

## AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atment,  
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The lawyer and his companion looked at the flushed face and shining eyes.

"If you think there is any doubt, however slight, tell me. Leave me to my old life, to its monotony, its dreary gloom; I can bear it now, I could never return to it, once I left it."

"There is none," returned the lawyer, gravely. "I did not wait upon you until everything was perfectly clear; there cannot be the faintest dispute as to your title. The probability is that, if the Earl of Charnleigh had made a will, he would have left everything to Captain Paul Fleming, who, in the genealogical table, stands next to you. He is the only member of the family, I believe, that the Earl ever saw or noticed."

"I remember once he mentioned your father, and asked me if he had left any children. I answered, 'Yes—one daughter.' 'It puzzles me,' he said, 'why there are so many women in the world; could do better with just half the number.'"

Despite Leonie's emotion and anxiety a faint smile rippled over her lips.

"Did he know my father?" she asked.

"No, only by repute, as being a brave young officer. The truth was, he liked you; if such looking could be of any use, I should say he was a hater of his kind."

"And this captain—what name did you say?"

"Captain Paul Fleming," repeated the lawyer, and she half-whispered the name.

Did any warning come to her then of the tragedy that was to shadow her after life—the weight that was to make the coronet a burden?

"Paul Fleming—and he is disappointed?" she asked.

"I cannot tell. He may have thought the chances were greatly in his favor; but he is too true a gentleman and too brave a man to envy the happiness that has fallen to a lady's lot."

"I hope he is not disappointed," she said; "puzzled, perhaps, but not disappointed. I should not like to purchase my happiness by another's pain."

"Even should Captain Fleming feel pain he will not show it," observed the lawyer.

"Do you say I shall have a great deal of money? He could have some of it. I am not obliged to keep it all myself."

Mr. Clements smiled at the simple words—perhaps another idea suggested itself to him.

"I do not think that will be needed," he remarked. "Captain Fleming has some property besides the income derived from his profession. He is at present with his regiment at Malta."

"What relation is Captain Fleming to me?" she asked.

"I should say about fourth cousin, if such relationship exists at all. Your father was the late Earl's second cousin. Captain Fleming stands three degrees lower on the family tree, wrote to him at once, and told him there was no will. It is six months since the late Earl died. Every possible search has been honestly made, and there is no trace of his ever having intended to make a will—no memorandum, no papers. During that time we have carefully made out the claim of each relative, and yours is the strongest, the clearest, and the truest; indeed, your title is so perfectly clear that you might safely take possession of Crown Leighton."

"What shall I do?" she cried.

And again the beautiful young face grew deadly pale. "How can I bear the change? I shall not know what to do with my life."

"There will be much for you to consider. Have you no lady relatives of your mother's living?"

"No," she replied, with an outburst of passionate sadness. "It may be true that I am a countess, but I am quite alone in the world."

"I should suggest that you at once engage the services of some elderly lady as chaperon. You cannot live alone. Perhaps Miss Templeton would be the best person to consult in the emergency."

Mr. Clements here rose from his seat and bowed with an air of deference he had not shown before.

"Permit me," he said, "now that my legal business is explained, to be the first to offer my congratulations to the Countess of Charnleigh. I pray heaven to bless your ladyship in your new life, and to send you every blessing and prosperity and every earthly happiness."

"Thank you," she said gently.

"Then Mr. Dunscombe stood up and offered his congratulations.

"If you will allow me," said the lawyer, "I will wait upon you, Lady Charnleigh, to-morrow. I have an imperative engagement this evening; to-morrow I hope to have something to suggest that will meet with your entire approbation."

With the most respectful of salutations, they left her standing like one benighted, as they left her, so she remained, until the sound of the door opening aroused her.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, Miss Rayner," said a rough voice, "if you and your visitors have done with the room, I shall be glad to get it ready for my mistress."

The insolent tone and the sharp words generally brought a proud flush into the beautiful face; now the young girl looked at Susan. Neither the cross house-maid, as though she had not even heard her.

"I have lived at King's Court," continued the aggrieved domestic, "for many years, but this is the first time I ever saw governesses and their friends make so free."

"If she knew," thought Leonie, smiling, "instead of being insolent to me, she would fawn and flatter—she would cringe to me. Ah, the power of this wonderful girl!"

The maid-servant was annoyed to see that she had produced no effect.

"I shall certainly tell Miss Templeton the minute she returns why my work is not done," she continued; but to her surprise the young girl merely left the room, with the same strange smile on her face.

She wanted to be alone, she must be alone to think over this wondrous event.

She sat in the clock, gloomy playground until the clock struck five; no one came to tell her that tea was waiting; no one seemed to care whether she had anything or not. As she re-entered the house, the young girl met her and said, not very civilly.

"Your tea has been waiting, Miss Rayner, in the school-room for an hour past."

pupil in her place, as she expressed it, by continually finding fault with her. When she returned from her holidays, it required some ingenuity to make out a list of complaints against the young girl, but she generally succeeded. On this occasion she did not linger long over the dainty tea prepared for her. Susan, fired with indignation at Miss Rayner's insolence, was only too pleased to tell her the young governess had had visitors in the drawing-room, and had spent over two hours with them. Miss Templeton went at once to the school-room, where she found the young lady seated before her cold, unattractive tea.

A frosty greeting passed between them, and then Miss Templeton seated herself in state.

"I am sorry to hear, Miss Rayner," she began, "that your conduct during my absence has not been so circum-spect as I could have wished. May I ask who were the gentlemen you entertained for more than two hours to-day?"

There was a faint ripple of a smile on the beautiful face, which angered Miss Templeton very much.

"Two hours," continued the school-mistress, "is a long time for any lady to spend in the society of gentlemen, above all of strangers, as I should imagine these to have been."

"Then I must demand an explanation of your conduct, Miss Rayner. King's Court is both known and honored for the exemplary conduct of its conductor. If you have deviated in the slightest degree from established rules, we must part."

No fear shaded the bright eyes that looked laughingly into the stony face. "The gentlemen introduced themselves, Miss Templeton. I am quite innocent of having known of their visit before they delayed their departure."

"Will you tell me who they were?" repeated the angry lady.

"Mr. Clements, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Dunscombe, the manager or steward of the Crown Leighton estates."

"May I be permitted to inquire what they wanted with you, Miss Rayner?" said Miss Templeton, somewhat wonderingly.

"They came on business that astonished me, Miss Templeton, as it will you. They came to tell me that owing to a strange chain of circumstances, Fortune has delayed its visit upon me."

"I do not understand riddles," said Miss Templeton, coldly.

"Fortune has been amusing herself at my expense. If the gentleman's researches are correct, I am now Countess of Charnleigh."

In the greatest of her surprise, Miss Templeton committed what was for her a sad breach of good breeding.

"You are what?" she said.

"I am Countess of Charnleigh, and mistress of the Crown Leighton estates."

"My dearest child, you cannot mean it! You are jesting, Miss Rayner!" she rejoined, calmly.

"Your mother was only governess to your father's cousin."

"Poor, but for all that good family and a gentleman. It is as his daughter, Miss Templeton, that I am Countess of Charnleigh."

CHAPTER V.

Miss Templeton, in after life, was accustomed to tell the story, and declared that she had never received such a terrible shock. She could but repeat the words of Charnleigh: "Explain to me—my mind is not clear."

And Leonie, half indignant, half amused, gave the lady a complete resume of the history she had heard her say. When it was ended Miss Templeton rose from her chair and embraced her.

"My dearest child—my favorite pupil—I am so heartily glad, so pleased, so delighted—I am overwhelmed. The story face and dull, lusterless eyes were a look of excitement that completely changed Miss Templeton. "For your own sake I am so pleased. Countess of Charnleigh! The title is a proud one—you will do it justice. I always thought there was something distinctive, something aristocratic about you."

"Did you?" asked the young girl, wonderingly. "I fancied you were never pleased with my manner."

Miss Templeton positively blushed—a phenomenon that had not occurred for years.

"You who have the charge of youth must be severe," she said, "or the youthful character never would be formed. My dear child, what advice you will need! What a terrible, almost awful responsibility for you! You will indeed require help."

"He is coming to-morrow to consult with you, for I am young to be a countess in my own right and mistress of a vast fortune. Yesterday I felt so old, so tired so weary of my life; to-day—I cannot help it—my heart is like a singing bird."

Miss Templeton looked at her in wonder; the young girl had never said so much to her in all her life before.

"That is but natural, Lady Charnleigh. I had better give you your title at once. I will have you to the sound. You must have some lady of experience with you; you cannot live alone. Countess of Charnleigh! I cannot get over my surprise."

At that moment Susan entered with a message. The expression of grateful revenge on her face did not escape the notice of either lady. She looked with an air of triumph at Leonie.

"Susan," said Miss Templeton, sharply, "I desire that you do not annoy the Countess of Charnleigh. If she wishes to have the drawing-room for visitors, remember it is always at her service."

Susan left the room full of rage and astonishment, contemptuously wondering to herself what was going to happen to the Countess of Charnleigh, so civil to a governess.

That night Leonie was Miss Templeton's most honored guest. She was allowed to go out on the lawn and sit under the shade of a great drooping tree, until the moon and the stars gleamed in the darkening sky. A large magnolia grew near and its rich fragrance seemed to fill the air, and gave to her dreams of luxury and magnificence such as come only under the influence of rare odors.

Then the state bedroom, hitherto reserved for the most honored guests, was at her disposal. Lady Charnleigh smiled as she saw how carefully it had been prepared.

It was pleasant when she rose to mark the deference the servants paid to her, the extra respect; how each one called her "Lady Charnleigh," and waited upon her; and she was young enough and woman enough to be life more pleasant with them.

Mr. Clements called before noon, and then there was no more doubt, no more hesitation. Her claim was allowed on all sides, and she might at any moment as Lady Charnleigh take her place in the world as Countess of Charnleigh.

Even the change in the lawyer's manner she noted. He was polite, respectful, somewhat of kindness, that was extended, perhaps, because of her youth and the position of the young girl.

"Do I really understand you that my dear pupil can take possession of her estate at once?" said Miss Templeton,

whose surprise could still be barely repressed.

"To-day, to-morrow, or any time she will," was the reply. "If I may venture upon making a suggestion to Lady Charnleigh, it is that she should, under Miss Templeton's chaperonage, go at once to town, and there make such purchases as she may deem fit; then, when ready, I will be at her disposal in going to Crown Leighton. If your ladyship will authorize me, I will at once write to one or two influential people who will be able to recommend a proper and suitable companion."

"You mean that I am to buy new dresses," she said, looking at him with her face in a glow of delight. "How shall I know what kind of dresses a countess should wear? My wildest dreams never went beyond a pretty silk."

He smiled. Miss Templeton looked distressed.

"Your best plan, Lady Charnleigh," she suggested, "will be to drive at once to Madam Berton and let her get everything necessary; she will know if you do not, a mistress of these, you must for some time wear mourning; but, as expense will not be a matter of consideration, you can have it as elegant as possible."

"I should explain to your ladyship," continued Miss Templeton, gravely, "that during the six months we have spent in ascertaining the claims of different and distant relatives, the income derived from various sources, to be afterward explained to you, has accumulated and has been lying on my hands. I have brought with me a check for a thousand pounds. You can do afterward as you will; and he looked half-wistfully at this young girl on whom the mantle of splendid estates had so suddenly fallen.

"A thousand pounds!" said Leonie, Lady Charnleigh. "And I have never in my whole life before had five shillings of my own."

"Perhaps, after all, the best way to acquire a true appreciation of money is to wait it," said Mr. Clements. "And now, Lady Charnleigh, it only remains for me to add that whenever you think of going to Crown Leighton I shall be happy to attend you."

"I should like to give half of this away," she said; "how many people would be made happy by a little of this money?" She was looking with her bright eyes full of wonder at the check he had laid before her.

"It is the great leveler of the world," remarked Miss Templeton.

"Yes, I cannot deny it," the Chevalier Bayard, or King Arthur, or any of the heroes I loved, caring for it, rejoined Leonie; "there is nothing grand or heroic in the love of money."

"For the present be content with enjoying it, Lady Charnleigh," said the lawyer, smiling kindly. "You can moralize about it afterward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STEAMER'S BILL OF FARE.

The Many Tons of Provisions Consumed on a Vessel Annually.

The cost of provisioning an ocean steamer of the present day is very great. In a year the provisioning of only one boat will cost a fair average, include 500 sheep, 200 lambs, 3,000 oxen, 300 fowls, many ducks and miscellaneous poultry, besides several thousand head of game and other sundries. Add to these a hundred thousand eggs, 10 tons of ham and bacon, 5 tons of fish, 2 tons of cheese, 1,000 tons of sardines, 100 tons of potatoes, 5,000 loaves of bread, 50 tons of flour, 50 tons of oatmeal, 2 tons each of rice and peas, pearl barley, plums and currants, and 12 tons of sugar, with a ton of tea and 3 tons of coffee, and you have what may be called the backbone of the daily fare. The drink bill will average per vessel per year about 50,000 bottles of beer, 20,000 mineral waters, 3,000 bottles of spirits and 5,000 bottles of wine.

We have only mentioned the necessities and said nothing of the luxuries, which we ought not entirely to omit. Let it be added, then, that each passenger averages three oranges, almost as many apples, and as many lemons a day; and that the ice cream served averages a pint a week; and that on an Atlantic trip, taken at a venture, the fruit bill included 160 lemons, 100 pineapples, 10 crates of peaches, 10 bunches of bananas, 100 quarts each of gooseberries and currants, 250 quarts each of raspberries, strawberries and cherries, and 75 pounds of grapes.

The breakages are simply appalling. During one week, not so very long ago, the steward's return on one well-known liner showed an average of 200 broken glass bottles, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles, all of which had, of course, to be made good on arrival in port.

New Story of Washington.

Here is a new story of the Father of his Country. Washington's head gardener was a man from some European kingdom, where he had worked in the royal grounds. But coming to America he left his wife behind. Homesickness for his "grace" woman's face began to prey on him, and Washington noticed a certain air of gloom and drooping spirits of his servant. Finally the man went down to the river and declared his intention of shipping to the old country, when who should come and learn over the side of a wharf a red-headed, rosy-cheeked, kind-hearted general had secretly sent for the woman, and she fortunately surprised her loving husband in one of his fits of despondency.—Philadelphia Times.

Making Rugs by Hand.

The Turkish and Persian rugs which are sold at fancy prices by the carpet men are all made by hand, not even a room being employed. The work requires great skill and infinite patience, so that the prices for genuine goods are by no means too large. Some of them require the labor of one man for six months or a year before they are completed and put on the market, while the highest-priced rugs have often been toiled at, day after day, for three or four years before they are finished.

A Good Razor Strop.

There are few better razor strops than can be made from a retort. The old leather strop that has revolved long beneath the dripping of oil from machinery. A razor first stropped on such a strip of leather and then upon a piece of calfskin is easily kept in good order.

The Rock of Refuge.

In Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands, there is a spot called the Rock of Refuge. If a criminal reaches this rock before capture he is safe, so long as he remains there. Usually his family supply him with food until he is able to make his escape, but he is never allowed to return to his own tribe.

Our Large Tobacco Growth.

Tobacco was discovered in 1492. In 1892 the United States raised 555,755,000 pounds on 75,526 acres of ground. In 1884 the production was 768,000 tons on 2,029,000 acres. In 1892 there were manufactured in this country 2,777,779,440 cigarettes.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Two Ways of Shocking Corn—The Care of Apples—Value of Reputation to a Farmer—Setting Cuttings—Box for Wetting Hay.

Setting Cuttings.

In setting grape, currant, or other cuttings in the open ground a trench is often plowed or dug, the cuttings placed in position, and the earth thrown back. Many make the ground as mellow as possible, and with a pointed stick or sharpened iron rod make a hole of the proper depth and inclination, and insert the cutting. The operation can be greatly expedited and cheapened, says the American Agriculturist, by the handied foot dibble shown in the illustration.

Making a Good Stack.

At each threshing time, the difficulty of getting the straw properly cared for increases. The straw is regarded as of more importance than it used to be and good stackers are less plentiful. In the first place there ought always for a large stack to be three men at work on it. With less than this, the necessary packing down is impossible. Keep the center full and well packed down. Under the carrier, unless great care is taken, there will be an accumulation of chaff. If the straw is to be sold, keep the chaff by itself by poking it down the side of the stack and drawing it to be fed out to the stock in winter. If the straw is to be fed in winter, distribute the chaff through it as evenly as possible. Chaff packs more closely than will coarser straw, and this even distribution causes the stack to settle evenly. It will thus be better prepared to shed rain. A little help at threshing will have a large accumulation of chaff which the straw dropped from the carrier. This will settle and begin to rot after the first heavy rain. After two or three weeks, the chaff, which ought to be worth as much as hay for feeding, will be good for nothing except as manure, and the straw will be rotted down to the ground on that side of the stack.

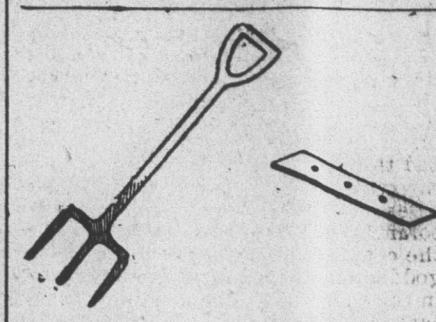
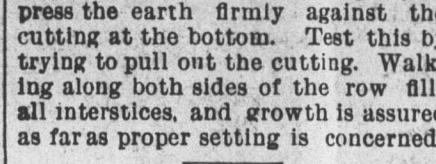


FIG. 1. FOOT DIBBLE. FIG. 2. GUIDING BOARD.

Fig. 1. A blacksmith can make one from an old fork. Cuttings are usually placed about four inches apart in the row. Hence, have a three lined fork made with straight tines four inches apart, five inches in length, three eighths of an inch in diameter and pointed at the ends. The operator walks by the side of a line or mark and forces the fork into the ground, four inches apart, at any inclination desired. If the ground be hard the foot is used to press the fork down. A uniform depth can be secured by running the tines through a light strip of wood shown in Fig. 2. After the cuttings are in place, the dibble should be again pressed into the earth within two inches of the cuttings, and moved slightly to press the earth firmly against the cutting at the bottom. Test this by trying to pull out the cutting. Walking along both sides of the row will fill all interstices, and growth is assured as far as proper setting is concerned.

Box for Wetting Hay.

The illustration represents a box used for wetting hay. To use, crowd a feed of hay into the box, set an empty pail under the open gate and pour the water over the hay from another pail. If one pouring does not



BOX FOR WETTING HAY.

wet sufficiently, reverse pails and pour again. Ground grain may then be mixed with the wet hay, if one wishes, although I prefer to sprinkle it on after putting the hay into the manger with a fork. If one has sufficient room, the box may be made long enough to wet hay for two or more horses. For convenience, it should stand in front of the manger. The bottom of the box slope about an inch to the foot in length. In wetting hay this way, all surplus water quickly drains out and the hay does not need to be cut. It requires no shoveling over or mixing over in order to get it all wet.

Hedges for Shady Places.

It is often desirable to have hedges along lines where trees are already growing. Evergreens are wholly unfitted for these situations; only deciduous shrubs can be employed. Among the best of these are the various varieties of Privet. They stand dry ground better than almost anything else. It is not so much the shade which injures the hedges in these situations as it is the drying of the ground by the roots of the trees. When we imagine the enormous amount of moisture transpiring from thousands of leaves of trees, we can readily see how dry the ground must be which has to supply this moisture. But those who have practical experience understand this without a thought of the philosophy involved.—Meehan's Monthly.

Frosted Grass Infructuous.

So soon as hard frosts come, everything dependent on pasture requires extra feeding. The effect of frost is to expand and burst the vegetable cells that contains sweet and nutritious juices and either dry them up or blacken and rot them. This with cows affects the quality as well as the amount of milk, making the cream harder to churn, as it contains a greater proportion of fibre and caseine and less butter fats.

Use a Fodder Cutter.

The fodder cutter is one of the most useful and important implements on the farm. It is not used as much as it should be, for it demands hard work if there is no power to be obtained, but it will enable the farmer to use a large amount of coarse food that is usually wasted. The fodder cutter should be kept in constant use during the winter.

Brief Hints.

THE fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the fingers.

TAR stains are removed by applying oil, and then removing the oil with benzine.

Moist hands are frequently relieved by bathing them in lukewarm water containing a teaspoonful of borax or ammonia.

If a shelf in the closet is infected with red ants, carpet it with flannel and the tiny insects will not attempt to invade that limited precinct.

A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

In some of the tests in bluing it has been discovered that certain properties in poor bluing, combining with qualities of certain soaps, will produce an iron rust or stain in the clothing.

To draw linen threads for hem-stitching take a lather brush and soap and lather well the parts where the threads are to be drawn. Let the linen dry, and the threads will come out easily, even in the finest linen.

Value of a Reputation.

Have you ever observed that some farmers can get a better price for exactly the same grade of cattle than can be obtained by other men? There is nothing mysterious about it. It is simply because they have a reputation for that kind. This is a principle of profit in cattle growing too much overlooked. Get a reputation for having superior stock all the time, and you will always get the top price, or a little more, because there will

be some one on the watch to buy your cattle when they come on the market. Use the best class of sires even if you have only grade cows, and it will help not only the actual quality of your product, but your reputation as well. A pure bred bull of a high record dairy family you will know will stamp its quality on your dairy herd, and the merits of your cows will become so well known that you will be able to procure fancy prices. The same thing holds good, only perhaps not so pronounced an extent, in breeding beef cattle for market.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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## FIGHTERS' FISTS.

Characteristics of the Hard Hitting "Dukes" of Champion Pugilists.

To-day, as of old, the gladiators of the world meet in the arena—a fist to one—and do battle. The sport may be as old as the hills, but it is neither so bloody nor so dangerous, yet many a man has been killed by a blow from his foeman's fist.</