakes, let it harden, and then use it when you wash your hands.

PASTE FOR SCRAP BOOKS.—Mix smoothly flour and water till a smooth batter is formed, put in a pinch of pulverized alum, and pour in boiling water till a thick paste is formed. Let it boil a minute or two; add a few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves. Put in a wide-necked bottle.

PAINTING ON SILK.—Before painting on silk or satin, rub a coat of chalk on the wrong side of the material, if possible, and use a blotter to soak up unnecessary oil, or procure a preparation at an artists' furnishing store. In painting with water colors on black satin, mix the colors with a weak solution of gum arabic, or give it a coat of gum arabic when finished.

FRECKLES.—It is said that freckles may be thus removed: Put a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a pint of hot water and apply it hot to the face, then rinse off with diluted lemon juice. This should be used with great care, as the chloride is a caustic poison. Hot borax water made in the same proportion will sometimes remove freckles, but continuous bathing for ten minutes at a time, and oftener is necessary.

SHIRT BOSOMS.—Make a thin boiled starch, put in it a bit of white soap and of butter, starch the bosoms in it after they have been rinsed, and dry them. A few hours before ironing them wring the bosoms and wristbands from their cold starch—starch dissolved in cold water—with a pinch of borax in it. Roll up tightly till they are ironed. Linen prepared in this way will give no trouble in ironing. After one or two experiments the laundress will know just what proportions to use. Polish with a polishing iron, which may be bought for 75 cents or \$1.

My Boys.

"No, none of my boys are in Chicago," said an old farmer from Western Illinois, just returning from the Union Stock Yards, where he had sold three cars of hogs of his own raising. "No, sir, my boys are all at home. The three oldest are teaching school winters and helping on the farm summers. I've had all my boys in the city, though, and they know what it is. I showed 'em all around myself. I ain't one of these kind that lets boys go on thinkin' a city is the nicest place in the world, when it is as easy as nothin' to show 'em different. I had my boys in some of the saloons along on State street, and on the West Side, to show 'em the poor loafers, some of them evidently farmers' boys come to town to get rich. We all went up into the Public Library, as I wanted the boys to see the poor curses there findin' a good warm place to sleep, until 10 o'clock, anyhow. We was also in some of them dives along the Levee, and I tell you the boys was disgusted with the dirt and vulgarity. My oldest boy went into the wine-room to see the girls and come out mad, sayin' they was nothing but paint, powder, and stuffing, and charged him \$3 for one little bottle of wine worth about 25 cents. I had the boys look in the morning papers to see how many situations there were vacant, and how many more there were wantin' places. When we started for the train next morning early we see a sign out 'Clerk wanted,' and thirty or forty fellows standin' around waiting for the doors to open. Oh, I tell you, the boys haven't any love for Chicago, and they are stayin' home and tendin' to business. James has a small farm of his own, and I'm going to give him half the money from them hogs to furnish his house with, 'cause he's to marry soon. Robert, the next one, has the best team in our county, and the handsomest gal. My boys have seen Chicago with their eyes open, and are satisfied to stay at home, behave themselves, and take the old farm when I get through with it. I believe this keepin' of boys in ignorance of what a great city really is wrong, so I do."—Chicago Herald.

Home Honesty.

There are many people who are very honest away from home, who are very slippery at home. They make home promises only to break them. As husbands they make a thousand good promises, and raise many pleasant expectations they never seem to think of again. As wives they practice a thousand little deceits, equivocate and quibble many times, when straightforward honesty was just the thing required. As parents they conceal, go round the truth, deceive, and often actually falsify to their children, when the truth is always better, always best.

The children see their parents' double dealings, see their want of integrity, and learn from them to cheat, deceive and equivocate. The child is too often a chip of the old block.—Exchange.

A "Breakfast" Cake.

Three cupfuls of flour, one scant tablespoonful of butter, warmed enough to soften it, one egg well beaten, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, as one likes best, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, which should be mixed thoroughly with the flour. Mix the beaten egg, milk, butter and salt together, and stir the flour in rapidly. When the batter is smooth, pour into a long biscuit tin well buttered, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. When done, mark the crust with a warmed knife, and break the cake in pieces. It should never be cut, neither should any warm cake.

Stable Ventilation.

From the Baltimore Sun.
There is no greater mistake made

than not to allow fresh air to stock shut up in a stable. When cold weather comes on it is customary with some farmers to barricade their stables as closely as possible against the outer air in order to secure warmth, and having done so they think they have made their stock safe and comfortable. This is a serious error. Cattle and horses require fresh air as much as human beings do, and if deprived of it the same evil results are as likely to happen as in the case of men and women shut up in a confined atmosphere which has been breathed over and over again until it becomes changed into a febrile poison. Under a long confinement to such air the constitution of the animals becomes debilitated and tendencies to disease engendered which might have remained latent, or, under circumstances, have been outlived by the animals. Even strong, healthy cattle lose vitality in close, unventilated stables.

It is the part of economy, therefore, to provide suitable ventilation for all stables; and in doing so it should be remembered that, without it, it is not only the confined air that the animals are compelled to breathe, but the exhalations from the excrements also. Nor should it be forgotten that, while an abundance of fresh air is essential to health, warmth is equally so. The problem, then, is to secure thorough ventilation without unduly lowering the temperature. Especially should draughts about the feet—as through cracks in the floor communicating with the outer air—be carefully guarded against. It is true all this involves some expense, but it is an expense that is soon amply repaid in the greater health, the better assimilation of the food, and consequently, the better condition of the animals. Not only so, but work animals are stronger and better enabled to do a day's work on the same expenditure of food, while the liability to disease is greatly reduced. The stable is no grand affair, yet the arrangements for securing warmth and fresh air should be as complete as those of a human habitation, at least a good deal more complete than most people are apt to think necessary.

How to Disappoint a Balking Horse.

A Leominster farmer recently broke his horse of a "balky" freak in a very quiet and, as he claims, not a cruel manner. His horse is in excellent flesh, and shows no signs of neglect on the part of his master. He drove him attached to a rack wagon, to the wood-lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him with a club, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood till morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I then returned, and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person; and I claim this method, if rightly used, is far less cruel and is better for both man and horse than to beat the animal with a club."—(Fitchburg Sentinel.)

Clearing Up Our Timber Lands.

In view of the urgent need of extended timber planting in the prairie states, for climatic effect and economic uses the doubtful policy of clearing up and cultivating our natural timber belts should have the careful consideration of our people.

A bit of actual experience may prove more convincing than whole pages of argument. About ten years ago I secured forty acres of denuded timber land in Benton county for the small sum of five dollars per acre. As portions of the surface showed sprouts of oak, ash, elm and other valuable species of timber springing up I determined to hold the plot for a few years and let nature take her own course in re-foresting it.

To-day it is worth a journey of a number of miles to note the size and the height of the timber covering the whole lot. Thousands of the oak saplings are from eight to ten inches in diameter and from thirty-five to forty feet in height. The timber on the land to-day will sell for at least \$15 per acre, leaving the surface as it was ten years ago.

While worth far more than this sum to the owner, who can utilize the thinnings for practical farm uses, permitting the timber in the near future to attain saw log size, its present selling value makes fair income (\$1.50 per acre each year) for this class of lands have little value for cultivation.

Thousands of settlers have had experience of this kind, yet the practice of the majority of the owners of the timber lands has been to cut off the timber and sell the land at a low price to those who are not able to purchase the higher-priced prairie land.

We should have a law exempting from taxation denuded timber lands permitted to grow up again. If thus exempted for say ten years the attention of our people would be called to this important subject.—Des Moines Register.

Hawkeye Horticulturalists.

Des Moines, Special Telegram.—Reports from different districts in Iowa made to the state Horticultural society, show the orchards of the state to have been badly injured by the hard winter of 1893. A. J. Haviland of Fort Dodge, reported the fruit crop in his district light, 30 per cent. of all the orchard trees fifteen years old having been killed last winter. The Oldenburg, Telopky and Wealthy stood the winter best. S. W. Ferris of Butler county reported that the Ben Davis and Rowles, which were so profitable two years ago, are mostly

killed. Among small fruits there is also considerable injury, and the winter plum is considered a poor investment. Cherries and blackberries and grapes are below the average. Of grapes the Concord is the leading variety. Some time was spent in discussing the propriety of mulching trees to retard their early blossoming. It was generally pronounced unsuccessful, especially in Central Iowa. Mr. Raymond of Council Bluffs had tried mulching and found that heavy mulching gives protection from freezing at the surface and they thaw underneath besides bringing out the flowers when the ground is still frozen and the roots are not. The opinion of the late J. N. Dixon was stated as favoring mulching. Prof. H. Osborn of Ames read an interesting paper treating mainly upon mites and rust upon leaves. Other papers were read on Roses and Shrubs, Joseph Bancroft, Cedar Falls; Planting of Lawns, Dr. William O. Kulp, Davenport; House Plants, R. S. Blair, Des Moines; Bedding Plants, Mrs. James Davidson, Monticello. Discussions were indulged in on Propagation of Stocks, Vines and Forest Trees by W. C. Havil, Fort Dodge; Silas Wilson, Atlantic; H. Strohm, Iowa City. Handling and Keeping of Fruits, George W. Bacon, Des Moines; John N. Dixon, Oskaloosa, and Vegetable Gardening, E. R. Shunkland, Dubuque; L. G. Clute, Manchester; C. W. Dorr, Des Moines.

PRINCES IN PARIS.

Four Russian Grand Dukes Visiting the French Capital—A Royal Hunt. Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

There are no fewer than four Russian grand dukes in the city, and it is rather curious that their imperial highnesses should have arrived just at the time when the municipal council had decided that the chiffonniers of the capital must go. I mean no disrespect to the brethren of Alexander III, by thus coupling their names with the ragpickers of Paris, but I have reason for doing so. Beyond doubt, these two extremes of the social fabric are being more talked about just now than they ever were before. The fashionable world and the political world are interested in the rumor that a marriage will be arranged between our old friend Alexis Alexandrovitch and the Princess Annelie d'Orleans, eldest daughter of the Count of Paris, some time on the staff of General George B. McClellan, and now lately heir to that shadow which some people call the throne of France. Rear Admiral Alexis has not changed much in appearance since his two visits to America. He has grown somewhat stouter; he now wears a full beard, and is still the same handsome, lusty, and light-hearted idol of all the ladies. He is thirty-three years old, and the Princess Annelie is eighteen. She made her debut in society last June at a fete given by the Baron and Baroness de Rothschild. With the Grand Duke Alexis are his three brothers, Vladimir, Serge, and Paul. The last named is the Czar's youngest brother, and there is nothing distinctive about him except his feet and hands, which are small and well shaped. He stands five feet eleven inches, weighs 175 pounds, and wears toothpick patent lisle, only 6-1-2 in size. The Grand Duke Vladimir is the only one of the lot who is married, except on "the European plan." Last Monday the quartette went out to Chantilly to hunt with the Duke d'Aumale. The reason they went out on "washday" was because that was the fete of St. Hubert, the patron of hunting.

Hubert was a poacher who was converted to christianity by the sudden appearance of a stag bearing a crucifix between its antlers. When alive, he was a bad, bold man; dead, the church made him a saint, and now his fete day is always celebrated with hunting parties. Last Monday throughout the day all the woodlands of France rang with the baying of hounds and the blasts of the hunting-horns. There are no longer any kings in France, but there are still some royal huntsmen, and d'Aumale is one of them. It was for this reason that he invited the four grand dukes out to Chantilly. Of course hunting in this country can not compare with the sport to be found in Russia.

The chateau of Chantilly is one of the finest in existence, and his royal highness the Duke d'Aumale is one of the noblest gentlemen that ever lived. Their imperial highnesses did not reach Chantilly early enough to assist at the 4 o'clock morning mass, at which the whole pack of hounds were present, but were in time for breakfast served at 9 o'clock in the grand dining room. All present were in full costume—some in red coats and white buckskin breeches; others, as were the Russian princes, in the colors of the Duke d'Aumale, that is to say, champagne coat, laced with gold and silver, with collar and facings of garnet velvet, blue breeches and boots. At 11 o'clock the party started for the rendezvous in the forest, and very soon a stag was started, which after a good run, was brought to bay and killed in a mill pond after a struggle with the hounds of nearly twenty minutes. The cure took place at once in the presence of the grand duke's dinner, ended only when the sound of hunting horns summoned the royal host and his imperial guests to the court d'honneur, where the careaux aux flambeaux took place. Piles of facts which had been well saturated with turpentine were blazing, and in the center of the court lay the dead stag. The hounds, held in leash, were wild with excitement, and when unleashed threw themselves on the carcass, and in a few moments there was nothing but bones for them to quarrel over. Just before midnight a special train brought Alexis and his brothers up to Paris.

Emile J. Suter, of Winona, has gone to El Paso, Tex., to take a place with the Mexican Central railway.

At the State Amber Case Association at Minneapolis, the old officers were re-elected as follows: President, Capt. Russell Blakeley St. Paul; vice president, Wyman Elliott of Minneapolis; secretary and treasurer, Prof. E. D. Porter of the state university

Messrs. S. H. Kinney, of Morristown, and C. F. Miller, of Dundas, were appointed members of the executive committee. Prof. Wiley has doubts of Minnesota's capabilities for sorghum sugar.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

What Owen Bascom, a New England Fortune Hunter, Experienced Alone in the Mid Pacific—The Distressing Chronicle of a Log Book.

Owen Bascom was born at Waterbury, Conn., thirty-six years ago. He suddenly left the city, having conceived a passion for adventure through constant reading of thrilling romances and exciting tales of the sea. For some time his aged parents made earnest efforts to find their truant son, but although his father spent a large portion of the hard-earned savings of many years of honest toil as a carpenter, no trace of Owen could be discovered and after many months all hope was given up, his father and mother finally concluding that he must be dead or they would have had some word from him. Great was their surprise and gratification when he turned up here to celebrate his return to America and to commemorate the anniversary of his birth. He tells a thrilling tale of his experiences since he left home. He went to New York on leaving Waterbury and stayed there for some time, knocking about town and picking up any odd jobs here and there, but always watching for a grand chance for adventure with a prospect of riches as a reward. His chance did not come before his funds were exhausted and he was finally compelled to ship before the mast or return home, which latter alternative was too much for his pride to permit. He knocked about on board ship for months, running into nearly all the principal foreign ports and setting all the adventure he wanted, but not with the anticipated alloy of pleasure he had looked forward to.

One day, when he was in Calcutta, he met with a party of adventurers, who, like himself, were looking for fortunes. He hobnobbed with them all day and got mellow with them at night, listened to their seductive schemes for acquiring wealth and finally concluded to join their expedition. As their vessel, the Nellie, was to sail the next morning Bascom went on board the vessel to which he belonged, gathered up his few effects and quietly deserted. The Nellie cleared for Nicolavsk early in the forenoon, intending, after getting a full store of supplies, to prospect for gold along the coast of China or Siberia. Nicolavsk was reached without incident and four or five days were spent there in lying in stores for the expedition. The men comprising the party and crew when it left Nicolavsk were: Captain Thomas Thompson; Captain Philip Brown, Jonson Emery, the mate of the Nellie and two Chinamen.

Great Shantar, or Sugar Island, lies off the coast of Siberia, in the western part of the Okhotsk Sea, in a bay of the same name. Here indications of gold were found by the prospectors, and they concluded to make their headquarters at this point. Accordingly they made a permanent landing there on September 17, 1875, and on the 20th began the erection of a log rancho. This was completed and moved in to on October 5. The next day one of the Chinese sailors was left in charge of the cabin and supplies while the remainder of the party took the Nellie and went off across the bay on a prospecting tour. After a cruise of two days, during which time the party put into many little coves and inlets in quest of the treasures of the earth, they started back. A storm came up and a terrible gale blew the Nellie upon a barren rock just opposite their place of habitation. She went to pieces and the men had great difficulty in getting ashore. Brown was taken sick October 18, and one of the Chinamen became ill two or three days after.

Matters began to look very gloomy for the little party, and a few days later Owen Bascom, who was feeling in much better health than any of the others, went in a whale-boat, which was thrown upon shore after the wreck, to get assistance and obtain medicines for his comrades. He was caught in a severe storm and, in spite of his most strenuous efforts, was blown out to sea. For days he was tossed about in his little boat and although he ate very sparingly his small supply of provisions soon gave out. After he had been without food for three days and was about to give up in despair, Bascom saw a sail. With a desperate effort he attracted the attention of the vessel and was taken on board. It was a native Chinese craft, on a fishing cruise, and it was many weary weeks before he was landed at Hong Kong. During all this time he had, of course, heard nothing of his comrades and was extremely anxious to render some assistance to them. For a long time no opportunity offered until finally one day he succeeded in finding a vessel bound for the Okhotsk Sea and secured passage on her.

His supply of money contributed by his fellow explorers had dwindled pretty low, but was replenished to some extent by charitable people to whom he had told his story. The vessel in which Bascom secured passage was the schooner Hannah Rice, owned by a firm of traders, Dinholm & Co., of Wadinstock, and was on her way with supplies for a new station just established at Muspur or Shanta Bay. When the party under Bascom's lead reached the spot where his party had set up its cabin they were startled to find lying a few yards from the door the detached bones of a man. Pushing open the door an overpowering stench greeted them. They fell back precipitately, but finally mustering courage again advanced. A horrible sight met their eyes. Just over the threshold lay a decomposed body and in a bunk built in the side was another. They were entirely unrecognizable. There was a small store of salt beef, hard bread, tea, molasses, tobacco and two rifles, three old rusty sabres and some ammunition. In the bunk with the body was the log. Paris had been torn out, presumably to preserve some secret. Nearly all the entries were made in the hands of Captain Thompson and many of them bore his signature.

The story told by the log is one of terrible suffering. Although the log was in a delapidated condition Bascom secured what remained intact of it and recently permitted your correspondent to inspect it. The entries for January, 1877, showed that heavy snow and intense cold was experienced. Both Brown and the Chinaman got much better until the latter part of the month, when Brown's leg began to swell badly and he was confined to his bed. In February there were very heavy falls of snow.

On March 9 Captain Thompson's entry says: "This month brings sickness and misery into this house."

"March 8—I was compelled to lie down, with my legs swollen and turning black which I put down to scurvy. March 20—One of the Chinamen on his back with the same disease. Brown still getting worse and complaining that he cannot live."

"March 30—This month ends with the sickness of our other Chinaman, who is just able to walk. My God! when will this end?"

"April 5—This month brings the greatest misery I have ever experienced. Brown is not able to turn on his blanket and none of us are able to give him a helping hand. The poor Chinaman is only able to give him a cup of tea once in a while."

"April 8—Poor old Brown died and not one of us able to close his eyes."

"April 10—One of the Chinamen gone. We had an awful time getting the body into the snow."

"April 12—This night I feel more like a dying man than ever."

"April 16—There is absolute misery in the rancho. One Chinaman died during the night. This morning I tried to get up, but faint. We tried to get the dead Chinaman outside, but all efforts failed. I feel that we are all doomed."

The next and last entry has no date and is written in a very feeble, shaky hand. It reads:

"How long I have laid here I don't know. All is blank I am alone. Unable to move. The others are dead. Oh, what agony I am in! I feel it eating at my vitals. This must be death."

Here the log abruptly ended. A grave was dug by the party and the remains were laid in as best they could be. The door of the cabin was strongly fastened to keep out the bears. Two years after Bascom visited the same spot. He says: "The cabin still stood above the common grave and I could not look upon it without a shudder passing over me to think of the terrible tragic months these men had passed, dying one by one of that slow, certain disease, far from home, help and civilization. The shores of this wild, desolate country are the silent custodians of many a tragedy. The counterpart of this and lonely graves and ghostly skeletons give evidence to the hundreds who have lost their lives in search of gain or adventure in this frozen land of the north. No clue to the friends of my comrades were found, so far as I know, and they had unfortunately left nothing of their history. They were men without experience in cold latitudes, for they had made none of the ordinary precautions to ward off sickness."

Bascom has been cruising around the uncivilized parts of the world ever since these thrilling experiences until last Saturday, when he arrived in New York and immediately started for his home here. He wants no more of adventure and, being a man of good education and much experience, will probably settle down to the hum-drum life of a Waterbury tradesman.

The Ride.

The Southern negro is looked upon as helpless against the white man, who would take from him his privileges. There are instances, however, which show that he is quite capable of taking care of himself, and also of over-reaching others. The old fellow in the following story, told in the Owensburg (Ky.) Messenger, showed himself ready to hold his own, with or without the "Civil Rights Bill." Such men as he need no sympathy from North or South.

"Far!" said a railroad conductor to an old negro.

"Sah?"

"I say, fare."

"Yas, an' we's needin' rain, too."

"I say, I want your ticket, or your money."

"Oh, yer wants money?"

"Yes; harry up!"

"How much does yer want?"

"Where are you going?"

"Sah?"

"How far are you going?"

"Don't know how many miles it is."

"What is the name of the station?"

"Jones' Wood-yard."

"Fifty cents."

"I ain't got no money."

"Well, what are you here for?"

"Case I wanted to ride; but stop de car an' I'll get off, fur it 'pears like I ain't welcome heah nohow. Good-day, boss! Dis is de wood-yard."

Stray Pen Pokes.

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is totally unlike some of the orthodox ministry, for while the latter advocate the theory of eternal pain, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil believes in no pain at all. It is at sword's points with all aches and pains, and its use means their quick and complete extermination every time.

It is a mistake when you do not use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and there is a mixed ache when you do.

It might be termed "a rainy day" when you have a sprain or st-rain. It certainly is a "cold day" when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil won't cure either.

When David threw his stone at Goliath he made a great hit, knocking the giant flat as a flounder. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has made just as good or better hits. Rheumatism and neuralgia never stood before it.