

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Notes for the Housekeeper.

N. M. Writes to the N. Y. Tribune: "Where one has to manage with a small income and has good health, it is a good plan to dispense with help, and by economizing in other ways, buy such articles as will contribute to the comfort of the family and especially such as will make the work easy—a Dover egg-beater, a carpet-sweeper, a washer, a meat-chooper, a kerosene stove with fixtures, a combination baby high chair with rocker, a little carriage, an adjustable gate that will fit any door or window, so that you can keep the babies very near you, and yet not in the same room where the work is going on. A great saver of time is to have a place for each thing and each thing in place when not in use. It is surprising how the little two-year-olds will remember where each thing belongs, and how soon they will learn that it is the right way to pick up the 'blocks' before asking for the 'animals,' and how the younger ones will teach the older ones, 'this is my drawer,' and 'that is mamma's; we musn't open mamma's drawer.' It is rather hard at first to leave all your important duties to show the babies how to pick up the playthings, right away, when they are through playing with them; but have patience, they will learn and will know no other way, and the first you know they will do it of their own accord and give you no more trouble. My two oldest babies now pick up their blocks and pile them in the boxes without being told. At 10:30 every morning they have each a glass of warm milk and go to bed for their nap, where they stay until 1 o'clock. Sometimes they sleep all the time, sometimes only part of it, but they don't know any better than to stay there, and they need the rest. How much work can be crowded in while they are asleep I need not mention here, as any one can try for herself. At 5:30 the babies go to bed and sleep from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. The evenings we spend very pleasantly.

Two Cheap Medicines.

One of the cheapest medicines that mortals can use is sleep. It is a sovereign remedy for weakness; it cures restlessness, uneasiness and irritability; it will remedy headache; it also cures nervousness. When weary we should rest; when exhausted we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal. What weary men need is sleep. The lack of sleep causes neuralgia, paralysis and insanity. Many a person dies for want of sleep, and the point where many a sufferer turns his feet from the very gates of death to the open path of life is when he sinks to sleep. Of almost every sick man it may be said, as of Lazarus, "If he sleeps he will do well." Another excellent medicine is sunshine. The world requires more of it morally and physically. It is more soothing than morphine, more potent than poppies. It is good for liver complaint, neuralgia, for rheumatism, for melancholy—for everything. Make your rooms sunny and cheerful; build your houses so as to command the sunshine all day long.

Princess Beatrice's Trousseau.

From the London Truth. Have you any curiosity about the trousseau a princess has? I have seen the sketches and materials of some of Princess Beatrice's trousseau frocks, which are being made by Redfern. One is a very pretty brown and blue shot-tweed, with silk to match. The shirt is of the latter and is arranged in wide perpendicular pleats. The bodice and tunic are of the tweed, the front of the bodice being trimmed with folds of the silk, arranged *fichu*-fashion. A pretty little jacket to go with this gown is made of the tweed, lined with peacock-colored satin and trimmed with the shot-silk down the fronts, which are straight, though the back fits tightly to the figure.

Another nice frock is of grenadine blanket cloth, the long wide pleats on the skirt being separated by folds of Ottoman silk in the same color. There is also a vest of the Ottoman, the bodice and scarf drapery being of the cloth. A jacket is made to accompany this frock, the material being the blanket cloth. It fastens from the left shoulder and is trimmed round all the outlines with fine sable.

A gown of navy-blue cloth is cut out in scallops, which fall over a trimming of interlaced cardinal red braid. A similar but narrower trimming edges the tunic, which is quite short. The fronts of the bodice are scalloped over a vest of interlaced red braid and the sleeves are finished at the cuffs to match.

The jacket corresponding with this is of navy cloth, edged with one row of cardinal braid. A revers, turned back at the side or the chest, is lined with red silk and a smaller revers, turned back at the right side of the bodice, shows a similar lining. This is a very effective little arrangement and one quite new to my experience.

A cream-colored cloth is made over a skirt of pale blue veiling, being quite plain except for a narrow pleating round the edge. The bodice of this fastens diagonally from the left shoulder by means of carved mother-of-pearl buttons. The vest and cuffs are pale blue.

Another cream-colored dress is of Cairo cloth, with pleated skirt and scarf-like tunic, made of cream-color-

ed satin. The bodice of this gown is pleated and worn with a belt.

Seasonable Fashion Notes.

Ottoman ribbons are largely used for trimming dresses.

Parasols match the costumes with which they are worn.

White cloth dresses are trimmed with embroidery or braid.

Black and white striped silk and satin are very popular in Paris.

Black, gray and shades of brown are the leading colors in hosiery.

Dividing the honors with Spanish lace, we find the Marquise, which is extremely popular, and comes in various and attractive patterns.

Evening gloves are made with the hand, as far as the wrist, of kid, while the long arm consists of silk net, embroidered with gold, silver or silk.

Morning dresses and elegant house toilets are made dressy with profuse use of ribbons in bows, knots, cascades, panels and floating loops and ends.

Matinees are still trimmed down the front with full jabot of lace, or open over a brocaded plastron, and are edged on either side with full frills of lace.

Red silk crepe is a favorite material for trimming dark blue alpaca, and is introduced in tiers of fans placed overlapping each other down the left side.

White nuns' veiling is the favorite for nice dresses for young girls. It is made up with a jersey bodice, laced or buttoned behind. The skirt is trimmed with rows of satin ribbon, and has a tablier in front and sash ends behind for slender figures, while those inclined to stoutness need no overdress, but wear a sash.

Better Crops From Sheltered Belts.

Last winter in Southern Ohio, and indeed over a much larger section of country, furnished an illustration of the value of timber as a protection to small grain, which the dullest farmer or most casual observer could not fail to notice. The only fields of wheat showing life were those which felt the protection of timber. Richland, thorough preparation of soil and early seeding which gave a start to the crop so that it covered the ground in the fall, and even top-dressing with fine rich manure, all counted for nothing during the terrible winter, for thousands of acres which had some or all of these favorable conditions were totally killed. I rode during the last week of April twenty miles through as good a wheat-producing locality as can be found in the Union, and did not see a single field that promised five bushels of wheat to the acre, except in the protection of timber. Here and there was a green velvet field, and in every case, without exception, was the border of timber on one or more sides of it. Even neglected hedges, allowed to grow to the height of ten feet, saved a belt of wheat several rods in width.

Professor Townsend, of the Ohio university, states that in the prairie countries it has been found that with one-sixth of the land devoted to timber the remainder produced as much grain as the whole did before the trees were planted. I have raised timber belts of soft maple and of locust on my farm, and found that a double row, occupying less than a rod in width of land, can be grown from seed to furnish good protection in five years, and I have cut a cord of wood from thirty-five maple trees; ten years old, and occupying but four or five square rods of land. There can be no question of the profit of these timber belts; they pay in the protection they afford to grain, grass and stock, and the timber when utilized will pay again and often largely. When arranged to protect the permanent pastures it is safe to estimate that the stock can be turned out a week earlier in spring than in an unprotected field, and a week of pasture at this season is worth much more than a week later. I would urge every farmer whose land is unprotected to start a shelter belt of trees.—Waldo F. Brown.

What a Baby Can Do.

[Babies are often called "helpless little things," "powerless little creatures," and all that sort of nonsense. In a few words we will prove to our unprejudiced readers that babies are neither "helpless" or "powerless," by informing them of a few things that a baby can do.]

It can wear a dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest size bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can make the author of its being's wash bills foot up to \$5 a week and not be feeling at all well.

It can crowd to suffocation the smoking car of a railroad train with indignant passengers between two stations.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding-house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just at the moment when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can look its father innocently in the face and five seconds later spoil the only good coat that he has got in the world.

It can make an old bachelor in the

room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theater it can wake up, and stay awake until the beginning of the last act.

It can, in ten minutes, drive a man frantically from his home and cause him to seek the companionship of a locomotive blowing off steam in order that he may obtain the rest and quietude which his weary frame demands.

[These are some of the few things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burden of a loving mother's life by adding to them; it can flatten its dirty little face against a window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it, as a picture, before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own.]—Home Companion.

Manners of Hired Help.

H. P. writes to the N. Y. Tribune: "Will you not give us a little talk upon the relations of the employer and the employed, especially those existing in the household and on the farm, where one is associated personally with those in his or her employ. Please tell us what you would consider the proper form of address due the employer in such cases."

The Tribune answers: Our household consists of two brothers past thirty, one sister and myself past twenty-five, and I think that a more formal title than the given name used by the family is due us from our hired help. Now is it unkind to insist upon having Miss used before my sister's name and my own, and Mr. before that of my brothers? No well-bred person met socially expects to use any other style of address unless they are intimate friends, and why should it be considered a degrading thing for one in service to place the suitable title before his employer's name when addressing him or her? Surely the utmost kindness should be shown to those we employ, and certainly no true-hearted person wishes to make any one feel a degrading sense of inferiority because of the necessity of gaining a livelihood by manual labor, but isn't it far easier to keep their relations pleasant when due respect is given to these outward forms? Undue familiarity is never a promoter of kindly feeling.

A Word of Advice.

Why are girls so injudicious in their toleration of dissipated young men? It is very often the case that a thoroughly good girl will deliberately marry a man who makes no secret of his bad habits. What can she expect but misery to ensue? A life-partnership should not be entered into without at least as much caution as men display in making business combinations for limited periods. No man selects his business partner from among men who drink much liquor or have other bad habits. As for mere manners and the ability to make one's self agreeable, they have not of themselves influence enough among men to secure a dollar's worth of credit or to justify any one in believing their possessor on oath. A girl who is not old enough or shrewd enough to have learned what are the standards by which men are tested, would be far surer of a happy life if she were to let her parents select a husband in the prosiest manner imaginable, than if she were to make her own selection in the manner peculiar to girls. A life-partnership is not easily dissolved.—Home Companion.

A Maine Farmer on Fences.

If I had my way, I wouldn't have a fence on the farm. In the first place, there are over 64,000 farmers in Maine. Now, their farms have in the aggregate over 42,000,000 rods of fence, or rising 131,000 miles. This is outside of ornamental fences, and does not include some 2,000 miles or more of railroad fencing. There are 11,000 rods of highway fences, 16,000,000 rods of partition fences and some 15,000,000 rods of division fences. Estimating the cost of these fences at \$1 per rod, and that would, I think, be a fair estimate, and the total cost of fences in Maine is over \$42,000,000. This is nearly as much as all the farms and their buildings are worth. It is more than twice and a half the value of all our live stock, and nearly as much as the entire capital of the state invested in manufactures. Why, what with changes and repairs, the loss from yearly decay, the cost of breaking roads through snow-drifts caused by road fences, and the interest on the first cost, taxes, and you'll find that our fences cost us annually \$6,000,000. My idea is that fences ought to be confined exclusively to pastures. I would abolish the rest. Road fences do more damage than good, by causing the roads to drift in the winter time. The only possible use of a mowing field can be to enable the farmer to feed his stock in it during the spring and fall.

Cistern Water.

B. writes: "If A. L. S. will use the common chain pump in his cistern he will have good water the year round. I use rain-water from a tin roof, and fill in early spring enough to last till

fall. I use a chain pump and the water is nice enough for a king. Water needs air and the chain pump supplies." C. W. H. writes: After considerable experience in using well and cistern water, myself and family prefer the cistern water though we have a splendid well. My cistern is built on the north side of the house, 18 feet deep, bricked up and cemented. In the bottom is built a chamber about 2 feet square and four feet high of one thickness of brick laid in cement, into which the pump pipe passes so that all water must pass through the brick before using. I never allow any water to go into the cistern till it has rained hard for some time and until I have proved it to be clear by taking a glass full of it and holding it up to the light. I turn the water off while it still runs a good stream, as the water that has dripped over the shingles is liable to taste of pine. The smoky look and taste in rain water comes from the smoke in the atmosphere and from the shingles. It takes quite a rain fall to clear both. The water from my cistern is clear as well water, very cool and almost tasteless. After one week's use no one would think of using even spring water in preference to it. A cistern properly managed will discount the doctor's bill 50 per cent."

Strawberries.

After a bed of strawberries has fruited, the space between the rows should be spaded up and raked off so as to furnish a place for the rooting of the runners, from which a new bed may be formed. By turning the runners, which grow freely after fruiting is over, into this mellow, clean space, a large number of new plants will be secured, which can be removed to a new bed and planted out to replace the old one. This way of forming a new bed every second year, as soon as the old rows are mated, is decidedly preferable to keeping the old beds in a half-productive state. The old beds are spaded up next year when the new one will have filled the rows; the runners on the new rows should be directed to fill up the vacant spaces, when the next year there will be a full crop. The year after the same process is gone through to form a new bed.—New York Times.

Curing Soft Corns.

The New York Tribune has a variety of cures—take your choice:

C. S. says: "Split a good moist raisin, put it on the corn. This has cured many within my knowledge." J. M. P. says: "Apply pulverized chalk and that will cure the trouble." M. C. B. says: "Bind on a slice of lemon and persist in this treatment, which will soon effect a cure." R. T. R. says: "Soak the feet two or three times a week in very warm water, putting a bit of fresh cotton each time between the toes, saturated with olive oil. Renew the oil daily. This application will cure hard corns on the toes. Cut a hole to fit the corn in a piece of soft buckskin, or several thicknesses of cotton cloth; put on fresh oil daily or oftener. In a week or more the core can be pulled out, not cut." F. S. says: "Saturate a piece of cotton cloth with turpentine and wrap it around the toe when you go to bed. Repeat this a few nights and the corn will disappear." G. B. G. has cured soft corns by simply wearing a piece of black silk wrapped about them.

The Nude in Art.

From a Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The exposition of the French Academy at the Villa Medici this season has caused quite a scandal. Doucet, one of the pensioners, a quiet, gentlemanlike artist, a perfectly reputable and excellent person, has painted for this exposition, strange to say, a very coarse picture, not lascivious, but coarse. It is called the "Interior of a Harem." The light is dim; three or four indistinct forms of naked women are seen sitting about in awkward positions. There are no fine stuffs, no gorgeous decorations, no dazzling colors; the whole attention is directed to the entirely nude body of a robust woman of the Rubens type, who lies sleeping apparently on the front plane of the picture. Her face cannot be seen, as her back is toward the spectator. As a study of flesh, mere human flesh, the picture is truly a marvelous work of art, but in every other respect is not only unattractive, but absolutely repulsive. After all that may be said in defense of nudity in art by artists, most of us shrink from the sight of it in modern art; we accept it with pleasure only in sculpture, especially ancient sculpture. The Venus of Milo, the Venus of the Capitol, the Apoxyomenos of the Vatican, the Apollo Saurontonos, the Hermes of Olympia, are such divine perfection of human development that the beholder forgets all modern artificial rules of decorum when looking at them. They are beings of a far-off age; exquisite forms manifested in a strange marble existence. But in painting the nude almost always gives a shock to a sensitive and refined nature. Titian's Venus, Rubens' huge ruddy woman, with all their exquisite execution and the beauty given them by their creators, they are to say the least, most unattractive.

Judge Toll's Experience Raising Catnip.

The Hon. Charles H. Toll, of Denver, has had an exciting experience. For two years he was attorney general of Colorado, and it was near the close of his administration—which, by the way, was characterized by singular probity and ability—that a son was born to him. One day the nurse came to Judge Toll, and said: "The baby has been ailing for a week; we ought to do something for him." Judge Toll thrust his hand down into his pocket and pulled out a \$50-bill. "Get him what he needs, and if that isn't enough I'll give you a check for my whole bank account." The nurse shook her head. "What he needs," said she, "is a simple remedy, a mild tonic. Now I was brought up down east, and I was taught the efficacy of catnip tea. I know of no other stimulant for an ailing babe." "We'll buy a ton of catnip," said Judge Toll. "No," replied the nurse, "it can't be bought here in Colorado—you'll have to send east for it." So Judge Toll telegraphed that very day to Boston for the wholesome herb. In about a week four dozen healthy catnip bushes arrived from Massachusetts, and Judge Toll was the happiest man in Arapahoe County. "We'll plant them in the front yard," he said, "so when the baby gets sick we'll have a nice lot of fresh catnip on hand for him." Accordingly the four dozen catnip bushes were planted in rows in the front yard of the Toll estate on Welton street.

In a day or two their fragrance began to permeate the circumambient atmosphere. Old Uncle Seth Cooley came down from his place on Capital Hill and leaned over the front fence and gazed tenderly at the odoriferous herbs and said: "Waal, now, I'll be gosh darned if this doesn't remind me of old New England. Our home place down to Pelham, close on to Shutesbury Plum Trees, was everlastin' full o' catnip. Say, Judge, gi' me a book o' o' them, will ye?"

Naturally, Judge Toll was very proud of his catnip garden, but one night he was awakened from pleasant slumbers by a frightful noise in the front yard. It seemed to him as if the sluice-ways of sheol had been opened upon that once fair spot. He slipped into his trousers and peered out of the window. Cats! Cats! Ten thousand of the creatures purring, howling, yawning, rolling, stretching and crooning over those catnip bushes!

There were cats of all color, size, sex, condition, breeding, habits and manners; black, white, yellow, tabby, maltese, brindle, tortoise-shell, striped, speckled, crushed strawberry, maroon, gamboge cats—big, little, fat, gaunt, one-eyed, stump-tailed, toothless, hoarse, lame cats—a confused, seething mass of these motley felines, all purring and rolling among the catnip bushes. Nor was this all.

By the clear moonlight Judge Toll could see thousands and thousands of other cats hastening hither. They were coming down from the mountains, from Leadville, Crested Butte, Georgetown, Central City, Manitou, Aspen, Idaho, Boulder, Longmont—everywhere—the foothills were alive with them, and they were headed toward the one local point, that catnip bed. On the east another multitude of cats swept in from the arid plains of Kansas—from Deer Trail, from Monotony, Water Tank, and the desert solitudes of the eastern confines of Colorado. Some came over the Kansas Pacific, others over the Burlington, while from the north there was wafted a din which betokened that another army of cats was on its way from Cheyenne.

It was an astounding spectacle—nay, it was prodigious. Yet Judge Toll understood it all—yes, in a moment the whole truth flashed upon him. These cats had lived all these years far from the influences of civilization, and had never been able to enjoy the advantages of the herb that is essential to the symmetry of the feline nature. They had heard what catnip was, but they had never tasted nor whiffed any. What a revelation Judge Toll's front yard must have been to them! With what celerity they availed themselves of the boon when the breezes bore the perfume of those catnip bushes to their mountain and prairie homes!

His unerring shotgun was at hand, but Judge Toll had not the heart to interrupt their pleasure—the wondrous carnival of cats was permitted to proceed undisturbed all that night among the catnip bushes.

When Judge Toll went out into the yard next morning not a vestige of those fair herbs was visible, nor was there a cat to be seen; but scattered here and there on the despoiled turf, an occasional eye, a tuant bit of an ear, a casual quarter section of a tail, or a desultory tuft of hair, gave pathetic evidence to the tragedy which had been enacted over the last few relics of that once smiling garden.—Chicago News.

Mr. Moore, one of the largest dealers in furs in the northwest, is authority for the statement that it is almost an impossibility to procure buffalo robes in the northwest. During the season of 1864 Mr. Moore purchased nearly 20,000 robes, while this season despite his utmost endeavor, he has been able to secure but eighteen robes.

The inventory of the estate of the late Charles W. McCune, editor and proprietor of the Buffalo Courier, shows property worth \$529,614.