

THE HOME.

Wife and Parenthood.

Let us have a confidential talk this afternoon. You are asking what you shall tell your children concerning wife and parenthood, and how.

Perhaps you lost this magical "key" to their inner nature when you rudely closed the door of truth against their first peering questions concerning the mysteries of life.

Many a mother who has thus lost the "key" often does not find it again until her daughter (she never does her son) is herself a mother—sometimes not then.

Fortunately, there are many chaste and beautifully-written books and pamphlets that will partially atone for the lack of your personal, loving instruction.

"Tokology," by Mrs. Dr. Stockman; "True Motherhood," and "For Girls," by Shepard.

Don't place these books in the hands of your children until you have doubtlessly read them yourselves; you will doubtless find much in them that is new and that will better fit you for your duties.

To the mothers of the "wee ones" feeling the importance of these questions, but dreading them, let me first of all beg of you to keep close to your little ones' hearts.

I wish you might have seen the child as I repeated this beautiful allegory, then so fresh in my mind. Her face fairly glowed with a holy light and her little soul was baptized into a new life.

Fruit Canning.

RASPBERRIES.—Have ready a pan of very cold water, ice if possible. Look over the berries, and throw one quart at a time into the water.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit and allow three-fourths pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Wash, skim out and mash with the sugar.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—We prefer to use red currants with red raspberries for jelly, as it will be firmer and the flavor is very delicate.

RASPBERRY STRAU.—Strain out the juice as for jelly, allow a large cupful of sugar to a quart of juice; boil, skim, and can the same as any fruit.

BLUEBERRIES.—Look them over carefully, wash them, and for every quart can allow one cupful of sugar; add water enough to cook without burning.

AN EASY WAY TO WASH.—There is a nice easy way to do your washing. Take one ounce of ammonia, one ounce salts of tartar, and one box of concentrated lye.

TOMATOES.—Following are a few tried receipts for cooking tomatoes which some of our readers may be glad to get.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Take smooth, sound, ripe tomatoes of a uniform size. At the stem end cut off a small slice and scoop out to a teaspoonful of the meat; fill this with salt, pepper, and bread crumbs.

SLICED TOMATOES.—Peel and slice ripe tomatoes, add salt, pepper, and sugar if desired, and cover with vinegar.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Slice green tomatoes; dust with flour and fry brown in butter, turning, that both sides may be brown.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Pare and slice ripe tomatoes put in a stew-pan, not an iron one as iron spoils the flavor; add a very little water and cook fifteen or twenty minutes.

Mrs. Magoogin Answers a Query Ab Removing Freckles.—"An' d'ye know f'what, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" "F'what, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Arrah, now, is that so, Mrs. Magoogin?" "Divil a wurrd av lie Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' f'whisper, id's axin' me a kuestion about frickles."

"About frickles, is id?" "An' f'what about thim, Mrs. Magoogin?" "Yis, about frickles, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow, "an' how to get red av thim."

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ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Lieut. Ryder has started for the East Greenland Coast.

On last Sunday, less than twenty-four hours after Lieut. Peary started north to ascertain if possible the northern extension of Greenland, another expedition set out for the great island, expecting to spend this year and next in investigations upon the east coast.

Lieut. Ryder, who intends to explore the unknown coast between 66° and 70° north latitude. The expedition left Copenhagen under the auspices of the Danish Government.

Dike Peary, Rider believes in the efficacy of small exploring parties in the Arctic regions. He is accompanied by only five or six men. He hopes to devote a considerable part of this fall to the study of glacial phenomena, and after he has established his camp at Cape Stewart he will investigate the neighboring flocks with their glaciers.

So I loved to never mention How much I heered for her; Cut I judge to pine in secret That to pine with folks a-knowin' Just what you're pinin' for.

Our Choir. There's Jane Sophia, And Ann Maria, With Jekiah, And Jedekiah, In our choir.

And Jane Sophia, soprano, sings So high you'd think her voice had wings To soar above all earthly things.

Then Obediah's tenor high Is unsung in the sky; Just let him sing "Sweet By and By," And you will sit and wonder;

Her Year in Heaven. It is a year to-day, we said, Since she was numbered with the dead.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A GIRL NEARLY 40 YEARS AGO EXPLAINED. Mary Ann Grier disappeared from her father's home, two miles south of Wanatah, Ind., nearly 40 years ago.

A Close Season in Behring Sea. The action of the British parliament in passing the bill to provide for a close season in Behring sea must commend itself to every thoughtful person as exceedingly judicious, inasmuch as it will serve to convince the world that the existing difficulty between Britain and the United States is not due to any unreasonable demand on the part of the former country.

His Nose Was Out of Joint. "I think there was chilens enough, There was Kitten and Pomp and me; A cat and a dog and a little boy, And a little enough family."

Some Roses. How many gleams of pink in the world! The light of the dawn and the eve, The life of a fleeting cloud,

The Justifiable Kind. St. Peter—Well, who are you? Applicant—I'm the spirit of Jones.

St. Peter—You killed a man, didn't you? Applicant—Yes, I did, but he came up behind me and slapped me on the back, and asked me what was the good word.

St. Peter—Come in.

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Jenny.

She had no paw nor claw Nor any brood nor kin. 'N that's hercome it happened That we all took her in.

First off I didn't mind it, Them funny ways of hers, But when she took to growin' Like a slim young forest fern,

I knowd I wasn't nothin' Set off ginst John and Jim, An' Bud, well, he was sightly, An' Ted, I looked at him.

I tried a friendly manner, An' talked with her right smart About her beaux an' reckoned She hadn't any heart;

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Gambling in England.

The facts elicited in connection with the notorious baccarat scandal case, which has just been reviewed in the London Standard, are calculated to give a very exact impression of the manner in which members of the "upper" classes occupy their time when they meet on social occasions.

There is no concealment about it. The man who wants a game of baccarat, or who desires to risk his money at rous-et-noir is under no necessity to dive into some furtive and half illicit private 'hell.'

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