HOUSEHOLD.

House-Oleaning Time.

The silver or the cherry flowers, White gleaming on the bough, The shining gold of daffodils Within the garden now !-But for the silver or the gold I must not stop nor stay,

They come-the painter with his brush The whitewash man to-day. Oh, what a mockery is life!—
The sweet spring's dewy prime,
The fairest days of earth and sky.

We call "house cleaning time !" With more of rapture in their notes Than in all human words, Loud sing within the tasselled woods The choir of the birds

But not for me their merry songs, Or blooming of the trees-The sound of carpet-beating comes Borne in on every breeze; And I must brush the cobwebs down,

And ply the busy broom.,
And strew, against the lurking moth,
With benzine all the room! This jubilee of earth and air,
The sweet spring's fragrant prime,
Why is it that brings it to me, Alas! "house-cleaning time"! - [Harper's Bazar.

A Little Girl's Sewing.

The baby of two years will beg for chair, work industriously at nothing at all | with salt and pepper. for many minutes, but when three or four years of age, can, with time and patience, in narrow strips, put a small cup of water jumped and danced about like mad. I let be taught to wear a thimble, thread a needle, or milk to it, add a bit of butter the size of him kiss me all he wanted; and then mamma and make a garment for a tiny doll, one of an egg, dredge in a large teaspoonful of said, 'Now jump down, Baby; Meta wants those that is completed when two inches of flour, or work it with the butter; season her dinner. running up the back, six inches of hem- with pepper and salt, let it simmer gently ming around the bottom, a draw string for half an hour, serve hot. A bunch of around the neck and two holes for the arms parsley cut small and put with it is an im- en. Then he ran back into the room with completes the dress, and from this on to big | provement. dresses for big dolls, which cover, when | STEWED LOBSTERS .- Two medium lob- to me, and laid it at my feet; and then the neatly made, all the ground gone over on a sters, one pint of milk, two tablespoons bu t- darling stood wagging his tail, as much as larger scale on a frock for herself, and then | ter, two tablespoons flour, one-half teaspoon | to say, 'I've brought you the best dinner I to the machine, where her own skirts and salt, one-half saltspoon cayenne, one-half could. aprons can be so quickly put together, is all lemon, or two tablespoons vinegar. Open within the range of pleasant possibilities. the lobsters and cut the meat in small cluded Meta, mournfully "when we put The Domestic Monthly thinks stocking-darn- pieces. Boil the milk, melt the butter, add the bone back on his plate. He took it ing must be beguiled with story-telling, and | the flour, and when smooth add the boiling some sugary reward, but should be among | milk gradually. Add the seasoning and the first lessons in repairing taught, and the lobster. Let it simmer ten minutes. that seven years is not too early for a girl to begin this part of her education, only she should not be comforted at the outset with saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of some old stocking gaping with rents, but sugar. Pour boiling water slowly upon the rather a pair with just the tiniest hole mak- mixture, stirring till all is moistened, and ing itself seen; then it will not be long be- leave it for 30 minutes. Then, break fore the mother can say, "There, your stock- into the mixture three unbeaten eggs, ings are mended, and you can run and play," and with a cent to spend or a cream- Add five tablespoonfuls of cold milk, one drop or caramel as a prize, there will noth- spoonful at a time, till it is all smooth, and ing unpleasant be connected with darning then bake on both sides a nice brown. stockings, and it is strange that it should be mostly regarded as a disagreeable, if not | are baked. a hateful task. In connection with the darning, teach the daughter to leave off Mockings as soon as they begin to show wite patches, through the inky line now fasne, ble, for small holes are not so tiresome to the as some great rent in the heel or knee.

The sewing on of shoe-bustons is also something that should come under the daughter's care at an early age, and she should be taught that a button off her shoe is a mark of great carelessness and untidiness, and it is more than likely that stockings can be darned, shoe-bottons sewed on, and other repairs made in the early hours of Saturday morning, and in no wise interfere with the hours for play, and if this is begun right after breakfast, in winter or summer, before noon there is a restless, uneasy set of children in the house or garden, teasing one another, and asking more than once, "What can I do now, mamma?" while if a little time has been spent in useful occupation, many things will suggest themselves for the hours of recreation.

Up Stairs and Down.

The bureau should be so placed, if possible, that the light of the mirror will come from the side.

Well-dried, clear corn husks make a very good, wholesome bed, the best bed next to wool or hair. But they are altogether too hard for pillows.

For removing the stain of perspiration | Their sacred smokes waft through the skies; from underwear, apply a pretty strong solution of soda and then rinse repeatedly

with clear, clean water. When you mend the socket on a lamp Nor care they now for skies of blue,
If the sides of the socket with plaster of Through fields of drowsy flowers they roam fill the sides of the socket with plaster of paris and press the reservoir in place. Rub off any plaster of paris that may overflow | So when the morn of life is done

before it dries. Don't try to keep a kitchen table white for it's too hard work, but cover that as well as the shelves most in use with oilcloth. It is cheap, looks well and is a great time and

labor saving material. The condition of the cellar is far more import nt than that of the parlor. In light | Then Cupid, harbinger of fate. rooms dirt is comparatively harmless. dark places it is a lurking danger. No old | Calmed by the bliss of trusted love. wood, no vegetable, no rubbish of any kind, should be allowed to cumber the cellar.

surplus stock of dish towels, holders, cleaning cloths, etc., which should always be in readiness, get a wooden box high enough to make a comfortable seat; hang the cover on hinges, pad the top of it and cover it with To sleep on Evening's saving breast. blue denim, and thus you have a receptacle for holding the towels.

It is very convenient to have a little china cement to mend china or glassware. Although no cement has ever been invented which will successfully stand boiling water, yet a piece of china which is intended for decorative use, and not for hard service in the kitchen, where it will be frequently washed, will be as good as new when it is once mended.

A peck or more of lime left in a cellar in an open keg will absorb an immense amount of moisture, which otherwise might form in mould on the walls. Northing is more dangerous to the health of the occupants of a house than a mouldy cellar; yet people occasionally live for years in such a house and escape the danger, and then possibly succumb to it finally when one would least expect it.

Few things are more slovenly than a wall with holes in the plaster, yet such disfigurements are likely to occur from the blows of heavy furniture, hammering of picture nails in wrong places and from various other causes. Such places should be mended at once with plaster-of-paris, mixed to a thin paste with water. It is best to mix only a little at a time as it sets so rapidly that it becomes too hard to handle in a few moments. Apply it and smooth it down with the blade of a knife and cover up the spot with a piece of wall paper matching the pattern on the wall as you paste it on and the spot will never show.

Cooking Receipts. WAYANA Sour .- Grate ons cocoanut and

simmer it in one quart veal stock for half an hour. (Veal stock is made by simmering two pounds of veal bones in two quarts of cold water until reduced one-half, then strained.) Strain the stock to remove the cocoanut, and add to the liquor one pint of cream. Heat again, and when boiling add one heaping tablespoon corn starch mixed smoothly with one tablespoon of hot butter. Season with salt and white pepper. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one cup of the broth, pour into the tureen, turn in the boiling broth, and mix well. Serve with boiled rice.

HASHED POTATOES. - Cut the potatoes as for a pie, put them in a pan, with a little chopped onion, pepper and salt; add a little butter, allowing about half an ounce to each pound of potatoes, and a quarter of a pint of water; cover the pan and let them stew moderately about 30 or 35 minutes.

POTATO SOUP. - A quarter of a pound of butter, three large onions peeled and sliced small; stew in a stewpan until brown; stir frequently. When ready have peeled three or four dozen medium sized white potatoes, and slice them in the stew-pan with the onions and butter. Pour sufficient boiling water over for the amount of soup desired. Let them boil for two hours, and then strain needle to sew, and, in her small rocking- through a seive into a soup-tureen. Season | you know. Baby didn't like it because

CORNMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES .- One pint of cornmeal, one tablespoonful of butter, one which must be well beaten into the dough. Serve hot, one griddleful at a time, as they

How to be Happy, Though Single-

I drew my chair before the fire;
My dressing-gown falls on my knees;
My faithful friends who never tire,
My books, are ranged around to please
The changing mood. In all the shire
No Benedict's so well at ease.
With one thing more my bliss were ripe,
And that I seize, my own, my pipe.

The genial Autocrat is near,
And Boswell standing by his side;
There's Fielding, hiding in the rear,
Here Littlewhite and "Nyren's Guide;"
Pendennis, Pickwick, Swift and here
The frolic Muse's sons abide;
Locker and Praed together stand,
And Debson ready to my hand And Dobson ready to my hand.

The bleak wind shrills across the street,
The fire burns up more cheerfully.
What need I, puss, love's bitter-sweet?
I am not Miss Blanche Amory.
We'll rest content with one defeat;
No more emotions, thanks, for me!
Or only this, lulled by your purr,
To close my eyes and think of her.

'Tis midnight and the fire is low; Hour after hour my thoughts will stray, And leave my trusty books and go Along the well-remembered way. 'Tis better thus, no doubt. Heigho!
There's something wanted, pussy. Stay!
I'll write her in the self-same strain. Perhaps she won't say "No" again.

A Wish.

EDMUND VINEY.

When angel censers softly gleam, Still clinging to a parting dream, Morn slowly opc's her heavy eyes.

The naughty sunbeams steal from home, To sip a breakfast of their dew.

It steals the joys of childhood dear, Still life is bright 'neath noonday sun,

And fate untarnished with a tear. When skies are hid 'neath Old Sol's gleams And buds of Earth burst forth in bloom, Like diamonds sparkle humblest streams, Beneath the glare of brilliant noon.

Gives life a charm stole from above; And all the doubts of youth abate

hould be allowed to cumber the cellar.

If there are no drawers for holding the Which will the darkest hour outlive,

And lend a brightness to the night. When twilight coverings softly spread About the couch where Nature rests, And weary Earth throws back her head

And then to chant a vesper hymn, The birds their joyous travailings cease: When all is hushed night softly comes,

Wrapped in her sombre robe of peace. When years have passed -thy day is done, And twilight shades about thee close, May Evening's angel gently come

And bear thy soul to sweet repose. LILIAN MACK.

Storm and Calm.

The turmoils and the storms of life That toss us where and whither Are not the galls that blanch our cheeks Or make our spirits wither. They clear the mists that veil the peaks; We see beyond the mountains; The barren desert now appears
A vale of crystal fountains.

Our restless spirit, caged within, With frantic, wild endeavor Cried out for some calm, lovely spot Where it could rest forever: No calm retreat our soul could find Amid the dust and rattle Of clashing swords and blazing guns-Life's never ending battle.

We pined for some familiar friend, To whom we could unravel The tangled skein of life's wild dream As through the maze we travel. No kindred spirit answered back; The spell was only broken By echoes of the feeble voice By which our words were spoken.

Just then we heard a still small voice. As of an an angel bending Above our heads to catch the cries That were to heaven ascending—
The surging billows ceased to roll—
A flood of joy supernal
And peace possessed our wondering soul—
It was the calm-Eternal.

THOMAS BAIRD

YOUNG FOLKS.

What Would I Do?

If I were a rose On the garden wall, I'd look so fair, And grow so tall; I'd scatter perfume far and wide; Of all the flowers I'd be the pride. That's what I'd do If I were you, O, little rose!

Fair little maid, If I were you I should always try To be good and true: I'd be the merriest, sweetest child, On whom the sunshine ever smiled That's what I'd do. If I were you. Dear little maid.

"Baby's" Gift.

Some stories told of a dog's sagacity are almost too extraordinary to be believed; yet what little mistress of a smart little dog believes any pet superior to her own?

"Baby did the dearest thing the other day," said Baby's mistress to me, enthusiastically. "I came home late for dinner. I'd been outfor such a long walk, getting flagroot, left him home, and when I got back he was FRICASSELD TRIPE. - Cut a pound of tripe | 'most crazy, he was so glad to see me. He

"When Baby heard her say that, he jumped down, and dashed off into the kitcha big bone in his mouth, and he brought it

"I think his feelings were hurt," conaway and buried it. It was just as if he thought to himself, "Well, if Meta won't eat it, I won't."

But I am afraid Meta's imagination went almost too far that time.

A Magician's Mistake.

teresting story of how, at some time or to promise me to take charge of my effects other, the noble art of deception involved and forward them to this address," handing other art that promises to be perennial. him unexpectedly in deep trouble. The me a paper. temptation "to fool people" is always very strong. It is, no doubt, a flattering thing to be able to show off one's accomplish- ship?" I asked jokingly. ments at another person's expense. But every once in a while the self-satisfied cor- ious. I want to tell you, my best friend, submit tamely to his innocent wiles and dead in three days from this time." sportive pranks. In one notable instance a wizard's performance led to serious com- ery is this?" plications, as the following will show:

court of her most gracious Majesty Queen | buried in the Gulf of Mexico." Ranarabona II., with pretty maids and faithful courtiers in attendence. A clever | you to get into this morbid state?" creole conjurer had been invited to entertain her Majesty with his subtle craft. He have always been warned, I have had my had, perhaps, that high-sounding recommendation which comes from having perormed before "all the crowned heads of Europe," and that goes for a great deal even in the responsibility that I impose on you?"

And so the conjurer set out to astonish the natives. We have no idea of what he did at first, but we may imagine that he repeated the old-time tricks that come from an innocent request, "Please do this or that." At all events, the programme went smooth. less be in the Gulf then ?" ly, until the wizard took a glass and, by a flourish of his wand, turned the liquid into wine-fine old Malaga, as he claimed. from this time in the Gulf of Mexico." With a self-satisfied smile and a courtly bow, he offered the glass to her Majesty. knew him well, and I knew from his man-To the magician's surprise, the Queen de- ner that further talk would be of no avail, clined to taste the fine old Malaga. The so I tried another tack. fellow repeated his seemingly innocent re- "At any rate, you're in good shape so quest, and again the Queen refused. When far; so let's go on to F--'s and get a glass

But magicians claim to be above all rules such a night as this, oh love long lost !" of etiquette and royal red tape. If this | He tried to enter into the spirit of my coffee-colored expert had been wise, he proposal, and we went to the little club I would have stopped then and there. What may almost call it, where the good woman, do you think he had the impertinence to the wife of the pilot, allowed us to keep a do? He pretented to be seized with a fit of | private bottle or two and a pox of cigars ; anger (which appeared to the audience to be and I talked gaily to her and to the others threw the fine old Malaga into the Queen's his little foibles.

ensued. Of course, the Queen was so greatmaids screamed, the faithful courtiers drew | ship. He suddenly turned to me and said : their swords, and the guards were called

If ever a Prospero badly needed his magic wand, it was at this time, when a little firstrate magic would have been of wonderful service. How the creole professor managed to get out of the court alive is more than either he or we could tell. Suffice it to the hand I said: say that he did escape, and that he at once sought refuge in the house of the English | fever, right off." Resident-General.

Few of us can realize the unpardonable offence committed by the magician. The " taboo" which surrounds the royal persons among semi-civilized people may be compared to that divinity which, as Shakespeare said, "doth hedge a king." The fever. luckless expert had behaved not only in rudest possible manner, but he had broken one of the time-honored laws of the "taboo"

the punishment for which was death. Iu truth the saffron-faced professor was in desperate trouble. He had no chance to explain. The water had been spilled into the Queen's lap, her sacred person had been insulted. Nor could he show that spilling deck lanterns the service of the dead, and the water was really an innocent trick, as any amateur magician well knows. It was too late. The only thing for the professor to do was for himself to take the part of the "vanishing lady," and get out. But

how? By this time a great crowd had gathered around the house of the Resident-General. As loyal subjects, the people demanded the head of the ill-mannered foreigner. If the Resident-General did not want to do the "execution act," they would do it for him came out and poured oil on the troubled waters. He argued for delay. If her Majesty's good people would only wait until to-morrow, their anger would be appeased, and all would go well. After some parleying and coaxing, the mob dispersed. Late that night or early the next morning the terrified magician was hurriedaway and secreted in a sailing vessel. The action of the Resident-General threatened, for a

cations. The people had been cheated out of their revenge. But England's power and war ships were feared, and the matter was dropped. As for the dusky magician, we hope that, like Prospero, thereafter he eschewed magic, and resolved "to break his staff." and to "bury it certain fathoms in the earth."-[Harper's Young People.

HIS PREMONITION.

A True Story of a Weird Event on a Home Station Cruise.

It was a sweltering night early in September in Florida. The usual night breeze had not set in and all nature was panting for breath. I was sitting at the table in the starboard steerage of the ship T-, writing the last letter to my sweetheart far to the northward; the candles, our only light, burned languidly for lack of air, and I was in light costume.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder and the kindly voice of a dear messmate requested me to put aside my writing and come for a walk.

"The moon is just getting up and I want to talk to you.'

The speaker was one of the finest specimens of a man that I have ever knowntall, broad and fair-haired-well beloved for his unfailing good-nature and his merry moods, our most popular man. 1 protested that I must finish my letter, and that it was too utterly hot to walk, and I begged to be excused. But there was something so earnest in the man's appeal, repeated very

gravely, that it fixed my attention. "Come, I want to talk to you about something very particularly; I must talk

to you, and at once."

So I, rather impatiently, put the closing words to my letter and hurriedly getting into some clothes joined him on deck, and we left the ship. There was a long avenue lined with yucca trees leading to the village and we were soon walking under these in the moonlight.

that I should insist upon your coming out to-night, but I must talk to you."

"Well, what is this most important business?" I inquired.

"I want you to listen to me with close young hearts. attention," said Bob. "I am not going to have any argument with you as to the sense Almost every magician can tell you an in- of what I am going to tell you. I want you

> "Why what do you mean? What has got into your head? Going to desert the

" Nothing at all of that; we must be serjurer runs across a "subject" that does not | that I have had my warning, and I shall be "Nonsense!" I exclaimed; "what fool-

"Tis not nonsense, and you must not The story comes to us from the island try to ridicule my belief. I repeat to you of Madagascar. The eventful scene is the that in three days from this hour I shall be to help those in distress or in need.

> "Stuff!" I said. "What has possessed "Now listen—the members of my family warning. What is the use of trying to persuade me as to my folly of it? The main

> point, and the only one, is : Will you accept "Why, certainly," I said, holding his arm closer, for we always walked arm in arm, "but tell me; here man, with machinery deranged, without coal, without orders from the department to go to sea; how could the ship be ready for sea in three days, much

> "Nevertheless," he replied, "we will be there and I shall be buried three nights

> There was no use of further protest, I

a gaiety I did not feel-I hummed : "On

He took to it all quite pleasantly, and I You can easily imagine the confusion that | had hoped he had forgotten the talk of a little while before. We left the house about ly shocked that she fainted, the pretty 9 o'clock, and sauntered along toward the

"It has got me now." "What?" I cried, for he had thoroughly

"The fever.

Well I stopped, held his hands and felt his pulse; he was as hot and as dry as a "lime-burner's wig," and taking him by "Now let us walk fast and break this

We did so: I was soon as wet as if I had been in a drenching shower; but he never turned a hair. Hot and flushed, I got him

he was delirious, and his disease was yellow The next day came orders to hurry to sea. Everbody busy, a coaling ship putting engines in order, taking provisions, etc., and the following day we left the yard and so it happened that, on the third day after our talk, he died. And we stood about the deck in the falling rain-a sad, sad group while the Captain read by the light of the

saw all that remained of noble old Bob committed to the deep. His prediction came true; it was three days exactly when he left us, and I have never seen so many tearful men together as I did that rainy September night on the the market price of a wife. Gulf of Mexico.

his messmates raised the gangplank and

The forty-first chapter of Genesis, fourteenth verse, contains the earliest reference willingly. Then the English representative to shaving of the beard, where it is told of tain goat and black bear that there is in the Joseph that he shaved himself.

> Snakes appeared through the broken plastering in the school of Chestnut Hill, Montville, Conn., and the pupils fled in terror. recent eruption of the volcano Ngauruhoe

in the Sandwich Islands. 100 to 250 per cent. on the amount of money short time, to produce diplomatic compli- invested.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Parents cling to their child, not to his

Perfect scheming demands omniscience. Patience, Wisdom and Courage are tix re

giants who never turn back for anything.

No man is wholly intolerant; everyone forgives little errors without knowing it. There are few doors through which lib-

erality and good humor will not find their A grateful mind is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of all the other

Not seldom the surest remedy for an evil consists in forgetting it.

He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself.

I ask little from most men; I try to render them much and to expect nothing in return, and I get very well out of the bargain.

In everything that is repeated daily there must be three periods: In the first it is new, then old and wearisome; the third is neither, it is habit.

If you are a thorough Christian you will be an attractive one. Be joyful—that is, full of joy. Carry joy in your heart and let its light shine in your countenance.

We have got minds and souls as well as

hearts; ambition and talents as well as beauty and accomplishments; and we want to live and learn as well as love and be Nothing is more expensive than penuri-

ousness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back. All mischief comes from our not being

able to be alone; hence play, luxury, dissipation, wine, ignorance, calumny, envy, "I suppose you think it rather strange forgetfulness of one's self and of God. It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be

any wistful faces, empty hands or lonely Meanwhile, I know of no method of much consequence except that of believing, of being sincere; from Homer and the Bible

down to the poorest Burns song, I find no "What mortal is there of us who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neigh-

Many men to whom the community is very largely indebted do not actually contribute large amounts of money to charities but give the equivalent in service and in thoughtful supervision of organized efforts

"You need never think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it .- Every real thought on every real subject knocks the

wind out of somebody or other." "We talk of human life as a journey; but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled and chilled."

Death from Starvation.

During the past winter says The Hospital much horror and surprise has been felt at the numerous deaths from actual starvation which have been reported in our newspapers. he insisted, an attendant whispered into or two of grog, and smoke a cigar and have In spite of the large charity organizations his ear that the Queen did not drink in pub- no more of this to-night. And assuming and the vast amount of money spent in charitable relief, we, with increased certainty, point to the lesson we should all learn, which is that the poor do not want more of our money, but they want our time and thoughts. Beggars are not those who die of starvation. Begging is a profitable trade because it appeals to the superficial pity of the public, and enables it to satisfy real, and not assumed), and in his rage he | there and we rallied "Bob" about some of | its conscience in the least troublesome and cheapest manner possible. We may pass as generous in our own estimation for the twopence we give the beggar, and go on our way with the pleasant feeling of self-satisfaction which is cheaply bought at the price. We could not offer the same twopence to the starving father of a family, were we to inquire into the case, nor could we give it to the district visitor to distribute; we should feel very mean if we did, and so we-some of us-are indebted to the beggar on the whole. We do not want to realize poverty and misery, to contrust with our own superfinity, or sickness with our abundant health. The beggar lets us dismiss unpleasantness for the lordly sum of twopence, and even gives us something in exchange. Only now and then are our consciences disturbed by these important proofs that our charity is not all-sufficient after all. But the pity to the ship, turned him into his bunk and dies to-morrow, the beggar gains by the summoned the doctor. Before 11 o'clock idle life that pays, whilst honest poverty, with pride that will not ask, lies dying on our door-step.

> While making chemical experiments, at Ann Arbor, Mich., Dr. Edward Campbell lost the sight of both eyes by the explosion of two bottles of gas.

> A collection of butterflies long owned by Baron von Felder, of Vienna, has been sold to Lord Rothschild, of London, for \$25,000.

> The Fans are the only people in Equatorial Africa who have a currency, and they are strong monometallists. The money is of iron, wrought into pieces resembling rusty hairpins with flat heads. They are put up in bundles of ten, and a hundred bundles is

> The precipitous mountain crags around a large lake near the Columbia River, in Idaho, is said to be one of the finest fields for sport in hunting the large white mounworld. So white are the goats that it takes days of practice hunting them to detect a band moving over the snow.

The most extraordinary precautions are taken in Spain to provide for the safety of Five hundred people lost their lives by a the Sovereign at night. His slumbers are watched throughout the night by the Monteros de Espinosa, a body of men who, Coffee planters in Mexico make a profit of for four hundred years, have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of guarding their royal master or mistress from sunset to sunrise.