

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Can You Correct It?

[Spelling is pretty hard work sometimes, especially when one is confronted with a word that is spelled several ways and has many meanings. The following verses very cleverly illustrate how a little spelling, like a little knowledge, may be a rather dangerous thing. Here are the verses:]

A MISPELLED TAIL.

A little bunny said: "Mother, dear, May I go out to play? The sun is bright, the air is clear, Owe! mother don't say neigh!"

Go fourth, my sun," the mother said; His ant said, "Take over slay, Your guess knew sled, awi painted read But dew knot lose ewer welgh."

"Ah, know!" he cried, and sought thee street With hat sew full of glees— The weather changed and snow and sleet And reign fell fierce and free.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watry pool He hue with mite and mane— Said he, "Though I wood walk by rule, Eye am knot write, 'tis plane."

"I'd like two meat some kindly sole, For hear gnu dangers weight, And yonder stairs a treacherous whole, To sioe has bin my gate."

"A peace of bred, a gneiss hot stake, Eyed chews if Eye were home; This cruel fate my heart will brake, I love knot thus too Rome."

"I'm week and pall, I've mist my rode!" But hear a carte came passed— He and his sid were safely toad Back two his home at last, —Chelsea Curtis Fraser, in Chicago Record.

A Game of Flowers.

A new and pretty game, which will provide equally well for an evening's entertainment of a party of "grown-ups" or of children, is called "planting." The leader announces to the company: "I am going to do some planting. Will you please try and guess what will come up from my seed? The first to guess each question may pluck a flower from this bouquet, which contains as many blossoms as I shall ask conundrums." Then, armed with the list of questions and a bunch of flowers—roses or carnations are pretty and suitable, but any kind will do—she begins:

Plant a kitten and what will come up? Ans: Pussy willow (pussy will, O).

Plant a bag of flour and what will come up? Ans: Dusty miller.

Plant a puppy and what would come up? Ans: Dogwood (dog wood).

Plant a sunrise and what will come up? Ans: Morning glory.

Cupid's arrow? Ans: Bleeding heart.

Box of candy? Ans: Marshmallows and buttercups.

An angry wise man? Ans: Scarlet sage.

Days, months and years? Ans: Thyme (time).

A man who has paid part of his debts? Ans: Gladiolus (glad I owe less).

John? Ans: Johnny jump up.

Sheep? Ans: Philox (flocks).

Kiss? Ans: Tulips (two lips).

Bury the hatchet and what will come up? Ans: Sweet peas (sweet peace).

Sun? Ans: daisy (day's eye).

The middle of the afternoon? Ans: Four o'clock.

Orange blossom? Ans: Bridal wreath.

Preacher? Ans: Jack in the pulpit.

King of beasts? Ans: Dandelion.

The dark? Ans: Nightshade.

Faust? Ans: Marguerite.

"Not guilty"? Ans: Innocents.

A red pony? Ans: Horse radish (reddish).

Fairy's wand? Ans: Goldenrod.

Cuff on the ear? Ans: Box.

Cinderella at midnight? Ans: Lady's slipper.

Grief? Ans: Weeping willow.

Queen of England? Ans.: Victoria regina.

A whisk? Ans.: Broom.

A prize may be awarded to the clever individual who wins the largest number of posies, but this is entirely unnecessary, as the blossoms themselves are prizes. This is a good game for children's parties or church sociables. —Chicago Record.

The Fairy Mercury.

In her dress of silvery white, Fairy Mercury looked so much like silver, and could move about so quickly, that a great many people called her Quick-silver; but that was not her real name. That was the fairy, Mercury.

She lived in the queerest kind of a house. There were only a glass ball about as large as a pea, for the basement, and a slender glass tube above it for the second and third floors.

This odd little house was fastened in a frame, and hung outside the front door of a cottage.

The people who lived in the cottage seemed very fond of the fairy Mercury; at least they came and looked at her every day. She imagined it was because they thought her so pretty, but you and I know better, do we not?

The fairy Mercury was something like a worm in one thing; she could stretch herself until she reached away up the glass tube, and could also shorten her body until her head was not far from the little ball. I think she disliked cold weather, for when winter came she never climbed very high in her glass tube, and when it was very cold, she drew nearer and nearer to the glass ball.

Then the people seemed to think more of her than ever, and the fairy Mercury was often greatly puzzled to know why they said such strange things when they looked at her.

Sometimes they called out "Freezing!" "What do they mean by that?" said the fairy Mercury. Do they think I'm freezing? Well, I'm not. It takes a great deal to freeze me, I can tell them.

Then again, when it was very, very cold, and everybody was hurrying to get indoors, almost every one who looked at her said, "Zero," or "Five below." Even people on the street ran up the cottage steps, took a peep at her, and went off saying the same thing, "Zero," "Three below," "Five below." It was very strange the fairy Mercury thought, but as no one hurt her she didn't care how often they looked.

When spring came, with its warm breezes and blue skies, she grew livelier, and crept up to the second floor of her house, where she spent the most of her time looking out.

She enjoyed watching the birds build their nests, the leaves come out on the trees, and the man planting seeds in the flower bed before the cottage door. As the weather grew warmer, she climbed higher and higher, and the higher she went, the more people noticed her.

Then came the summer. It was very hot, and so dry that the grass, the lovely roses, and even the great elm trees were all crying for water. Gentlemen went past with large umbrellas over their heads; ladies sat on porches, fanning, and all the children wore their very thinnest and coolest clothing to school.

The fairy Mercury kept on climbing and was noticed more than ever. Indeed, there seemed always to be some one looking at her; and they said just as queer things as they did in winter. For a whole week she heard them say, "Ninety!" "Ninety-two!" or "Ninety-five!" and one very hot day they said, "One hundred-two in the shade! how can we ever stand it!" and they groaned and wiped their faces again and again.

"These are strange people," said the fairy Mercury; "they really act as if I had something to do with the weather; but I haven't. Yet, somehow, heat always makes me want to climb, and cold makes me shrink."

When autumn came, with its fruits and nuts, she dropped down to the first floor of her little house, where she had spent the springtime. Now she looked out upon the leaves as they fell, and the gardener as he gathered his seeds. One day she heard the robins chirping "Good-bye."

"Ah," said the fairy Mercury, "summer has gone, sure enough." Then the days grew colder, and she dropped lower and lower in the glass tube, until another winter came.

So you see, that as both heat and cold moved her, she went up and down in her little house a great many times each year. Did you ever see the fairy Mercury or her glass house? Did you ever watch her move? Do you know what we call the fairy and her house? —From Cat-tails and Other Tales.

Where Emery Is Found.

All the emery used in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece. As it is one of the hardest substances known, ordinary quarrying tools can't be used to cut it out. The 300 men engaged in the trade get the stuff out by building big fires about it until it cracks, and then prying it off with levers. It is shipped in big lumps as if it were furnace coal.

Dr. Richard Garnet, the keeper of printed books in the British Museum, says that there are about 2,000,000 books in the museum.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

A Novel Accomplishment.

Miss Willetta Parker of Boston has an accomplishment out of the ordinary. She has a full repertoire of folk-songs of many countries—songs which she studied on their native heaths—and with them she has been delighting parlor parties and afternoon teas for several months, both in Boston and in other places. Generally she sings "groups" of songs in the afternoon, leaving time between for a tea and a talk. For evening functions she frequently gives a little lecture, illustrating, if need be, with voice and piano.

Mrs. McKinley's Allowance.

Mrs. McKinley has \$5000 which she does not know how to spend. Congress appropriates a sum of money for the White House expenses every year. Mrs. Cleveland, like Mrs. Washington, chose a carriage-way. Mrs. Harrison invested the money in dishes and linen, and, in consequence, the White House is so complete there isn't really anything needed.

Mrs. McKinley has had suggestions galore, for her friends are anxious to have their fingers in a White House pie. One suggested a drinking fountain for the benefit of sightseers. A young girl friend of Mrs. McKinley made a plea for an ideal tennis court. —New York Tribune.

A Summer of Scarlet.

Bright red seems to be the color of the season in the country. Girls on bicycles spin along the flowery ways in scarlet shirtwaists, showing tints of bright red hosiery, as their low shod feet appear beneath the well-hung skirt. Smart little jackets of hunting "pink" make glowing specks of color against the green of the golf links or the tennis courts. Horseback riders twist scarfs of red around their sailor hats to match the smart little vest of bright red beloved of the woman who rides to hounds; boating frocks of white duck with collars, revers, cuffs and belt of scarlet are more popular than blue, and sun-umbrellas of scarlet silk glow like poppies in a field of snowy wheat or the gleamy whiteness of the sandy beach. Even the wheels of the car driven by the woman who meets her guests at the station are of brilliant red this season. Last year they were yellow.

New Style in Skirts.

There are a great many fascinating bargains displayed now in the shops in the ready made silk petticoats. These are sold for considerably less than the amount of silk put into them would cost by the yard; but, like all bargains, they have some bad points. The cheap skirts are made on the old-fashioned lines. The front breadth is so narrow that the skirt wears out very quickly, and in the back there is too much fullness. The clever seamstress now buys these petticoats, opens them out as far as the drawing string will permit, folds over the extra fullness until she has a bias seam directly up the middle of the back, which of course cuts out quite a lot of silk from around the hips. With this piece she puts extra pieces on either side of the front breadth, giving the required width across the front. As a rule, these ready made skirts are very well cut around the hips, and fit fairly well around the waist, and can without any trouble be made to fit perfectly when the additional fullness is taken out of the back, and if, instead of being fastened with a drawing string, the fullness is laid in a small pleat and a button and buttonhole made to fasten the petticoat.—Harper's Bazar.

Women Are Growing Taller.

"If girls go on increasing the average stature of women as they have done for the last decade, where will they stop?" was the question asked the other day by a fond mother, half unconsciously and half proudly, as she stood by the side of and looking up to her three tall and athletic daughters. The average height of the woman of the last generation was not more than five feet three inches, but five feet six inches is not considered too high a figure today. A well formed woman of today weighs 145 pounds—a gain of 20 pounds over her grandmother. When the arms are extended a perfectly formed woman should measure from the tip of the middle finger to the tip of the middle finger just five feet six inches, or exactly her own height. From the thighs to the ground she should measure just what she measures from the thighs to the top of the head. The knee should come exactly midway beneath the thigh and the heel.

A woman of the last generation took pride in a waist of 18 inches, but today a woman is not considered well formed if she has a waist measuring less than 28 inches and a bust less than 36 inches. Reasons for this change are not far to seek. Never before were girls so active or so varied in their pastimes as they are today. Girls of the present day are good at the oar, they are great at cycling, they are not easily beaten on the tennis court or golf links, and

they excel at basket ball and hockey. Their grandmothers would be shocked at the liberty enjoyed by the young folk of this generation.

Boys are not developing in ratio with the girls. The height has not increased in late years, and the measurements of the average man of today are not different from those of the average man of 50 years ago.

Women now live longer than men. The late Professor Buchner compiled statistics showing that in Germany only 413 out of 1000 males reach the age of 50, while more than 500 out of 1000 females reach that age. In the United States there are 2583 female to 1398 male centenarians. In France, often centenarians seven were women. —New York Herald.

Women at the Front.

When the deeds of courage and valor in the Philippines have become a part of familiar history one of its brightest pages will be given to the wives and maidens who bore a part so nobly with the Kansas troops. They were present in the trenches, ready with their bandages to give first aid to any stricken soldier, and about the hospitals their cheerful presence and deft nursing gave comfort to many a wounded boy. In the letters written to home folk by the Kansas wounded we find mentioned the names of Mrs. Funston, wife of the colonel; Mrs. Schlieman, wife of the chaplain; Mrs. Whitman, wife of the junior major, and perhaps more frequently yet the names of Miss Bradner and Miss O'Brien. Miss Bradner went from Kansas to India several years ago as a missionary. With the breaking out of the Spanish war she proceeded to Hong Kong, and then, after Manila had fallen, to the Philippine capital, where she at once installed herself as a nurse in the Twentieth Kansas. She kept at the front with the boys all through the late campaign and applied the first relief to all that came within her reach.

Miss O'Brien is a Topeka girl who went to Manila last summer on pleasure bent. She accompanied Mrs. Stutensburg, wife of a regular army officer who is now serving with the volunteers from Nebraska. When the wounded commenced to come from the front she volunteered to go to hospital as a nurse, and she has attended to her duties faithfully and well. Miss O'Brien is naturally of the army. When a bit of a babe she was adopted into the family of Captain M. O'Brien, and the people of Hays City remember well the pretty little girl who used to fit about their town when the captain was stationed at a nearby fort.

Miss O'Brien is tasting for the first time in her life the delight of being something in the world besides a social favorite. She is learning to be thrilled by the crash of guns, the tramp of men and the blast of the bugle. The flag is no longer a pretty flag fluttering in the whilom of the breezes—it is the soul of a nation, speaking serious thoughts. When she wraps the wounds of patriots she feels that she is soothing the hurts of her country, and the strength and broadness of it is coming to her like a great light out of darkness. All of this Miss O'Brien tells in her letters, and she says that she is not shocked nor grieving, but happy—fiercely happy. —Kansas City Journal.

Fashion's Fancies.

Emeralds are the most fashionable jewels of the moment.

Accordion plaiting in graduated widths around the bottom of the skirt is the newest trimming. The plaiting should vary from eight to ten inches in width.

White and yellow are one of the favorite combinations for the season's costumes. It is the pale yellow and golden yellow rather than orange yellow shades that prevail.

Ornaments for the hair made of tiny feathers which have the appearance of skeletonized leaves are among the latest Parisian novelties. They come in both black and white and are spangled delicately with silver or gold, while in shape they are like rounded wings or leaves.

Several old-fashioned materials are coming back into style, such as challis, nun's veiling and Irish poplin. The design in challis this year are most artistic. A tunic of white challis over which is scattered forget-me-nots, with ruffles of blue satin edged with shirring of blue chiffon, would be a creation worthy of any garden party.

Little turn-over collars of fine linen lawn, hemstitched in small battlement squares, each finished at the end with a design in heavy cream applique lace, are one of the many novelties recently imported. Entire collar bands are also made of the linen, finished on the lower edge with the narrow, heavy lace, which edges the turn over part as well.

Golfing shoes are high or low cut, as you please, and the handsomest are made of very dark brown leather with uppers of cloth. The shape of a man's cricketing shoe, having big rubber plugs or genuine hobnaills in the prodigious sole, is almost irresistible to the sporting woman. Those who have an eye to their looks wear brown ties with the tops of brown cloth picked out in small black figures.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Best Rough Feed for Cows.

Give the cows a variety of forage. The best and cheapest on most farms are clover hay, corn fodder and ensilage. The cows should have all of these that they will eat.

The Place for the Silo.

The silo should be placed where it is the most convenient to feed from and to fill. For convenience in feeding and filling, and for cheapness of construction, the best place for the silo is in the barn where the silage is to be fed. The second best place is immediately adjacent to the barn and connected with it by a feeding chute. That there is no serious objection to placing the silo in the barn is borne out by a large number of experiments.

Exercise for Swine.

All animals, in order to be healthy and thrive, which, by the way, means a profit, should have at least a little exercise, and right here let me say that the dairy cow is no exception to this rule. But swine are oftentimes neglected along this line—perhaps more so than cows—which ought not to be, for exercise creates muscle for the pig which serves to keep it healthy, or rather enables it to ward off disease. To give them this exercise it is not necessary to drive the pigs about, as the ordinary walking which they would do while out at pasture, if they only had the chance, would be a great sufficiency. This is another proof of the value of pasturage for swine.

Utilizing Pea Vines.

Where peas are grown on a commercial scale for canning factories, the vines make a valuable fertilizer, and may also be used largely for stock feed. When they are to be used for forage they should be dried as soon as threshed, after which they can be stored away until needed. The most striking value of the vine according to the Delaware experiment station, is its use as a fertilizer. It has been shown that crops may be largely increased if the vines are turned under. In this case they are taken from the factory back to the fields and plowed under at once. The mechanical condition of the soil will be improved and its fertility increased. It is the practice of most pea growers not to take away the vines.

How to Manage Roup.

That roup is a catching disease is shown by the experiments of John Barlow at the Rhode Island station. Two well fowls, a hen and a cock, were confined in a small pen with a chicken badly affected with the disease. The three fowls were obliged to eat and drink from the same dishes and were seen on the same roost. After twenty-one days the disease made its appearance in the healthy hen, several days later the cock also contracted the disorder. Dr. Stevenson of Ontario reports the disease may be conveyed by confining the fowls for three or four hours in a bag together. The disease has also been conveyed by applying the discharge from the eye of the sick fowl to the healthy fowls.

In regard to practical treatment Mr. Barlow recommends a two per cent. wash of carbolic acid or a solution of corrosive sublimate to 2000 of water, also kerosene applied to the diseased birds. Professor Hege of the North Carolina station, recommends the use of epsom salts as a purgative dose. Others recommend oil of turpentine for this purpose. When the discharge about the eye is removed it should be washed with an antiseptic solution, such as peroxide of hydrogen three per cent. in water. Fowls affected with roup need not be killed, since by separation and careful treatment many of them will recover. But their constitutions are weakened so much as to weaken them for breeding purposes. There is no reason to suppose that the disease itself is hereditary. The sick fowls are weak and often partly blinded and care must be taken to see that they get enough food.

The Cost of Farm Land.

A good deal of the farm land which today does not pay the owners on the investment originally cost too much. Farm land in many parts of the country is too high, out of all proportion to the cost of other improved property in cities and towns. Farms are often held high by the owners because they were duped into paying too much for them at the beginning, and they consider times pretty poor and farming going to the dogs if they cannot make good interest on their poorly invested capital.

As a rule I do not think it is possible for a farmer to make a good living in farming on land that he has paid higher than \$50 an acre. There are a few exceptions to this, where the land is well located near large markets, and it is possible to get the produce to the consumer direct. Often such land is cheaper at \$100 per acre than much of our farming land at \$50 per acre, situated many miles back from the cities.

In order to make farming pay it is

necessary to reduce our valuation of farm land. How much is farm land worth? Merely what it will pay when carefully and properly farmed by an intelligent agriculturist, and nothing more unless it is located where in the near future it will be valuable for building purposes. Now it is an easy matter to figure out what land will pay by ascertaining the cost of labor in that region, fertilizers and transportation rates to market, and the average prices that have been paid for produce for five years past. Pay for the land what it is actually worth, and farming will be found to pay. It is because so many have paid fictitious prices for their farm land that they cannot make a living—that is, over and above the interest on the invested capital. The plea made in some localities that it is necessary for the good of the place to keep the land up to a certain figure is all nonsense. Sooner or later the land will find its true value, or it will be eaten up by the owners through inability to pay for it.—James S. Wilson in American Cultivator.

Maple Tree a Natural Barometer.

For nearly twenty years I have experimented with the maple and its sap during spring flow, and for three seasons last past I have continued the experiments through the summer with some variation. Probably I have made nearly or quite one hundred experiments during this time. For some years past I have noticed analogous conditions existing between maple trees and the barometer, both in winter and in summer, while the tree is at rest and also when in active growth.

A gauge attached to a maple in the time of sap-flow measures the amount (in pounds) of pressure upon a square inch, and a mercurial gauge will measure also the number of pounds suction. These conditions of the tree do not exist in the summer, so a gauge would be of no use at this season. In good sap weather the tree is in pressure during the day and it is in suction through the night. I reason that pressure and suction are equal, though I do not know it. A low barometer indicates pressure or sap-flow. The faster sap runs the higher the mercury rises in the barometer.

By watching these conditions of the maple in connection with the barometer one can be told from the other. A glass tube two feet in length attached to a tree and filled with water in summer, or while the tree is active, will indicate the relation existing between the tree and the atmosphere as relates to evaporation and absorption. This is done by watching the movement or non-movement of the water. When the water is descending in the tube rapidly (as, for instance, twenty-four inches in twelve hours) the tree is rapidly evaporating, and also, it is as rapidly absorbing water from the soil and air. At such a time the mercury will stand high in the barometer. When the water in the tube does not settle, then the moisture in the tree and atmosphere are in equilibrium. The trees and atmosphere are equally saturated and the mercury in the barometer is low. By looking at the tube I can tell when the tree is evaporating and absorbing; these processes go on together. When a tree does not evaporate it will not absorb.

In conducting these experiments in winter and summer five instruments are necessary—a gauge, glass tube, thermometer, barometer and hygrometer. I have all but the latter. I theorize that the tube and hygrometer will agree. These two instruments will indicate the condition of the tree and the atmosphere as to saturation. —Timothy Wheeler in New York Tribune.

Agricultural Notes.

Onion thrip is most successfully controlled in the field by the use of rose leaf insecticide, whale-oil soap and kerosene emulsion.

In experiments made at the Wisconsin station potato seed planted four inches deep yielded better than that planted two inches deep or six inches.

By sprinkling manure with a five per cent solution of ferrous sulphate disease germs and denitrifying organisms are destroyed in a very effectual manner.

The California experiment station finds that irrigation water does the most good when placed close to the stem of the plant or trunk of the tree and allowed to soak downward.

A good acre of land should grow thirty tons of roots, with the right cultivation. For six months this crop will support thirty sheep, and will form about two-thirds of their daily rations.

It is estimated that the cost of protecting trees to prevent disease, by the use of spraying mixtures, is less than one-fifth of a cent per tree, and the spraying may also increase the profit on fruit.

Black marsh soils are usually considered so rich that fertilizers are not necessary. Experiments show that they respond very well to applications of farmyard manure and often to coarse litter, if well worked in, but commercial fertilizers other than an application of potash have but little influence.