ON THANKSGIVING.

HOW TO KEEP THE DAY WE CELEBRATE IN SPIRIT AND LETTER.

MENUS FOR THE DINNER.

A MEAL THAT IS QUITE ELABORATE AND SOME SIMPLER ONES.

THE COOKING OF THE TURKEY.

Suggestions for Making Soups, Salads, a Good Plum-Pudding and Cranberry Sauce.

I would have a "Thanksgiving dinner," says a writer in the Jenness-Miller Monthly, if I had nothing but a potato and a very little salt, and I'd share it with somebody if I had to borrow somebody from the poorhouse. This is not a wonderful burst of generosity. It is more or less selfish—more, I dare say, for the poorhouse dinner would be better than mine of potato and salt, and eating alone is so deadly stupid that dreary selfishness compels a person to share one's holiday dinner with some one.

But good as potato and salt is, I should try to enlarge upon this menu. If I were a quarter part as rich as Croesus I should invite as many guests as my dining room would accommodate, and I'd try to have it a family party as nearly as possible, because the times when families can be brought together grow less instead of more frequent as civilization scatters us to the four corners of the earth.

And for a dinner I might give them—oh, I might give them a great many different dinners, any one of which could be perfect in its way. Perhaps the menu might be something like this:

Oysters on the half-shell.
Consomme Colbert.
Olives. Salted Almonds.
Frogs' Legs a la Poulette.
Larded Sweetbreads with Peas.
Epigramme of Lamb.
Potatoes a la Duchesse.
Asparagus on Toast. Mushrooms.
Roman Punch.
Roast Canvasback Duck.
Celery.
Lettuce and Tomato Salad.
Fruit Jelly with Whipped Cream.
Fancy Cakes.
Frozen Pudding and Ices.
Camembert Cheese.
Water Biscuit ("Crackers.") Coffee.

This would not cost such a very great deal, come to read it over, and I might serve this dinner if I were not very rich, but just rich enough to have a cook who knew how to prepare everything to a turn, and waitresses enough to serve the dinner well. The turkey, you see is omitted, because between ourselves, turkey is not a particularly toothsome bird. The "fixins," as the children say, are what make a turkey dinner so much appreciated. Almost any other roast bird tastes better. Turkey and Thanksgiving are indissolubly connected only in the popular, not in the fashionable, mind, an inheritance—this belief—from the days of our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers, who did not have a great variety of food, and who killed a turkey on feast days as the greatest treat they could make ready.

If I were getting up a dinner that one general servant and I could manage between us for a family in which there were children "lotting" on a turkey (because they imbibe the belief that it belongs to the day as they breathe air, just because they can't help it), I daresay the menu would be something like this:

Cream of Cauliflower Soup.
Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce.
Cucumbers.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Jelly.
Creamed Potato.
Celery. Boiled Onions.
Cauliflower in Cream.
Chestnut Salad.
Plum Pudding. Cheese.
Nuts. Raisins. Figs. Candy.
Grapes. Coffee.

But if I had no servant, and had a husband and children, and a sister or a brother, and his wife or her husband, and their children, to dine on Thanksgiving day, I should try to map out my dinner so simply and yet so toothsomely that I could give thanks along with the rest of them, instead of being completely tired out by the time they were all helped. There should be a noble big turkey, stuffed till he simply emitted most tantalizingly good odors, cranberry sauce, of course (and not too sweet, please), celery, potatoes and squash. When these had been well complimented by being eaten with gusto, I would run amuck of indigestion for once in the year and serve mince pies and pumpkin pies (because everyone would be looking for them), and there should be some fruit and nuts and raisins, of course, and some coffee at the end, with a cup of tea for the people who never heard of drinking black coffee or of drinking it in the middle of the day.

It's quite well enough to make some concessions, pies for instance, to the tastes of one's dinner party, but trust to luck, when you have no servant, that some things will never be missed—plum pudding, for example, which necessitates the cook going without her dinner to dish it up and make the sauce for it.

I'd lay the table in the best room for a change, if I were a mechanic's wife and in the habit of eating in the kitchen, just to make it seem like a holiday all round, and I'd make a bargain beforehand with the children that they should behave not like angels, oh, mercy, no, but like decently good children, and, whatever came to pass, be good-natured; and I'd make another bargain with Tom to be in such humor as he used to be in when he came courting.

If I had a pretty bit of china tucked up somewhere being "saved," I'd get it down, and I'd have out the whitest tablecloth I owned, even if it were coarse as crash. I'd have a bit of posy on the table if I had to set the geranium in the middle of the board, and make of a bit of pale green or white crepe tissue paper a fancy cover for the pot.

The reason for having a Thanksgiving dinner at all is to make a common meeting ground for people supposed to feel particularly cheerful and happy and thankful, and therefore the dinner itself is merely an excuse for coming together. Still, the excuse ought to be a good one. If there's nothing but a turkey, it ought to be a tender turkey and cooked as well as it can be done.

Connoisseurs say a turkey that is a half-blood wild one has the best flavor, and turkey raisers are breeding with a wild strain of late. A dry-plucked, not a scalded, bird is the best, and instead of cutting the turkey's head off, a slit is made in his throat, and he is hanged up by the toes.

"Bakers' bread," crumbled, seasoned with pepper and salt, and mixed with melted butter, to which the raw liver of the turkey is added, makes a good dressing. Another is made of bread crumbs, celery salt, salt and pepper, thyme, summer savory, melted butter, and a little minced onion. The fowl should be rubbed all over with melted butter and sprinkled with salt and pepper and dredged with flour, and put on a rack in the oven, a hot oven, breast down, without any water in the pan at first. Later a little water can be added. By putting the breast down the juices run into and make tender the breast, which is generally cooked dry as a chip. Just before taking up, the bird can be turned on his back to allow the bird to brown. Baste frequently, while roasting, with melted butter and dredge lightly with flour.

Cream of cauliflower soup may be made easily if cauliflower is to be served as a vegetable, using part of the water in which the cauliflower is cooked for the stock, making the rest of water in which a chicken has been boiled, unless there is white soup stock on hand.

Asparagus is one of the nicest tinned vegetables after the fresh ones are gone. A delicious way to serve is to cut the stocks into equal parts, and when tender lift from the boiling salted water and drain. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, to which is added a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt, a little white pepper, a dust of nutmeg; mix well, add a wine glass of water, stir till it boils, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and the juice of a lemon; pour over the asparagus and serve. If tinned vegetables are used they do not often require any more cooking.

Chestnut salad is made of the large Italian chestnuts, blanched, cooked till tender in salted boiling water, sliced, mixed with a little mayonnaise, and served upon the leaves of lettuce hearts with mayonnaise.

There are as many kinds of plumb pudding as there have been Thanksgiving days. One that is light and digestible and good to eat is made of three eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of milk and a cup and a half of stoned raisins, chopped citron and currents. Make a paste with a little of the milk and the flour, add the rest of the milk, the butter melted, the eggs beaten very light, and lastly the fruit. Pour into a well-buttered water-tight mould (such as a brown-bread steamer), tie on the cover, and boil two hours.

The water must be boiling when the steamer is put in the pot, in which the water should come not quite up to the cover of the steamer. There should be a perforated false bottom for the tin steamer to set on, and if need be a weight on the steamer to keep it upright. The water should boil hard every minute, and if it boils away so that more is needed it should be added boiling from a tea-kettle. A steamed pudding will not be slack or streaked with heavy places if the boiling is continuous; to this end the pot must not be taken from the fire till the time is up, and the fire must be steadily good.

Do not cut, but tear off the portion to be served with two forks. There are a great many nice sauces. One is made by cooking together two cups of hot water and one cup of granulated sugar, boiling them five minutes. Add three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch moistened in cold water, and cook ten minutes. Add one-half cup of currant jelly and one teaspoonful of butter, and stir jelly till melted.

To keep the color of the cranberry sauce right, cook in a porcelain-lined dish. Allow a pint of water to a quart of cranberries, cover and boil for ten minutes. Add one pint of granulated sugar, and stew for ten minutes longer, covered all the time. Stir with a wooden spoon. Strain and squeeze through everything but the seeds and the tough skins.

Cook the good cheer till it is well-done, and serve piping hot.

HINTS FOR AUTUMN BRIDES.

Here Is Some Motherly Advice for Dear Young Creatures.

The society columns of the papers in these glorious autumn days are teeming with notices of weddings past and to come, and invitations are flying about as though literally on the wings of love. And the result, of course, will be a plentiful crop of brides. One after another the signs "To Let" and "For Sale" are disappearing, but mostly from the small houses or moderate priced apartments. The natural conclusion is that many a new little nest will soon be ready for its birds, who are planning with hope and enthusiasm the style of their menage.

Among the young mistresses of these new establishments there is many and many a young woman who has come from a home where her mother was the ruling spirit, and so has never felt called upon to inquire into the mysteries of wash day, sweeping day and such prosaic affairs. Even if, with the imminent prospect of matrimony and her own home, she has taken the trouble to investigate, she has gained very little practical knowledge of the routine of a small household from the plan of work where there are "five in help," as the servants say.

WHAT ONE MAID MAY DO.

One of the great charms of a well ordered house is that everything goes smoothly; there is no friction and there is no evidence to the uninitiated of hurry and confusion. When callers come they are not admitted by a creature in a check gingham apron, but by a nest, cool looking handmaiden, with smooth hair and a calm face. This may sound impossible to the beginner, but it is not, and may really be achieved with one maid, if care and system are used in the training of the maid and the planning of the time.

"To begin the week well is to end it well," so the forehanded young housekeeper, with one maid of all-work, should instruct that maid, if necessary, to sort the clothing and linen for the wash on Sunday the last thing before retiring, and to put the spoiled articles in different tubs of water to coak over night, which makes them much easier to wash. Naturally in the morning breakfast is the first thing on the list, and on Monday, if ever, this should be early, that the washing may be started. As soon as the breakfast dishes are put away this important business begins. With a small family of two or three persons this should be finished and hung on the line by noon, and then there is plenty of time for the maid to prepare a simple luncheon. One can arrange to have cold meat or sardines in the house, that there need be no cooking for Monday's luncheon usually, which little bit of forethought helps to oil the wheels of the household machinery. After the luncheon is cleared away Jane should dress and array herself in white apron and cap, if the mistress prefers it, and be ready to answer the door bell. From luncheon until time to begin with the dinner will be well filled with the dampening and folding away of the clean clothes, ready for tomorrow's ironing. The process is a clean one, and easily done without any injury to clean dress and apron.

All day Tuesday is usually occupied with ironing, leaving small articles which are simple to do for the afternoon, and finishing on Wednesday afternoon, if necessary. The best plan is to let the maid do her sweeping always in the morning, that the house may be in perfect order in the afternoon. Beginning Wednesday morning with the bedrooms (at the top of the house, as the dust drops down through the staircase), and giving Thursday morning also to the upstairs, sweeping rooms, halls and stairs; Friday morning to the drawing room and dining room; Saturday morning washing the front steps and sidewalk and cleaning the kitchen, fills all the mornings of the week. Of course, this routine will need to be rearranged to suit certain households. If madame receives on Tuesday or Wednesday perhaps she will want the drawing room swept that morning, or a careful dusting by herself may suffice.

AFTERNOON DUTIES.

As to the afternoons, as I said before, there will probably be ironing to finish on Wednesday, which Jane can easily do after she is dressed and presentable. The afternoons of Thursday and Friday should be kept sacred to the silver and fine glass and brasses, and Saturday to general finishing.

If bread is made at home, a certain day should be set for it and adhered to, as regularity of habits is the best training in the world for servants. The best day for baking is naturally Saturday, the bread being "set" Friday night, as the cleaning of the kitchen keeps Jane down stairs, where she can attend to the process without delaying her other work. This regularity should be insisted on, but (and this sounds contradictory, although it is not) the servant should never be allowed to get into such a rut that any slight deviation upsets the temper and the work. Such narrowness makes quickly a slave of the mistress as well as of the maid.

Finally, the schedule should be made out in this fashion:

New York Herald.

Monday — Eight o'clock, breakfast. Clear up and wash dishes. Washing. One o'clock, luncheon. After luncheon, dress, and dampen and fold clothes. Half-past six, dinner.

Tuesday — Eight o'clock, breakfast. Clear up and wash dishes. Iron. One o'clock, luncheon. After luncheon, dress and iron. Half-past six, dinner.

Wednesday—Eight o'clock, breakfast. Clear up and wash dishes. Sweep third floor and stairs. One o'clock, luncheon. After luncheon, dress. Finish ironing. Half-past six, dinner.

Thursday—Eight o'clock, breakfast. Clear up and wash dishes. Sweep second floor and stairs. One o'clock, luncheon. After luncheon, dress. Clean silver and cut glass. Half-past six, dinner.

Friday—Eight o'clock, breakfast. Clear up and wash dishes. Sweep parlor and dining room. One o'clock, luncheon. After luncheon, dress. Clean brasses. Half-past six, dinner. Set bread.

Saturday — Eight o'clock, breakfast, Clear up and wash dishes. Wash sidewalk. Clean kitchen and bake bread. One o'clock, luncheon. After luncheon, dress. Clean knives or anything extra. Half-past six, dinner.

Sunday—Nine o'clock, breakfast. Two o'clock, dinner. Seven o'clock, supper. Sort clothes for wash for Monday.

The best advice I can give to young women is: Be independent, dignified and strict, but treat your maids like human beings like yourself; don't let your servants do it for you.

GRAPE FRUIT SALAD.

A Timely and Healthful Recipe Which Is Well Worth Trying.

To make most delicious as well as healthful salad use a good ripe grape fruit and a crisp, fresh head of lettuce.

Wash the lettuce and let it stand in cold water till needed, then shake out the leaves and arrange them in the salad bowl. Cut the grape fruit in half, and with a spoon take out all the pulp, taking care to preserve the juice. Arrange the pulp in the lettuce leaves and make a dressing of oil and the juice. To every three tablespoonfuls of this oil allow half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter teaspoonful of pepper. Put all these ingredients in a bowl and dissolve the salt and pepper in the oil, then rub the spoon with a dose of garlic and stir in the juice of the fruit until emulsion is formed. Pour it over the lettuce and pulp and serve at once. About one teaspoonful of juice should be sufficient for three of oil, but it is not possible to lay down any exact rule. Vigorous stirring is essential, and as soon as a whitish compound is formed the dressing is ready for use.

Dress of the Workingwoman.

Mrs. Martha Strickland is not only a lawyer and a lecturer on parliamentary law, but a warm advocate of physical culture and correct dress. This talented woman, who is yet young and charming and graceful, carries out her ideas regarding correct dress, remarks the New York World, in an artistic and picturesque way that is decidedly pleasing, even to very fastidious people.

In appearance she is of medium height and plump. Her face is full, the expression pleasant, with a mouth and chin that denote firmness and strength. Her eyes are of deep blue and light up with animation when she talks. Recently, when asked to give her idea of the workingwomen's costume, she said:

"The ideal dress of the workingwoman would banish the skirt; but even if such abolition were possible we would desire for all other reasons to retain the skirt. The masculine idea in feminine dress is one which is thoroughly inartistic. It is true men's dress is more convenient than that of women, but this is its sole advantage, for it is hopelessly ugly, and why women should imitate it in any respect I cannot imagine. They have not adopted its utilitarian features, but have taken those which are most undesirable. Naturally, the corset is an obstacle in the way of dress improvement, by wearing loose, plain waists, which is a slovenly fashion, not an artistic one. It was a bad expression of a good kind, and the corseted figure has this advantage, that it is a good expression of a bad kind. So, we prefer the smooth-fitting, corseted waist of the two, for we all like skill."

Hot Milk for the Skin.

Hot milk for the complexion has proved to be of the greatest benefit, and many women say they owe an improvement of their complexion to the constant use of hot milk applied every morning and night to their faces. A woman prominent in the literary world, and whose complexion is equal to a young girl's, assured me that of all the many precautions she had taken to keep her skin in good condition none was so efficacious as hot milk. "When I am frightfuly fatigued," she said, "from he rush of the life I lead. I get a gallon of milk for 30 cents and put it in my bath tub, adding sufficient hot water to cover the body. I lie in this mixture for ten minutes and come out feeling thoroughly refreshed and with a new life to the skin, which, previous to the bath, had a dead look."

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VAGRANT VERSE

A DOUBLE DELUSION.

"What a lovely dolly, dear Flossie," I said,
"I am sure that she came from France!
Does she shut her eyes when you put her to bed?
Can she walk and talk and dance?"

"Hush!" murmured softly my brown-eyed pet,
"She might hear you, don't you see?
She doesn't know she's a dollie yet,
But she s'poses she's folks like me."
—Youth's Companion.

WITH "BONBONS."

"Sweets to the sweet"—it sounds so trite,
Yet nothing could be truer.
Go, candies, to my heart's delight
And aid me thus to woo her.

It shall be yours her lips to touch—
That's more than I have dared to!
And yours to learn from her how much
She could love if she cared to.

Go, yield your sweets to her and when
My courage has expanded
I'll come and get my answer then
And know it to be candid.

Should it be yes—O happy time
When I like you shall greet her!
The candies next that go with rhyme
Shall be "Sweets to the sweeter."
—Felix Carmen in Vanity.

IN NOVEMBER.

Far to the northward are the frozen lakes;
Ye shipmen, draw to anchor, and furl sail!
Soon will the cold drift hither, and the gale
Shrill in our hemlock groves and bending brakes.
Ye wild birds, to the shores! before the flakes
Swarm in the forests, and the Polar bees
Sting our sweet singers to the milder seas.
I too would fly, my spirit so forsakes
Me since the hand of Time upon my brow
Advanced his standard. Once, when I was young,
I stretched a hand to Time, and, for mere pleasure,
Danced to the tempest's wild and wintry measure,
Though the white swarms in all the hemlocks swung.
"When I was young"—that I must say that now!
—In the November Atlantic.

THE POETS.

When this young land has reached its wrinkled prime,
And we are gone, and all our songs are done,
And naught is left unchanged beneath the sun,
What other singers shall the womb of time
Bring forth to reap the sunny slopes of rhyme?
For surely till the thread of life be spun
The world shall not lack poets, though but one
Make lonely music like a vesper chime
Above the heedless turmoil of the street.
Those unborn poets! What melodious breath,
What larger music shall be given to these?
Shall they more closely lie at nature's feet,
Reading the volumes of her mysteries?
Shall they new secrets wring from darksome death?
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HER NAME.

Such a wee mischievous lassie!
It tries one's patience quite
To watch the child. She cannot do
A single thing just right.
'Tis "Kitty, don't do so!"
These are the words that greet her,
Wherever she may go.
When, just at dusk, one evening,
She climbed upon my knee,
In playful mood I asked her name,
"Why, Kitty, 'course," said she.
"Yes, Kitty—but the rest, dear?"
She hung her curly head—
The rogue!—for just a moment:
Then—"Kitty Don't!" she said.
—In November St. Nicholas.

THE FIERCEST BEAST OF PREY.

The white dawn o'er the sleeping forest rose,
And woke each beast and bird to feed or play;
To pass, in Nature's temple of repose,
Their happy, harmless day.

When, crashing onward through the thickets dun,
And strong with dreadful arts to maim and slay,
Took man the hunter, with his dogs and gun,
His devastating way.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,
And each beast owned his dread and ruthless sway;
All Nature's children fled the face of man,
The fiercest beast of prey.
—November Century.

Corduroy Is Again Fashionable.

Corduroy is coming in for a great degree of favor this year. The English make called "gamekeeper's corduroy" is quite as much favored as the finer Scotch weaves. The fashionable shades are damson, a rich shade of moss green, a handsome dye in claret red, and a number of tints in fawn, brown and silver gray. The corduroy costumes are made with a gored skirt machine-stitched at the hem in many rows. The coat fits snugly and is made in three styles, one double-breasted and fastened with smoke-pearl buttons; another opens over a vest of chamois leather, tightly fitted and almost covered with soutache braiding the color of the costume, and lastly a box coat made so that it can be opened and turned back to show a blouse of shot, striped or plaided satin surah. These suits are at once dressy looking, appropriate for any ordinary ocasion, and their wear is everlasting when the corduroy is of the best quality.

How to Care for Cut Glass.

Cut glass, if not properly cared for, soon loses its polish and becomes so scratched and dull as to look little better than the imitation. It should never be left to the care of untrained servants, but washed by the mistress herself. Use the suds of hot water with a little pearline, and wash with a dish-cloth made of two thicknesses of soft cheese cloth quilted. A soft brush should be used for the cuts and interstices, then rinse in clear, hot water, and when almost dry polish with a soft linen glass cloth. Eternal vigilance is the price of sparkling glass as well as of liberty.

JOHN JUMPED OFF.

But He Didn't Have the Knack of Alighting From Electric Cars.

Chinamen are great imitators, says the Washington Post. On a Ninth street electric car coming down town was seated one of these child-like and bland celestials, with a pensive, faraway look on his face, but the sad expression would give way occasionally as the motorman turned on more electricity and an expansive grin wander over his features as the car leaped forward as though conscious of the admiration of pedestrians, and the laundryman remarked to the passenger on his left:

"We just zippee light along."

Between H and I streets one of the passengers stepped out on the footboard, and as the conductor made a motion to catch hold of the bell cord the man shook his head. Taking hold of the side bar he swung out with his face toward the forward end of the car, dropped off lightly and walked away.

Down between G and H streets the Chinaman stepped out on the footboard and again the conductor put his hand to the bell cord.

"Don't ling! Don't ling!" said the grinning celestial. "I jumpee off just likee other man."

Taking an extra reef in his blouse with both hands he hopped off at a right angle to the car, landed first on both feet and then on his left shoulder and ear, and as the car bowled along in the darkness the passengers could hear in a high falsetto wail from the gutter: "Allee samee dam foolee."

ABOUT THE FARM.

WONDERFUL DAIRY MACHINE.

An English correspondent writes to Bradstreet's on Oct. 15: At the Dairy Show, which closed on Friday last, the most remarkable novelty in the implement and machinery department was the radiator, exhibited by Thorsten Nordenfelt, of 8 Rue Auber, Paris, the famous inventor of the Nordenfelt gun, submarine boat, etc. This machine, which was invented by Herr Salenius, a Swedish engineer, made butter in about a minute from sterilized milk direct. The milk is heated in the sterilizer (or Pasteurine, as it is called) to 160 degrees Fahr., and runs thence into the cream-skimming chamber of the radiator. As the cream is skimmed it rises into the churning chamber, being cooled down to 60 degrees in its progress by means of very small cooling frames through which iced water constantly passes, and which revolve with the skimmer at the rate of 6,000 revolutions per minute. The cream is forced into a tube perforated with tiny holes, through which it emerges with great force on to each fresh layer of cream that rises, converting it into butter by concussion. The butter thus formed in granules emerges from a spout into a tub, mixed with buttermilk. When all the churning is done a wooden stirrer is passed up and down gently for two or three minutes to make the butter separate from the greater part of the buttermilk. The butter is then taken out and passed through a butter-worker, which squeezes out most of the buttermilk remaining in it, after which it is placed on ice for two hours, and then worked a little more and made up. The work was done perfectly at the dairy show, in the sight of a crowd of spectators, on each day of the exhibition. Several advantages are claimed for this remarkable machine, which bids fair to create a revolution in butter-making upon a large scale. In the first place, by Pasteurizing the milk disease germs, if any are in it, are destroyed, as well as microbes, which cause the putrefaction of butter. The process of butter-making is so rapid that there is very little chance of any germs that may exist in the atmosphere of the dairy getting into the butter, especially as all, or nearly all, air must be forced out of the chambers of the machine by the extreme rapidity of the movements going on inside. When the butter is once pressed, the chance of germs getting into it is very small. Thus a wholesome and long-keeping butter is produced. Another advantage is that milk can be converted into butter directly after being obtained from the cow, and yet another is that there is a considerable saving of labor, comparing the use of the radiator with that of the ordinary separator and churn. Some years ago a machine was brought out with the claim that it could obtain butter from milk direct, but it did not give satisfaction, apparently, as nothing has been heard of it lately. The radiator has been in use in a number of butter factories in Sweden and Finland for several months, and is said to give great satisfaction. There are fifty-two machines of the kind in use.

CORN AND CHOLERA.

Correspondent Country Gentleman.

Hog cholera is prevalent and very fatal, in some parts of this and adjoining counties, some farmers losing their entire herds. Those near the infected herds have rushed their hogs on to an already glutted market, and this has further depressed the price which was already low. For the last ten days our shippers have only paid from $3.25 to $3.60 per 100 pounds for the best hogs. Just as long as our farmers will persist in raising hogs on corn alone, they may expect to lose them from this disease; but if they will feed bran and oil meal to the pigs until five months old for the bulk of their food, and see that they have pure water to drink, they can snap their fingers at cholera. There are farmers who have learned this, and who escape the disease, when it is all around them; but more than three-fourths of our farmers feed their hogs no grain, but corn from weaning to the time they are sold, and they pay dearly for it in many cases.

FARMERS' FRIENDS.

Iowa Homestead.

Every farmer, and every farmer's boy especially, all of whom are born hunters, should endeavor to learn what portion of the insect and animal life with which the country abounds is helpful, and what is hurtful to farming. In France the effort to teach this is systematically made, and throughout the country districts bulletin boards are posted advising the people what animals and insects should be killed, with the reason, and also what should be preserved in order to afford protection to the farmer. The people are placed upon honor with respect to these boards by putting the following sentence at the head of the boards: "This board is placed under the protection of the common sense and honesty of the public." Some of the instructions that follow are these:

England's Food Supplies.

Animals imported alive for food into Great Britain during the nine months ending Sept. 30 amounted to £6,443,669, against £7,064,405 in the corresponding period last year. There were 300,832 oxen, compared with 375,470; 1,345 cows, against 2,510; and 684,869 sheep, against 251,707. Of the last-mentioned 16,046 came from Iceland, 93,418 from Canada, 321,892 from the United States, and 256,365 from the Argentine republic. Of dead meat the value was £17,645,435, against £17,266,854; butter, £10,434,478, against £10,093,039; margarine, £1,831,133, against £2,310,850; cheese, £3,369,291, against £3,888,366; eggs, £2,862,547, against £2,782,187. The value of fresh beef imported was £3,125,744, against £3,241,267; and of fresh mutton, £3,508,602 against £3,228,310.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

May Be Full of Sentiment but Contains Dangerous Germs.

Philadelphia Press.

"It is a wonder to me how the human system resists disease," said an eminent physician and bacteriologist in a chat on domestic hygiene and sanitation. "I had occasion to make a professional call at a house the other day, and wanting some water, went to the family pail to get it. The pail was nearly empty, and as I tipped it up to see the condition of its contents, a spasm of nausea struck me. It is perfectly safe to say that there was a quarter of an inch of slime and gelatinous deposit in the inside of that time-honored receptacle.

"I went to the well to draw some fresh water, and the old oaken bucket was just as slimy, just as green and just as covered with sediment as was the water pail. It was not exactly the thing to tell the family that their careless habits were in danger of costing them their lives, but all the same I wanted to do it. I slyly cleaned out the bucket and the water pail before I was satisfied to use the water to mix medicine for my patient. I would have enjoyed a microscopic examination of the coating of the inside of that pail just to see how many microbes, bacteria, infusoria, bacilli, et al., there were to the square inch. Untold millions, no doubt.

"It is not always easy to exercise proper care in regard to such matters, and from force of habit, people have come to be indifferent about them, many times because they are unaware of the danger that threatens from such sources."

A HEALTH SECRET.

And What Some Reliable People Have to Say About It.

"How can I increase my weight, prevent indigestion, and build up my system?"

"You have probably asked yourself this question a great many times—most men do. Many of your friends have had this question answered to their satisfaction, and it is a good thing to know. Some of the greatest physicians in the world have answered it, and they tell us that the best way to keep strong and well is by using a pure, reliable stimulant. Something is needed to keep the blood in healthful motion, invigorate the body, promote the appetite, and enable the food to be properly digested. This is what is required, and the next question is, what is the best thing to take? Some light on this interesting subject is afforded by the following opinions of some people who speak from personal experience:

Mr. E. C. Avilla, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having suffered for several years from nervous headaches, and being greatly emaciated and weak, Duffy's Malt Whiskey was recommended to me. I have now used several bottles with splendid results, having gained strength and increased in weight 17 pounds by its use in the past two years."

Mr. T. Price, of Frankfort, Ind., says: "I have been using Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for general debility, catarrh, loss of appetite, bad stomach, etc. I find it the greatest remedy I ever tried. I eat well and feel like a new man when I get up in the morning, instead of having that dull, tired, sick feeling I formerly had."

To any person who suffers from weakness, loss of appetite, or tired feelings, this whiskey is a boon and a blessing. Its high reputation as a scientific preparation, however, has brought forth many inferior imitations, and care should therefore be taken that none of these substitutes are supplied by druggists or grocers.

How He Took Them.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes, sir," said the portly looking citizen. "I have taken every patent medicine that has come out in the last five years. And look at me."

"It seems to have done you good."

"Yes. It all depends on how you take them. Now, every time a drummer comes along with a new patent medicine, I take it."

"Yes."

"And sell is to somebody that really needs it."

His Specialty.

New York World.

Waiter (anxiously, as guest arises)—Hope you won't forget me, sir.

Hon. Gabe Perkinson (pompously)—Sir, I am a member of congress from Sawbuck district, Indiana, and am celebrated for remembering names and faces. I'll know you again if it's twenty years!

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On every Saturday during the winter, an elegant Pullman Tourist Sleeper will leave Minneapolis (8:25 a. m.), St. Paul (8:35 a. m.), and arrive Los Angeles, California, at 6:30 p. m. following Wednesday.

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Rate per double berth, $6.00 through from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Leave St. Paul and Minneapolis every Saturday morning, arriving Los Angeles every Wednesday afternoon.

For berths, complete information, and lowest rates, apply to "The Milwaukee" agents, St. Paul or Minneapolis, or address

—J. T. Conley,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
St. Paul, Minn.

One farm paper quotes another as saying that the value of a pullet as a layer is uncertain until she has been tried, and comments sarcastically on the chunk of wisdom thus quarried. But the critic says, in another place, that "the potato digger of the future evidently has yet to be made." The "chunks of wisdom" are of equal carats.

On the Great Highway

Maple Leaf Route.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

To Dubuque, Chicago and the East, and Waterloo, Cedar Falls, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City and the Southwest. Tickets can be had at Maple Leaf Ticket Offices, Robert and Fifth Sts., and Union Depot, St. Paul, or 7 Nicollet House Block and Chicago Great Western Depot, Minneapolis.

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The Eureka Fuel Economizer is a scientifical preparation which augments the intensity of coal and wood heat in the proportion of 33 per cent.

The Eureka will give to an ordinary or middling coal the same value as that of superior quality.

The Eureka prevents the shoots, the cinders and the formation of smoke, which may spoil, in an apartment, so many valuable articles, such as curtains, paintings, etc.

The Eureka burns any kind of gas which might destroy the breathable air. In less than five minutes one can obtain a very brisk fire which will last thirty hours without any addition of fresh coal. Hence an economy of coal, work and money.

The Eureka produces a heat more soft and more concentrated.

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On receipt of 25c we will mail you a full size sample package, bearing very explicit directions, with charges prepaid.

American Eureka Fuel Economizer Co., 1180 Broadway, New York.
Established 1894.

NOO JINE

Trains leave St. Paul Union Depot daily as follows: 6:00 p. m. for New York, Boston, Montreal and all seaside resorts; 9:05 a. m. for Seattle Tacoma, Portland and Pacific Coast points. (Dining car attached to both trains. Through sleeper to Boston attached to 6:00 p. m. train. 9:05 a. m. for Rhinelander Through sleeper to Seattle and Tacoma attached to 9:05 a. m. train. Leave daily except Sunday. Glenwood accom. 6:45 p. m. from Minneapolis. St. Croix accom. 5:00 p. m. Broadway and Fourth streets.

DIRECTORY OF THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS HOUSES OF ST. PAUL.

The following is published daily for the benefit of traveling salesmen, strangers and the public generally. It includes all trades and professions, and cannot fail to prove of interest to all who intend transacting business in St. Paul.

AMUSEMENTS.
Metropolitan, Sixth, near Robert st.
Grand, Sixth and St. Peter streets.

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Kavanagh & Johnson, 22-24 E. 7th st.

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German Bird and Seed Store, 451 Wabasha street.

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Schierman & Co., 318 Robert street.
De Camp & Beyer, 129 East Third st.
F. L. Parshall, 18 West Third street.
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