

## HOUSEHOLD.

### From the Kitchen Windows.

To and fro, back and forth go the steps of the busy housewife all through the long mornings while what glimpses she gets of the sweet spring or of the gorgeous summer must, for the first few hours of the day at least, be caught from the kitchen windows. How can the prospect therefrom be rendered more pleasing?

Being asked the way to the house of his employer a serving man replied: "Just down this street, boss, and round the corner; front mostly marble steps, back mostly slop barr'l, sir." This is suggestive of the way in which matters are sometimes arranged at farm houses; that is, grass and flowers have a place in front of the house, making a pleasant sight for the passerby, while the yard in the rear is made a place of storage for old wagons and miscellaneous rubbish; a depressing prospect for the weary eyes that sometimes turn for a glimpse of the outer world. The soft, oozy yard where the water stands in little pools and runs and where a zig-zag line of boards marks a crazy pathway across it, is a thing to give one the nightmare. The first work in such a one should be to thoroughly drain it, making sure that all drainage is carried far enough away to render contamination of the water supply impossible. It often happens that there is much driving through the backyard; that here the farmer unloads his groceries at the kitchen door, perhaps he unharnesses his driving horse, stores his harness in a convenient outbuilding, and here, possibly are posts and rings for hitching the horses of callers and it may be a shed for driving under. This is not the worst kind of a yard by any means. There is little grass and the ground is quite likely to be hard under such circumstances. If, then, the surface was well cemented the yard would be, from a sanitary point of view, well nigh perfect, for it could be kept scrupulously clean. Grass in a yard, though nothing can be more pleasing to the eye, may cover all sorts of uncleanness which should be raked up and carted away, and cleanliness should be the basis of all improvement in the kitchen yard; having it cleared of rubbish and well swept or raked if grassy, one may then go further. If burdock or other persistent weed has gained a foothold in any neglected corner, cut off the main root an inch or two below the surface of the ground and turn on kerosene oil. The remedy is sure. With hard ground or a cemented surface flower beds are out of the question, but if the yard be sunny boxes and stands of plants and annuals may be arranged here and give pleasure to busy eyes all through the summer with their wealth of buds and blossoms.

One kitchen door which I remember opened upon a sunny yard where were no trees and was approached all on summer through a vineclad archway ten or twelve feet in length. It was simply made by setting in the earth opposite each other two rows of poles at a distance of four feet apart and bending the tips until they met overhead where they were firmly fastened. Over these from July to late October morning glories of every conceivable shade of pink and white and blue nodded their dainty heads while velvety nasturtiums nestled at their feet.

If the yard is too shaded for flowers then by all means have a rockery and plant in its interstices maiden hair fern, trillium, partridge vine, jack-in-the-pulpit and the old little Indian pipe. If you have a bit of sandy bank that in spite of all your efforts thus far has persisted in remaining sandy stick down a few sprays of ground gilt and watch it becoming "a thing of beauty." Cover rude or unsightly outbuildings with some hardy vine. The common hop has thick foliage and its leaves are prettily cut and veined. Our ordinary woodbine does well also for that purpose, or our native clematis. The beauty of either of the two last is best enhanced at the appearance of frost, the one gorgeous in its scarlet leafage, the other equally pleasing with its feathery pompons of seeds.

In any and all possible ways brighten the view from the kitchen windows.

### Pie Plant Receipts.

**STEAMED RHUBARB.**—Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb into inch pieces. Put it in a granite double boiler, add one cup of sugar for a pint of rhubarb and cook until soft. Do not stir it.

**TO CAN RHUBARB.**—Fill the cans with rhubarb cut in small pieces, then fill up full with cold water and seal up tight, set away in a dark, cool cellar and it will keep indefinitely.

**RHUBARB JELLY.**—Wash and cut in small pieces, put just enough of water over it to start it to boiling; when tender drain through a coarse jelly bag, add one cupful of sugar for each cupful of juice and boil over a brisk fire for 20 minutes. It is best made late in the season.

**RHUBARB PIE.**—Peel the rhubarb, cut into inch pieces, pour boiling water over it, and let it stand ten minutes. Drain, fill the plate, sprinkle thickly with one cup of sugar, dot with bits of butter, cover with a crust, and bake. Rhubarb pie, well made, is very delicious in flavor; indifferently done, it is one of the poorest.

### Chat.

In looking over the trunks and closets this summer, see if you cannot weed out many things you have saved for years. Give away many things you have all outgrown, even books and pictures. All the pretty dress skirts of your family that it is possible to utilize, rip, wash and tie up, to make comforts of in the late summer. This is pleasant work to sit out on the lawn and do. You can't be out of doors and still be doing something for winter.

Burn and destroy all old letters of no value; even clothing that has become soiled past cleaning. Nothing breeds moths faster.

For packing away cloaks, nothing is nicer than the moth-proof paper sacks, fifty cents each, that can be hung up, and no moth can enter. Cloaks with fur must be especially guarded.

Get all of the sweet summer you can; eat outdoors as often as possible. Sit out of doors; it will improve your health. Never mind the sun and tan—it is better than ill health. Have some kind of a hammock somewhere about the place, and rest in it some part of every day.

A light framework fixed around a tree and covered with cheap cotton will last one season and serve to keep off draughts of

wind and also to give a little more privacy from the scrutiny of the neighbors.

Throw a blanket down on the grass and tie a little cap over baby's head, put on a light wrap, and let her crawl all around on it and pull clover tops while you read or sew.

On rainy days, give attention to indoor things and fix them up to last till the next rainy day. Coax the children to sleep through the heated part of the day, then bathe and dress them, and all go out for your fresh-air time.

Keep the house well aired from five to seven in the morning, and from sundown to bedtime in the evening, and closed the rest of the time, and you will find it very much cooler.

Watch your early fruits during July and August, as they are apt to mold. Strawberries and the early jellies should be kept up-stairs, where it is warm and dry.

Always keep some kind of disinfectant in the house to use. Air and watch your cellar, as much malaria and fever can be traced to that. A pleasant home is had only at the price of eternal vigilance of the housekeeper. Everyone else enjoys it, but she must see that it is enjoyable.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

## THE GULF STREAM.

### It Would Take Two Thousand Mississippi Rivers to Equal It.

The currents of the ocean are the great transporters of the sun's heat from the torrid zone to temper the climate of the polar regions, says John E. Pillsbury in the Century. It is argued by some that such a stupendous change as that which occurred in Europe and America at the time of the glacial period was caused simply by a deflection in the currents in the northern hemisphere, whereby its share of tropical heat was partly diverted toward the south. In the three great oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian, there is to be found a similar circulation—a general westerly movement in the tropics, a flow toward the poles along the eastern shores of the continents, an easterly set in the temperate zones, and a current toward the equator along the western shores. This system thus becomes a grand circular movement, some parts being very slow, but still quite constant, and other parts very swift. There are offshoots here and there, due to local causes, and perhaps in the slowly moving current there may be a temporary interruption, but, taken as a whole, the movement is continuous.

The part of this circulation flowing along the eastern coast of the United States is the greatest of all these currents, and, in fact, is the most magnificent of all nature's wonders. This is the gulf stream. The name gulf stream was first suggested by Benjamin Franklin because it comes from the gulf of Mexico. While it is a portion of the grand scheme of ocean circulation, and the gulf of Mexico is in reality only a stopping place, as it were, for its waters, the name is generally applied to the current when it reaches the straits of Florida, north of Cuba. In the large funnel-shaped opening toward the gulf of Mexico the current at first is variable in direction and velocity, but by the time Havana is reached it has become a regular and steady flow. As it rounds the curve of the Florida shore the straits contract, and the water then practically fills the banks from shore to shore and reaches almost to the bottom, which is at this point about 3,000 feet deep. As it leaves the straits of Florida its course is about north, but it gradually changes in direction, following approximately the curve of 10° fathoms deep until it reaches Cape Hatteras. From this point it starts on its course to Europe. It has lost something in velocity as well as in temperature, and as it journeys to the eastward it gradually diminishes in both, until it becomes a gentle flow as it approaches Europe.

People think the Mississippi river a grand river, and it is so in truth, as far as land rivers go; but great as it is it would require 2,000 such rivers to make one gulf stream. The great ocean river is an irresistible flood of water, running all the time, winter and summer, and year after year. It is as difficult for the mind to grasp its immensity as it is to realize the distance of the nearest stars. At its narrowest part in the straits of Florida it is thirty-nine miles wide, has an average depth of 2,000 feet, and a velocity at the axis—the point of fastest flow—of from three to more than five miles per hour. To say that the volume in one hour's flow past Cape Florida is 90,000,000,000 tons in weight does not convey much to the mind. If we could evaporate this one hour's flow of water and distribute the remaining salt to the inhabitants of the United States, every man, woman, and child would receive nearly sixty pounds.

It is curious to note in the history of the gulf stream how great its influence has been on the fortunes of the new world. Before the discovery of America strange woods and fruits were frequently found on the shores of Europe and off-lying islands. Some of these were seen and examined by Columbus, and to his thoughtful mind they were confirming evidence of the fact that strange lands were not far to the westward. These woods were carried by the gulf stream and by the prevailing winds from the American continent, so that in part the gulf stream is responsible for the discovery of the new world. Ponce de Leon, while on his famous search for the fountain of youth, made the discovery of this more practically beneficial phenomenon. The whalers of New England were the first to gain a fairly accurate knowledge of the limits of the current between America and Europe by following the haunts of the whales, which were found north of one line and south of another, but never between the two. This, they reasoned, was the gulf stream current. Benjamin Franklin received this information from the whalers, and published it on a chart for the benefit of the mail packets plying between England and the colonies. The chart was first issued about 1770, but was not accepted by the English captains. Before it came to be generally known and used the trouble between England and the colonies had begun, and Franklin, knowing the advantage the knowledge would be to the British officers, suppressed it all he could until hostilities ceased.

E. A. Crowe, of King's Park, L. I., has a lamb that was born without a lower jaw.

Prof. H. W. Vogel, a Berlin chemist, claims to have discovered a system of reproducing natural colors in photographs.

Cuban barbers later their patrons with their hands, from a bowl made to fit under the chin. No brush is used.

## THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

It was a happy group that had assembled in the society rooms. Mrs. Howe had come earlier than usual and accompanying her was Mrs. Helen Burnham, a native of Brompton, and an old friend of nearly every member. She had come to town only the night before on the semi-weekly steamer and the exclamations of surprise from the ladies were profuse.

She was slightly above the average height and a certain air of youthfulness about her made every woman in the room experience a pang akin to envy, though Mrs. Burnham had such delightfully cordial manners that it was impossible for anyone to dislike her. Her large brown eyes were fringed with lashes still velvety, although she was considerably "out of her teens."

But at last the members had all come and Mrs. Burnham had a chance to see how the friends of her girlhood had developed. There was the president, Mrs. Emmons, the Katie Dodge of former days, a comely matron of forty-five, who wore spectacles and liked to "manage things," but carried out her plans in such a diplomatic manner that her subordinates actually believed they were having their own way.

Miss Arabella Finch was a lady of uncertain age filling the honorable position of secretary. She was tall with black eyes and an eagle nose on which she wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. Arabella had no income save the rental of part of her house. Helen pitied her as she noticed the faded cheeks and deep lines in her forehead; she had been pretty once. Mrs. Howe looked unchanged except her hair, which was almost white, and Laura King—"Helen," exclaimed Emily Brown—"What have you done to keep yourself so youthful? Here are most of us grey haired old women, while every hair on your head is brown."

"You must have discovered the fabled fountain of youth," added Miss Finch. "Oh, no, I have done nothing," answered Mrs. Burnham, laughing, "but I was not aware that I was among such venerable people. I haven't stayed in one place long enough to grow in one way; I have so longed to settle down for a while in a cosy home of my own, as you do here, where one is not continually meeting strangers that one doesn't care about."

"Why Helen," said Mrs. Brown, "you are as cosmopolitan as Jacob Greenlow, you remember him? Well, since his wife died he went to live with his son in Providence, but he couldn't stay because he didn't know what his next door neighbor was doing. He said he couldn't live in a place where he didn't know everybody."

Before the laughter had subsided a pretty young lady came in who was introduced as Miss McDonald, the high-school assistant. "Tell me about our distinguished visitor," she whispered to Mrs. Brown. "Come into the kitchen while I am getting supper, and I will," she answered, delighted with the opportunity.

"You know the Dunn house," she began. "Well, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Burnham's aunt, lived there and brought up her niece who was an orphan. She was a beautiful girl, and every young man in the town was in love with her. It was said that she was engaged to Fred Robbins, the doctor, you know, but I don't think she really was, though he was desperately in love with her and has never married. But Mrs. Dunn was careful that she should make no alliance with penniless Brompton lovers, and engaged her to a New Yorker much older than Helen. Of course she was young, attracted by the wealth and thought she loved him, but I guess the poor thing would have given all her money to have been single again. They say she's been very unhappy and her husband was cruel to her. She never had any children and he wouldn't let her adopt a child, but she's given a great deal to the poor. Mr. Burnham was insane half the time, the last years of his life, and when he had those spells she was the only person who could manage him; yet when he was sane he managed her."

"But why didn't she get divorced?" asked Miss McDonald.

"Oh, that wasn't her style; it was her way to stick to anything she had attempted, and I remember when she was a girl she always had such a contempt for divorced people."

"And has she lived in New York?"

"Only a short time. They've lived in Europe most ever since the marriage. She must have been relieved when he died, the monster!"

"Yes, I should think so," said the listener warmly. "How long has her husband been dead?"

"A year last month she said."

"Do you suppose the doctor will be here to supper?" asked Miss McDonald.

"I hope so; though he is busy and of course cannot know anything of Helen's being here, for Mrs. Howe kept it secret until this afternoon on purpose to surprise us."

"Thank you for telling the story, it's quite romantic," and she thought to herself that it might be still more so. Miss McDonald wrote something on a bit of paper and gave it to a boy who was passing. Mrs. Brown happened to glance out of the window and saw that the boy stopped at the doctor's office.

"By the way did you know that we generally had company at the society suppers?" said Miss French to Mrs. Burnham.

"No, I did not," she replied. "Then why were you so surprised to see me?"

"Oh, I mean gentlemen, the husbands and brothers and friends of the members. It's nearly supper time now, and there are several coming down the street; yes, they are society gentlemen; see if you know them."

"Ah! the one ahead is Jonas Tompson, and is that Mr. French—Why can that be Fred Robbins?"

Miss McDonald, saw a change pass over her face at the mention of the last name, not a blush but a soft light came into the eyes and the slight shadow disappeared from the brow, which until it was passing had not been noticed. The doctor was the first to enter the room. He was a tall man, rather too slender for his height, and had an open, pleasant face. Miss French immediately presented the visitor, saying, "Here is an old acquaintance of mine."

"Helen!" he exclaimed, looking as though he had seen a ghost.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. —"

"Burnham," suggested Miss French.

"Mrs. Burnham, this is indeed a surprise! I did not know you were on our side of the globe."

"What an unsocial creature, to know so little about your old friends," she returned.

"Yes, my friends whom I have not seen

for twenty years," he answered. "If it were not for a spirit of the past that seems lurking about this old place I might say twenty days instead."

"Ah! That 'spirit of the past' means me, I perceive; how delightfully antideluvian you make me feel. I think I should have recognized you by your delicate way of complimenting, if by nothing else."

"I thought he had forgotten how to compliment," broke in Miss French, as they sat down to the supper table.

"O, then, it is a lost art!" inquired Mrs. Burnham; "if so, allow me to congratulate you on its revival."

A sudden light came into the doctor's eyes; he sat as in a dream—a dream from which all his fellow-creatures were as completely left out as though they had never existed—all except the restored friend at his side. He was in a dim wood half lighted by the setting sun; the air was filled with the beautiful fragrance of June; the birds were calling to each other from the tree tops and warbling their good-night songs; and there was the spasmodic tinkle of cow bells and the far away voices of children coming across the meadow. He was seated on the "Great Rock" and by his side was a lovely girl with sweet brown eyes and pale golden hair looking like a wooden nymph against the green background. He had availed himself of the chance and was pouring forth his love in quick, glowing words. He scarcely understood that the dream of his young life was over, but as they parted she repeated the lines:

"All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good."

And what had his life been, not wholly discordant he hoped, and hers?

Her voice recalled him from his reverie—the same musical voice which he had so loved in her girlish days; yet it was not quite the same; he had thought it unchanged at first, but now he detected a subtle harshness; possibly it was in himself, or it might have been the words, they were so foreign to his thoughts and the scene was so different from the one which he had recalled.

"Really, Mr. Robbins, I think you have been dreaming."

"Beg pardon, I am sure," he answered. "I believe my thoughts had gone wool gathering. Can I serve you to anything? Some of this nice bread," he continued, passing the plate.

"Bread indeed!" exclaimed the maker in a tone of disgust! "That's angel cake! Doctor, I think your eyesight is failing."

"Well," he returned laughing. "I ought to have expected to find angel's food here."

As they chatted after supper some one asked Mrs. Burnham to sing, so she sat down to the organ though protesting that she "had hung her harp on a willow."

Her voice was not strong, but flexible and sweet and she sang with much expression one of Moore's melodies.

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends  
For all the long years I've been wandering away."

To see this around me my youth's early friends,  
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!  
Thou' happy o'er some of your brows as o'er  
mine.

The snowfall of time may be stealing, what  
then I  
Like the Alps in the sunlight or smooth  
flowing Rhine.

We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses  
again."

She next sang a pretty German song and then rose to leave the instrument amid the delighted applause.

"Oh do not stop," they cried.

"Very well," she said, gaily, "you must all sing and we will have a musicale and I will be director!"

Then followed such a varied program—school songs they had learned with the alphabet and ballads which brought with them the sweet memory of long ago summer evenings and of friends with whom they had sung their last songs. There was a trembling in some of the voices, and while the eyes were yet glistening over a tender recollection, the "director" would break into a strain like "John Brown had a little Indian."

No one seemed to take any more thought of time than if that valuable commodity had entirely dropped out of existence. Finally the lamp on the organ went out and Mrs. Jones awoke to the fact that the fire which had not been replenished for the last two hours had also departed this life. On inquiring of "Isaac" what time it was, he answered in a guilty voice, "Only five minutes after eleven, Miranda."

"Goodness!" exclaimed his spouse in the midst of a pathetic refrain, "You don't say it's most midnight! Why didn't you tell me before? and its my night to sweep too," she continued in a sufficiently audible voice to arouse the others.

"Only one more, Mrs. Jones," pleaded Helen, "the old 'Good Night' in the 'Glee Singer'; I think you must know it." And so the musicale ended as informally as it had begun.

"We have had a delightful evening haven't we?" she said to the doctor, and he answered, smiling.

"The most enjoyable in 20 years."

Nearly a week later he made his first call upon her. They had met every day, but there had been time only for a few hurried words at each meeting.

She was looking quite ill, and he remarked it. "Only a little headache," she said with rather a pitiful smile.

"And touch of heim wek," he added.

"How discerning you are! but I am better now and shall be very glad to see you if you do not talk about health."

They were both in a far different mood from that in which the society had seen them, and each felt that the other had undergone a change since that time.

"Helen," he said suddenly, "do you remember our last walk?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have thought of it many times in my wanderings, and have never seen a sunset which I preferred to that."

There was a pause. Both were living over again the scenes which had so stirred them.

"Yet you never came back," he said at last.

"No; this place seemed a part of my life, which had gone out with my girlhood—a portion which I had passed beyond and could not recall. There are some things which belong to the past so entirely that could we bring them back, they would not satisfy; they would seem only a mockery of what had been."

"Do you mean that you can not come to me now when all your ties are sundered? I am alone, too."

There was a thrill in his voice which sent a little shock through her, as he continued:

"Helen, I have been waiting for this 22 years. Your memory has always haunted me, though God knows I tried to forget; and when I heard that you were free, it seemed as though I had escaped from a long imprisonment and were breathing June air again, after being shut up in a poisonous atmosphere. When I met you the other night it seemed a fulfillment of my cherished dream, although I did not know you were on this side of the Atlantic. You could not expect to return thinking I should not ask this of you."

His manner and words were far different from the boy's passionate confession in the wood, but she felt that the feeling which prompted them was as strong and tender in the man as in the boy. With this knowledge a look of pain crossed her features as she said: "How could I know that you had not changed like all—?" then correcting herself, "like so many of the rest of us? I would not willingly give you pain, you who have been so faithful to the friend of your boyhood through all her fickleness."

"No, not fickleness, surely," he interposed, "do not say that, rather your self-sacrificing obedience; no one could censure you ever."

"Please do not interrupt me," she said, "nor think me self-sacrificing. I was speaking of your loyalty. How it strengthens my faith in human nature and human love; it is so rare to find one's friends unchanged in all these years. I did not know there was one in all the world like you. But I have changed, oh, so much!"

She had also risen and was pacing the floor, as she went on in a hurried, suppressed voice:

"You would not want me for your wife," raising her hand when he would have spoken. "I am not the girl you knew 20 years ago. It frightens me when I compare myself with Helen Dunn, and if any one had told me that I should be the woman I am, I should have shuddered, but not believed. You can not think of the wicked thoughts that have sometimes possessed me, and I could not escape, I had to go on." Her voice had sunk to a passionate whisper. "Once I actually bought poison; no, no, not for him," she exclaimed, as she saw his look of horror, "for myself."

"My poor Helen!"

"But in some way my hand was stayed," she continued, "my good angel, in whom I had lost faith appeared to me, and I can not thank God, enough. . . . After he died I seemed neither to think or feel for a while; simply to exist. But kind friends came to me, and life became more intense, in another direction I found a beautiful little girl whom I have adopted; she, like me, was alone; we shall be a comfort to each other."

They were both silent awhile, busy with their own thoughts.

"I do not know why I should tell you this—except—that I have been so miserable; I have never told any one before, never."

"Why should you not? have I not a right to share your joys and sorrows after all these years of waiting?" he asked in a pleading tone.

"I think perhaps I am not quite well, or it may be seeing you; I used always to feel as though I must tell you my wrongdoings, because I could not bear that you should think ill of me—and now what have I done; what will you think of me?"

"I shall never cease to think of you as the dearest woman in the world, even though you cannot give yourself to me," he said in a low voice, taking her hand.

"It is hard for me to fully believe such love," she answered, slowly, "I have been so long in the shadow; you must know me better before you say that again."

"I will send you a prescription to-morrow and you would rather I would go away now?"

"Yes, but please come soon again. I do not often have such considerate callers and I need you and—thank you."

The doctor thought he detected a new expression in the beautiful eyes which looked so appealingly into his.

Their lips met by a common impulse and he was gone.

The next morning little Maude Howe brought a package to Helen's room, saying the doctor had "sent some medicine." On opening it two roses, a faded one and a fresh one fell out, and a slip of paper on which was written, "Here is the prescription which I spoke of and you have never seen, although it was written for you 22 years ago before I had begun to write them for other people. It is for heart disease and the other one is for headache. If you follow the directions to the very letter I feel assured that you will wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again the next time I call. Please say when that shall be."

There it was—the love letter—written so long ago, and Helen read it with happy tears falling on the cheeks which were beginning to "wear the tinge of youth's roses."

The other "prescription" was a proposal of marriage in set terms, and Helen smiled as she wrote the following reply. "Thank you for sending the 'prescriptions'; they have worked magically and my headache has entirely ceased. My heart is much improved though it beats strangely fast and I would like you to call this evening. I will wear the beautiful rose, but the one which the 'snowfall of time' has ruthlessly stolen I shall keep as an emblem; it may prevent an attack of heart disease when I am Mrs. Robbins!"

### A Daring Nihilist Plot.

A Berlin correspondent says the National Zeitung learns from St. Petersburg that a fresh nihilist plot has been discovered in that city. It had been arranged to blow up the Gatschina Palace, which is the constant abode of the Czar and his family during most of the year. It is said that the whole palace was undermined. Of course, it was not the St. Petersburg police who discovered it. A warning from Paris frustrated the attempt. When searches were made all was found as stated. The mines extended several kilometers around the palace. Great excitement has taken hold on the population. General Gresser's death and the explosion on the Nicolai Bridge a few days ago are given out as unimportant incidents such as may happen any day. The circumstance that a double explosion took place on the bridge within the space of two hours is in any case remarkable. It tore up paving stones for about twenty yards and blew a peasant boy into the river. Happily he was saved. During the repairing of the bridge another explosion occurred, but nothing serious happened.