

HOUSEHOLD.

My Mother's Eyes.

They shine from out the dim old past
As tenderly as when the last
Sweet words were spoken. Oh, that look!
Whose rapture filled and pain forsook
Those soft, brown eyes.

The eyes that watched me when a child,
And wept when sinful ways beguiled;
The eyes reflecting Heaven's light,
Reproving wrong, rewarding right—
My mother's eyes!

When other eyes with passion shine,
And send ecstatic thrills to mine,
I see, I feel a light between
That lends to love a holier sheen—
My mother's eyes!

When sunshine bright illumines my way,
When sorrow's clouds hang dark and gray,
I feel their presence and their power—
Oh, be with me in life's last hour.
Dear, tender eyes!

—[B. H. Whitaker.]

Influence of Parental Example.

It is not what we exhort children to be, but what we ourselves are, that really influences their character. Of what use to say, "Be sincere; be truthful," if, for instance, the child to whom we speak hears us receive a visitor with a cordial, "How glad I am to see you," and see us listen to her with smiling attention, and then hears us say after our door has closed behind the departing guest, "Oh, what a bore that woman is! I'm glad that infliction is over with!" Again of what use is it to say that the gains of this transitory world are dress, and it is not what we have but what we are which is of real moment, if the childish eyes perceive that we are more disturbed by a fall in stocks, or a failure to receive an invitation to a fashionable party, than by some real fault of character, some violation of forbearance or justice in ourselves. Put on what deft disguises we may, the thing we are is apparent to the young eyes that watch us so unceasingly.

An Ideally Bad Baby.

Tom was a bad baby, from the very beginning of his usurpation. He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of devilish temper without notice, and let go scream after scream and squall after squall, then climax the thing with "holding his breath"—that frightful specialty of the teething nursing, in the throes of which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless squirmings and twistings and kickings in the effort to get its breath, while the lips turn blue and the mouth stands wide and rigid, offering for inspection one's teeth set in the lower rim of a hoop of red gums; and when the appalling stillness has endured until one is sure the lost breath will never return, a nurse comes flying, and dashes water in the child's face, and presto! the lungs fill, and instantly discharge a shriek, or a yell, or a howl which bursts the listening ear and surprises the owner of it into saying words which would not go well with a halo if he had one. The baby Tom would claw anybody who came within reach of his nails, and pound anybody he could reach with his rattle. He would scream for water until he got it, and then throw cup and all on the floor and scream for more. He was indulged in all his caprices, howsoever troublesome and exasperating they might be; he was allowed to eat anything he wanted, particularly things that would give him the stomach-ache.

When he got to be old enough to begin to toddle about and say broken words and get an idea of what his hands were for, he was a more consummate pest than ever. Roxy got no rest while he was awake. He would call for anything and everything he saw, simply saying "Awnt it!" (want it), which was a command. When it was brought, he said in a frenzy, and motioning it away with his hands, "Don't awnt it! I don't awnt it!" and the moment it was gone he set up frantic yells of "Awnt it! I awnt it!" and Roxy had to give wings to her heels to get that thing back to him again before he could get time to carry out his intention of going into convulsions about it.

What he preferred above all other things was the tongs. This was because his father had forbidden him to have them lest he break windows and furniture with them. The moment Roxy's back was turned he would toddle to the presence of the tongs and say "Like it!" and cock his eye to one side to see if Roxy was observing; then, "Awnt it!" and cock his eye again; then "Hab it!" with another furtive glance; and finally, "Take it!"—and the prize was his. The next moment the heavy implement was raised aloft; the next, there was a crash and a squall, and the cat was off on three legs to meet an engagement; Roxy would arrive just as the lamp or a window went to irretrievable smash.—[Mark Twain, in the January Century.]

Seasonable Soups.

Parsnip Soup.—Take a quart of well scraped, thinly sliced parsnips, one cup of bread crust shavings not thicker than a silver dime, from the top of a well-browned loaf of Graham bread, one head of celery, one small onion, and one pint of sliced potatoes. The parsnips used should be young and tender, so that they will cook in about the same length of time as the other vegetables. Use only sufficient water to cook them. When done, rub through a colander and add salt and sufficient rich milk, part cream if desired, to make of the proper consistency. Reheat and serve.

Savory Soup.—Take two cups of split peas which have been rubbed through a colander, one cup of mashed potato, and one half cup of strained, stewed tomato, add sufficient hot water to make of proper consistency, season with salt and add an onion sliced. Reheat the whole until well flavored with the onion. Remove the pieces with a fork or turn the whole through a soup strainer when it is ready to serve. A little cream may be added if desired.

Celery Soup.—Cook in a double boiler a cupful of cracked wheat in three pints of water for three or four hours. Rub the wheat through a colander, add a cup of rich milk, and, if needed, a little boiling water, and a small head of celery cut in finger lengths. Boil all together for fifteen or twenty minutes, until well flavored, remove the celery with a fork, add salt, and serve with or without the hard-boiled yolk of an egg in each soup plate.

Chestnut Soup.—Shell and blanch a pint

of Italian chestnuts, and cook in boiling milk until tender. Rub the nuts through a colander, add salt and sufficient milk and cream to make a soup of the proper consistency, reheat and serve.

Vermicelli Soup.—Cook a cupful of sliced vegetable oysters, a stalk or two of celery, two slices of onion, a parsnip, and half a carrot in water just sufficient to cover well. Meanwhile put a cupful of vermicelli in a quart of milk and cook in a double boiler until tender. When the vegetables are done, strain off the broth and add it to the vermicelli when cooked. Season with salt and a cup of cream. Beat two eggs light, and turn the boiling soup on the eggs, stirring briskly that they may not curdle. Reheat if not thickened, and serve.

Some Good Recipes.

Pork Cheese.—Take the heads, tongues and feet of young, fresh pork, or any other pieces that are convenient. Having removed the skin, boil them till all the meat is quite tender and can be easily stripped from the bones. Then chop it fine and season it with salt and pepper to your taste. Add a few sage leaves rubbed to a powder. Mix the whole well together with your hands. Put it into deep pans with straight sides (the shape of a cheese), press it down hard and closely with a plate that will fit the pan, putting the under side of the plate next to the meat, and placing a heavy weight on it. In two or three days it will be fit for use and you may turn it out of the pan. Send it to the table cut in slices, and eat mustard and vinegar with it. It is generally eaten at supper or breakfast.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Break the cocoanut and save the milk; peel off all the brown part and then grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the same weight of the cocoanut of powdered white sugar and 1/2 pound of fresh butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add to it 5 eggs, well beaten, 1 cupful of sweet cream, or rich sweet milk, the milk of the cocoanut, and then stir in the grated cocoanut. Stir all well together. Line a deep pudding dish with rich paste, put in the pudding, and bake it an hour and a quarter. To be eaten either hot or cold without sauce.

Tongue Toast.—Take a cold, smoked tongue that has been boiled and mince it very fine, mix it with four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream and one well-beaten egg; put it over the fire and let it simmer fifteen minutes; then prepare some pieces of bread by cutting the crust from them and toasting them a light brown; butter slightly on each side and moisten with a very little sweet milk after placing them on a platter that has been warmed; spread the tongue mixture on thickly while hot and place a slice of hard-boiled egg on each and serve at once.

Apple Charlotte.—Cut as many very thin slices of white bread not very stale, as will cover the bottom and sides of a baking dish, but first rub the dish with butter; pare some fine, juicy apples and cut them in thin slices; put them into the dish in layers until nearly full, strewing white sugar and bits of butter between the layers; soak as many thin slices of bread as will cover the top of the dish, in warm, sweet milk, over which lay a plate and a weight to keep the bread close on the apples. Bake slowly for two hours.

Jam Cake.—Three eggs, 1 1/2 cups of sugar, 1/2 cup of butter, 4 tablespoonfuls of sour milk, scant teaspoonfuls of soda, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 of cloves, cup of blackberry jam. Beat the yolks and whites separately and add whites lastly; add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Mix thoroughly and bake in jelly pans. The above makes three cakes. Filling for the above is made by taking 2 cups of sugar, 1/2 cup of sweet cream, butter size of an egg; flavor with vanilla; cook ten minutes, remove from the stove and beat until white and creamy, then spread between the layers and on top. The above makes a very rich and palatable cake.

Drop Dumplings.—One and one-half pints of buttermilk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 2 eggs 1 teaspoonful of salt, add flour enough to make a stiff batter, boil twelve minutes. Very nice to serve with soup, or to accompany a beef stew.

Layer Cake Batter.—Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup of sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sift baking powder. Bake in four layers. Can be used for all layer cakes.

Mince Pie.—Prepare the meat in the ordinary way, except use pieplant instead of apples. Those who have canned pieplant will have a supply of mince pies notwithstanding the scarcity of apples.

Leprosy in the United States.

Dr. Wyman, surgeon-general of the Marine Hospital service, has said that there are indications that leprosy is spreading in the United States. He has noted the existence of a number of cases in various cities and country districts, and also the unwillingness of the local authorities to properly deal with such cases, often because the lepers, if their existence were generally known, would become a terror and a burden to the community. He has recommended that a national leprosy hospital be established, to which lepers could be sent from all parts of the union, and where they would be properly cared for, and thereby the safety of the whole people would be guarded.

Dr. Wyman said, in a recent report, that the facts in his possession concerning the dread disease compelled him to the opinion that decisive steps should immediately be taken to prevent, not alone its introduction from the countries to the south, but its spread from cases now here, and he did not think it the part of wisdom to await for any larger development of the disease to demonstrate the necessity for its suppression. Perhaps a prospect of being entirely rid of their lepers by their removal to a national hospital might interest the people of Louisiana in Dr. Wyman's scheme. At any rate, in view of the experience of other and neighboring countries, it would seem that the segregation of sufferers from leprosy should be made a matter of grave and reasonable public concern.—[New York Sun.]

Sir Arthur Sullivan, of "Pinafore" fame, is coming out as a racing man. His name figures among the list of subscribers to the Two Thousand Guineas of 1895. Sir Arthur has entered a colt called Skoptsi, which he bought at the late Lord Calthorpe's sale.

UNJUSTLY HANGED

For Murder of His Daughter.

He Would Not Let Her Marry the Man she Loved and She Took Terrible Revenge.

William Shaw was an upholsterer, living in Edinburgh, in the year 1721. He had but one daughter, who kept house for him. She, who was a woman of determined will and strong passions, encouraged the attachment of a man named John Lawson, a jeweller. William Shaw considered Lawson to be a dissipated and profligate young man, and, on that very sufficient ground, forbade him to come to his house in pursuit of his daughter. In defiance of this command of her father, Catherine and Lawson continued to meet in a clandestine manner, and her father, discovering this conduct, kept her strictly confined. William Shaw had found a man whom he wished Catherine to marry, named Alexander Robertson, the son of a friend and neighbor. He strongly urged the suit of this young man, but Catherine as firmly and energetically refused to have anything to do with him, declaring she preferred death to being Robertson's wife. The father became enraged at the determined defiance of his daughter, and the most passionate expressions were made use of on both sides; among them such words as barbarity, cruelty, and death fell from the girl's lips. After this had continued for some time William left the room, locking the door after him. The greater part of the dwelling-houses at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of chambers in our Inns of Court, many persons living off one floor, and

ALL USING ONE STAIRCASE.

William Shaw dwelt in rooms of the kind, and a single partition only divided his apartment from another tenanted by James Morrison, a maker of watch cases. Morrison had heard parts of the excited quarrel between William Shaw and his daughter, and was very much struck by the girl's utterance of the words already mentioned, which had been enunciated with distinction and emphasis. A silence, which continued for some time, followed the departure of the father; but that was succeeded by several groans, which, following the cruel and bitter words, attracted the attention of Morrison. He became so alarmed that he ran to some of the occupants of the house and told them what had passed. Some of them followed Morrison to his room and listened attentively, and not only heard groans, but the following words, faintly spoken by Catherine Shaw, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death." Seriously alarmed, they rushed to the door of Shaw's apartments and knocked loudly, but no answer was given; all was dead silence. Their suspicions were now confirmed; a constable was found, and

THE DOOR FORCED OPEN.

Catherine was found with her throat cut, and with the knife used by her side. She was alive, but speechless. On being questioned as to whether her death was the work of her father, she was just able to make a doubtful motion of the head, which was considered to be in the affirmative, and then expired. At this terrible moment the poor father returns, and is confronted by the horrible spectacle of his dead daughter covered with blood. All watch him keenly, and his disorder and excitement were naturally extreme. He turns pale, trembles in every limb, and nearly falls senseless on the floor. The already prejudiced spectators, seeing this agitation and remembering the significant words uttered by the dead girl, have no hesitation in believing that William Shaw has cruelly murdered his daughter. This impression is deepened by the discovery that the suspected man's shirt is bloody. William Shaw was hurried before a magistrate, and upon the evidence given was committed to prison on suspicion of the murder of his daughter Catherine. He was shortly after brought to trial, when he admitted, without difficulty, that he had placed his daughter under lock and key to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had on many occasions insisted on her marrying Robertson, and that he

HAD QUARRELLED WITH HER

on the subject the evening she was found murdered, in accordance with the evidence of the witness Morrison, but, in defence, he added that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched and the cause of blood being found on his shirt was that he had bled himself some days before and the bandage had come untied. These simple, true assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury as against the terrible array of circumstantial evidence brought with all possible legal art against him. The daughter's expressions of barbarity, cruelty, death; the apparently affirmative motion of the head in reply to the question put to her just before her death; and, in addition, the words, "Cruel father thou art the cause of my death"; and, as a climax of proof, the blood found on William Shaw's shirt cut away all chance of escape from under the doomed man's feet. The poor heart-broken father was found guilty, and amid the delight of a large crowd of indignant spectators, was hanged in chains at Leith Walk in November 1712. Was there a man or woman in Edinburgh who believed that William Shaw was innocent? We fear not one, notwithstanding his last words on the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But fortunately, his memory was not to be forever branded with the foul stain of a dastardly murder! In August 1722, as a man who had succeeded William Shaw as a tenant of the apartments formerly occupied by that unfortunate victim of circumstantial evidence was searching for something in the room where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally noticed

A PAPER FALLEN INTO A CAVITY

on one side of the chimney. It was folded like a letter, and on being opened, was found to contain the following:

"Barbarous Father.—Your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to my existence which is become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for surely no benevolent being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge. When you

read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW."

The letter was, of course, immediately made public, and the handwriting recognised as that of the girl whose suicide had led, as she appeared to hope, to conviction and execution of her unhappy father for murder. The letter naturally aroused a strong universal feeling of sympathy for William Shaw. The magistracy of Edinburgh, after careful examination, being convinced of the genuine character of the letter, ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet and given to his family for interment; and, as some reparation to his memory and the good name the family had always borne, they caused a pair of colors to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence.

SNOWBALLING A MOOSE.

An Odd Hour's Sport in the Snow-wed Forest of New Brunswick.

A party of Government surveyors in the province of New Brunswick had a curious hour's fun last week at the expense of a bull moose. They were on their way into the northeastern forest for the winter's work upon the crown lands. A deep snow has just fallen and the men were plodding along on snowshoes in single file. The line of surveyors, chainmen, axemen, and carriers stretched out over a distance of an eighth of a mile in the treeless gully through which their course lay. Suddenly those in the lead discovered the fresh tracks of a moose heading in the same direction as the party. They showed that the animal was having a hard time of it, floundering belly deep in the soft snow, and was evidently

FLEEING IN ALARM

at the noise of the advancing column. Several times the tracks deviated from the path of the party disappearing in the thick underbrush of the wooded hills at either side. But they always returned to the less obstructed ground in the gully.

Word was passed back along the line that there was a moose ahead, and the pace was quickened. There was no particular object in overtaking the moose, as every man in the party had as heavy a load strapped to his back as he cared to carry, and fresh meat was plenty. Besides, the chief engineer was noted throughout the province as a stickler for the Game laws. But the moose was going their way, and there was a dash of excitement of the chase in the effort to get a glimpse of him.

They kept up the rapid pace for over an hour, every minute showing that the moose was struggling on with increasing difficulty. At intervals the trail indicated that he had fallen from exhaustion, and had lain for a moment to rest in the snow. These snow casts of his big body became more frequent, and it became evident at last that their quarry was almost spent, and that unless he sought shelter in the hills they must soon overtake him.

A MOMENT LATER

A shout from the head of the column told that the moose was in sight. The stragglers came up quickly, and there about five rods to one side of the snowshoe trail, was the moose, a splendid bull three or four years old. He was embedded in the snow almost up to the back, and was puffing like a steam engine; completely exhausted.

Now that they had overtaken the moose, the men, under the watchful eye of the chief, looked rather sheepish until one of them, idly picking up a piece of snow, tossed it at the animal. Then every one seemed taken with the novelty of snowballing a moose, and a perfect fusillade of missiles was directed at the terrified beast. He was too tired to make further attempt to escape, but rolling his great eyes, he stretched out his head on the snow, the searing breath from his nostrils blowing the flakes aside in small clouds. The white balls flew in showers about his broad-branched horns and whistled past his ears, but the only sign of the terror he felt at the unusual attack was the rapid, spasmodic twitching of his short tail, a movement that was strangely discordant with the dignity of the monarch of the Acadian forests.

After a five minutes' fusillade the men tired of the fun and resumed their weary tramp, leaving the moose to recover from his exhaustion and fright, and to wonder what manner of creatures they were who, after chasing him for miles, had contented themselves with pelting him with harmless balls of snow.

Can See His Heart Beat.

The Louisville Courier Journal says:—Three hundred students at the Louisville Medical College viewed a remarkable sight a day or two ago—a man with a hole in his left side big enough to put a rabbit into—a hole through which two-thirds of the sac containing the heart could be seen, making the pulsations of the heart plainly visible. This is all the more remarkable because the man is in good health and seems to be but little inconvenienced by the absence of all protection to his heart except his ribs.

His name is E. W. Highhouse, and his home is in Pittsburg, Pa. In 1889 he had an attack of pleurisy, and so much pus gathered about his heart and left lung that a surgical operation was necessary to save his life. The operation was performed by Dr. Roswell Parke, in Buffalo, N. Y. The operation consisted in removing sections of five front ribs, beginning at the first rib, from which a two-inch section was removed, and ending with the fifth rib, from which a six-inch piece was taken. This left a hole in the left side in the shape of a pyramid and through this the diseased matter was withdrawn. The operation is frequently performed, but this case is unusual because of the after development. It is usual—being in fact the aim of the operation—for the skin to sink in and heal over, forming a new covering for the heart and lung. In this case, however, the side did not sink in, and while the edges of the opening healed perfectly the orifice remained.

For the last three years Highhouse has turned his peculiar case to pecuniary account by exhibiting himself in medical colleges throughout the United States. He recently arrived in Louisville and asked Dr. Cartledge to lecture upon him before the students of the Louisville Medical College. Dr. Cartledge did this and the students made up a purse of \$25 for Highhouse. The man's health is good, and the only real inconvenience he suffers is a shortness of breath, owing to the partial shriveling up of his left lung. He is forty-two years of age.

FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

Old World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, who has received the vacant Garter, was born in 1851.

The Empress of Russia is one of the smallest women in Europe, but she holds the biggest position on the Continent.

Sir Edgar Vincent has purchased for £29,000 the historic Esher Place estate in Surrey, which has been in the market for some time.

The British Government has decided to expend a large sum of money on strengthening the defence of Portland on the English Channel.

The Duchy of Hesse has been severely visited by influenza, over 20 per cent of the population being afflicted and most of the schools are closed.

The amphibious Captain Boyton has asked the Paris authorities for leave to utilize the ornamental waters in the Tuilleries gardens for a nautical school.

In the 23 years of its existence the French republic has used up exactly 30 calumets. Under M. Carnot's presidency no less than eight ministries have collapsed.

The Royal Commission reports that in Scotland, as elsewhere, the supply of agricultural laborers is much less than twenty years ago. They have gone to town.

Paris is trying a wood pavement made of mahogany. Mahogany is much cheaper than it used to be, but still dearer than the woods generally used for this purpose.

The New Zealand women, who have just voted for the first time, are said to have given their support to candidates professing Christianity and advocating temperance.

King's College Hospital made an appeal for a special five years' maintenance fund of £50,000, and the Goldsmiths and other wealthy London guilds are responding liberally.

That luxurious monarch, the Shah of Persia, whose habits were not considered too elegant when he last visited England, is expected to renew acquaintance with Britain next summer.

"Museum Sunday" in England has become popular, and the pulpits have been advocating it. Lightly museums, galleries and libraries were opened to the public on Sundays during the last year.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse, is seventy-three years old. She takes her baptismal name from the Italian city in which she was born. For fully twenty years she has lived a life of seclusion.

An interesting historical relic in the shape of a Japanese junk 250 years old has been presented to the mayor and corporation of Deal, and placed amongst their interesting collection in the town hall.

The Church Times says that "Mr. Gladstone cannot face the country without pandering to the Welsh members and his further lease of power, if granted, will see the end of the present position of the Church in Wales."

The bark Trafalgar arrived at Melbourne, Australia, last week, forty-eight days out from Batavia. She was navigated to port by a boy eighteen years old, having lost her captain, two officers and three seamen by fever.

The Prussian Minister of the Interior, Count zu Eulenburg, has sent a secret circular to the Presidents of districts, warning them of the spread of socialism and asking them to take all possible means to check it.

In the last twenty years titles of nobility have almost disappeared in the French Chamber of deputies, there being but sixty-five remaining instead of 222 in 1871. Then there were thirty Marquises, instead of three, as at present.

The Earl of Derby, ex-Governor-General of Canada, visited Windsor castle on Wednesday week and had a special audience of Her Majesty in order to deliver up the insignia of the Order of the Garter, rendered vacant by the death of the late Earl of Derby.

The great production of Constantinople at Olympia in London is of surprising magnitude. There are to be two thousand performers, while the scenic effects are beautiful beyond description, and all of which can be witnessed for a shilling.

Ald. W. H. Horton, of Hythe, Eng., was fined £50 for refusing to act as Mayor, to which office he was elected the other day. The ex-Mayor was strongly urged to serve again, and in response said that to save the town from the deplorable condition it was in he would do so.

Ten minutes after Duffy had married Miss Kelly in Liverpool he began objections to her treatment of one of the "male guests." Before night was over Mrs. Duffy had fled to a neighbour's house with both eyes black and her nose bleeding, and although a temporary reconciliation was effected, the next morning she vanished for good and all.

The Yorkshire Post, having announced the death of Mr. John Sedgwick, had to correct the announcement, the gentleman being still alive. By way of putting the matter right, the correction concluded thus: "The paragraph reached us from a usually trustworthy correspondent, and we regret that he appears to have been misinformed."

France now has "Siamese Twins" of her own. According to a despatch from Limoges, a young woman of that place has just presented her little lord with a brace of boys who are united by a strong ligature, but are healthy and strong, and give evidences of being able to pull through into life, and presumably into the dime museum business.

The death is announced of Mr. Courtney, one of the earliest surviving servants of the East India Company, and familiarly known as the "Old John Company." He, on one occasion, a year or two before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, held the Government Treasury at Malwan with a hallder and twelve sepoy against a night attack of 200 insurgents.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, secretary to the Queen, disposes of the decision that Her Majesty invariably makes a present of three guineas to the parents of triplets. The Queen's bounty is dispensed under certain conditions only. The three children must all survive and there must be proof that the parents, though respectable, are too poor to meet the unforeseen demands made upon them by the appearance of the trio.