











Literary and Domestic.

EDITED BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

MRS. M. P. BUTTS.
Of the skies are yellow,
The apples are mellow,
The corn is ripe in the ear;
The birds leave off nesting,
The earth begins resting,
Because 'tis the Fall o' the year.

THE MOTHER'S LIFE.
The mother's life is full of prose,
From early dawn till daylight's close,
But oft, amid her household cares,
Some little poem unsung is hers.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.
We are indebted to a Topeka woman for the privilege of presenting to the readers of the FARMER, the following interesting and charming letter from Paris.

which was the Prince of Wales; then three regiments of infantry and cavalry; and then carriages all in regal splendor. The crowd was simply immense. This is the first royal funeral Paris has witnessed for the past thirty-four years, and is an event to be remembered.

modesty, it restrains him from untried paths: About four years active merchant life would broaden his mental vision wonderfully. In the afternoon there was a concert of immense proportions in a garden near by. Of course, all day the houses were decorated with flags. Toward evening fantastic lanterns began to appear from all windows; the houses were almost covered with tri-color. At 9 p. m., they were lighted. At 8:30 we went out "for to see," in company with two Irish ladies, and first proceeded to the Ave. McMahon. The Arch de Triumphe has become a joy to me every day; I love to look at it in every light; I never open my window but I stop a moment to look at it, and was delighted now to see it illuminated in such a chaste and appropriate manner. There was a wreath of fine gas jets around its summit like a crown of gold, and that was all, any more would have spoiled it; as well ornament a lion with flowers as hang upon the massive walls of this magnificent arch any brilliant. The strong electric light at its base made it look as pure and white as pearl. On the corner of Ave McMahon, in the American Embassy, two great illuminated eagles with wide spread wings were perched on either corner of the front iron fence. All about the top of the house was a wreath of gas jets, the wide open windows filled with fantastic lanterns, while the ever beautiful stars and stripes were conspicuous. How grand one's native flag appears in foreign lands! As the L'Etoile, in which the Arch de Triumphe stands, is on the top of a hill, it commands a view of all the twelve avenues centering here, of course it was crowded with people. First we looked down the Grand Ave which looked like a series of illuminated portals one over and higher than the other; the distance gave it such delicacy as to remind me of the beautiful granulated gold work of the ancients. We were fairly dazzled with the splendor of the scene as we looked down the Ave Bologne; the entire length on either side were flags, streamers and banners, and arching the wide Ave at regular distances were continuous illuminations in the shape of vases and globes which glittered and twinkled like moonbeams on rippling water. These extended all the way to the Bois de Bologne. This park was the centre of attraction for this part of the city. We could see from our elevated standpoint the lake covered with illuminated sail boats, gliding about like fairies, and from the island in the lake was a continuous play of fireworks. The trees in the Ave and Park were grafted with a prodigious fruitage of great, round, flaming balls that in very delight seemed to make the leaves dance, bluish and tremble. In the Champ Elyses the gas jets were covered with milk white globes, were so close they almost touched, and looked like strings of pearls looped from one post to another, while each post was surmounted by a cluster of 15 of such globes. Many of the houses in this Ave were brilliantly illuminated, some with open windows, and within one could see huge chandeliers with cut glass scintillating like diamonds and revealing the marble statuary bathed in floods of dazzling light. Many of the streets were arched with flowers, festoons, wreaths, lanterns and bunting. On one of these I saw the dome of St. Augustine wreathed with fine gas jets, to the very summit. Carriages and all vehicles were excluded from the principal avenues, but the crowds of people filled to literal overflowing; they fell in two currents, somewhat broken at times, going in opposite directions. It was very interesting to me to see how these people enjoyed this fete. There was no drunkenness nor boisterous demonstration; now and then there would dash along a party of gay men and women of different classes, singing their National Hymn in quite a jolly manner. Usually they had a color bearer who carried a large, black umbrella, and suspended from the points were Japanese lanterns. I heard nothing sung but the Marsaillaise, and occasionally even the staid walkers would catch up the tune and sing with the frolicsome parties who danced along as though they had not traveled many miles since the evening set in. Thus we wended our way with the crowd, the Ave still broadening? into greater beauty until we reached the culmination at the round point in Ave Montaigne; here the gas posts with their chains and clusters of pearls completely encircled six fountains, these were surrounded with wreaths of gas jets around and within the basins. The fountains do not throw the water very high but in a cloud of mist which looks soft and fleecy as carded wool, and the falling drops in the brilliant light dimpled the water in the basins as in merry laughter. At this point begins the rows of shade trees and flower beds, and back of them the cafes and concert buildings, all, of course, brilliant beyond description. Bengal lights of red, blue and green and their cloudlike, vapory smoke climbed among the trees and over their tops in weird and wonderful beauty. The Palais de St. Maurice was wreathed about the summit with electric lights that threw a flood of amazing brightness apparently surpassing that of old Sol himself, upon the surrounding statuary. Nothing we had yet seen has yet compared with the Place de Comorg; it also was encircled with the pearly globes with the added beauty of magnificent statuary, whose

loveliness was greatly increased by the peculiar light. The rearing bronze horses looked as though they would leap from their pedestals. At the back of the Obelisk of Suxor, Bengal lights curled in blue and red vapors to its summit. One of the most beautiful sights of all was the large fountains on either side of this tall, imposing obelisk. Two electric lights were so placed as to strike on its prime flood, the falling water of these fountains, this with the wierd blue and red smoke can give you a faint idea of spiritual beauty of this water as it fell into the basins over the bold, illuminated bronze images. We could scarce leave this enchanted spot with its many attractions, but weariness triumphed and we turned homeward regretfully from a place which has a double historic interest, the obelisk being on the spot where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette met her death. On our way back we met the Military Flambeau procession on horseback; the crowd that followed this was immense beyond exaggeration. It was appalling; the dense mass of humanity then before me was beyond anything I had ever beheld. Jam as this was, yet all were merry, singing the Marsaillaise with the greatest enthusiasm. We got home at half past 11 P. M., not having been seated during the entire time. To say we were tired is lame and inadequate. I might here remark that the scruples of the several Scotch Presbyterians who are sojourners with us in this beloved pention, were all laid aside, for "what went they out for to see" but the fete, the grand "Fourth of July" of the Republic of France. Tell our friends that domestic life here would not suit an American. Casual, hasty tourists who think they see all in their hurried visits, may be delighted with French life, but they see only the outer side; but let them sojourn here and see the inner, domestic side of French home life as a woman can see it, and I assure you every week will elevate one's estimation of young, generous America. My patriotism is growing, and I can heartily say Vive l'Amérique!

son as before. Another nice way of preparing squash for the table or for pie is to cut them in two, lay in a baking pan and bake until done in a moderate oven. Cooked in this way they will always be dry. To COOK BEANS—The usual way people cook beans is to parboil them, put them in a kettle or pan, set them in the oven to bake with a piece of fat pork in them. The grease oozes out into the beans, causing a most unwholesome and indigestible mass, destroying the flavor of the beans. Now my method for cooking them (which all who have tried pronounce excellent) is as follows: Parboil as usual, salt to suit the taste, then put them in a pan and place in the oven to bake, putting in a piece of good sweet butter—the size of a butternut will answer. Bake until tender and nicely browned over on the top. Beans are very nutritious, and cooked in this way are palatable, digestible, and can be eaten by any one. If you want the pork, cook it in a dish by itself.

FASHION NOTES.
The newest buttons are bullet-shaped.
Trains are not so long as last year.
Elbow sleeves are very fashionable.
The short walking dress is slowly but surely gaining favor.
Brown is still a favorite color for children's dresses.
Hem-stitched muslin neckties are among the novelties.
Scotch plaids in small patterns and quiet tones are fashionable for grown people.
The bonnet shapes of this season are very like those of last year.
Dark plaid suits are being universally made up with an English coat.
Plain and flat trimmings are to be worn most on fall and winter dresses.
Some of the new linen cuffs and collars are hair-striped like the new hosiery.
The fashion in ladies' coiffures in Paris is to brush the hair high up from the neck.
Fancy buttons and flat gilt buttons are used profusely on the clan tartan and fancy plaid suits so fashionable at the moment.
Wide belts embroidered in gay colors, like those worn a generation ago, are now fashionably used with black silk or grenadine dresses.

HOME ECONOMY.

COLORING KID GLOVES—White kid may easily be colored black, purple or lilac with a solution of one part extract logwood and three parts brandy. Apply with a sponge and rub until dry. TURKEY FEATHERS—Those of us who were bred in the country in our early days, remember with what anxiety the careful housewife saved the turkey wings for dusters. They hung under the mantel, and they were supposed to be very useful. Perhaps they were. But it seems there is a market for all kinds of turkey feathers, and we can do no better than to quote the suggestions of one who says that now that the season for turkeys is approaching, we would advise our readers to take care of the feathers. Heretofore very little use has been made of turkey feathers, there being no market for them. Occasionally a wing would be saved to make a fan, and that was about all. But now quite a demand has sprung up for them for making brushes and dusters, and when the feathers are properly taken care of, a good price may be obtained for them. In saving them care must be taken not to pack them in bags like goose feathers, but the body, wing and tail feathers should be kept separate, and each kind packed in a box by itself. For tail and wing feathers the boxes should be a little wider than the feather is long, and the feathers laid in the boxes straight, care being taken that the sides and ends of the feathers do not curl up as that spoils the feathers for making dusters, and thereby injures the sale of them. In selecting the wing feathers, leave out the third joint, or that part commonly used as a fan, as the feathers of that part of the wing are useless for making dusters. Body feathers should be kept as straight as possible, and also packed in boxes. Having placed your bees in winter quarters, store your mind with bee literature, for it will make you wise and successful, and then make hives and boxes for next season's operations, or procure them of some reliable dealer. This is very often the most economical way—but don't wait till next spring before you send your order for them, and then get them by express. Order them early and get them by freight, thereby saving expense and worry.—American Bee Journal.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

SEASONABLE HINTS.—In this northern climate, if your bees are not already in winter quarters, lose no time in putting them in at once. See that all have 30 pounds of good, capped honey for winter food; if they have not enough, feed them. Any colonies that are weak should be united, so that they may be strong in numbers. A division board to contract the chamber will be convenient. Cover the frames with a sheet of duck, coarse factory cloth with cotton batting between, or some woolen quilt, to keep them warm and absorb the moisture, and place in the cellar or winter repository. Keep the temperature from 35° to 45°, and see that it is properly ventilated.

RECIPES.

RAILROAD CAKE.—One cup sugar, one and one-half cups flour three eggs, three table-spoonfuls melted butter, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, three table-spoonfuls cold water. FROSTING WITH GELATINE.—Dissolve a large pinch of gelatine in six table-spoonfuls of boiling water; strain, thicken with sugar and flavor with lemon. Enough for two cakes. TO COOK SQUASH.—The small scalloped squash should be boiled in salted water until you can pierce them easily with a fork; then lay in a sieve to drain and as soon as they are cool enough to handle, scrape off the skin, cut them open, take out the seeds and pulp and return the pieces of squash to the saucepan. Mash smooth, season with pepper, salt and butter, and serve. The Boston and Hubbard varieties may be peeled, cut in pieces and boiled until done; then drain, mash and sea-



