

HOUSEHOLD.

For Those Who Visit.

People who live in the country are preferably hospitable. The comparative isolation of their lives prompts them to eagerly "welcome the coming guest," and if they sometimes feel that they would like to "speed the parting guest," it is often the fault of the latter. When I was a child and lived in the country, I think we were never without visitors, during the fruit season at least. I used to wonder, at mother's meant, when, after the unusually long stay of some mere acquaintance, I heard her say, "Some people would hang themselves if you gave them enough rope." As that person seldom made a second visit, in after years I comprehended my mother's remark.

It makes a difference where you are visiting, and many of these suggestions will only apply to those who are staying with friends in moderate circumstances, who keep only one servant, or perhaps none at all. In this case, it seems to me, the first thing you ought to do is to make your stay a short one. Unless you are so situated that you can cordially ask your friend to return the visit, it is a pretty safe rule not to go at all. There is too much one-sided visiting of country friends.

When you are on a visit, adapt yourself to circumstances. Do not let your too willing hostess send you a breakfast in bed. If possible, before you are asked at what hour you like to breakfast, ascertain the habits of the family in this respect and signify your pleasure in conforming to them. Remember that in the morning your friend is almost certain to have household matters which require her attention, and see that you leave her free to attend to them. Relieve her of the burden of providing entertainment for you by showing her that you are capable of having a good time by yourself. If she sees you reading or writing in a shady corner of the orchard or lawn she will feel all the satisfaction of a generous hostess who likes to know that her guest is enjoying herself. Speaking of writing reminds me that it will be well to take your own stationery, so that you need not borrow hers. Don't ask her if she has a stamp. Give some money to the one who mails the letters to get you some if you have forgotten them. Keep your room as nice as you found it. If you are a woman, make your own bed, not forgetting to take the daintiest care of the pretty bureau belongings so laboriously fashioned in the few spare moments of your hostess that she might do the more honor to her guests by thus daintily furnishing forth her guest chamber.

If you are a man, fold back the covers of your bed to air, keep your clothes tidily hung up and the top of your bureau in order, and don't, oh don't, let your wash water stand in the bowl. It is not at all by way of a sop to the sterner sex to induce them to read this that I say I have ever found men more considerate of a hostess and her cares and duties than my own sex.

Still another thing that is incumbent on the visitor is to endeavor to like and praise the food. It is one of the few cases where a little hypocrisy is allowable and you may "assume a virtue if you have it not," for the chances are that if you do not like it the fault lies with your peculiar tastes. Those who have "notions" about their food had better stay at home where they can be humored. Children are very apt to be finical and troublesome in this respect, and mothers will do well to bring them up with a wide range of "likes" in the matter of eating.

There is no particular virtue in doing any of the things that I have enumerated. They are simple matters of courtesy that one's own heart should prompt one to do without any advice on the subject, and yet I know, from criticism that I have often heard expressed, that they are more honored by the breach than in the observance. Somehow I have been very fortunate in my friends, seldom having had a guest in whose visit I did not take the greatest delight and few whom I could not ask to repeat the visit, for unless I wish a repetition I never ask it.

Stairways and Children.

A physician, writing about the different portions of a house which, being carelessly constructed, frequently lead to bad accidents, says:

Often the stairways are too steep, the tread being too narrow and the rise too high, and persons are consequently quite likely to fall. The ideal stair would be represented by a tread double the width of the rise.

Children suffer more frequently than adults from defective stairs. The not uncommon picture is presented of a mother or some guardian member of the family leading a little one of two to five years down a stairway, holding on to the little hand, with the arm extended above the head, the stairway steep, the rise perhaps seven or eight inches, and the tread not a whit wider.

The little one, with his weight half suspended, suddenly drops upon one hip in such a way as to bring the whole weight of the body upon that part. This act being repeated as many times as there are steps in the stairs, gives us one of the surest means of producing the dread calamity known as hip-joint disease.

When we think of the extreme frailty of the hip-joint in these little ones, how the bones of the hip are not yet firmly united together, we appreciate how necessary it is that the weight of the superimposed structure should be evenly distributed over both hips and all the tissues composing the joints, in order to avoid one part being subjected to more strain than another.

Travelling With a Baby.

To ensure comfort to the baby his clothing should be loose and light. A shawl will be needed for wrapping about him in case of cold weather or draughts, and this will also serve to cover him while sleeping. A small pillow will also be found a convenience.

A large travelling-bag, with two compartments, is desirable, devoted exclusively to

the baby's use, in which may be kept a cup and alcohol lamp for warming the milk, also, fresh and soiled diapers. A case made of rubber cloth is necessary for the latter, although many mothers use squares of old cotton cloth when travelling, to be thrown away as they are changed.

If a journey of several hours is to be taken, and the baby is fed by means of the bottle, as many of them should be provided as is necessary for him during that time, as the conveniences for cleaning them on the cars are not sufficient to ensure proper care.

The required amount of sterilized milk, Mellin's food, or whatever is usually given the baby, should be prepared beforehand, and put into a bottle tightly corked. Small ice-boxes large enough to contain this bottle may be purchased, packed with ice, and taken into the cars with other hand baggage. This will keep the milk fresh and sweet for a number of hours.

Baby will want to be amused occasionally when he is not sleeping, especially if old enough to notice his strange surroundings, and it would be well to take a few of his familiar playthings that are small enough to get into the bag, such as a rattle, spoons, rubber dog, etc.

It is better when one is travelling with a baby to secure seats in a parlor car, if possible, as there are many little services that the porter can render during the journey, and the chairs are much more comfortable if one must hold the child the greater part of the time. Most of the cars have a separate compartment in which there is a couch, and, by paying a little more, the use of this for the baby can be obtained.

Are Mothers Less Motherly?

In these days when little folks are relegated to the care of paid nurses for at least twenty-one out of every twenty-four hours and the pretty woman who shows off the baby to visitors or who runs in occasionally to take a peep at it in the nursery appears to be only its mother in name, the question arises, "Are the women of to-day less motherly in the true sense of the word, or is it only because the altered living, the luxury of these fin de siècle days requires a different demeanor, yet which is only the superficial veneer over the true, sweet heart of noble womanhood?" Our women are so progressive, there are so many interests nowadays that formerly were not entered into by women that home life and home duties sometimes appear slighted, and we wonder if the children growing up in a circle where "mother" is but an occasional visitor will not come to regard the member of the numerous societies or the gay butterfly whose whole aim is the attending of teas, receptions, balls and dinners, as such an utter stranger that little confidence will be given elsewhere, sorrows sobbed out into other ears and the great wealth of love that should be kept for that dearest one on earth divided up or scattered about among those who have more time to bestow upon the neglected children of a mother who is wrapped up in social or public obligations. Perhaps mothers are just as motherly as in the olden days when "the children" were the beginning and end of every hope and every ambition, but if they are the distinctive tenderness and all-absorbing love in many cases remain skillfully hidden by the whirling rush of their outside obligations.

A Few Receipts.

SPONGE CAKE, No. 1.—Four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

SPONGE CAKE, No. 2.—Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cold water, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice as the last ingredient. This makes a small loaf. Quick oven.

SPONGE CAKE, No. 3.—Five eggs, one cupful each of sugar and flour, the rind and juice of a lemon. Moderate oven.

SPONGE CAKE, No. 4.—One cupful each of flour and sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder; vanilla to flavor.

SPONGE CAKE, No. 5.—Three eggs, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of water, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor.

BERWICK SPONGE, (a very old rule).—Put together in order, three eggs (beat one minute), one and one-half cupfuls of sugar (beat two and one-half minutes), one cupful of flour (beat one minute), one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half cupful of cold water (beat one-half minute), one-half teaspoonful of soda, lemon and salt, one cupful of flour (beat one minute).

CORNSTARCH CAKE, No. 1.—Four eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

CORNSTARCH CAKE, No. 2.—Whites of six eggs (well beaten), one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, the same of flour, one-half cupful of cornstarch, one-third cupful of butter, one-third cupful of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

BERRY CAKE.—One pint of flour, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, butter the size of an egg, salt, one-half pint of blueberries, made soft with milk, about one cupful.

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit, or else float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breezes. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision, or be entirely dissipated by delay.—Theodore Cuyler.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—What is believed to be the largest aerolite ever known to have fallen is lying in the Caspian Sea, a short distance from the peninsula of Apsheron. The aerolite made a terrific noise as it rushed through the air, and the white hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea round about for a great distance. When it struck the water immense clouds of steam arose, and the hissing could be heard for a great distance. Huge masses of water were thrown upward, and the sight to those who were not frightened was an exceedingly beautiful one. So enormous was the aerolite that it projects 12 ft above the water, and save for its fused black crust, which gives it the appearance of having been varnished, it has every appearance of being one of the usual rock formations met with along the coast. Scientists are deeply interested in the phenomenon, and several of them are making preparations to visit the peninsula to examine the aerolite. Further information is needed before credence can be given to the above statement.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Katy-Did and Katy-Didn't.

It was a riddle long unguessed, but I will tell the answer true,
Just what it was that Katy did, and all that Katy didn't do.
She did go straight to bed at eight, and didn't want to wait till nine;
She didn't care for party gowns, she did set stitches neat and fine;
She did sit very still in church, and didn't creak her little fan;
She did right all vacation time, and didn't fret when school began.
No wonder this surprising child is sung about with such delight
Beneath the great round harvest-moon, on every pleasant autumn night.

The Way to Manage Benny.

Mame Shortledge has a fever, and her mother has sent Bennie over here to Aunt Ann's for fear he'll catch it. Aunt Ann is going to keep him till Mame gets well if it takes two months, she says, because she is sorry for Mrs. Shortledge. He sleeps in the trundle-bed in Aunt Ann's room, and he looks real cunning in his night-gown.

When he first came, Marian and I curled his hair and showed him pictures, and played with him all the time we were not in school. But after a day or two we got tired, and there were so many other things we wanted to do we couldn't be bothered with Bennie.

So when he came hanging around with his picture-book, we'd say, "Oh, run away, Bennie! We can't stop to show pictures now. By and bye we will."

Then in a minute or two he'd come again, and say:

"It is bimby now, Jamarian!" That's the way he mixes our names up, because he hears Aunt Ann say "Jane and Marian," when she speaks to us.

Well, of course we couldn't stop to show him pictures when we had all our lessons to learn, and worsted work to do; and besides, I am learning to crochet. So when he kept teasing us, we'd say:

"Oh, do get out of our way, Ben! Don't you see we're busy?"

And once or twice we gave him a little push. It didn't hurt him a bit, but he went in a corner and cried, and Aunt Ann said we ought to have more patience. I felt sorry myself when I heard him sobbing: "I want my mamma! I want my mamma!" For we had heard that very day that Mame was worse, and her mother was all tired out, but she couldn't leave her a minute.

So then I told Bennie that I would show him ten pictures if he would let me alone afterwards, and Marian said she would give him a lozenge if he would let her alone, and so we got as much as an hour to do our own work in peace. Bennie went and sat down by himself in his little chair; and he looked so forlorn and so cunning I had half a mind to go and play with him, but I just turned away and wouldn't notice him, and got all the red done in the book-mark I was working, before dark.

After supper he cried again to go home. Aunt Maria had one of her headaches, but she took him in her lap and got him to sleep, and Marian and I had a chance to do our sums. When we went up-stairs to bed we agreed that it was really trying to have a child like that in the house.

"It mixes up your duties so," said Marian. "It makes you feel as if you did wrong to learn your lessons and mend your stockings. I know Aunt Ann actually frowned at us when we were ciphering!"

I smiled under the bedclothes, for Marian never does mend her stockings till the very last minute before she puts them on, but I agreed with her that it was too bad to be made to feel selfish when we were doing things we ought to do.

The next morning one of the girls in school lent us a splendid book to read, but she said we must finish it that same day, for she could not let us keep it any longer. So we thought we would read all we could at noon to get a start.

As we turned into our yard, there was Bennie watching for us at the window. He laughed and clapped his hands when he saw us, and we could hear him call:

Jamarian! Jamarian!

"There, now!" said Marian. "He won't let us read one word. Let's go up to the garret and stay till dinner is ready."

So when we went in we just laid our books and slates on the table in the front entry, and slipped up-stairs instead of going into the sitting-room. We found a nice place up in the west garret by the window, and there we sat side by side, reading as fast as we could, for nearly half an hour. It was a fairy-book.

"I wish I could be a fairy," said Marian. "I could make so many people happy. Either a fairy or a missionary."

I thought it was very noble in Marian to want to do so much good, and when Aunt Ann called us to dinner we went down with our arms around each other, and felt pleasant toward everybody.

But the minute we opened the sitting-room door, Bennie ran to meet us, exclaiming joyously:

"See my pretty horses! I drew 'em all myself. Look, Jamarian!"

We looked down. It was my slate! He had got it from the entry table, and rubbed out all my sums that I worked so hard over the evening before, and that I was keeping on my slate for that afternoon's recitation! I was so provoked I could have shaken him.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" I cried. "Now you've spoiled my lesson, and I shall lose my perfect card, and I do think it's too mean!"

A cloud came over his bright little face, and his lip quivered. I didn't care if he did cry. I thought he ought to after doing such a thing as that. I expected Aunt Ann would scold him, but she didn't; she only looked sad.

There was no time to spare. Marian and I ate our dinner, and went off to school as quick as we could. Before the bell rang I stepped up to the teacher and told her how Bennie Shortledge had rubbed out my sums, and asked her to excuse my lesson. She was a great deal nicer than I thought she would be.

"Certainly I will excuse you, Jane," she said, pleasantly, "and you shall have your merits just the same. Poor little Bennie! I suppose he doesn't know what to do with himself away from his mother. I am so glad he is with you and your aunts, you can make him so happy!"

I sat down at my desk, thinking to myself that folks didn't know what a trouble Bennie was; but all the afternoon I kept remembering how glad his little face looked through the pane when he saw us coming home, and how timid and sorrowful he was after I scolded him.

When school was out, and Marian and I

went home, there was Bennie watching again, but he didn't call out to us. We clapped our hands and laughed, and then he laughed, too, and met us at the door. Something had come over us both, so that we did not want to push him away. We got the fairy-book and finished it, and we let him see all the pictures. Then we wanted to do our sums for next day, and I thought to myself:

"Oh dear, now we shall have a time!" But Marian said:

"Bennie, want to do sums, too? There's an old slate in the closet, and I'll give you a pencil."

And then, don't you think, that little mite drew up his little chair and sat down just as sober, and made little marks and lines all over his slate till we had finished every one of our sums, and he thought he was ciphering just as much as we were. Then he trotted up to Aunt Ann for her to see, and she looked as pleased as could be.

Well, just that little thing, that seemed like an accident, has been the greatest help to Marian and me. We haven't had a bit of trouble with Bennie since, and we love him better every day. I wish he was my little brother.

When he wants to hang around us, we let him. When we are writing compositions, we give him some paper to scribble on, too. When we study our spelling, we give him a word to spell now and then. He is so cunning! He spells like this: "B-I-d, cat!"

And when we work with our worsteds, we let him have a needle threaded and a bit of canvas, and he is just as busy as we are. He isn't any trouble at all, now we have found out how to manage him; and when he thinks he has done something pretty well, his voice sounds so sweet as he calls out: "Look! Look, Jamarian!"

A Dog's Devotion.

The character of dogs is as variable as that of men. As an offset to the cases, not infrequent, in which dogs have rewarded the most indulgent care by running away and attaching themselves to some totally unworthy stranger, there are cases, very likely more frequent, in which dogs have sacrificed ease, comfort, and abundance to live in want with some poor and not over-kind master.

M. G. de Cherville, a French gentleman who has recently written about dogs, tells a true story of a dog which he calls Tapin-Saqui that well illustrates this devotion.

M. de Cherville has a large country place, with stables, lawns and everything to make life attractive to a dog. He also has several dogs. One day Peter, his gardener, brought home a wounded dog in his arms, and told a pitiful story concerning it. It had belonged to a travelling mountebank, and had been run over by a carriage. Its leg was broken, so that it could not walk, and the mountebank, who had his wife and little daughter with him, could not carry the wounded dog. He had begged Peter, who was a witness of the accident, to take it home and care for it until he, the mountebank, could return that way, which, he said, would be in about three months; and he promised to pay for the dog's board at the rate of two cents a day.

The gardener scorned this offer, but he very tender-heartedly carried home the dog, trusting to his master's humane impulses to permit him to take the creature in.

Although M. de Cherville thought he had quite enough dogs, he allowed Peter to make up a bed for the sufferer in the stable. Peter skillfully set the broken leg and put it in splints. In two or three days it was going about easily on three legs, and in due time resumed the full use of the broken limb.

The dog was called Saqui by Peter, for that was the name of the mountebank who had owed him. The little animal was not a thing of beauty. He was yellow, with several tawny spots upon him; he belonged to no breed in particular, but to several in general.

But he had various tricks in which Peter was very fond of exercising him; and the gardener soon became so fond of his worthless protege that his master's Gordon setters and pointers were well nigh neglected.

Indeed, probably no dog ever had a better time than Saqui. Peter fed him, carried him, gave him the nicest possible places to sleep and play in. The other dogs were kind to him, and he was apparently perfectly happy. He grew fat and sleek, and bore little resemblance to the half-starved creature whom Peter had brought home from the mountebank's.

Three months went by, and there was no sign of the returning mountebank. Six months—a year passed. Peter was satisfied the man would never come back.

Six months more went by, M. de Cherville was out in his yard one day, when he heard a great barking and yelping in the direction of the high, barred iron front gate. He looked; there was Saqui, leaping, bounding, whirling, hurling himself against the bars in an ecstasy of delight; and on the other side of the gate was a ragged girl about twelve years old.

"He's our Tapin," screamed the girl; "it's our own little dog; dear Tapin! But how fat he's got!"

The dog was licking Peter's hands through the bars and whining with joy. The girl turned away—the dog trying vainly to force his way after her—and presently returned with her father, the mountebank. The dog showed the same extravagant joy at seeing him.

The man declared that he had been unable to come that way again, as he had promised to do.

"Ah, well," said the mountebank to his daughter, "he'll never come with us, now. Look how sleek he is! He'll never exchange his fare here for our poor crust."

"You had better try it," said M. de Cherville. He opened the barred gate. The dog flew out, and followed his old master down the street.

"He even ran in advance of them," says M. de Cherville, "as if to hasten their departure. Even though Peter, his best friend came ruefully out, the dog never once looked back toward us. I felt that Tapin-Saqui treated me rather like a publican, to be sure, but I held no ill-will towards him, being pleased to perceive that with the beasts, at any rate, prosperity and abundance do not cause poor and unfortunate friends to be forgotten.

White pique dresses have been revived, and are worn with colored sashes and full white mull chemisettes of plastrons beneath Figaro jackets, for dinners and high teas.

The Louis Quize coats and three-quarter length jackets have disappeared, and polonaises and short empire bodices with belts or sashes are to reign all through not only the summer, but probably next winter.

PRESERVING NATIVE ANIMALS.

The Buffalo and Deer to be Seen on a Panhandle Ranch.

Cars ran two've miles in crossing one man's dooryard in the Texas Panhandle. They stop midway. The brakeman shouts "Goodnight," with the emphasis on the first syllable. As the train slows one can see an avenue of shade trees leading south from the neat station for a half a mile. The avenue ends at the broad veranda of a tastily painted mansion. The house is a striking centre of a group of shops, stables and sheds. To all points of the compass stretch the plains as far as vision can follow. The contrast of the well-painted buildings, the green avenue, and brown plains with their wire-fence divisions is sharp. The scene is fascinating. But something more marvelous claims the eye. Buffalo are grazing on the short grass so industriously that they do not even raise their great shaggy frontals when the whistle sounds. Moose are looking over the high fence and shambling about. Elk and deer and antelope are scattered over the face of the plain, some lying down, some grazing, some looking with languid interest upon the cars. It is a sight to be seen nowhere else upon the American continent. The younger fawns of the elk and deer and antelope huddle close to the does as if born wild, and not yet fully reconciled to this invasion of the iron horse. But there is no manifestation of alarm upon the part of the older animals. They have grown accustomed to this long, black, clanging, puffing monster passing half-a-dozen times every twenty-four hours. As for the buffalo, they take the change stolidly. One little five days' calf, very shabby and wobbly on its big legs, walks directly under its mother and looks out with lowered head and great eyes.

These are the pets of Mr. Charles Goodnight. And who is Mr. Goodnight? Within 500 miles of the Panhandle there is no need to answer that question. A thousand miles away there may be an interest in the personality of the man who counts his acres by the hundred thousand, ships his cattle by the train load, and keeps a whole menagerie for his amusement. To everybody in the cow business Mr. Goodnight is "Charley." He is the greatest of the cattle barons, kindly and frank in speech. More years ago than the clear eyes and good complexion and the black hair and whiskers just beginning to show gray would indicate Mr. Goodnight came to Texas from the Northern State. When the war broke out he said he couldn't fight against his kind, but he would go on the frontier and help keep the Indians back. He became one of the rangers with "Sul" Ross. He was in and through that long, hard campaign of years against the Comanches.

This Panhandle country was the natural home of the buffalo. Here the buffalo bred. From here the herds went forth in search of new pasture. Back here the remnants drifted before the storms of winter and found refuge till spring. When the plains of Colorado and farther north had been swept by the hunter who slaughtered for robes, there were still buffalo in the Panhandle country. And when the cattlemen came in as the Comanches went out of this favored region, there were still small herds of buffalo on these plains. A buffalo calf or two strayed into the herds of cattle and grew up in civilized company. This was the foundation of the buffalo business with Mr. Goodnight. He gave the stray calf, the last of a noble race, a welcome to his roundup. He found company of his kind for him. He added to this beginning from various sources. When fenced pastures took the place of the wild free range, Mr. Goodnight gave his buffaloes the place of honor near ranch headquarters. Thus fostered, the herd has grown on its native heath until it is the finest and largest collection in existence.

The buffalo chose his home well. There is something in climate which encourages the highest degree of health in the cow brute on these plains.

There were thousands of antelope in the Panhandle when Mr. Goodnight first established himself here. But antelope steak is good. And as the buffalo disappeared the antelope became scarce. Mr. Goodnight came by his collection of antelopes in the most natural manner. When he ran the wires around his great pastures he actually fenced in little bunches of wild antelope with his cattle. The antelope will not attempt to go over or through a wire fence. They remained in the pastures, growing tamer, until now those near the house come running at the sight of a bucket and hang around after their feed of meal to be petted. The fawn of the antelope take to the new condition readily.

The elk are inclined to jump. It takes more than the ordinary fence of three or four wires to control their movements. About the elk pasture Mr. Goodnight has drawn thirteen wires. But this makes a fence that will keep wolves and dogs out as well as elk. "Elk rather like to jump," said Mr. Goodnight. "They will try most anything low. They breed as well in captivity as when free. It is no trouble to raise elk. They calve every year when old enough. The trouble about keeping them here is that they ought to be where they can do some browsing. They don't do so well on grass alone. Their home is in the mountains, where they can get at grapes and twigs. That is why the moose don't do very well on the prairie. Those I have come from the North, from Manitoba. They belong in a country where they can browse on foliage."—[St. Louis-Globe Democrat.

Corn is a maize and a dance is a maze, which is pretty conclusive proof that there is a bond between dancing and corns.

At Bath (Me.) copper-workers took a small copper cent and hammered it into a miniature tea-kettle. The words "one cent" occupy all the space on the bottom.

Sleeves are worn less high on the shoulder, but very full to the elbow, with a long, deep, tight-fitting cuff, often in a contrasting material.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess them, are converting their old black lace shawls into elegant wraps. They look very refined and lady-like, though they are not worn in the old way, but are drawn up into a sort of wrap form and held in place by fancy pins.