

HOUSEHOLD.

I Wish You Happy Dreams.

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

When the shadows are lost in darkness,
And the stars their vigils keep;
When two brown eyes grow weary
And the white lids droop in sleep;
Then I list to catch the whisper
That sweeter than music seems,
When the good-night kiss is given
With "I wish you happy dreams."

The brown head on the pillow
Soon is still'd by sleep's caress,
Then forgotten the broken di-dos
And the tear in dolly's dress;
Then vanished the cares of childhood
To that land of bright sunbeams,
When the good-night kiss is given
With its "I wish you happy dreams."

Perhaps in the passing cycles
Of years that are yet to be,
The shadows may hide the sunshine
And darken the world for me;
But the light of the past shall brighten
In memory's loveliest gleams,
With the kiss of the baby sister
And her "I wish you happy dreams."

Johnny Advises his Grandma.

There is, as everybody knows, an old saw based upon the utter futility of teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. It is safe to say, however, that Johnny never had heard it—for John is just 7, and his store of knowledge doesn't run in the line of axioms and proverbs.

In fact I don't think that you could even make him believe that people call maxims "saws." He would say: "Oh, you're tryin' to fool me," if you told him so. John's idea is that the whole end and aim of older people is to fool him. He has deduced this from the photographer's telling him to watch for a mouse to come out of the camera, and the nurse's telling him that the stork brought the baby, and his father's promising that if he was a good little boy he would take him fishing some day—but all that is neither here nor there.

Now, Johnny has a bad habit of forgetting at times where he is going. He calls it this, but we call it running away.

It actually grieves me to think how often it happens that he doesn't mean to go anywhere, but the first thing he knows he is in some other boy's yard, or down town, or over by the railroad track, or in some place that he has been forbidden to go. (One reason why this thought causes me so much sorrow is because it reminds me of my own childhood; another is the chance that John might perhaps attempt to spell this article out and miss the moral.)

Well, this time he wasn't paying the proper attention to his environments and when his mother discovered him he was three blocks from home and up on the very top of a great windmill which had been put up beside the warehouse. John had not, himself, discovered that he was there—if we may take his word for it—until his mother called in a loud, frightened voice: "John, come here. Get down from there at once."

John got down, but he gravely told his mother on the way home that she did a risky thing to call so sharply to him when he was up so high. "Why," said he, "what if I had thought that you'd whip me when we got home and had of been so scared that I'd of fell off. Then you wouldn't have any little boy any more. I felt sure you wouldn't whip me, mamma, else I wouldn't have come down at all. I can tell when you are going to punish me, an' you ain't going to this time, I know." John's voice had a somewhat forced cheerfulness and his eager eyes scanned his mother's frightened, white face as though he were not so sure of his fate as he pretended to be.

For once Johnny guessed wrong. His mother did whip, and soundly, too. Afterward she got a long rope and, fastening one end about his waist, she tied the other to a post of the front piazza and then she brought him a little stool and placed it at his grandmother's feet.

"Now, grandma, you will have to watch him," his mother said. And grandma—dear, sweet grandma—with her soft, white curls and beautiful old face, shook her head gravely and looked reproachfully at the small John, whose face was just as non-committal as a wooden mask.

There was an unbroken silence after his mother left, only for the crickets and tree toads and soft summer sounds, and the gentle breeze swayed the hop vines with a lazy, waving motion. John did not like silence and he hated to sit still. He made a rabbit out of his handkerchief, furtively watching his grandmother's face the while.

There was no approval in the mild blue eyes so he turned his back upon the old lady and made faces at a little girl who was passing. Presently he turned back again and plunged at once into animated conversation.

"Gramma, was you ever up on a windmill?"

"No, John," sternly.

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd want to, you're too old. It wouldn't be safe, gramma, for an old woman like you to climb up so high."

No response.

"An' gramma, you know that place down by the sheep-pole?"

"The what?" Grandma's curiosity had betrayed her into speaking.

"Why the sheep-pole. The place where they wash the sheep, you know, in the creek."

"Oh yes, I understand."

"Well gramma, don't you never, never go in swimmin' down around there. Why it's so deep it's over my head. An' gramma, there's big fishes there that'll eat you. They don't pay no attention to beestefied tied on a string, but they eat folks. I know a man that they bit, he showed me the place on his arm."

John moved his stool up a little nearer her, and he took one of the wrinkled hands in his own and held it caressingly to his cheeks, "an' say gramma, if you chew tobacco it'll make you awful sick. You won't never try it, will you? For I don't want my dear, dear gramma to be sick, or get drowned, or fall off'n a windmill. No sirc. Some boys don't care a bit, but I love my gramma too much."

The little arms crept around grandma's neck and her soft, white curls drooped down over Johnny's head and hid the young rascal's face completely. But I could see that the gold-rimmed glasses were dim and misty, and I hope—I do it say that it was so, mind you, I only hope—that Johnny was crying a little bit, too.

Love and Beauty.

To a plain woman who is a wife, her

want of beauty is almost always a grief. She fancies she might have secured a more perfect allegiance if she had worn the red and white of some fortunate woman; she pities her husband among other men, as Sir Gawain's wife may have done, that his wife is uncomely; she longs to fill his eyes with pleasure; she would be burned alive if she might rise from her ashes far enough to take the reproach of her uncomeliness away from him—fair enough to see his gaze follow her with rapture. She does not realize that it is herself that he loves, and not an evanescent bloom or sparkle; that if she has not beauty he does not miss it; that his eyes now follow her with rapture of another and better sort; that fair or foul he loves her, and if her eyes were crossed he would not have them straightened, and so change her to one fairer.

The Girls of To-day.

Food has been helped by training. It has become a custom to let girls live in the open air, to suffer them to play games which thirty years since would have been pronounced "hoysenish"—then a most pronounced adjective—and even to train them through gymnastics with scientific attention and regularity. They may take as much exercise as they like, and owing to the partly accidental introduction of vigorous games in which both sexes can share, they like to take a good deal. "Ladies' cricket" and "ladies' golf" are imitative tricks, with nothing to recommend them but the open air; but lawn-tennis is sharp, healthy work, a great deal better than the hay-making of the last century, which overtaxed the spine, and so are riding, as now practised, and the walk of eight or ten miles, even if it ends in a rather fatiguing trudge. Exercise of that kind, while it makes the boys lissom, sets the girls up, a change which is no doubt one cause of their apparent increase in height. They stand on their feet and stand up as their grandmothers, with all their drilling on backboards and injunctions to sit straight up against chairbacks, which were tortures, never did. The girls stand like soldiers, without their stiffness, and because they can do it, and know they can, they fall instinctively into a style of dress which displays their ability, which recognizes, for example, the place of the waist in the human figure. Girls do not "loll" now, have indeed almost forgotten a word which 40 years ago was necessarily in their seniors' mouths, and was the origin in thousands of cases of positive physical harm. A well-bred girl nowadays does not sit as if she were listening to a rebuke, and stiffening herself to disregard it; but she does not "loll," any more than she ties her waist belt about five inches too high.

Mark This.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive.

For the Cooks.

LEMON PIE.—The grated rind and juice of two lemons, to which add four eggs (reserving the whites of two) beaten with two cups of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Then take two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with a little water, add to it one cup of water, and stir into the other ingredients. The whites of two eggs beaten with twelve teaspoonfuls of sugar frosts the tops. This makes two pies.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Do not beat them before cooking, have a hot skillet, and take them off while they are yet very soft; they cook a half-minute after they are taken off, for which many cooks do not allow. A dash of lemon juice just as they are going to the table in a hot dish is an addition.

CARAMEL FILLING FOR CAKES.—Three cups of brown sugar, three-fourths cup cream, three-fourths cup of butter, boil together until it hardens in water. Beat all the time. Very delicious.

FRUIT PIES.—One of the best ways to make pies from small juicy fruits is to cook the fruit separately, thicken it with a little flour or cornstarch and pour into the shell after it is baked. The best meringue for such pies is one of whipped cream. As pie crusts when baked without a filling are apt to puff and rise unevenly, lay over the shell before baking an oiled paper, such as confectioners use. Then put in a filling of small squares of stale bread that you wish browned for garnishing soup, or other uses. An apple pie made without any under crust and with the apples cut in halves, dusted with salt to develop their flavor and sprinkled with sugar, is delicious. In serving such a pie use a large spoon. Any apple pie will be found more delicate if made without spices of any kind. When apples begin to lose their flavor, sprinkle them with the juice and grated yellow peel of an orange or lemon.

SWISS NUT CAKE.—The solid portion of this concoction may be made by any favorite rule for jelly or Jayer cake. Each householder has her own method. For the filling Good Housekeeping says: Cook in a double boiler one pint of milk and one cupful of sugar. Make one tablespoonful of cornstarch smooth with two tablespoonfuls of milk, pour over the sweetened hot milk, stir constantly, pour back and let it boil until cooked thick. Now draw back from the fire, let it cease to boil and beat in the yolks of three large eggs or four small ones. Let it cook without boiling until it thickens but does not curdle. While it is cooling prepare a rounded cupful of hickory nut meats (butternuts would do, but a less quantity should be used, as they are rich), saving out the unbroken halves to use on the top of the cake. These nuts should not be pounded but ground in a small mill which is made for this and similar purposes. When the filling is nearly cold, beat in these ground meats together with one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. When the cake is cold, use this mixture for filling between the layers. Garnish the top with a soft icing flavored with lemon, and edge it with the beading of the half nuts. Put another row or two of nuts within the outer, if you like, but it will be sufficiently rich without that. No more toothsome cake than this was ever made. If you follow the recipe.

BIRDS' NESTS.—Toast small slices of bread, butter, and place them on a platter. Break as many eggs as there are slices of toast, keeping the whites and yolks separate. Beat the whites stiff, seasoning with a little salt. Place a spoonful of the stiffened whites on each slice of toast and lay a yolk in the centre of each. Set the dish in a hot oven until the yolks are sufficiently cooked then serve hot.

LEMON WHIP.—Cover a quarter of a box of gelatine with four tablespoonfuls of cold water and stand aside for a half hour, then add a half pint of boiling water, a half cup of sugar, the juice of one small lemon a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir until the sugar is dissolved and stand away in a cool place to stiffen. When congealed but not really hard add the unbeaten whites of two eggs and beat the whole to a stiff white froth. Turn into a pudding mold and stand aside for several hours to harden. Serve with vanilla sauce made from the yolks of the eggs and a pint of milk.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of very strong coffee, two and a half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one heaping teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of mace, one cupful of raisins, and one cupful of currants. Cover with soft icing.

STRANGE CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

Sons Chop Off Their Fingers and Nail Them in Birth to Cure Sick Parents.

Foreigners in China are amazed by the nature of the charges made against them by organizers of riots—of employing stupefying, bewitching drugs which compel their victims to follow them, whose eyes they scoop out and whose hearts they extract for medicinal purposes. I propose to abate that amazement by showing that, from a Chinese medical view-point, the foul accusation is in no wise preposterous. It is well known that in the West medical superstitions of an abject character have greatly retarded civilization. China has experienced and still suffers from that abnormal phase in evolutionary history, the most striking feature of which is that various portions of the human frame and all its secretions possess therapeutic properties. It is not to cater to unwholesome curiosity that I discuss this disagreeable subject, but I take it in hand because until it is understood nothing can be done to dispel an illusion that is inimical to natives and foreigners, that is indisputably dehumanizing and decivilizing, and because a remedy may possibly exist calculated to mitigate and eventually to eradicate the evil. My chief authority is the well-known voluminous *Materia Medica* Pent'sao, a compilation from semi-mythic ages on medicaments which received its latest addition in the sixteenth century by Dr Li Shihchin. It may be considered the only authoritative work of the kind in Chinese language. Eight hundred early writers had supplied him with materials. It was presented to Wauilich in 1597, who ordered it to be printed. Beginning with human hair in mythological period, human contributions to the pharmacopoeia now amount to thirty-seven—four of which were added by the latest compiler. Nor does that list exhaust all the anthropopathic remedies of Chinese medicine, for it is held that virtues are extracted from the human system by clothing, bedding, and utensils, even the matting on which the patient has breathed his last—all are endowed with the healing properties which our painstaking author conscientiously describes. Besides this great medical work, I have consulted the great *Penal Code* (1832 edition), wherein man's place in medicine may be studied in practice, supplementing what is taught theoretically in the *Pent'sao*.

Comparatively harmless the medical aphorism respecting the utility of administering human blood in disease, harmless in that the vital fluid is obtained, when the directions of the *Pent'sao* are followed, by merely puncturing the skin and sucking the orifice. The late-revered Miss Aldersey, an English lady of Ningpo, who devoted her fortune and life to the education of girls in that city, was for many years supposed to strengthen her system by thus extracting the blood of her pupils. No life having been lost by the practice, no riot could be fomented by the evil-disposed. In the section that treats of human muscle as a medicament it is described as useful in consumption, but the human author denounces cannibalism and cites T'ao Tsung-i a scholar and statesman, that in 1366 A. D. published a work in which he stigmatizes Northern brigands and soldiers for their anthropophagous habits, that stiyed their victims "biped sheep," and human muscle as "flesh to be longed for." Of these reproaches the author says "behending is too good for them." Doubtless antecedent to written history, in China not less than elsewhere, cannibalism was widespread, and a belief founded on experience prevailed that human more than other flesh was nutritious in pulmonary consumption. It did not find a place in the pharmacopoeia until the fourth decade of the seventh century, when it became official, when Dr. Ch'en Ts'ang-ch'i, in the first half of the eighth century, a compiler of our *Pent'sao* to date, wrote that human flesh is useful in consumption. Instances are on record of rich men who found it so savory that it became a necessity of existence. But before his time cutting flesh from the arm and slices from the liver to be administered to patients was practised; those operations, however, were less for a medical than a religious object, and what the *Pent'sao* has to say respecting human muscle relates only to its use as prompted by a belief that the blessing of heaven attended its employment when administered by a child to a parent, after other remedies had failed.

It is impossible to estimate the period when children began to administer their own flesh to parents who are supposed to be beyond the reach of medicine. Our author justly condemns the practice as anti-Confucian, and it is likely, therefore, that it prevailed until long after the era of the Sages. Wan-li directed the Board of Rites to report on the case; that learned body held that when the best medical attendance is secured for a parent and supplications made to heaven and the gods the duty of filiation was fully performed. As for such acts as that of the historic Wang Siang (middle of third century, A. D.), who lay on a frozen river until the ice melted and he was able to draw out a pair of carp, which he presented to his stepmother, who longed for them; and that cutting of an arm for flesh to administer to an ailing parent, are deeds of the

ignorant and stupid of modern times, some acting impulsively, other with premeditation, having reference to the fame that it brings and favors and rewards expected from the Emperor. If not interdicted these practices will extend to liver-cutting and from that to killing of sons.

Notwithstanding the disapproval of the sacrifice of a grandson for the benefit of a son, much was done to mitigate the punishment which respect for law required, and while degraded on one hand the exile on the other hand was honored. Since that cause celebre no honors have been conferred for the mere act of administering a son's flesh to a father—there must be other concurrent proofs of filial piety to win Imperial recognition. The extent to which the practice had been carried in this case caused a reaction against it, and little was heard of it until revived by the present dynasty. Never before has filialism exhibited its zeal in this manner more than at the present time. Imperial decrees, published in the *Pekin Gazette*, often authorizing honorary portals to be erected in honor of men, and particularly women, for flesh offerings afford no indication of the extent to which it is carried, for only people of wealth and influence can obtain such a recognition of the merit of filial devotion. It is very common among the comparatively lowly, but more frequent among the literati. A literary graduate, now in my service, finding the operation of snipping a piece of integument from his arm too painful, seized a hatchet and cut off a joint of one of his fingers, which he made into broth mixed with medicine and gave to his mother. It is essential in all such cases that the recipient should be kept in profound ignorance of the nature of the potion thus prepared, and in no case is the operation to be performed for a wife, or a parent for a child.

ABOUT FINGER NAILS.

Their Growth, Their Health and the Time to Cut Them.

The philosophy of the finger nails is a most interesting study, simple though it may appear.

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness it is undoubtedly retarded.

It is understood to grow faster in Summer than in Winter, and differs for different fingers, being most rapid in the middle finger and slowest in the thumb and little finger.

According to the rate of growth agreed upon by eminent authorities, the average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a man of 70 years of age would have renewed his nails 186 times.

Taking the length of each nail at half an inch, he would have grown seven feet nine inches of nail on each finger, and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of seventy-seven feet six inches.

It is asserted by some that the nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left.

It is interesting to watch the history of a case of disease as recorded upon the finger nails. When we look at the patient's nails we see on each of them a distinct ridge, showing that the portion of the nail which has grown since the acute attack is much thinned out.

If a person has broken his arm within eighteen months the ridges on the nails of the hand of the affected arm may be seen, while they will be absent on the other hand. The more acute the illness the sharper will be the ridge. Extreme anxiety and mental depression have the same effect on the nails as physical disease.

The finger nail is a very enduring evidence of disease. If there has been an acute rheumatism in the system, with a temperature of 104 or 105 degrees, the nail will be cut down sharply.

In typhoid fever, where the disease comes on gradually, there is no such sharp cutting of the nail.

There are several well-known sayings with regard to the paring of the finger nails, and among them are the following:

"Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; cut them on Wednesday, cut them for a letter; cut them on Thursday for something better; cut them on Friday, cut them for a wife; cut them on Saturday, cut them for a long life; cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil, for all of that week you'll be ruled by the devil."

Where the Telegraph is Least Used.

The four countries in the world which possess the smallest telegraph facilities are Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay and Persia. In the first named there are only thirty-six telegraph offices in the whole country and but 1,600 miles of wire. In the territory of Paraguay there are only 510 miles of wire in operation, and the entire telegraphic service of that country requires the services of but twenty-eight persons. One line of 360 miles, owned and operated by the Government, runs from Asuncion to Paso de Patria, the limit of Paraguayan territory, and the other 150 miles by the railroad from Asuncion to Pirapo. Owing to high water and campfires in that country the line is often interrupted for days at a time. At Paso de Patria the line breaks, there being no cable over the Alto Parana River, which is three miles wide. Communication is therefore by canoe, which takes messages over in the morning to the Argentine side and returns to the Paraguayan side at night. An important telegram is often delayed ten or fifteen hours.

When the Other Fellow Called.

Little Johnny: "I'd a good deal rather have you callin' on sister than Mr Niciefello."

Sister's Admirer (delighted): "Would you? Why?"

Little Johnny: "'Cause whenever Mr. Niciefello calls she stuffs up the keyhole."

His Reason.

Old Gentleman: "What would you like to be when you grow up?"

Boy: "I'd like to be a bricklayer." "That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?" " 'Cause there is so many days when bricklayers can't work."

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

The export of gold from Cape Colony during March amounted to £430,000.

Charleston, S. C., is considered the first phosphate market in the world. In 1819 572,949 tons of phosphate rock valued at \$4,270,000, were taken from South Carolina mines.

Not since the failure of Baring Brothers Company for \$75,000,000 has so large a banking failure been announced as that of the English, Scottish and Australian chartered bank of London with liabilities of \$40,000,000.

Following closely the failure of the Standard Bank of Australia on the 28th, with a capital of £1,000,000 and a reserve fund and undivided profits of £12,500, as well as a high reputation and numerous branches, comes the announcement that the National Bank of Australia, with 150 branches, £2,000,000 authorized capital and liabilities in the colonies alone of £7,500,000, has failed. The Standard is practically a building society; and its failure is regarded as unimportant compared with others. Australian securities were not seriously disturbed. The assets of the National are estimated at £1,000,000. This is most unexpected, as it was only on Thursday last that the bank declared its annual dividend of 10 per cent. Like the others, an extra, run on deposits is given as the cause. Deposits amounted to £9,000,000.

According to the *Scientific American*, corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fibre remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.

In one day last month 11,000,000 bushels of grain left Chicago for the lower lake ports, carried by 150 steam and sailing vessels. This is said to be the largest grain fleet that ever left Chicago at the opening of navigation.

The largest locomotive in the world was recently completed in Rhode Island for the Mexican Central Railroad. The weight on the drivers is 201,000 pounds, and 20,000 pounds on each truck. This great load, however, is greatly distributed over the ridged wheel base.

According to the *Rand-McNally Bankers' Monthly*, there are eight thousand banks in the United States, and nearly half of these are National banks, the remainder are State or private banks. National banks put up \$100,000 in United States bonds in Washington to secure \$90,000 in currency. Consequently the currency of the National banks is current at its face all over the United States, which is a distinct advantage over the old State bank notes.

The *Toronto Evening News* gives the following reasons for cheaper life insurance: The premium income of life insurance companies doing business in Canada only increased from \$2,882,000 in 1875 to \$3,544,000 in 1882. In the subsequent ten years there was an increase in this income from three and a half million to upwards of nine million dollars. The enormous advance in the latter period, as compared with the former one shows that our people are becoming rapidly educated as to the advantages offered by this system of making provision for the future. Another fact is worthy of attention both from the public and the managers of companies. The premium income last year was, above stated, over nine million dollars. The sum paid in claims was only a little above four millions. When the receipts from premiums alone—excluding the revenue from investments made of surpluses collected in years previous—is considerably over double the outgo in payment of claims it certainly does seem as if a material reduction might be made in the charge for carrying risks.

In connection with the heavy exportation of gold to Europe the very important matter of international gold and silver certificates has been revived. E. Benj Andrews, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, asks how insane it is that whenever exchange between Europe and America for instance reaches a certain figure gold in quantities more or less immense, must be carted to the wharf, placed in vessels, and at great expense for freight and insurance, carried across the ocean, only to be returned after a few months in the same expensive way! Not seldom the cost of recoinage is added to that of transportation. A million pounds sterling in gold weighs 8.93 tons, and in silver at present market value over 196 tons. This enormous and needless (especially among nations so highly civilized as Europe and North America) expense might be saved by an arrangement on the part of national treasuries or banks parallel with that between the principal banks of New York in which, in time of crisis, they utter clearing-house certificates.

No one can estimate the good which would follow the most desirable general wish that the nations of Europe and America would provide themselves with a few gold coins for use in common. This is in a business sense more important even than a common language and much more easy of accomplishment. Innumerable benefits would follow from the extra ease with which accounts, prices and statistics pertaining to any one of these countries would then be understood by the people of the other countries who had occasion to examine them. The recurrent perplexity which proceeds from the absence of such a common denominator is an acknowledged barrier in international trade, making what ought to be as plain and exact as the first problem in Euclid a sort of occult science, wherein those specially skilled profit at the cost of the ignorant. Money is the root and heart and fruit of all business, and yet, paradoxical though it seems, it is about the only factor in our daily lives upon which the simplification process characteristic of the 19th century has not operated. No two gold coins in different countries in Europe are equal in value, nor is there any equal to our dollar, yet the difference between many of them is less than 3 per cent. Not only would business men be pleased to see this relic of barbarism cast aside, but all travellers would hail a change with gladness. A measure in this direction would strengthen immensely the gold holdings of national banks, and has everything to recommend it with not one tangible objection to offer it.

London contains one-eighth of Great Britain's population, has a larger daily delivery of letters than all Scotland, a birth every four minutes and a death every six.