

WILL AND MAUDE.

Will was a handsome young man and his people were wealthy. "Aristocrats," some called them—and we could hardly blame Maude for falling in love with him.

His grandfather lived just across the road from Maude's home, so he saw her quite often, for he was always going to see his "dear grandpa."

We used to tease him a great deal about his love for his grandparents, and would always ask him how they were getting along. He never failed to give us a good answer, for he was as sharp as tacks.

Will was sharp. His father was one of our ablest lawyers and could think of more sharp things to say than any one I know of, and we all spoke of Will as "a chip from the old block."

Maude was a lovely girl and always so happy. She had pretty blue eyes and dark hair, which made her more interesting than ever.

She had a sister Nell, and they used to be inseparable. It made no difference when one was, the other was sure to be there too, and Nell fell in love with a nice farmer and was now out on his farm as his wife.

Maude seemed so lonesome when Nell left, and it was no wonder she got more attached to Will, for he made it a point to be a great sympathizer at this time; not a day went by that he did not call to take her for a drive or a walk.

Her parents were not wealthy, but were comfortably well off, and we thought it would be such a good match for Will and Maude to marry, for it would bring two nice families into closer friendship.

About the time we thought the happy day was set, a young man named Len Allen, who had been out West for some time, returned home. He had not had an extra good name before he left, but he came back so fashionably dressed and cut such a dash that the boys took right up with him.

I could not help feeling sorry when I saw Will going around with him so much. Somehow I could not feel that Allen was as good as he might be, and I was afraid he would lead Will astray, for he was young and full of life and I thought easy to fall in with the ways of any one he was in company with.

It was but a shut time until we noticed Will did not go to see Maude as often as he used to, but that he seemed infatuated with Allen and was with him all the time.

I noticed Maude began to look troubled, but when Will would come to see her she would seem brighter for a while, so I suppose he told her he had good excuses for not going to see her often—that work or business matters kept him away—and, of course, she believed him.

In a few weeks more I noticed that he did not call to see her any more, and that she was looking so pale and sad, and one day I just could not stand it any longer, so I asked her to tea and thought I could find out the trouble and do the best I could for her.

She said she would come and seemed pleased to do so, as it was a change and it took her thoughts off a little from "my Will" as she used to call him.

After tea was over we were sitting by the door when who should pass but Will and Allen.

"Hello, Maude, fine evening," cried Will in a rather thick voice, and I saw she but barely nodded to him, and stepped back into the room and burst out crying.

I went to her putting my arms around her and asked her to tell me her trouble saying that I would be a true friend and perhaps I could help her.

"Oh, dear," sobbed she, "its just does not seem possible that he can be my Will of whom I was so proud, and to think how happy we were until that Allen came."

"But what is the matter with Will and what has Allen done?" I asked.

"You know how intimate Will has been with Allen lately. He stopped coming to see me, and oh, how I worried about him but never suspected anything wrong until one day my father said he had heard that Allen was a gambler and drinker and that he was taking Will with him as fast as he could and said that he wanted the engagement broken between us for he could not allow his daughter to keep company with any such person."

"I asked him if I could not try and get Will to stop—that perhaps he would for my sake. I could not believe that it was so and wanted to ask Will. Father saw it made me feel so bad so he said if he saw Will he would tell him to call and that I was to tell him if he did not reform right away that he would have to stop coming to his house and our engagement cease."

"You know when father makes up his mind to anything it is hard to make him change it, and if he got right angry at any one he would as soon kill him as not. I was afraid of father and thought strange that he would even give Will a trial, but I guess he was sorry for me and Will's folks."

"When Will came that evening I asked him if it was so. He flew up in a minute and talked so terribly about father, me, and every one, and said he could attend to his own business and wanted me to attend to my own. I tried to hush him up and plead with him but it did no good, and I told him our engagement would have to be broken. He did not seem to care and actually think he was glad. I knew the drinking story was so, for I could smell whiskey on his breath, and oh, it seemed my heart would break, for I had been so proud of him. He is drinking this evening, for I can tell by the way he looked and acted."

Poor girl, I did not know what to do for her. I wanted to advise her but did not know how, but I told her she must not worry so, that she was looking sick and it would make her parents feel so bad and told her to try to be her old self again—that I thought a few weeks in the country with her sister would do her good.

She went out to Nell's the next day and I was so glad, for Will was getting deeper in trouble. His mother was nearly crazed at the change. His father would talk to him but all for no good. He would promise to be better, then when he would get with Allen he seemed to forget all promises.

Allen and Will attended a spelling school a few miles from town one night and I guess they were both intoxicated, for the next day they were arrested for disturbing the peace.

How bad we all felt, and I just made up my mind I would go and talk to Will and perhaps if I told him how Maude was worrying herself to death about him he would try to do better.

Allen pleaded guilty to the charge, but Will said he was not going to for he did not

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for Summer.

As warm weather is here, let me tell some of the sisters how I manage in summer. I wash twice a week, so soiled clothes will not lie too long and grow musty or damp. I iron what I have to, and no more. The children's underwear I shake well, iron exposed parts and air them; then they are ready to lay away. I never iron stockings; it is just as well to smooth them nicely and roll up. Your dreams are as sweet in sheets with nicely-ironed tops as though they were ironed all over. Put a tiny bit of starch in rinsing water and the garments will look glossy and wash easier.

Keep windows, cupboards, beds and floors clean, and put away all ornaments that did duty in winter; that is, woolly stuffs or heavy bric-a-brac. Put up cheese-cloth curtains, pull up the carpets, stain or paint the floors. Put linen covers over the furniture, and try and rest and take what comfort you can, for life is short.

Of all things, don't get hot meals three times a day. John's second wife won't do it, and I don't propose to kill myself and give my John a chance to love some other woman. I am very selfish as to that, for after twelve years of married life, and six babies, we love each other still. I know it is terribly old-fashioned, but I like the style.

Don't forget to keep the babies healthy and cool and well bathed in hot weather. Let them make mud pies and have a posy garden of their own, or give them posies from your own garden. Don't forget what comfort we took with rag babies who had blonde locks made of corn silk, and black bead eyes and red yarn lips, and how we did love them and our little wooden pail and broken dishes picked up from many back yards. Oh, we were all babies once!

ANNA L. CLARK.

Care of Bread.

When the loaves of bread are taken from the oven, stand them on their sides on the bread-board and cover with a clean bread-cloth. A yard of heavy, unbleached table-cloth will make two bread-cloths. They may also be made of the best parts of a table-cloth that is worn too much to use on the table, but these do not last very long. Never use a bread-cloth for any other purpose, and see that it is frequently washed. A tin box with a close-fitting cover is the best to keep bread in, but the bread must not be put away until it is entirely cold. Do not put fresh bread into the box with stale, but clean the box out and wipe it well before putting in the bread. If slices of bread are left from the table, lay them together evenly and slip them into a paper bag before putting them into the bread-box. Keep the bread-box in a cool, dry place. All bits of stale bread should be thoroughly dried, then rolled, sifted and stored in a tin box for use in breading chops, fish, oysters, etc., and for puddings. If the bread is toasted brown before rolling, it is nice in soup.

Sow What You Would Reap.

The one unpleasant thing about life on too many farms is that the work is never done. There is no vacation, no time for recreation. This is hard enough for any one, but it is doubly hard for the boys and girls. If they could have a half day often to go fishing, nutting, riding or visiting, life would be much brighter for them, and they would not be in such haste to leave the farm and crowd into the cities, leaving father and mother alone on the farm in their old age. I have heard parents say, with pride, of a boy fourteen or fifteen years old: "He does a man's work on the farm," never thinking that this meant that he was doing too much work for a boy, and that by the time he was twenty-one he would be stoop-shouldered and stiff-kneed instead of strong and vigorous for his life work, which ought then to be only earnestly begun.

I have seen some parents who seemed to think that the sole object of their children's existence was to wait on them, and did not consider that a child can grow weary as well as themselves. The farmer would know better than to put a young colt to as steady and hard work as he does his horses, but he is careless with his boys. Of course, every child owes a duty to his parents, but parents also owe a duty to their children. While children ought to work according to their age and strength, thoughtful care should be taken that they are not overworked, and that they have the needed time and opportunity for play and rest. Their life is all before them, and if overworked now it will affect all their after lives.

If the qualities of love and tenderness, of thoughtful care and unselfishness are lacking in the parent's treatment of his children, these qualities will not be apt to spring spontaneously into the hearts of the children when that parent is old and dependent upon them for care.

Reliable Recipes.

COCONUT CANDY.—Take one large grated coconut and one and one-half pounds granulated sugar. Put the milk of the coconut together with the sugar into a basin (adding a little water if the milk be scant) and beat slowly until the sugar is melted. Now, boil for five minutes, then add the coconut, which has been finely grated, and boil ten minutes longer, stirring the candy constantly to keep from scorching. Pour on buttered plates and cut in squares when done and allow it to dry and harden for a couple of days.

BUTTER SCONES.—Dissolve one pound of sugar in one-half pint of cold water. Rub one pound of butter into three pounds of flour, mix with the sugar and water and add one teaspoonful of dissolved soda and three eggs. Roll out, cut in small cakes and bake.

CORN CAKE.—Sift two cups of corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. With milk dissolve one teaspoonful of soda, and add this together with two well beaten eggs. Make just thin enough with milk to pour into well greased pans, and bake in a pretty brisk oven.

BUNS.—Break one egg into a cup and fill up with sweet milk. Add one-half cup of yeast, one-fourth of a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, and flour enough to make a soft dough; let rise until light; mould into biscuits, let rise a second time; then bake.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, not quite a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Bombay City has a population of nearly 800,000. A fool's cap and a coxcomb were the insignia of the office of the professional fool of early ages.

M. Eiffel, of tower celebrity, having achieved high honours as an engineer, is now ambitious of becoming a legislator. With an army numbering less than the population of Plymouth, England maintains her sway over the dusky millions of India.

Germany publishes the greatest number of periodicals in all Europe; it produces 3,500 periodicals, of which 800 are dailies. It has been estimated that the total amount of coal annually wasted by imperfect combustion in England is 45,000,000 tons, corresponding to \$12,000,000.

Eugene Sue, of the most gifted and fertile of the novelists who flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe, spent the last few years of his life in comparative seclusion, imposed upon him by sorely straitened circumstances.

A gargle of vinegar will dissolve small bones quickly. Where a large bone happens to lie across the windpipe or throat, a dexterous use of the finger will dislodge it when other means are lacking, provided both the operator and patient keep calm.

Invererate carelessness in money matters was a salient characteristic of the leading fictional writers of France from forty to fifty years ago.

The actual strength of the British troops in India is rather over 71,000 men, the total population of the dependency being 286,000,000.

The Duke of Beaufort upon one occasion picked up a brace of grouse which had canoned and killed each other in mid air. This colliding is not an infrequent occurrence.

Charles de Bernard, the French Dickens, Frederic Soulie, Henry Murger, Alfred de Musset, and Gerard de Nerval, all made considerable fortunes by their works, and all died poor men.

It is almost impossible to "break the bank" at Monte Carlo; that is to say, render the bank incapable of paying the stakes lost, or of forcing it to confess its inability to play any longer.

The Emperor has given permission for three of the finest military bands in the service to visit London this season to play in the grounds of the German Exhibition at Earl's Court. Each band will remain about a fortnight or three weeks.

A new mineral named sanguinite, discovered in South America, has recently excited much interest.

The present rate of consumption of coal in London is 9,709,000 tons per annum, which corresponds to 26,600 tons per diem.

The most expensive street car in the world is owned by the Troy Electric Railway Car Company of Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. It cost 10,000 dollars, or £2,000.

The Emperor of Germany has given £4,500 for the celebrated yacht Thistle, and His Majesty intends to enter her for competition in some of the English regattas this season.

The gains of literary men are very commonly overrated. It has over and over again been assumed, for instance, that the most popular novelists of one and another period have amassed enormous fortunes; and, when their time has come, the balance to the credit side of their worldly accounts has been found scarcely sufficient to defray their funeral expenses.

Hogarth had a notable passage of arms with a fastidious nobleman who absolutely refused to receive the full-length which the great English master had executed, and actually returned it on his hands, whereupon sturdy Will Hogarth wrote to his high-born patron threatening that if a draft for the amount due to him was not at once forwarded he would send his lordship's portrait, with the addition of horns, hoofs, and a tail, to Mr. Hare, a well-known wild-beast tamer of the period. The cash was immediately forthcoming.

Experiment has shown that when coal is burnt in an open grate from 1 to 3 per cent. of the coal escapes in the form of unburnt solid particles, or "soot," and about 10 per cent. is lost in the form of volatile compounds of carbon.

About the year 1783, a Bristol plumber named Watts dreamed that he was out in a shower of molten lead. He observed that the metal came down in spherical drops, and afterwards, to find whether it would be so, he went to the top of a church and poured melted metal into a vessel of water below. To his great delight he found that the lead had gathered into beautifully-formed globular balls, and he at once took out a patent.

The art of ship-building was first invented by the Egyptians; the first ship (probably a galley) being brought from Egypt by Darius, 485 B. C. The first ship of 800 tons was built in England, 1509. The first double-decked one built in England was of 1,000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VII.; it cost £14,000, and was called the Great Harry. Before this, twenty-four gun ships were the largest in our navy. Port holes and other improvements were first invented by Descharges, a French builder at Brest, in the reign of Louis XII., 1500.

The deceased wife's sister has fallen on hard times in England. For years her friends—for she is not absolutely friendless—have been seeking to have the terrible disability removed under which she exists, and to make it legal for her to assume the name and place of her sister now no more, but all without avail. Nor was the effort in her behalf any more successful last week, notwithstanding the fact that it was made at a time when the ranks of her opponents were greatly thinned owing to members of parliament being absent at the races. One consolation to the poor sisters remains however, while they are not free to marry their brothers-in-law they are not solely dependent upon these to put an end to their spinsterhood. They are at liberty to capture somebody else's sister's brother-in-law. All the same the law which is based upon a false interpretation of Scripture, is an anachronism and ought to be annulled. It has no support either in nature or in reason.

A Helpful Girl. Siggins is engaged to Maud Pottleton. I am glad of it, too, because I think she is the kind of girl to help a man along. "She is indeed. They say he never would have proposed if she hadn't helped him over the hard part of it."

water; nutmeg to taste, and flour enough to roll out soft. Cut into cakes and bake in a moderately hot oven.

RUSSIA.—Mix with two-thirds of a pint of milk half a pound of melted butter, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Add three tablespoonfuls of yeast, and set in a warm place to rise. When light beat two eggs with half a pound of rolled sugar, add one teaspoonful of salt, one of cinnamon, and enough flour to mould out. Let them rise and bake in about quarter of an hour.

BEUF SOUP.—Take four pounds of the skin of beef, four quarts of water, six onions, four carrots, two turnips, all chopped fine. Pepper and salt to taste. Put the meat to boil, and at the end of four hours add the vegetables and cook for one hour longer.

BAKED CODFISH.—Boil the fish in clear water until tender. Add to it an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, pepper and salt. Put it in a baking dish, brush over with beaten egg and bake a light brown.

LEMON SAUCE FOR STEAMED PUDDINGS.—Boil one cup of sugar in two cups of hot water for five minutes; add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch set in a little cold water. Boil all for ten minutes, then add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoonful of butter. Stir until the butter is melted and serve at once.

RISE WAFFLES.—One cup of boiled rice, one pint of milk, two eggs, butter the size of a walnut, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in waffle irons.

COCONUT CAKES.—Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, quarter of a cup of butter, one and a half cups of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven in pans about one inch deep. To prepare the desiccated coconut, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one cup of pulverized sugar and the coconut after soaking it in boiling milk. Spread the mixture between the layers of the cake and over the top.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Two cups of cream (sour), one teaspoonful of saleratus, pinch of salt and pinch of sugar, flour enough to mix quite soft.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of shortening, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, three cups of flour, two cups of dried apples (before soaking). Beat and stir in one egg, and add raisins and spices to suit. Soak the apples over night. In the morning put in molasses and sugar, boiling down until quite thick.

THE OLD TOWER OF TEWKESBURY

A Famous Relic of the Middle Ages. If to one who follows the windings of Avon the recurrent suggestion of its scenery be that of permanence, here fitly, in the old tower of Tewkesbury, he finds that permanence embodied monumentally in stone.

No building that I know in England—not Westminster Abbey, with all its sleeping generations—conveys the impression of durability in the same degree as does this Norman tower, which, for eight centuries, has stood foursquare to the storms of heaven and the frenzy of men. Though it rises 132 feet from the ground to the coping of its battlements, and though its upper stages contain much exquisite carving, there is no lightness on its scarred indomitable face, but only strength. The same strength is repeated within the church by the fourteen huge cylindrical columns from which the arches spring to bear the heavy roof of the nave. In spite of the graining and elaborate traceries above, the rich eastern windows, the luxuriant decoration of the chantry chapels and their monuments, these fourteen columns give the note of the edifice. To them we return, and standing beside them are able to ignore the mutilation of years, and see the old church as it was on a certain spring day in 1471, when its painted windows colored the white faces, and its ceiling echoed the cries, of the beaten Lancastrians that clung to its altar for sanctuary.

For "in the field by Tewkesbury," a little to the south, beside the highway that runs to Gloucester and Cheltenham, the crown of England has been won and lost. There, on the 4th of May, 1471, the troops of Queen Margaret and the young Prince Edward, led by the Duke of Somerset from Exeter to join another army that the Earl of Pembroke was raising in Wales, were overtaken by Edward IV., who had hurried out from Windsor to intercept them. Footsore and bedrugged they had reached Tewkesbury on the 3d, and "pight their field in a close even hard at the town's end, hailing the towns and abbeys at their backs; and directlie before them, and upon each side of them, they were defended with cumbersome lanes, deepe ditches, and manie hedges, besides hills and dales, so as the place seemed as noisome as might be to approach unto."

From this secure position they were drawn by a ruse of the Crookback's, and slaughtered like sheep. Many we know, fled to the abbey, were seized there and executed by dozens at Tewkesbury Cross, where High Street and Burton Street divide. Others were chased into the river by the Abby Mill and drowned. A house in Church Street is pointed out as the place where Edward, Prince of Wales, was slain, and some stains in the floor boards of one of the upper rooms are still held to be his blood marks. Tradition has made his burial-place in the Abbey Church, and written above it, "Eheu, hominum furor: matrix in sola lux est, et gravis ultima spes." The dust of his enemy Clarence—"false, fleeting, perjured Clarence"—lies but a little way off, behind the altar screen.

There is a narrow field, one of the last that Avon washes, down the centre of which runs a narrow white-bordered watercourse. It is called the "Bloody Meadow," after the carnage of that day, when, as the story goes, blood enough lay at its foot to float a boat; and just beyond, our river is gathered into the greater Severn. [Harper's Magazine.]

The greater part of the ocean bed is pitch dark.

It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about 30lbs of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about £12 per ton, and there being ten million tons of coals annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,929 tons of sulphate, of the money value of £1,607,148, are produced.