

THE RANCH.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Electric Lights.

It is said that a poor boy was brought up in the state of Pennsylvania, in a very shabby house. He used to sit out on the curbstone and long for the time to come when he would be grown, so that he might go to Texas and make a fortune. He grew up, sold the homestead for a mere pittance and went away to make his fortune. Within a year his old home was worth millions of dollars. The very curbstone upon which he sat for many a day was filled with wealth, but he had never thought of looking at home for it. So in truth, while we look away to some outside help, be it to man or our false ideas of God, we shall never uncover the mine of wealth that lies within our own home, our inner self. We must look within for that which we wish to bring forth.—From Universal Truth.

I pray you with all earnestness to prove and know within your hearts that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as a close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure records of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained by yourself.—Ruskin.

The longer I live and the more I see of the struggles of souls to the heights above, the stronger this truth comes home to me,—that the universe rests on the shoulders of love—a love so limitless, deep and broad, that men have renamed it and called it God.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection never; only by action. In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is thy duty? The demand of the hour.—Goethe.

Man's life means tender teens, teachable twenties, tireless thirties, fiery forties, forcible fifties, serious sixties, sacred seventies, aching eighties, shortening breath, death, the end, God.—Joseph Cook.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
Spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is He than breathing,
Never than hands or feet.

—Emerson.

That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, obey thyself. That which shows God in me forfeits me.—Emerson.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—al they have, all they have had, all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

We cannot have divine power until we have fitted ourselves to contain it, any more than we can utilize the power of steam until we have built a steam engine. No one can

be with God in Heaven until he has made his being a heaven in which the God-power can reside. God-power cannot reside in any being filled with discontent, greed and inharmony.—From Universal Truth.

How sure it is, that if we say a true word, instantly we feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on, as bread at sacrament.—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men sleeping, but not dead, will rise in majesty to meet thy own.—Lowell.

For The Cook.

Graham Puffs: These are an exceedingly simple and easily made breakfast dish, but require a very hot oven; otherwise they will be heavy and uncooked in the center. One egg, one pink of milk, one pint of graham flour, a pinch of salt. Beat all together and bake in gem or muffin pans.

Rice Muffins: Two teacupfuls cold boiled rice, half a pint milk and three eggs; sift together one pint of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, one tablespoonful sugar and one teaspoonful salt, and mix with the rice, beating all into a smooth batter. Grease muffin-pans and fill each mold two-thirds. Bake in hot oven.

Pie Crust: If very juicy pies or tarts are to be made, break two eggs into the plate containing the rolled-out paste, whirl them around so that the entire inside portion of the crust is wet. When baked, this will form a semi-impervious coating, which will not soak through for some time. More ordinary pie crust can be made with half lard and half butter.

Blanc Mange: One quart of milk, one-half cup of sugar, eight even tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one quarter teaspoonful of salt. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler, moisten the corn starch with a little cold milk, then add it to the boiling milk, and stir until it thickens; add the sugar and salt, take from the fire, pour into custard cups and set away to harden. Serve with cream sauce. This will serve five or six persons.

Georgia Muffins: One pint white corn meal, half a teacupful fine breakfast hominy, one pint milk, half a teacupful boiling water, three tablespoonfuls each of butter and sugar, one teaspoonful salt, three eggs and three teaspoonfuls baking powder. These ingredients for two dozen muffins. Put the hominy in a stew pan, and set in another pan containing hot water. Cook half an hour, and add the salt sugar and butter. Heat the milk to boiling point and pour over the cornmeal. Beat well and then beat into the hominy mixture. Set in a cool place. This is to be done in the evening if the muffins are intended for breakfast. In the morning sift the baking powder into the mixture and add the eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Bake in hot gem pans and a hot oven.

The grandest of all empires is to rule ones self.—Seneca,

ROSES ON "ARID" LAND.

By M. B. Curtis.

The propagation of this queen of flowers by eastern growers is on such a large scale and prices are now so low that they are within the reach of every flower lover. Here in Yakima the tea roses grow so easily and bloom so continuously that they are a source of pleasure from May to November. A collection of twenty roses on their own roots for a dollar is offered by several eastern growers. The plants are small and will not make as great a show the first year as two-year plants; still, with good care they will give many roses.

I have nearly a hundred varieties growing. Perhaps a few notes from my experience may be of service. Prepare the rose beds thoroughly before the arrival of the plants; work in a good quantity of well rotted manure. Do not use new, unrotted manure, for that is too strong, as the experience of 1893 demonstrated. If the manure has been applied the year before, all the better. Set the roses after danger of frost is past, as these young plants are hot-house grown and rather sensitive at first. It is best to set reasonably early, to have the benefit of the cool spring weather for starting. It is well to pot the plants for a short time and allow them to make a start before setting in the open air. This is particularly true if the setting is done late in the season, after the hot weather has set in. It is a good plan, too, to shade on the east and south by sticking up a shingle. I set out a bed of thirty roses in '93 under unfavorable circumstances and lost only one plant. On the day of the setting the ground was not even spaded. This was an oversight. The ground was then thoroughly spaded and pulverized and the roses set immediately. The soil was very dry and the day hot. The plants were put in water till set, and as fast as set water from an irrigating ditch turned on, the soil thoroughly settled and packed around the roots, and the young plants shaded with shingles. The roses did not receive the care they should through the season, and did not make a large growth. The land was not manured.

On another larger bed the loss was heavy. The soil, a road bed for several years, was heavily dressed with partly rotted manure. It proved too strong for the roots except in two beds. The roses that lived blossomed profusely and made a strong growth. In the successful exceptions mentioned a hole was dug and filled with soil brought from the woods. Every rose grew and thrived. If roses bloom profusely they must be heavily manured. In my experience I have found nothing better than hen manure. Soot is also good to give high color.

I recommend the following as profuse and constant bloomers: *Enfant de Lyon*, *Red Pet*, *Purple China*, *La France*. Not all of these are of the highest grade, but are favorites with me.

The distant scene; one step's enough for me.
—Newman.