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PAYING THE PENALTY

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

It takes a schooner to make a fortune in any reasonable length of time nowadays, my lad. My intention is to have the friendship of every member of this household before we have been here a week. You must do the same. I will guarantee that girl, John, is praising me to the skies to her mamma right now, and telling her what a beast I am to have a son of your age.

Mother, you are handsome, and if the invalid should die I have no doubt but you could win the banker if you chose. We should not have to change your name this time.

"Tut, tut, my dear, and thank you for your compliment. We cannot proceed any further to-night. Help me off that tray back into the trunk, and I will bid you good-night. You will have to unpack some of your own morning apparel before you retire, I suppose.

"Yes, and if you wish me to capitulate one of our hearty breakfasts, I must be very particular about my attire."

"Certainly. Not only particular about your attire, but in your deportment as well. I believe that much depends on the impression of to-morrow. It will be one of the critical days of a lifetime."

"I never talk you there, mother; but time will shape our destinies."

"Not so! It is we who are to shape them, or we shall die paupers. Fools do that. We must shape our own destinies. When I was younger, I might have listened to such logic. Not so now. If we manage shrewdly we have a life of luxury and ease before us."

Mother, you appear grand when you are excited. You should have been an actress.

A silvery laugh emanated from madam's lips, and she vanished.

"Ha, ha! I should have been, indeed. But how know you that I have not?"

"You have never told me much of your early life, mother, or of her—"

"I know. Well, perhaps some day. But now I think we have each a part to act. Action must be our motto. And it must be in the right direction. Good-night, my son." The widow impressed a kiss upon the brow of the young man, which was soon returned before he left the room.

For a moment the madam stood, gazing apparently at the closed door, through which he had made his exit. Then turning, she seized herself in a rocker and thus mused:

"To-morrow morning we shall meet the son and daughter, and later I shall meet the banker's wife. I wonder if she is confined to her room constantly—if she is a helpless invalid. I shall soon learn. If so, so much the better. I told the boy the truth. Action must be our motto at least mine. Had will unhesitatingly pursue her course I may direct. He would follow me through fire, and I would have it so. I have trained him well. The strongest will must have ascendency. The strongest will is mine." And the madam smiled complacently.

"Humph! I have had a checkered life. I may have until the end. But my life's ambition must be satisfied. Wealth, wealth—I want it. I will have wealth. I have thought it mine, and each time I had secured it it slipped from my grasp. This time—with this time! I wonder really what is the banker's wealth. It would scarce make millionaires of us all. There are too many in my brother-in-law's family. Oh well, we shall see.

"I must retire at once, sleep well, and look my best in the morning. Let me see how I have borne the journey. And stepping the madam rose and stood before a mirror.

"In my eyes I look a little jaded—a little pale. No matter. I will have roses in my cheeks after eight or ten hours' rest.

"That banker looks like a confiding soul. I could see from his demeanor that he admired me. He may not be so easy to mould as was Andrew; but then, he was so poor. Lord! what a whiner over his calamities. Andrew died, slowly but surely, and I am again a widow.

"What a fool Dick Newberry led me! Rich one day, and poor the next. Race horses, and whisky, whisky and race horses. I tired of that—tired of Newberry, and left him. He drank himself into the tremens and blew out his brains.

"Then there is that other—how my blood boils when I think—pshaw! Let me not dwell on the past to-night.

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the heads of the children to the third and fourth generation" or words to that effect. That is scripture, and that reminds me that I have heard that the devil could quote scripture to serve his purpose.

"Now for sleep. Sleep that knits up the ravaled sleeve of care—and on the morrow, a furtherance of my plans."

Ten minutes later the madam was in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER III.

At the very hour of the arrival of Mrs. Andrew Kellogg and son at the Chicago banker's residence, Amos Kellogg of Wilmington, North Carolina, was seated in the library of his house in that city, smoking his favorite long-stemmed pipe.

Amos seemed in a thoughtful mood, and from time to time, as the smoke gracefully curled aloft, he removed the stem of his pipe from his lips, stroked his iron gray beard, bent his head as in a listening attitude and glanced toward the library door.

"Surely," he presently muttered, "the note said eight o'clock. It is that now. Let me read it again;" and crossing to a high, old-fashioned desk, he withdrew from one of the receptacles of the same an envelope, from which he abstracted and in low tones read the following:

"Amos D. Kellogg, Esq.—Dear Sir: I shall call at your residence at eight o'clock to-night. Please do not fail to be in your library. I must see you on a matter of the gravest importance. If my surmises are right, a stern duty confronts you. Mr. Sellars, the detective, will accompany me.

"DAVID M. STRONG, M. D."

"Yes, the note reads eight o'clock. He must see me at eight o'clock, and on a matter of the gravest importance. Lang Sellars, our great detective, to accompany him. I am completely at sea.

"Ah, there is some one at the front door now. Yes, and here comes Chloe. What now, Chloe?"

"Mars Amos, Doctor Strong an' another gemmen is call to see you. I spec it's Mars Sellars, de detective, cuse he's powerful tall an' he eyes look mighty sharp."

"Show the gentlemen into this room, Chloe. I was expecting them."

A moment later the doctor and his companion entered the library.

"Good evening, doctor! Good evening, Mr. Sellars" exclaimed Amos, rising to his feet and extending a hand to each of his visitors. "Pray be seated. I declare, doctor, your note aroused my curiosity. I have been trying to conjure up in my mind what grave duty can confront me in case your surmises are correct. But I will give it up. What, you look as sober as a deacon. Even the countenance of our great detective appears perturbed—something unusual."

"I doubt not," said the doctor, "that what I feel it a duty to state to you to-night will greatly surprise you. I have a revelation to make that should have been made before. Indeed, I feel that I have been remiss in a grave duty that confronted me. I brought Sellars with me that we might have the benefit of his experience and counsel.

"Well, well! Chloe!"

"Yes, masster!"

"Bring the decanter from the sideboard, a pitcher of water, glasses and cigars. If I am to be startled out of my senses, I must fortify myself. Ah, here you come. You may go now, Chloe. Close the door behind you. Now, gentlemen, join me in a toddy, and then for your revelation."

Amos proceeded to mix the toddies, the three men disposed of them; the doctor advanced to the library door, turned the key, and seats were resumed.

"Oh, that was an unnecessary move, doctor," said Amos. "There is no danger of interruption."

"We must be sure," was the reply. "Also must we be certain that our conversation will be heard by none save ourselves."

"I declare, I begin to grow alarmed," said Amos, "but rest assured that you may safely proceed."

"In the first place, then," remarked the doctor, "is it a fact that Andrew's widow has left Wilmington?"

"Andrew's widow!" exclaimed Amos, with no little surprise. "What on earth—but then, you warned me that I was to be surprised. Yes, Andrew's widow and her son are here. I suppose, still with my brother Stephen in Chicago. I know nothing of their intention of leaving here until the evening of the day of their departure. Andrew, you know, died insolvent. It seems that he left a letter requesting Stephen to look after the future of his wife and step-son. I was prepared to offer the young man employment, but Elinor, his widow, stated that Andrew requested that they leave the scene of his misfortunes behind.

"I suppose he thought there would be better opportunities for the young man West than here. And then, Stephen is a banker, wealthy, and able to look after them. I concluded, after thinking the matter over, that they pursued the right course. Elinor, it is true, has been twice a widow; but she is yet a comparatively young woman, handsome, and may marry again. But I fail to see—"

"Wait!" said the doctor. "Did you see this letter purporting to have been written by Andrew—I mean the one to Stephen?"

"Certainly. I read it."

"You are sure Andrew wrote it?"

"Why, certainly I am."

"Poor, deluded man!"

"What! What!"

"Andrew."

"And why, pray? What in heaven's name are you driving at, doctor?" exclaimed Amos excitedly.

"This, Amos."

At this point Dr. Strong arose from his chair, advanced to the door, quickly unlocked, opened it, and glanced into the hall.

"In heaven's name," exclaimed Amos, rising to his feet, "explain yourself."

Sellars, during this time, had remained seated near the library window, smoking a long-stemmed pipe he had taken from a collection on the mantelpiece when he had entered the room.

Dr. Strong closed and re-locked the door, then advancing to the side of Amos, he placed one hand on his shoulder as he leaned forward, and said:

"Andrew Kellogg I believe to have been ruthlessly murdered!"

"Murdered!" gasped Amos.

"Yes, murdered. And I believe that woman, his wife, Elinor Kellogg, to have slowly and remorselessly murdered him."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Amos. "You are crazy! To my knowledge she nursed him as tenderly as though he had been a child. I cannot believe a word of it—not a word! Why, you stated not a week before his death that you were treating him for gastric inflammation of the stomach. It is a late day, doctor, a late day, that you have made your discovery. You have certainly given me a surprise. Pray, when did you discover that Andrew had been murdered? How was he murdered? Speak now, speak!"

"Be seated, Amos, and let us calmly talk this matter over. There is one chance in a thousand that I may be mistaken."

"Then you are mistaken," said Amos. "Why, for three months Andrew was day by day gradually sinking into the grave. You, his attending physician during that period, pronounced his condition critical. Why have you waited until he was in the grave before coming forward with such assertions?"

"I told you, Amos, that I had been remiss in a duty; and yet I know not how I could have been otherwise. The tenth of May, I was first called to your brother's bedside. I found him suffering from gastric inflammation of the stomach, but did not consider his condition serious. I prescribed the usual remedies, and he improved rapidly. I doubted not that he would soon be completely restored to health and had ceased my visits, when I was suddenly called to his bedside again. I found this second attack more serious than the first, but it yielded to treatment, and again he was in a fair way to complete recovery.

"Apparently without cause, I one morning found him suffering intensely and completely prostrated. His wife, as you stated, seemed all devotion and was constantly at his bedside. He rallied for a day or two, then dropped back lower than ever. The case was very peculiar."

"Well, I—"

"Wait! Thus the case progressed. Each time he rallied I believed he was on the safe road to recovery, each time I was disappointed, without apparent cause he would suddenly lower back into the old condition. Thus, as you are aware, time passed on; one day I was encouraged over his condition, the next day discouraged, but never did I consider his case truly alarming.

"On the evening of May first, in returning from a visit to a patient, I thought I would call in and see Andrew. As I passed the gate, Earl came out of the house hat in hand.

"'I was just going for you, doctor,' he said. 'Mr. Kellogg has another relapse.'

"I hastened to his bedside and found him in convulsions, his wife seated beside him, wringing her hands. Andrew was, of course, unconscious, and in five minutes he was a dead man. I was appalled. His wife seemed heart-broken.

"I immediately notified you of his death. That night I paced the floor of my office until dawn, and when I left the house had determined that Andrew Kellogg had been murdered—that he had met death at the hands of a second Lucretia Borgia—had been poisoned. I realized that I had been made a dupe of—had been misled in my treatment of his case, and resolved that an inquest should be held over his remains at once. I doubted not that a post mortem would justify my suspicions.

"I made all haste to the residence to view the corpse before calling on the coroner. At eight o'clock I was there. Andrew Kellogg had been but two hours a dead man. His body had been already embalmed."

"I am perfectly astounded," said Amos, "that my brother died from natural causes. As you have stated, there may have been many peculiarities about the case, but of one thing I assume you. My brother Kellogg was a devoted wife, and your surmises you are doing her the grossest injustice. As for Earl—pshaw, doctor! this is all bosh. But why did you not go on and hold the post mortem?"

"Of what use? The body of Andrew, I stated, had been embalmed. Embalming fluid is composed of the most deadly poisons. The cavities and blood vessels of the frame were filled with it. I was too late. Now, why such haste in embalming the body of her husband, unless to destroy proofs that he had been poisoned?"

"Oh, you are wild, doctor, wild! I myself ordered the undertaker to embalm the body not an hour after you had notified me of his death."

"At whose suggestion?"

"What? Oh, well, wife and I were at the house twenty minutes after you had notified me. We found Elinor almost insane with grief, and no wonder—she had lost her second husband. I stated that I wished Stephen could gaze upon the features ere his body was consigned to the grave. Between her sobs Elinor stated that it would not be well to embalm the body. The weather otherwise, she feared, would have precluded preservation, remains for any length of time. I thought it would be best, and ordered it done at once."

"And yet Stephen was not present at the funeral. How could he [illegible] when the body was interred [illegible] later?"

"True. I afterwards realized the uncertainty of his being able to be present, even a week later, and thought that by consigning the body of Andrew to the grave, I might in some slight measure mitigate the sorrow of his widow. Thus, you see, not a step was taken except for me, and all your theorizing falls to the ground. Andrew died from natural causes. I doubt not that your diagnosis of his case was quite correct, but all your skill could not save his life. Pray think no more of this matter, nor mention elsewhere your foolish suspicions. There is not one particle of evidence to establish your claims."

"Too true! And yet I am perfectly satisfied that Andrew died from poison of some kind, subtly administered. It is my duty to inform you. Certainly, as I told Mr. Sellars, there is no proof. Perhaps he might discover evidence. I removed from Mr. Kellogg's room after his death, the somnolent of an opiate I had prescribed—that had not been tampered with. I had no license to open or examine trunks."

"You would have found nothing condemnatory."

"The servants might have been the guilty parties."

"Humbug, doctor! There were no guilty parties."

"Then you do not feel disposed to follow the matter up, perhaps by a search of the madam's effects even now?"

"Doctor, you became needlessly alarmed. The only poison administered my brother was after his death. But if he had been poisoned, how could you establish the fact? Ask Sellars."

(To be continued.)

A Transformed Empire.

Nothing is more wonderful than the difference between the Austrian Empire that was and the Austrian Empire that is. I knew it above forty years ago, says a correspondent of London Truth. Then it was one of the cheapest countries in Europe, now there is no country dearer. In this it has kept pace with Germany. Bohemia is probably the wealthiest state of the Austrian Empire. The people there have always been comfortably off, and now they are well off. I never come to such a village where the houses are not far better built than the English farm houses and cottages. If there is no great luxury, there seems to be no want. But agriculture is not the sole industry. Factories are springing up everywhere. In all parts one sees tall chimneys. They are not picturesque, but they mean energy and the creation of wealth. The emperor is really a remarkable man. Practically and only the foreign affairs of his empire are in his hands, but so thorough is the belief in his honesty and good sense that he may be said to keep the empire together. He is no longer a young man, and whether the empire will fall to pieces after him is a possible contingency. The heir is a young man, whose health is so bad that he is not likely to live to inherit the crown. His brother has only one specialty. He is, by the way, one of the best horsemen in the empire, but this is hardly a gift calculated to keep the various component and antagonistic parts of it in harmony.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Feeding Bran With Cornmeal.

Where cut feed is fed to horses, a mixture of corn and oats ground together makes the best meal to put on the cut and moistened hay. If the extreme hot to be had, grind the corn and bran too meal with twice its bulk of whole grain. Cornmeal alone is too heavy a meal to put on cut hay, but mixed as explained it is the whole chewed as cut hay is wont to be, the saliva from the horse's mouth will be mixed with it and enable it to digest without fermenting in the stomach. When so fed cornmeal is not an evil way to feed, even when it is put in some bran also, as I think the horses liked it better, and the combination of the three made the whole a very appetizing flavor, especially as hot water was used to moisten the hay.

Harrows and Rakes in Corn Culture.

As soon as the corn is three or four inches high, I put on a large smooth-tine harrow which covers three rows, letting the team walk astride the middle row. After the harrowing is completed I let the boys go over it and uncover any plants that may have been pulled down or covered with the harrow. This work can be done by means of small hand rakes made as follows: Take the head take a piece of board 1x4 inches. On one edge drive four-inch wire nails one inch apart. For a handle use an old broom handle or a rake handle cut to the proper length.

Once harrowed in about eight days, if the weeds are not too large, and uncover corn as before. After this all cultivation is done and no more harrowing, allowing for the remainder of the days in July, after the prominent interests, eight to ten days, according to the weather, whether weeds are present or not. This mode of culture may seem cruel to some, as delaying and severely pruning all concerned. However, it has been my practice for the last two years, and my neighbors all admit that I have one of the best corn fields in our part of the country. Scarcely a hill is missing and the field is perfectly clean.

Some may want to know how the corn escaped the fate of the weeds in its early treatment. The weeds at this stage are on the surface and a single stroke of the harrow turns them out and if not completely destroyed, the second stroke eight days later will kill them entirely, while the corn on the contrary has been planted two or three inches deep. The roots strike down, and are so thoroughly set by the time the plant is from three to five inches high that a very few hills will be disturbed by the harrow. The ground is thoroughly stirred around the roots, which is a benefit to the crop afterward. On light, leaky land, care must be taken to use a light harrow.

For corn ground all straw manure or stable should be well plowed under. If this has not not been done the harrow will be clogged and the cultivator interfered with later. The more frequent the rainfall the more frequent must be the cultivator, for the crust must be broken as soon as possible after the rain. A light harrow on clean sown broadcast for feed will prove beneficial. This harrowing should always be followed by the rake so as to uncover the hills that may have been disturbed.—J. W. McKenzie in New England Homestead.

Charred Grain For Stock.

It is always customary with farmers who feed much corn to fattening hogs, to give them a little charcoal daily, to correct acidity arising from its fermentation in the stomach. It is frequently taken from the wood stove, using the remains of fires that have died down before the wood was wholly converted into carbonic gas and ashes. It is the reduce mixed with this charred wood which corrects acidity of the stomach. As for the coal itself, it is only partly burned vegetable fibre, and even when charred it cannot furnish more nutriment than would be found in sawdust from the same kind of wood. Charred grain, of which only the outer husk is vegetable fibre, is much better, and by charring carefully it can be fed in quite large amounts with decided advantage, as it is quite fattening, besides not being likely to cause scouring of the stomach. If popcorn is not thoroughly dried, many of the grains will not open showing the fleecy whiteness of the starch they contain, and as these grains will naturally fall to the bottom of the popper they are likely to be burned. Both hens and fattening hogs will eat these charred grains with great avidity. A still better grain to char is the oat, as it contains more of the strength giving and egg producing nutrition than does corn. In charring oats for hens and we think also for hogs, it is best to expose the grain to enough heat to burn off part of the husk of the grain. The oats will then be eaten with avidity, and if the grain is itself charred it will be a nutritious charcoal from which the more easily burned outside has been removed.

In extreme cases, as when a horse has colic or a cow has bloated, grain that is pretty thoroughly charred may be given, but only in small amounts, and to restore tone to the stomach. It should not be continued nor given very often, as the effect of potash which the charred grain contains is to debilitate the stomach instead of to strengthen it. We never gave charred grain except very rarely to any animals except what we were fattening, and then only to correct evils of diet, which we learned afterwards to avoid. A few weeks before fattening hogs were to be killed, it makes them fatten better to give them some charred grain with their other food. But we would not give charcoal to a breeding sow or to any other animal that we meant to keep long except to a hen. The gizzard of a hen is so strong that it probably does no harm to punish it with some charred oats, which with the husks burned off are as good as whole, and are perhaps even better. In the coldest weather in winter we have fed charred oats to both fattening hogs and to poultry while the grain was still warm. They were very greedy for this warmed grain, yet it is probably really no better for them than if grain were eaten cold. Farmers get victuals and drinks and the stomach is fed for human digestion, it is also probably so for the digestion of animals.—American Cultivator.

Cream Ripening and Butter Flavor.

The process of cream ripening is a kind of fermentation, just as the fermentation of alcohol or vinegar is a fermentation. The cause of the fermentation which takes place in cream is the growth and development of an immense number of bacteria. The proper ripening of cream takes place when the right kind of bacteria produce the fermentation, and the process is allowed to proceed to exactly the right point. Some bacteria produce substances that give fine flavors, others produce butter which is almost worthless. The chemical nature of the substances constituting the flavor is not known, but it is probable they are decomposition products from the milk sugar. Hundreds of creameries are losing thousands of dollars each year, because cream ripens improperly, due to injurious kinds of bacteria. Considerable trouble can be avoided if the creamery operators use the proper methods. One of the Iowa dairy schools instructions given sent to creameries that are unable to produce the desired flavor in butter and be assists them in the trouble and provides a remedy. A specimen of this instruction generally [illegible] are there troubles are due to dirty dealings about the premises and utensils, polluting milk which has not been cared for in such a manner as to prevent it from becoming tainted by the use of good starters. These are all applications of the principles of bacteriology.

Good, clean milk is absolutely essential to produce the best cream. No buttermaker can take milk full with dirt and filth and all that goes with them and make a first-class product. There are, of course, certain ways in which such milk can be improved and serious results somewhat averted. What we want to produce a good butter flavor is cream that will sour with no other taste, especially of unpleasant taints suggestive of filth contamination. To secure this there are two points to be always kept in mind: First, undesirable fermentations must be kept out, the second point to be kept in mind is desirable fermentations must be present, i. e., those which cause souring. Simply keeping bad germs out is not always sufficient. The germs which produce a good flavor must be added if not already there. This is accomplished by the use of starters.

As used in dairying a starter is a portion of milk or buttermilk containing a large number of the germs of fermentation supposed to give a good flavor. The purpose of its use is sometimes to sweeten the souring, but its greatest value is in controlling the flavor. Consider the use of a starter as absolutely necessary if the buttermaker expects to make uniform high-grade butter. Under the best conditions, that is when the milk is clean, free from filth bacteria, as it more and to be in summer, butter can be made with no starter probably sometimes just as good as with one, but at least in the state with which I am most familiar, it is impossible to make good butter in the winter time without a starter. When a starter is in the proper condition it has a sharp acid taste, with no unclean or disagreeable taste or odor. It does not whey off as soon as it thickens, but remains in a solid curd with no bubbles showing gas. The only way to tell when a starter is right is by taste and odor, and the user should learn to judge this correctly. The temperature at which milk is ripened and the material at the ripening is stopped are important stages. It can be ripened at sixty-five or ninety degrees. At high temperature it must be watched very closely, as ripening advances very rapidly. However, prefer about seventy to seventy-five degrees in the winter and sixty-five to seventy-five degrees in the summer. Some cream ripening the acidity of the cream is very useful. When not sour enough the butter shows a lack of flavor, if ripened too high the flavor is sometimes rancid.—C. H. Eckles, Iowa Dairy School, in the American Agriculturist.

Extinction of the Prairie-Chicken.

To-day the reign of the old-time "chicken dog" is done in America, and the day of the [illegible] is also done. One [illegible] for this breed than [illegible] the most [illegible] game birds. To-day [illegible] chicken country [illegible] Dakota. It moved [illegible] into Iowa, then up [illegible] Minnesota, then a short [illegible] Dakota. It crossed the [illegible] of Nebraska and the wheat [illegible] sea, [illegible] a long [illegible] Indian Nations and then [illegible] southly down across the [illegible] Texas. I should be disposed to say that to-day it is perhaps [illegible] some of the lower tiers of counties [illegible] Texas, and close to the Gulf [illegible] than most persons would imagine. There are some prairie-chickens [illegible] in Wisconsin, yet some in Minnesota, and, together with the sharp-tail, of course, these birds yet furnish sport in widely scattered localities over North and South Dakota and Nebraska.—Harper's Weekly.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

"Talk" Won't Build Roads.

We've heard it stated "Talk is cheap"
So while the mud is two feet deep
In many stretches of the land
The people hold to beat the band,
But very likely, by and by,
When summer comes and roads are dry,
They'll see what we've just now a half
Wished, "Our roads are good enough!"

Regulating Dirt Roads.

E. C. Hayes, Government road expert, has been giving the farmers and others interested in the building and repairing of dirt roads some valuable advice. Enough as dirt roads have been improved in many parts of the country, for years to come, it remains a worthy of the highest attention. He says:

"If a road is built by turning out of the road by the spring, it will be quite impossible to build ordinary dirt roads, so that they will be very slippery and deep but they can be kept in good condition throughout the year except during a few weeks of spring thaw. The best way, after the road is properly built, is to hire somebody in the vicinity, some laboring man, for instance, to keep in repair permanently a particular stretch of road. He can start out then just after every rain when he wouldn't be working in his fields, and with a single shovel he can make all necessary repairs to the road. If water is collecting in any spot, he can open up a little earth and let the water drain off properly, although if the road was properly built this would rarely occur. He can throw the stones to one side of the road, if any had been left. And, [illegible] a little [illegible] the road. The next rain [illegible] the road, another [illegible] and then the road will [illegible] wheels and [illegible] But [illegible] the road [illegible] had filled in the small holes with any [illegible] and [illegible] dirt, and stamped this down a little, then the wagons would have pressed the dirt down a little and the hole would never have got a chance to grow.

"It's best to have roads kept in repair by contract, for then it is to the interest of the contractor to exercise constant care."

A Good Town to Live In.

The citizens of Rolfe, Iowa, woke up to the fact that they were miserably because of the poor condition of their streets and highways. They got to talking, and from talking to working, and a subscription paper good for $500 was obtained from the business men. This was presented to the city council, and a similar amount voted from the city treasury. This was supplemented by liberal donations of team work by the farmers. Gravel pits were bought and opened, and on four leading roads out of the city, all winter, a force of men has been hauling gravel. Rolfe will have good roads hereafter and people from far and near will go there to trade because of it.

A Lesson To Answer.

Andrew Carnegie states that he knows of nothing in this country that will compare less favorably with the European countries than the public roads in the United States. Only one who has coached and traveled year after year through Europe can estimate the advantages that would flow from similar roads in our own country. It would really change the conditions of the life in the rural and agricultural districts. This is the kind of work that justifies the issue of bonds, if necessary, to secure it. It is false economy to delay such work.

Iowa College to Experiment.

The Iowa State Agricultural College has planned extensive experiments in road-making, which will be carried out during the coming summer. The merits of crude oil for compacting the surface and shedding the water from dirt roads, after they have been properly graded, will be thoroughly tested. Several samples of different kinds of roads will be constructed, and among others some macadamized roads will be laid. A course of lectures on road-making, to be delivered by an expert, will supplement the experiments.

The Crusade in Paragraphs.

The Mt. Carroll (Ill.) Business Men's Association has joined forces with outside town interests, and will build a mile of macadamized road every year.

Narrow tires, viciously and persistently used on dirt and lamentably few gravel roads, in Connecticut, are carrying more to dust and gray hairs than a few. Not until narrow tires are kept off the roads altogether will it pay to put money into roads.

The Michigan Supreme Court, in a recent decision, held that the State has the right to compel towns, cities and villages to keep highways in safe condition for horse travelers, the duties of the state only ceasing with maintenance of safe roads for other classes of vehicles.

While it is well to have the conditions of highways impressed on the minds of horsemen, still one really with modern methods the heavy horse, owned by Senator R. Mitchell, of Tioga, Penn., broke one of its legs recently by stepping in a rut, injuring the animal so badly it had to be killed.

The wheelmen of Kentucky are agitating the subject of convict labor for the building and maintenance of good roads. The Kentuckians are anxious to have a full discussion on the subject, and they have appealed to the prominent wheelmen throughout the country to aid them in the matter.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Out of the Rag Bag.

Years ago, before women's clubs flourished, patchwork quilts and "bit and miss" carpets were made to the babble of feminine tongues and the clink of tea cups. To-day, alas! we are all too busy for such a waste of time, yet really artistic portieres can be made by knitting long bars, with two large needles, into one another. It is not laborious and is quaint enough to be interesting. A beautiful curtain can be made from bits, silks, a hollyhock or sunflower on a background of like stuff, cut out, laid on a design and joined with narrow black velvet ribbon. Around a north window the effect is superb. A few yards of clean new [illegible] infinitely nicer than a [illegible] of crude colors. It harmonizes with the wicker chairs, the [illegible] and the bowls of wild flowers in the summer living room.

Kitchen Bacteriology.

Kitchen hygiene and bacteriology may be called a new science, but in Germany some attempts have been made to introduce it in a practical way. It is really bacteriological knowledge applied to the preparation and preservation of food. The idea is to instruct the housewife to manipulate her foods and beverages with the same carefulness that the professional bacteriologist handles the bacteria in the laboratory. One of the most practical lessons obtained from this science is the proper method of keeping raw meat, or other cooked or uncooked food. By adopting simple methods to exclude the air and the putrefying germs that float in all atmospheres, it is possible to keep meats and similar [illegible] rooms from [illegible] and then lessening [illegible] or odor. The method [illegible] vessels with weights [illegible] pinch bits, instead of the [illegible] found in most [illegible] the upper side of the [illegible] such cotton wool, a [illegible] this being held firmly between the metal rings, the other [illegible] the overlapping [illegible] of the lid. It meats or other foods are kept in such mouthed vessels covered in this way, and not opened except when needed, the injurious bacteria of the atmosphere can not reach them, and their keeping qualities will be greater than if the food was put on ice in the refrigerator.—New York Voice.

How to Have Good Beds.

"We spend one-third of our lives in bed; and yet beds are not made a supreme or even a very important consideration in the equipment of most homes. The fact is strangely unaccountable," writes Ella Morris Kretschmar, in the Woman's Home Companion. "Anne of Austria told her friend Cardinal Mazarin that her idea of future punishment was—to be put between linen sheets. So would say many if questioned—at least the protest against linen would be loud and long. In winter it borders upon refined torture, in summer it is fairly comfortable, but not sufficiently so to justify its expensiveness. Nice cotton sheets, made long enough to tuck in generously, are the sensible thing, and good enough for the most fastidious. Sheets should measure at least two and three quarters yards. This will make the sheet long enough to tuck it well in at the foot and give enough at the top to turn back and prevent the blankets from coming in contact with the face and hands. Why will people make sheets too short? It is one of those sins of domestic management which encourages male humanity to profanity and women to hysteria. Did any woman ever save ten dollars in a lifetime by shortening her sheets? If she did, her family, if normal, have taken it out of her nerves.

"In providing beds for a family one should guard against misfits. If husband, son or brother is six feet three, let him be spared at home the discomfort he is sure to suffer abroad in the accommodating of his superfluous inches. He is entitled to the privilege of stretching out. The length of a bed for an adult should be no less than six feet six inches."

Recipes.

Tomato Cream Toast—Cook together in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of flour and three of butter. When frothy and bubbling, add about a cup and a half of stewed strained tomatoes, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of soda, and, lastly, half a cup of scalded cream. Pour over a half-dozen slices of crisp buttered toast and serve at once.

Green Pea Timbale—Salt half a cup of cooked peas, canned or dried, through a purée sieve, season with one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of sugar, dash of pepper and grating of nutmeg; beat the whites of two eggs until dry and fold into the mixture, turn into a mold, set on a pan of hot water and bake until firm. When cool cut into cubes.

Olive Squares — Chop fine one pound of a crisp two dozen olives and crumbled cracker of celery. Add to one saltspoonful of mustard and, one teaspoonful of tomato catsup, two tablespoonfuls of cracker dust and one cupful of mayonnaise. Spread on slices of whole wheat or brown bread, put the slices together as sandwiches and cut in three-inch squares.

Apple Ginger Preserves—Choose apples that do not cook to pieces easily. Pare, core, cut in pieces, not slices. For every pound thus prepared, allow three-quarters pound sugar, and one ounce sliced ginger. Prepare the syrup by adding a little water to the sugar. Simmer the ginger in this; then add the apples, heated and tender. Let it come to a boil, and simmer awhile. Then seal in cans.