

HOUSEHOLD

A Wife's Influence.

A good wife brings to her husband wisdom, strength; a bad wife confusion, weakness, and despair

No condition becomes hopeless so long as a man's wife possesses firmness, decision and | sugar. a sense of true economy. Her steadfastness clouded heavens above him.

to destruction. lightning fell the monarch of the forest- | Serve these biscuits hot. but often is a great tree weakened by a host of tiny, insidious, gnawing insects, until it falls, and lies a useless, rotten log upon the surface of the earth. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant; and, like the towering tree, the little stings and bores and frettings of everyday will in time lay him low.

Man needs a tranquil mind to offset his own, so filled at times with anxiety and fear. His responsibility makes him a prey to dread, and he needs the antidote that comes or should come, in the shape of a peaceful home existence. He needs the moral force that only a true wife can give. In his conflict with the world. To rest after each day's battle, he needs a place full of a pervading sense of peace and harmony. Thus his soul regains its wasted strength, and goes forth on the morrow with renewed vigor to begin again its battles with the cupfuls of flour. Mix butter and sugar to

But if at home he find no rest: if he encounter dark looks and angry words - if gloom o'ershadow the lovely light of home, and jealousy dwell therein, then is the brave spirit done to death, and beneath complaint and censure, he sees hope vanish, and himself sink down, down into that awful abyss of dissipation that has engulfed so many promising souls.

Rainy Day Amusements.

for cross and idle children during the rainy | weighed and measured by the observers, and stormy days of the long winter months, | large and small, who surround us. We are let them make a scrap screen out of colored | unconscious of the judgments passed because pictures. Not only will it insure occupation | they are usually silent ones. When they and interest during its construction, but it happen to be spoken out instead of only My dears, when I was young like youwill be a valuable acquisition for the nur- thought, we are taken aback, and somesery, affording constant entertainment for times appalled, at the arraignment and sentdawning intelligence. To make this desir- | ence of which we had been entirely unaware. | And loved, like you, the Spring. able article, you will first purchase a rather | It is the privilege of the family critic to low clothes-horse, and, cutting off one pan- be ruthlessly frank. Politeness is unnecesel, leave only three to be covered. Then sary, and consideration for the feelings of How dear the hearts in lighter hours very smooth. In drying it will shrink some- a contingency never imagined. what, and thus stretch taut and smooth. After it is quite dry you must "size" it, she thinks." "No one minds Will; he al- To one devout espousal moved; just as the paperhangers prepare a wall be- | ways speaks out." "One's family, of course, And wedded joys, how sweet are they, fore hanging the paper; this is done by may say anyting." And why, pray. sides, allow them to dry, and then give them | your subterfuge and convict you at once. | And such was I at thirty years. another coat. Your screen is now ready for | Their straightforward simplicity makes you the pictures. It is a good plan to keep one ashamed of your falsehood. other for colored pictures.

nothing comes amiss-old picture-books, you burn. bygone Christmas supplements to the pictoral papers-pretty or ugly, they all serve | " Have you got a sinewy neck mamma?" to make an interesting jumble. Keep all your colored prints in one drawer and the you mean? black and white ones in another. It may take a month or two to finish the screen, pression in his eyes -" I read the other day so do not work too fast; keep it for rainy that all literary women have got sinewy days when there is nothing else to do, and necks. It said one could always tell 'em that it will prove to be quite a godsend in the way. It was a never-failing test. Did you Porter of the palace car way of nursery amusements. In pasting on | ever notice it?" the pictures remember that the edges should all overlap, so as to cover the entire panel. Cut them out, mingling figures, bits of landscape, flowers, animals, anything and every- haps, it is true." thing all mixed together. If you have large figures it is well to place them on first and | nig candor ?-[From Harper's Bazar. then fill in around them. Keep small things such as Christmas cards, etc., for the borders : cut out all the edges so that the pictures merge together. It is astonishing how harmonious such a homogenous collection may be made to tell. The black and white side of the screen may be treated in the same way, and when all is complete varnish both sides and finish the edges with any pretty binding you choose. Red leather looks well and adds to the gay effect of the screen. It may be put on with small brassheaded nails. Children never tire of these screens. When baby begins to "take notice "it is one of the first things he turns to pointing to this and that familiar object with the greatest pleasure. The little invalid, too finds a languid enjoyment in tracing out familiar objects as he lies in bed. Morcover, screens of all kinds are most useful in a nursery in keeping out draughts from open doors, etc.

For Baking Day.

This is the season, if ever, when the cook may get ahead with her work and set aside a store of cooked food sufficient for several day enough to last through washing and ironing days.

HARD GINGERBREAD. -One pint of molases, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt; boil together, add one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to knead. Knead ten minutes, or until smooth spring of 1893. Indeed, we are informed and shiny. Cut in rounds and bake quick-

FILING FOR CAKE. - Take one-half pound of figs and one cup of raisins. Cut the figs in halves and steam the raisins half an hour then chop them both while the raisins are warm. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add to the fruit together with two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

and juice of two lemons add two caps of cold water, the beaten jokes of two eggs, two iff."

cups of sugar and place over the fre. Blend two large tablespoonfuls of cornetarch in a very little water, and add, when boiling, stirring briskly for a few moments, until it becomes thickened. Pour into a good unundercrust. The amount makes two medium-sized pies, and may be enriched by adding a little butter. Make a frosting of the whites of the eggs beaten with powdered

MAPLE SUGAR BISCUIT. - Measure out ais his ballast, her resolution his anchor, and quart of the best flour; add three table There comes to morrow, and then to-mor her prudent expenditures the tiller ropes spoonfuls of baking powder and sift it that make the storm-beaten vessel answer through the sieve with the flour. Rub a to her wise touch in the threatening seas of p'ece of butter the size of an egg through bankruptcy, while her face the dear beauti- the flour and rub it through so thoroughly By the cliff whence the waves their gray ful, homely face full of the divine light of that some portion of the butter touches promise, is the one gleaming star in the every portion of the flour. The success of any baking-powder or of a soda biscuit de-But if a foolish hand be at the wheel; pends upon care at this point. Now add a if from want of care the ballast roll from pint of rich, new milk. Stir it into the side to side; if the anchor break the rope of mass, which should be a soft dough. Add weak intention and no star gleam amid the a cup of maple sugar, cut up into irregular angry storm clouds, then straightway into dice, about the size of peas. Dredge a the deep and driving seas of disaster goes | board ; turn out the dough. Dredge flour the little barque, bearing its human freight over it, and roll it as quickly as possible till The swift years speed and his life is Duty :it is about an inch thick. Cut out the bis-No spirit, however true or strong, can en- cuit cutter, not over two or two and a dure bad influences for long, or withstand quarter inches in diameter. Bake from "I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty; them altogether. Rarely does a stroke of twelve to fifteen minutes in a very hot oven,

PLAIN GINGER COOKIES .-- Mix one egg . one cupful of sugar, one table spoonful each of ginger and vinegar and a little salt. Put one teacupful of molasses in a basin and set on the stove. When it boils add one tablespoonful of soda, previously dissolved in a little boiling water. Stir the hot mixture into the cold and add flour enough to make a stiff dough.

SMALL FRUIT CAKES. -One pint of granu The swift years speed and the light is fallated sugar, one very scant cupful of butter, four eggs (leaving out the whites of two); one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of cloves, one generous tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of dried currants, onehalf cupful of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of finely shredded citron, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and three and one-haif a cream, add beaten yolks and spice, then milk and part of the flour then beaten whites. Stir the baking powder into the flour. Reserve one cupful to mix with fruit. Beat in the rest, then add the floured fruit. Bake in small tins of any desired shape and utilize the whites left over for frosting.

family Oriticism.

If a man's foes are those of his own household, certainly a woman's severest critics are to be found there also. Few of us realize If you wish to provide endless amusement | how surely our words and actions are being

wet some unbleached muslin, after sewing the condemned one ridiculously inappropri- Made a captive in the gay quadrille; the breadths together, and nail it on both ate. The strictures are given carelessly and A merry child like you, my dears, sides, top and bottom, of the rods, laying it freely, and offence at the plain speaking is And such was I at fifteen years. "It is only Jennie; she always says what Later, my heart, less wild and gay,

making a paste of flour, and adding two and | Children are the most terrible of family But sometimes pensive and apart, one-half ounces of gum arabic which has critics. They see so straight. Your "no" to I prayed in secret sighs to heaven, been dissolved in hot water. Make the them means "no," and your "yes," "yes." That some dear angel might be given paste sufficiently thin to allow of applying | You cannot deceive them with half truths, To stir in me a mother's heart: it with a brush to the cloth. Paint both or by a juggle of words. They out through

side for the black and white prints, and the | And of all critics a boy is the cruelest, He is no respector of vanities or shams. His Let the children collect together every | cool questions and downright remarks make scrap of colored pictures they can obtain - | you writhe while you laugh, and laugh while

> One of this sort, aged fifteen, asked lately, "Gracious!"--with a start. "What do And such am I at length, my dears,

"Why"-an inquiring and observing ex-

"Never!' hastily. "You will have to judge for yourself. I'm sure I don't know." "Well," meditatively, "I think, per-

What answer can be given to such refresh-

The Columbian Tower.

After much uncertainty and discussion, it has been definitely decided, so says Engineering, that a high tower shall form one of the conspicuous attractions of the exhibi- | Can it be there is a bar, tion at Chicago in 1893. We do not under- On the Pullman palace car? stand that this work is any portion of the official plan; but that, on the contrary, it is made the subject of a concession to the | Early as the morning star capitalists who provide the necessary funds and expect to gain a large return. We think it a matter of regret that an exhibition so original in all its general features should be marred by the adaptation of an ideathough absolutely novel and successful at | Paris in 1889-from another exhibition. But this is a matter of opinion, and it is eminently satisfactory to note that the Columbian tower has deen designed by so eminent an engineer as Mr. George S. Morison, of New York and Chicago. It is stated that the capital will be furnished by Mr. Carnegie. We are without details at present of this interesting work, but we publish a perspective view of the general design. The tower will be higher than that of Eiffel days. Saturday was the old fashioned | by more than 150 feet, and, Mr. Morison baking day and many housekeepers yet has been no slavish imitator of Eiffel's beaucling to the custom of providing on that | tiful structure. There is not much time to complete the work, and no doubt many difficulties will be met with both as regards foundations and the rigorous winter seasons but we may feel confident that American skill and energy will carry through the work to a successful conclusion by the that Mr. Carnegie asserts the work will be completed in six months after it is commenced. The weight of steel is 6,000 tons.

Is an Unexpected Fashion.

First Cowboy-Say, is Red Peter the Terror around Poker Gulch yet? Second Cowboy-Oh, no; feller got the drop on him last fall.

"Yer don't say. Must have been a PLAIN LEMON PIE .-- To the grated rind | blamed good man to get away with Pete." "Good nothin'! He was a durn sher-

To-Morrow.

"Ah wait," he cries, "but a little long-

The young eyes glowing with holy fire;-'And man through me shall grow purer, stronger; My words shall echo, my deeds inspire.

The Good-the Beauty-I dream an

It lifts man's soul from its weight of sor-

And yet to-morrow, and I a man."

gloom borrow The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay, And murmured, "To-morrow! To-morrow To-morrow !"

Was there a thrill as of mocking laugh Sounding long after, And dying away?

Ah, the old-time light in the eyes is dead :-

To-morrow, to-morrow is mine!" he said.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray you ?" gloom borrow The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay, And murmured, "To-morrow is mine! To- it?"

morrow!"-Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter, Sounding long after, And dying away?

ling;

The dim eyes turn to the misty west; The white head droops, and he stands be- you," he went away. I asked the boys A Family in Vienna Broken up by Realistic

"Too late! There will be no morrow's greet- called Jim, and that he could not get a situ-

Of my grand, great work but the ruined trying. I have always dreamed, as the years were and sounder and took a reportorial position

By the cliff whence the waves their black gloom borrow The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay;

night fell.

morrow !"-

Was there a thrill as of tender sadness, Changing to gladness, And dying away? -[Charlotte W. Thurston, in the Qverland.

The Three Ages.

O, days that long ago took wing !-I had your wit, your sweetness, too, Fondly do I remember still How dear to me were fields and flowers;

To love and to be loved! Wife and fond mother, too, my dears,

O Later! Onward still and on Time flies, like an advancing wave, And Summer, Autumn, both are gone, With all the joys they gave ! Yet, while we droop with age and pain, The heart that to our babes we give In their sweet innocence may live, And with their babes be young again; With my full span of eighty years.

-[George Cotterell, in the Argosy.

The Pullman Porter.

How we wonder where you are? When you cannot well be spared. When for a game of cards we're squar

Or when we want our berth prepared, We cannot see you e'en afar, Prince of the Pullman palace car.

Porter of the palace car How we wonder where you are? When we're tucked in snug and tight Ready to put out the light, To our rings you're out of sight.

Porter of the palace car Will our berth be rudely shaken. "Come, we're there; you'd better wak

Thus our high-priced rest is taken; We know now just where you are, Prince of the Pullman palace car. Porter of the palace car,

In the morning, there you are; Whisp our clothes for half a minute Because you see a quarter in it, And you quickly mean to win it, Greater than railway kings, by far, Prince of the Pullman palace car.

-[The Middleman.

Rain and Tears.

wait the coming of a tardy train, And while I wait the leaves of thought The day is dismal and the wind is cold;

The ceaseless patter of the drizzling rain, That drips and drops its dreary, sad re-

Still chants the burden of a grief untold, | ing. And in the sky gray clouds of gloom are me; I believe I can find it. Till they dissolve in tears to earth again.

Has nature, then, imposed her mood on And am I sad because she sad appears? Or, looking through my own grief, do I

The earth transfigured through the rain | bank and fallen into the river. of tears?

WM. RICE SIMMS.

A VIOTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

pretty well for all that.

to haunt the telegraph offices who was as the Morse alphabet, 'Roots creek bank.' near being a genuine tramp as any brass- The first time he paid no attention to it, pounder I ever knew. He first attracted my | but the second time that the window rattled attention by the look of utter hopeless des- | the words it suddenly struck him that it as though he was living simply to meet the to grasp at any straw he searched and found time appointed for him to die. He made the money. I hardly knew what to make of no effort to obtain work, and seemed to live | the story, but I knew we had the money. solely upon the quarters and half dollars that | "Jim told the whole story at the office were given him in pity. I asked him once and I backed him up as far as I could, but when he requested a quarter if I had it to the superintendent coolly replied: "A

your business; you claim to be an operator?" | self fortunate that we don't prosecute you; "I can't do it, my friend. If I was the as it is you are discharged and can go." best operator that ever touched a key, I

could not get a situation."

"Unfortunately there is."

right; if not I can starve a little more, or | Siftings." go without a drink a little longer. I'm used tc doing both."

I gave him the quarter, and with a "thank wailing—
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened any information further than that they knew about him, but none of them could give me him to be a good operator; that he was ation if he tried, and therefore had given up

In the course of time I gave up the key 'There is yet to-morrow!" "-The dark chrough the morgue to see what had been gathered from the river and lake, I stopped beside one of the slabs, for the face of its occupant seemed familiar, I stood racking my brain to place the face, when it suddenly occurred to me where I had seen the face 'There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed, "To- | before, and involuntarily exclaimed half aloud, "Jim the operator."

"Yes, that's poor Jim," said a voice at my side, and I turned to see a member of the detective force standing at my elbow. I had a slight acquaintance with the detective, so I asked him, "Did you know

"Yes, I knew him and all about his case. That poor fellow was gripped by circumstances so strong that he could not break the hold. His story is a strange one and may be of interest to you, as a newspaper to you."

We went over, and after getting comfor-

tably seated, he said: "About six years ago I got orders from headquarters to go out to a little railroad station about a hundred miles from the city and take the operator into my custody. There was ten thousand dollars missing, and I was to bring in the operator and money if I could, but bring the operator anyway. These are the circumstances:

"The station was a small one, and only an operator and freight agent were employed there, but there was considerable freight handled there, and it was a pay station, where many men were paid off each month. The railroad company would send the money to pay off with to the freight agent, who was a thoroughly trustworthy man, a day or so before pay-day, so that he could get his pay roll made out and the money for each How an Old Proverb Led to an Innocent man in envelopes. This particular month they sent the money as usual. The next morning they got word that the freight agent had been killed while coupling cars, and that the money could not be found. Then I was sent out there. The balance of the story is as Jim told it to me, and though I have no positive proof to back his statements, I believed him. "He said that the money was always a

source of considerable worry to the freight agent and himself from the time it arrived until it was paid out. The company placed this responsibility upon them, but did not even give them a cafe to help them keep the trust. There were a good many hard characters about them among the train men, and the pay-money was something of a temptation. This time when the money arrived he saw the agent put it in a couple of battery jars and just after nightfall go out with it. He asked where he was going, and the agent replied to hide it somewhere, so they would not run the risk of having it stolen. Jim never saw him alive after he left the office. He evidently hid the money somewhere, came back and went to work helping make up a train; a few moments after while coupling cars his foot slipped, or he made a miscalculation in the dark, and was jammed between the buffers and killed instantly.

"I telegraphed the particulars as Jim gave them to the office, and they replied to give him two days in which to produce the money, and at the expiration of that time bring him in money or not. Jim was powerless and nearly crazy; he declared that he had no more idea where the money was than I had. We searched everywhere, but of course without success. The time was up, but Jim begged hard for me to give him one more day, and the boy was so deadly in earnest that I finally agreed to stay a day more. That day, like the others, was spent in fruitless searching. At night, utterly worn out and broken down, Jim threw himself down upon the floor beneath the office window and lay staring at nothing with a blanket rolled up for a pillow. He had lain there about an hour, and I was thinking what a bad scrape the poor chap was in for I believed in him, when he suddenly sprang to his feet, white and trembl-"Get a lantern quick and come with

"I got a lantern, but I thought that it was only another fruitless hunt. We went So in my heart, where summer used to out and he headed straight for a small creek that ran a few hundred yards from the A wintry sky the sombre landscape station. At the bank of the creek he looked eagerly up and down.

"Where are the tree roots, do you see any?" he asked. "We walked along the bank a short dis-

tance and came to a large tree that had been " ' Here, let's look here, and he commen-

matted roots; suddenly and without saving a word he drew out a glass battery jar, and A telegraph operator in knocking about in a second more another. In the jars was the country is apt to see and learn a great | the missing money. I never saw a happier deal if he keeps his eyes open. It is not man than he was. The next morning he regenerally conceded, but the fact is that turned to Chicago with me with a light telegraph operators are almost as great heart. He accounted for his sudden inspiratravelers as compositors or hatters. Opera- | tion to search the creek bank, in this way : tors seldom take to the road and tramp it, As he lay upon the floor thinking, in a half like hatters or typos, being a little more | conscious way, he listened to the wind rattæsthetic in their tastes and modes of travel | ling the window above him. At first he paid but they manage to get around the world no attention to the meaningless rattle, but suddenly he became aware, or thought he Years back, in Chicago, a character used | did, that the rattling window spelled out in pair that always clouded his face. He looked | might be a sign from his dead friend. Ready

very neat story, but we thought you'd pro-"Why don't you get a "sit if you know duce the money. You may consider your-

"That is all there was to it. Jim was black-listed and could never get another "Why not? is there something against job, if he did the story would follow him it seemed with a devilish persistency, and he would be discharged. There is practically "If it's not too hard a question, what is but one telegraph company in this country, and if you get black-listed you might as "That I don't care to say, but I will say well change your occupation. Jim could that it's something that I am in no way to not seem to do that and just went to pieces. blame for, and could not have helped if I | You see the end of him over there on the had known. If you can spare a quarter, all slab."-[Edwin Ralph Collins in "Texas

READ HER RUIN IN A NOVEL.

Literature.

The possibilities of the Ibsen-Tolstoi current in literature in affecting real life were illustrated remarkably in the District Criminal court of Leopoldstadt, Vienna, some two weeks ago. The complainant was a dry-goods merchant, August Klein. His wife had been forced to her ruin six years on a morning paper. One night in going since by the prisoner, a letter-carrier, who had gained access to her parlor in her husband's absence. The story of the wife's six years' silence and the breaking of it were told thus in court: Judge (to wife): "I must say you have taken a long time to come to your confession. Having held your peace until now it were better had you never spoken." Mrs. Klein: "I was silent for shame." Judge (to husband): "How came she to confess to you?" Mr. Klein: "We were reading a novel, a realistic novel about divorce. In it a libertine displayed the leading part and forced a young wife to ruin. The stuff was not to my taste and I threw down the book, saying to my wife: "Such things happen in novels, but never in real life. I looked at my wife and saw that she was trembling from head to foot and choking back the tears. "Yes, yes, in real life," she said. man. Come over to the cafe and I'll tell it "No, never," I said. "Yes," she cried, and fell to the floor, clasping my knees. "Yes," she sobbed, "it happens in real life, for I, wretched woman, have experienced it." thought she had lost her senses, and tried to pacify her, but she clung to my knees and made her whole dreadful confession. The next day I began proceedings. The lawyer for the prisoner acknowledged that his client was guilty, as alleged, but moved for acquittal on the ground that, under the statue of limitations, the letter-carrier's crime was outlawed. This motion was granted by the judge. With a shout of rage, Klein caught his wife by the shoulders, threw her toward the letter-carrier, exclaiming: "Take her, you rascal! take her and her children," and then hastened from the room.

Man's Conviction.

A rather striking case has just been brought before a Vicksburg justice of the peace, says the Arkansaw Traveler. A man named Rathbone sued one Jackson for

"Well," said the justice, when the case was called, "You have brought an action here for time, but you do not specify. Did you give this man Jackson so much of your time and has he refused to pay you for it?"

"Your honor, this man has had my time and does refuse to pay me. I will explain. I live on the floor just above him, and some time ago bought a fine clock on the installment plan. The other day the fellow came around to collect the installment, and it occurred to me that, as Jackson could hear the clock strike, he ought to help me pay for it. I looked into the matter and found that he had no clock and I also learned that his hours were regulated by my timepiece. Then I told him that he owed me for my time and explained to him, but he refused to entertain my claim.'

"Mr. Jackson," said the judge, "have you no timepiece of your own?'

"I have not your honor." "And have you been telling the time of day by listening to the striking of Mr. Rathbone's clock?"

"Well, yes, but I did not think that it was wearing on the clock. I thought that while the clock was striking for him it could just as well strike for me especially as one set of strikes would do for both fami-

"But had you intended to get a clock before Mr. Rathbone bought his?" the justice asked.

"Well, yes." The justice reflected a moment and then said: "Your delay in buying a clock makes you the victim of this action, for the law plainly says, as every schoolboy ought to know: 'Procrastination is the thief of time." You have therefore, stolen this man's time and will have to pay for it or suffer more serious consequences. I assessthe damages at ten dollars."

What Streets are Paved For.

Tax-Payer-That's a very firm and solid piece of paving you're doing there, Patrick. City Employee-Indade an' it's a foine pace of worruk; and mighey glad am Oi to

"Why, does it make any difference with you, Patrick?" "Indade, and it does; It will give us dooble'the job a pullin' it up."

Fitting Advice.

Bard-I have a poem here on "power," undermined by the washing away of the and I don't know just where to place it. What would you advise me to do with it? Pard-Get it in one of the magazines, of ced searching in among the gnarled and course. - [Yonkers Gazette.