

Woman's World.

Farm Notes.

Instructing the Young.

SANTA ROSA, April 13. An article entitled "Tell the Girls" meets my views exactly. I do not believe the truth will harm anybody—not even a young child. I have seen three daughters grow to womanhood and I used to think the proper way to train them to be good was to keep them in ignorance of even the existence of evil.

A few weeks ago the Farmer inquired whether or not processes in agriculture had got to be changed to conform with the changing ways of doing business, and whether or not there had got to be larger farms worked on the co-operative plan.

The correspondent referred to said, in the course of his article: "A man can no longer 'farm it' in the old-fashioned way and support a family. He must have many, if not all, the latest machines and implements."

Mrs. Agincourt, the lady referred to, came home with me that afternoon and in my presence had a long talk with my inquisitive daughter. The ice once broken, I found my embarrassment gone and from that day on I concealed nothing in natural history and physiology from my inquiring girls.

But there is more to be done. The home must be made as pleasant and attractive as that of any of the neighbors. It is not enough that there is love and peace and a self-sacrificing disposition at home.

These figures are roughly estimated. Almost any farmer can verify or correct them. I think, however, that a consolidated farm of 640 acres could be made to produce as much as 15 small ones and effect a saving in tools of at least \$10,000, a saving in fences of say \$5000 and a saving in household expenses of many thousands of dollars, to say nothing of the advantages of buying things on a large scale and selling in the same way.

We have an illustration of the large-farm system in California. More money is made from a wheat crop on a 10,000-acre tract than would be from 100 tracts of 100 acres each. A few men prosper and many are tramps the greater part of the year.

The butter and cheese and eggs, potatoes and vegetables, turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens that would be sold from these 100 farms are imported from the east, and we hear about "hard times."

How to Sew on Buttons. "When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along," said a friend of mine to a little girl, as she sat watching the child try to sew.

Black Walnut Culture. A Yolo county man who has a grove of walnut timber cut a carload out to thin it a couple of years ago and got \$3000 for it. A carload is 9000 feet, which makes the price received equivalent to \$300 a thousand for the timber.

Meat and Potatoes—Mince some beef or mutton, with pepper, salt and a trifle of onion, add a little gravy, put into cups or tiny pans, making them three parts full, and fill them up with potatoes mashed, in which is a little cream; put a bit of butter on top and brown them in the oven.

Rory O'More.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn; He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the white dove.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like. For I half gave a promise to soothing Moe: The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be true."

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough. And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff."

MADLINE JOYCE.

"Strawberries! strawberries! Very fine and fresh—lady, please buy! But Madeline Joyce, leaning from the open window, with her cheek idly supported on her hand, shook her head.

"No, I don't want any, child!" And the strawberry girl passed on, her clear shrill voice echoing fainter and fainter in the distance as she went.

"Another bill!" with an impatient lift of the eyebrows. "Did you tell the man we had no money, Beatrice?"

"What would have been the use, Maddy? Of course I did not tell him." "And mamma?"

"She does not know—she is reading in the parlor; she will not let me mend the table-cloth; she says it is not work for ladies. Oh, Maddy, what shall we do?"

"It is like a dream," Madeline said to herself, smiling impatiently, as Mrs. Benjamin and her mother prattled on about the current topics of the day.

"A hero's pardonable weakness." The Detroit Tribune tells that a woman recently approached General Sherman in a railroad car, and, pulling at his coat, asked: "Is this General Sherman?"

"A young lady—a friend of mine. When do you want her?" "At once; and then we can be off without delay. You will accompany us, Madeline?"

"How ready the young birds are to fly away and leave the parent nest," she sighed. "Well, it is not natural. I can hardly blame Maddy for being anxious to leave so dull a place as this."

EGYPT'S FORMER KHEDIV.

How Ismail Pasha Spent \$5,000,000 in the Suez Canal Festivities.

It reads like a passage from a comic opera; says the London Spectator, when we find that in the beginning of 1860 "business was practically suspended in nearly all the government offices in order that those of their staffs who knew French might be employed in translating the 'Eli Creve,' the 'Belle Helene,' the 'Marie de Mardi Gras,' and other chefs d'oeuvres of Offenbach into Arabic for the use of the harem ladies."

"That's over, thank goodness!" said she, and buried her nose once more in the pages of a book.

But he was by no means certain that it was over. "Mamma might bear some of her own burdens," she murmured unsympathetically to herself.

"The new governess," said he. "Upstairs—second story, back, please." And with a backward motion of his thumb the footman went about his business; while Mr. Atheling, somewhat surprised and a little annoyed, ascended the staircase by himself.

"It is about that rent," she gasped. "Yes, yes—I know. We can not pay it just yet; but—"

"You are not going to the Cumberland Lakes, then?" "Yes, I am—as Mrs. Benjamin's governess. Only mamma does not know. It would break her heart, Mr. Atheling, and the very first quarter's salary I receive shall be forwarded immediately to you. For—"

"Madeline!" he burst forth impulsively. "I have mistaken you—I have misjudged you altogether! Will you pardon me?"

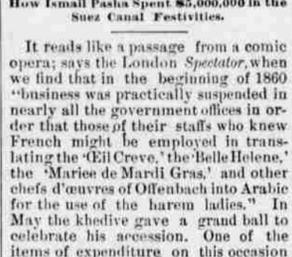
"Oh, Mr. Atheling, is it you!" cried the lady, recognizing the wealthy landholder at a glance. "And Maddy?"

"I may as well tell you," said Madeline, softly. "Mr. Atheling has asked me to marry him, and—"

"And you will lose your governess," said Atheling, smiling.

"I'm afraid it is," "Well, why do you do it? Does it please them?" "I don't know whether it does or not. Some of them say it does." "General, can I—"

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