

About the House.

A LULLABY.

Sleep sweet, birdikin,
In the nest, mother's breast,
Silk-soft for birdikin,
With wind in the east.
Hush, Oh, birdikin,
Sleep away another day,
Much too cold for birdikin
Is east-wind day.

Sleep soft, leafikin,
Softly curl not unfurl,
Silk sheath for leafikin
Of pink and pearl,
Hush, Oh, leafikin
Nor unclose, baby rose,
Much too harsh for leafikin,
East wind blows.

Creep close, lambikin;
Nestle, hide by mother's side
Till upspring, for lambikin,
Daisies pied.
Hush, Oh, lambikin,
Safe in fold from the cold
Till south wind for lambikin
Her wings unfold.

Hush, Oh, babykin,
Mother's joy, father's boy,
Pearl of price is babykin
And winds are keen.
Dream, sweet babykin,
Golden head in rosy bed,
Over sleepy babykin,
Angels, lean!

A DIET CURE.

It is a deplorable fact that many children of the present day suffer as much as do their elders from stomach troubles. A weak stomach and indigestion are by no means confined to grown persons.

Sometimes the symptoms are such as to make it easy to locate the trouble, as in the case of sick headaches, nausea and the like, but often the symptoms are of such a nature as to leave a mother quite in doubt as to their origin. Sometimes there are severe pains in the back and limbs, weakness and pain in the eyes, and general listlessness and debility, all arising from this fruitful source of trouble.

In such cases, whether of occasional local distress, or of more chronic and serious disorder, a strict diet will work greater wonders than medicine. It is only reasonable to suppose that the stomach when out of order needs rest, just as we when sick or over-worked, need rest.

A child of our acquaintance, who had occasional and slight disorders of the stomach, became, one winter, utterly listless and lifeless. She complained of pain in the back and limbs, her eyes were not as strong as they had been, then she began having intense pains in her head. The family physician was consulted again and different medicines were given, all without effect. The parents became worried and then alarmed.

At last a friend said to the mother that she believed the trouble all arose from the child's stomach, and advised a strict diet.

It was tried as a last resort, and the child soon began to improve. She kept on improving, and at the end of six weeks was well. She has had less trouble with her stomach since that time than ever before, and has been strong and hearty.

Her diet for the first two or three weeks was nothing but broths and fresh milk. There are some stomachs that milk does not agree with, but not many. During that time she took no solid food of any kind.

After the third week crackers and bread, not fresh bread, were crumbled into the broths and milk, and from that time on a greater variety of foods was gradually, very gradually, permitted. These were all of a nature to be easily digested, and not until the end of the six weeks was the ordinary diet fully returned to.

Of course it was hard for the child, for she did not like broths, and for the mother too. It takes time to make broths, and when they are the sole diet, there must be variety. So she made mutton, veal, beef, oyster and chicken in turn, seasoned them well with salt and pepper, but no butter, and tried to make the time of self-denial as easy for the child as she could.

Of course in a less severe case than this it would not be necessary to continue the treatment for so long a time, but a day at a time, three or four days, or a week, as the case may be, will accomplish wonders, and certainly as experimenting with medicines.

CELERY.

Stewed Celery.—Cut the celery into inch pieces, cover with boiling water, and cook in a covered stewpan until tender. It should simmer slowly until done. When cooked, add a pint of rich milk or cream, season to taste, and when boiling, thicken with a tablespoon of flour, rubbed smooth in a little milk. Boil up once, stirring constantly, and serve.

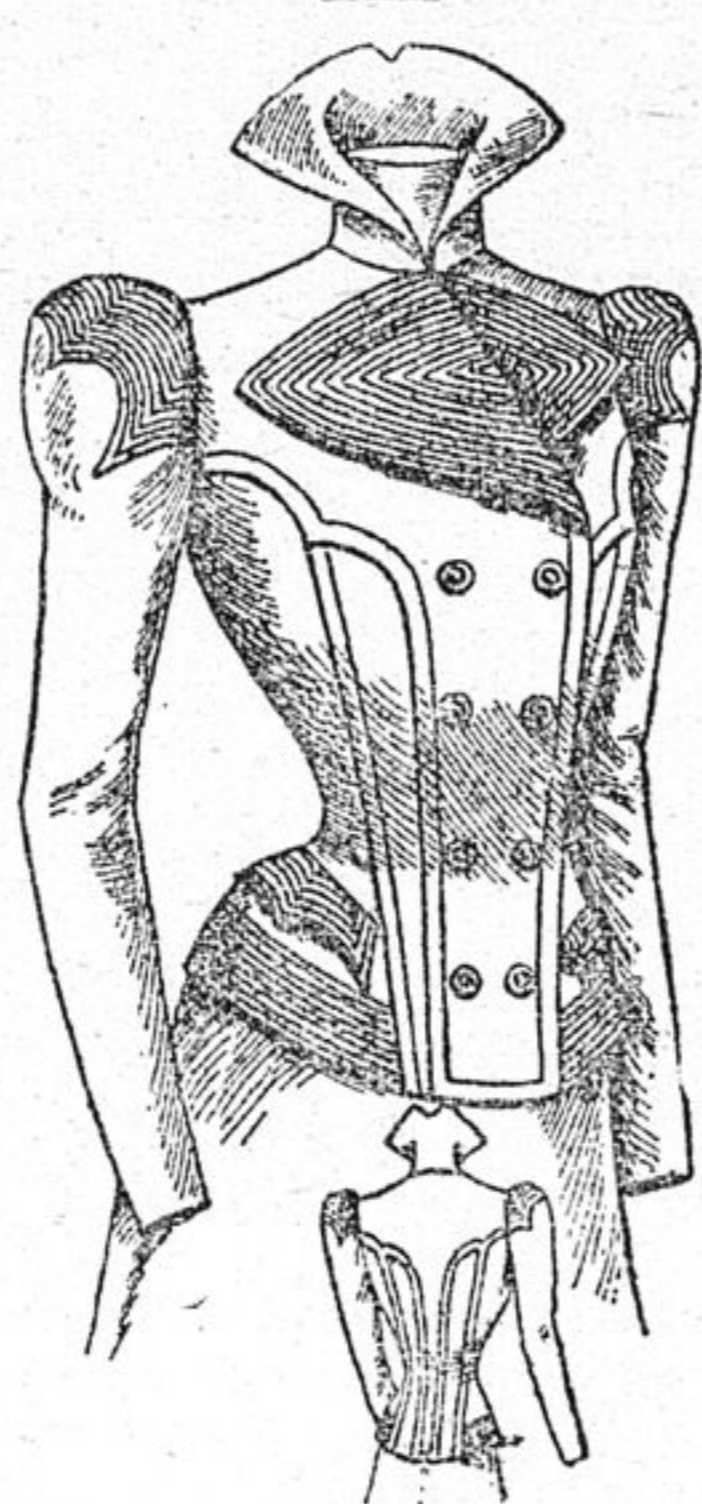
Stewed Celery No. 2.—Cook the celery as directed above and drain. Heat one and a half cups milk to boiling in a stewpan, then stir into it the beaten yolks of two eggs and half cup cream. Cook until it thickens, pour it over the celery and serve. A little nutmeg is nice to add to the seasoning.

Celery Fritters.—Mix one cupful finely chopped celery, with one cup batter. Drop the mixture, a tablespoon at a time, in boiling fat; when well brown-

ed drain, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and serve at once.

Celery with Tomato Sauce.—Cut the celery into inch pieces and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain in a colander. For three cups stewed celery make a sauce with a pint of stewed or canned tomatoes, heated to boiling and thickened with a tablespoon of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Add half cup hot cream or milk, season to taste, pour over the celery and serve.

Celery Vinegar.—Cut a bunch of celery very fine, and pour over it one quart, hot, seasoned vinegar. Cover and let it stand two weeks. This is very nice with oyster stew or with cold meats.



Jacket of bicuit cloth, double-breasted, trimmed with bias folds. Numerous rows of stitching ornament the bottom, pockets, sleeves and revers. Storm collar with turn-over corner. Material required, cloth, 59 inches wide, 2 yards. Cut in 31, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Interesting Items About Some of the Prominent People of the World.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the "Gatling gun," which is estimated to have killed a quarter of a million men, is alive and well at the age of eighty-one. He is hard at work in Chicago arranging for the manufacture of one of his latest inventions, an automobile plough, which, he says, will do the work of eight men and a dozen horses.

Lieutenant-General French is the fourteenth officer now on the active list of the Army who has been promoted from the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field. The others are Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir William Lockhart, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir George White, Sir Francis Grenfell, Lord Kitchener, Sir Archibald Hunter, Sir Leslie Rundle, Sir Binden Blood, the Hon. N. G. Lytton and Sir Herbert Chermiside.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker, the well-known temperance advocate, who recently died, was born two years before Waterloo, and had a terribly hard time in his boyhood. Before he was seven, he was obliged to get up at five winter and summer, to go to a cotton mill near his home, and he did not return from work until eight o'clock at night. For this he received half a crown a week, and lived with his family "in a cellar six feet below the level of the street, where the sun never shone and the birds never sang."

A good story of the Duke of Devonshire is going the round of society at this very moment. Some inquisitive and indiscreet friend calmly asked the Lord President of the Council what had been done at the Cabinet Council that day. The Duke kept both his countenance and his temper and replied, "Well the truth is, Lord Salisbury is getting old and so am I, and as he speaks in rather a low tone of voice, and as I am rather hard of hearing, I can't tell you, my dear fellow, anything about it!"

Lord Roberts is a striking instance of what an active life in the open air will do for a man. As a youth he was extremely delicate, and had to take far more than his share of gruel and physic. Yet to-day, after "forty-one years in India," he is as hale as possible, and has few equals in the Army at lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, and other kindred sports. Someone pointed out the other day that if present Army measurements had been enforced in his early days, Lord Roberts, who is a very small man, would have been debarred from entering the Army.

It is not often that a woman is able to array herself in any fabric which 300 years ago was the property of a Queen of England. The Countess of Pembroke had, however, this proud privilege at a recent Drawing Room, when her magnificent white and silver gown, and light-peach velvet train were trimmed with old point de France which had once belonged to and had been worn by Queen Elizabeth. It was in admirable preservation, and consisted of deep flounces, partly of floral design, and also displaying a terrace walk, with birds on pedestals—quaint and curious.

A PAIR OF BULLIES.

AND HOW THEY WERE WELL SETTLED BY A TENDERFOOT.

The Blue Eyed Dude Took Their In-sults Until They Went Just One Step Too Far, and Then Came the Tragical Climax and Retribution.

"The bad men down my way haven't been fooling with tenderfeet much of late years," said George Craig, an Arizona man. "Tenderfeet have a way of coming to life once in awhile, and the wolf eaters have found this out. I remember the case of a tenderfoot who arrived at himself in Phenix back in 1887. He was a towhead, with white eyebrows, a peachy skin and a slight lisp, but he made good. He had struck Arizona straight from a mining school somewhere back east. He hadn't made the 'mining engineer' proposition stick, and within a month after he landed in Arizona he found himself broke in Phenix. So he got a \$5 a day job pounding the piano in the back room of Joe Hardesty's Palais saloon. He was a pretty fair piano sharp and earned his wages. His name was Algernon Montclair, and he looked the name, with his girly skin, big blue eyes and mild, inquiring expression. The boys got to guying him a good deal, calling him 'mamma's angel child' and that sort of thing, and they tried pretty hard to get a rise out of the key puncher, but he stood for the whole thing and never stopped playing when they were guying him the hardest. Joe Hardesty called the gang down once in awhile for ridiculing the piano player, but when Joe wasn't around they poured it into the tenderfoot pretty hard. His two chief tormentors were Buck Freeman, a genuinely bad man, and Chop Suey Pollock, a bad proposition from San Francisco. Both were killers with records. They had both been warned to cease their picking on the tenderfoot piano player by Joe Hardesty, who was pretty quick with a gun himself, but one Sunday the pair, who were thick friends for some reason or other, went down to the Palais. They knew that Hardesty was out of town, and they wanted to have some fun with the piano whacker. The tenderfoot was thrumming away, when Freeman and Pollock lurched into the back room of the saloon.

"Hey, sis!" said Freeman to the tenderfoot as soon as he got into the room. "You thump that thing purty well, don't you? But there's one thing I never seen you do, an that's play the piano an waltz at one an the same time. Never teach you to do that, did they? You ever seen him do it, Chop?" he asked his pal, turning to Pollock.

"Not any," said Pollock, "but it sounds as if it ought to work pretty good."

"I don't know how it 'ud work," said Freeman, "because I never seen it did, but I got a powerful hankerin to see it. Sis, s'pose you heave us one of them doublin up stunts I'm a-talkin about. I've hearn you do the key punchin end of it; now I want some ballay with it. Go ahead!"

"I don't danth," replied the tenderfoot. "Oh, yeth, you do!" chimed in Pollock, imitating the tenderfoot's lisp. "You can danth all right. You got to danth."

"I thay, you fellowth," began the piano playing tenderfoot, "I'm not feeling well tonight, and thith it's no time to—"

"Danth!" shouted both Freeman and Pollock together, suddenly pulling their guns, and both of the bullies planted balls within an inch of the tenderfoot's heels, the bullets boring through the soft pine floor.

Algernon Montclair struck up 'On the Beautiful Blue' on the piano, at the same time shuffling his feet about clumsily in time with the music. His gyrations tickled the two devils behind him to the limit. They roared out directions, and when the tenderfoot's movements seemed to slacken from weariness they put another pair of bullets through the floor close to his feet, and he went on with renewed energy. There were a number of men in the front part of the saloon who didn't like the thing a little bit, but they kept out of it from motives of prudence. The tenderfoot played the waltz through and danced to it twice before his tormentors grew weary of the fun and let up on him by walking up to the piano and bringing their paws down on the keys together. They had put away their guns.

"That'll do you, sis," said Freeman. "I knowed you could danth, an you've proved it. You danth like you were born to it. Your mother must have been a ballay danther, or else!"

Freeman was walking toward the front room with Pollock as he said this.

"I thay, you," called Tenderfoot Algernon Montclair after him in a quiet tone of voice, and Freeman turned around to see what the key puncher wanted. As he did so he saw the tenderfoot standing with his back to the piano and a gun in each hand. There were two almost simultaneous reports, and both of Buck Freeman's arms were broken close to the shoulders. Chop Suey was quick on the trigger, and he had his two guns out before the tenderfoot's pair belched forth a couple more flashes, then Pollock's twin guns fell to the floor like so much junk. Both of his arms were broken too.

"You dirty dogth," said the tenderfoot to the two helpless bullies as they stood and looked at him savagely with their shattered arms at their sides, and then he walked over to them and spat in their faces one after the other. Freeman gave a sudden reach out with his right boot as if to trip the tenderfoot, his idea probably being to get the piano player down and stamp the life out of him, but the tenderfoot, whose mild blue eyes were now blazing, was too quick. He hopped back out of reach like a boxer, and with his right hand gun he bored a hole fair and plump through Buck Freeman's forehead. Pollock begged for his life like a cur, and the tenderfoot, after looking him over doubtfully for a full minute, gave it to him. The piano player surrendered himself to the night marshal and was looked up over night in the calaboose. A coroner's jury was got together at 10 o'clock the next morning, and inside of exactly eight minutes the verdict was reached that "Buck Freeman had met a justifiable death at the hands of a tenderfoot, who is hereby acquitted. The jury having been dissolved, the members of it repaired to a room and formulated resolutions of thanks

to the tenderfoot for having wiped two hard citizens out of the town's population. When Joe Hardesty came back the next day and heard how his piano thumper had lined up to meet an occasion, he gave Algernon Montclair \$300 and a ticket up to the Colorado mining country, where the tenderfoot wanted to go.

"Tenderfeet haven't been toyed with much down here in Phenix since that thing happened."

The only artisan buried in Westminster Abbey is George Graham, the instrument maker, who invented an improved clock-work in the year 1700.

POETRY WHICH BURNED.

The Successful Scheme of a Rhymester to Make Money.

A very wealthy, sedate and enterprising manufacturer in Pennsylvania has a brother who is trifling, dissipated and of course a spendthrift. But the fellow now and then displays remarkable ingenuity in "making a raise." All his life he has indulged, among other bad habits, that of writing execrable verse, much of which, however, he has managed to get printed.

Lately he conceived the monstrous idea of having all his stuff printed in a book and with the aid of an unscrupulous printer succeeded in bringing out the "work" in quite handsome shape. But in the most affectionate terms he "dedicated" the book to his wealthy brother, who regards his near and dissolute kinsman's "poetry" as really the most reprehensible thing that the incorrigible fellow does.

But the rhymester and his "black art" accomplice knew their business. They printed a large edition of the book and sent a copy to the wealthy man, who immediately purchased the entire edition and the plates and made "words that burn" of the "poems" by means of a bonfire. He also sent to his cruel brother and induced him to accept a salary to do nothing but throttle his verse fiend.

The wicked printer obtained capital enough to go to Chicago and carry on a reputable printing establishment, and the bad brother is earning more money by keeping his verse fiend silent than better poets do by keeping their muses constantly at work.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Hawaiian Temple of Refuge.

Kawaihae's one remaining point of interest is the ruins, back on the hill, of a temple of refuge built by Kamehameha the Great. It is the very last of the heiaus, where in the old days, during strife, the peaceful sought and obtained immunity from harm—for into these temples a man might not pursue an enemy. This ruin indicates a very substantial structure, in parallel form, about 220 feet long by 100 wide. Entrance is gained through a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior is laid off in terraces and paved with smooth, flat stones. The wall up hill is 8 feet high, and on the down hill side 20 feet high, and both are 12 feet thick at base.—Caspar Whitney in Harper's Weekly.

See How Long You Will Live.

There is a very simple rule for finding the average number of years which persons of any age may expect to live. If the present age be deducted from 80, two-thirds of the remainder is the answer required. This result is not absolutely accurate, but it is near enough. For instance, a man aged 20 might by this rule expect to live 40 years longer, which is just what the latest actuarial tables give. At 40 the expectation of life works out at nearly 27 years, while the tables give it as more than 25 years. At 60 the above rule allows just over 13 years, and the table shows a little less.

Forests of the North.

The forest area of all the British possessions in America is estimated at about 800,000,000 acres. The settler has cut his way into the fringe of the vast woodland, but his depredations are nothing as compared with the terrific scourge of fire which has rampaged through it at different times.

Did you ever notice how the man who is too lazy to knock the ashes from his cigar will have to spend several moments later in brushing them off his clothes?—Cambridge Press.

We apprehend that black cats, take them rough and running, have brought more fleas than good luck.—Detroit Journal.

Be Natural.

One of the surest ways to be awkward "in company" is to try to act differently from one's accustomed manner. If one's everyday manner is not good enough for company, then it should be changed, but the most delightful company manner is the natural manner when it is natural to be charming. One of the charms of an agreeable manner is to seem to be unaffected. Another is to listen appreciatively when others speak.—The Gentlewoman.

The clock at the houses of parliament is the largest in the world. The dials are 32 feet in diameter. The pendulum is 15 feet long. The hour bell is 8 feet high and 9 feet in diameter and weighs nearly 10 tons. The hammer alone weighs more than 400 pounds.

THE BOERS' PHYSIQUE.

Not Elegant or Scientifically Developed—"Get There" Sturdiness.

The Countess de Bromont contributes an article on physical culture among the Boers. The Boer, she says, is a sturdy son of the soil. He is brave and he is athletic, but he cares not a jot for physical culture in the accepted sense; still, he is an interesting study of physical culture "au naturel." Of the scientific side of it he is supremely ignorant. The Boer is an adept at climbing. He is a skilled rough rider, a marvelous shot, and capable of astonishing feats in the way of lifting heavy weights. He can ford a heavy stream of rushing water with an ease born of constant practice and endurance. In a word, the Boer is a formidable opponent where the chances are in favor of pure grit and natural athletic ability; but where the science of physical culture is demanded he would fail utterly. Fresh air is an important essential to the perfection of physical culture; of this the Boer has a sufficiency. As a set-off to this, he inhabits close, stuffy dwellings, where windows are at a premium, and the door opening on the family stoop is the principal source of ventilation. At night he sleeps with every opening securely closed. Then, again, he is an inveterate smoker, an inordinate eater, and deeply, hopelessly lazy. He takes no exercise but what is absolutely necessary; the consequence follows that he is rarely an example of perfect physical condition, being

EITHER TOO FAT OR TOO LEAN.

The Boer, however, has one great point in his favor—he is strictly temperate in the matter of drink, taking little or no stimulants, drinking mainly strong, pure coffee. Drunkenness is therefore the exception, not the rule, among the Boers.

"Not long ago I had an interesting chat," continues the writer "on the subject of physical culture among the Boers with one who has known the Boer under many aspects. 'The Boers as a people,' he said, 'are totally ignorant of the law of physical culture; in fact, they ignore it. They pride themselves on their riding and climbing. In this way they acquire a prodigious amount of physical and muscular training. This being of a spasmodic sort, results in no very great perfection. They are certainly very fine fellows, and often of great stature. They have enormous hands and feet; the climbing of kopjes is certainly good for the development of the limbs. Their free-and-easy way of carrying a gun develops a certain rude skill in the way of shooting. I remember one old Boer who could not shoot straight at a target to save his life, but put him on a horse and let him have a race after game, he would bring down his deer at every shot. Of course, his erratic style of marksmanship came more from long practice than through any special skill. Their riding is likewise devoid of any science. The Boer is personally the laziest and most lacking in muscular energy of all the different sorts and conditions of men it has been my lot to meet. He'll not work, even for money. He lets the natives do the working, and, barring that, imposes it upon his "Womenfolk." An acquaintance with the science of physical culture would certainly make the Boer more humane and teach him the true value of muscular power. As it is now, the Boer understands only the power of brute force."

LONG STEMMED FLOWERS.

The Iris is nothing unless the cut stems are long; then it is incomparable.

Dahlias bear the buds bending gracefully on curving stems, the full-blown flowers and rich dark green leaves all on one long stem.

Lilies, Roses and Carnations are also long-stemmed flowers that have substance enough to fill a vase, each one alone. Clear crystal vases, tall and simple in design, filled with clear water, each with a queenly Rose, a stalk of stately Lilies or a limited number of spicy Carnations form a very pretty flower combination which, to the lover of the romantic, will lead the mind to the sentiment of the people of Eastern countries who make water their emblem of purity.

When the long-stemmed Rose has shattered, pull the sweet petals apart and set them afloat in a shallow basin of water. It is beautiful to see the conservation of perfect beauty there will be, in petals that on the calyx seemed faded and dull. Nearly all Rose leaves are colored gold at their bases, and some blend from richest tints to a creamy-white, that nowhere else is seen.

Senators Turner, of Washington, and Carter, of Montana, are the only confirmed snuff-takers in the United States Senate.

Brigadier-General Brabant, who has been doing such brilliant work in the Cape Colony at Dordrecht, has seen forty-five years' military service, having entered the 2nd Derby Militia as an ensign in 1855. He proceeded to South Africa, the following year, and joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. In 1873 he retired from the Rifles, and was elected member of Parliament for the Port of East London, and appointed Field Commandant of the Colonial Forces in 1878. The gallant General was made a C.M.G. in 1880, and has been a Volunteer enthusiast during his career at the Cape.