

Household.

The Good of Things.

"Mamma, why do you not use the lovely toilet set that Mrs. Eaton gave you for your dressing case at Christmas?"

"Because my dear, it is so delightful to have something with its first freshness on it in reserve, to use when making ready for guests whom we delight to honor."

"But, mamma, if you will consent to use them every day and 'take the good of them,' as we say, I will promise to replace them when they have become soiled, or have lost their first daintiness."

The above conversation was repeated to me by the mother herself, who used the incident as a text on which to found a little sermon on the duty and beauty of living in the present.

"I feel quite competent," she said, "to speak of this subject, because I have been so derelict myself. I can see now that I have always lived too much in the future. There has always been in my thoughts and plans an unformulated, and for the most part, perhaps, unconscious reference to an indefinite 'sometime' when our circumstances would justify the use of my precious bits of cut glass, choice china, finer linen, modish gowns, etc., every day, unhampered by the consciousness that they could not be replaced if broken or defaced."

"But my daughter's appeal caused a startling 'arrest of thought.' A voice seemed to say to me, 'Here are you, fast nearing that point in your life when you may well begin to listen for the soft dip of the silent ferryman's oars as he approaches to convey you to the other shore. Your life is already lived. The future is too brief and uncertain to be counted upon, or to afford opportunity for much change. The memories of home and home life which your children are to retain forever are already fixed and unchangeable. And yet, even now, you are so absorbed in the contemplation of some indefinite future or the pursuit of some desired acquisition, that the beauty and the duty of to-day are half forgotten or overlooked altogether.' And then and there I resolved to endeavor to redeem the remaining time. Henceforth I am determined to make each day as it passes just as beautiful in every way as I possibly can."

Said another woman to me: "For many years I kept my most beautiful things laid away, to be taken out and used only when company was expected. But one day there came a fire which destroyed in an hour all my cherished dainties. Oh! how I regretted then that they had not been used and enjoyed while they were in my possession; and perished through use instead of being destroyed by disaster."

Do not these little incidents, homely though they are, suggest a prevailing fault in our American life—the ever-present struggle for some future, perchance indefinite, good? And how easy for this habit of life to crystallize into a deplorable and almost irremediable habit of mind. It becomes at last well nigh impossible to make one's plans with simple reference to to-day, its own peculiar beauties and privileges. "Some time," we say, "I mean to check this busy, hurried life, and take time to read and study, take a little pleasure trip every year, perhaps oftener, and begin really to live."

Alas! the future—that ever-alluring "some time"—is a receding quantity. It is never reached. Like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow it allures, recedes, vanishes, and in infinite but hopeless regret the allured and disappointed soul wakes up to find that opportunity, too, is gone.

Artistic Darns.

Nothing keeps flannels and stockings and other underwear looking so well as darning and mending and preparing material that matches perfectly. A hole seems almost preferable to a gray stocking darned with blue, or black undershirt bound with red, or a brown patch where there should be a black one. Buttons, all kinds of mending threads, in cotton, linen, silk and wool, bindings in taffeta, ribbons and even webbing by the yard are to be bought at most reasonable prices for making old things as good as new, and for keeping the new in perfect condition. It also seems to be an economy in the same direction to buy the same makes and colors in flannels and hose from season to season, so that one may have material to reinforce weak places without buying it.

Keep Children Busy.

Children should be furnished with employment, which is sometimes difficult to provide. What we call a natural love of mischief is often nothing more than activity. Children are restless for employment. They must have something to do, and if they are not so furnished they will do mischief. Do not blame them; it is their nature, and should be encouraged rather than checked. In furnishing little employments you can form the habits and cultivate the tastes. What is begun should be finished. Care should be taken with whatever is done, and neatness should be encouraged.

Useful Recipes.

Kuchen.—Take a bowl and break into it one egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream and 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; mix. Now take a lump of your bread dough—when it is ready for making into loaves—the size of one loaf, pour the mixture upon it and mix thoroughly with your hand; mix until it is perfectly smooth, then let it rise. When light, roll out to about twice the thickness of a pie crust and line your pie-plates with it. When you have as many plates as you want, roll the rest into sheets about an inch thick and put into pans; let it rise while you prepare the filling as follows: Fill the pies with fruit; grapes—one layer, not too close—are nice, or apples, pared, cored and sliced and laid upon it in one

layer, are good, but peaches sliced upon it are best. Now pour over the contents of the pies kuchen—one egg for each two kuchen mixed with about one cup of sweet cream. Use sugar to taste and flavor the apples to suit yourself. Bake until they are a nice brown over the top. The thick kuchen are to be covered with a little butter and sprinkle well with sugar and a little cinnamon. These will be the German coffee kuchen. Get some German to pronounce kuchen for you.

Bread.—Scald one cup of milk, turn it into a bowl, and one teaspoonful of sugar, salt and shortening; stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved and the butter melted, then add one cup of water. Dissolve a half a yeast cake in a half a cup of lukewarm water, and when the milk in the bowl is lukewarm add the yeast and sufficient flour (about three and half cups) to make a batter, which will pour thickly from a spoon; beat until the batter is light and smooth and full of bubbles. This should be done at night, and the batter should stand in a room of about 65 degrees until morning; it should then be light and covered with bubbles on top. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, and knead, using as little flour as possible, until the dough does not stick to the hands, and is soft and velvety to the touch. Let it rise again until it is double its bulk. When the dough is light enough it should come away from the bowl without sticking. Mold as quickly and as lightly as possible, without kneading again, into loaves. Put in greased bread tins, individual ones preferred, and let rise again until light. It should rise about thirty minutes this last time; then bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Whole Wheat Bread.—Scald one cup of milk; turn into a bowl; add one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one of salt and one cup of water; when lukewarm, add one-half of a yeast cake, which has been dissolved in a half cup of lukewarm water. Stir in three cups of whole wheat flour, and beat until light and smooth. Let rise over night. In the morning, when light, add two or three cups of flour or enough to make a soft dough. Knead well and be careful not to add too much flour in the kneading. White flour can be used for the kneading, if desired. Let the dough rise until it doubles its bulk. Shape it into loaves, put it into a greased bread tin, let rise again and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Some Reverses of Fortune.

A Yorkshire vicar in London last month paid his bus fare to one who only ten years ago was the squire of an East Riding village. The last time they had met the squire sat in the square pew of his village church, the walls of which held many tablets to the memory of his ancestors. He, their descendant, through mortgages and reduced rents, had to gain his daily bread by hauling foot-passengers and inviting them to ride to the "Angel." Many examples of the vicissitudes of Yorkshire families might be given. Thus the ladies of a family who were in a position frequently to entertain the Duke of Clarence so recently as when he was quartered at York have been applicants for situations as governesses. A man who was the titular owner of most of the land in another village called on the churchwardens (who were his nominal tenants) and asked if they could give him an order for stoves for warming the church, as he was making his living by selling them. Another gentleman in position, moving in the society of noblemen, may now be seen in the uniform of a porter at a station in his native county. Bravely have these people faced their positions, and, instead of doing that which a century back would have been considered the only thing possible, viz., sponging on their relatives, they have nobly resolved to do their best in reduced circumstances.

They Will Run After the Men.

"Women cannot leave the men alone," says a writer. "That war-cry of theirs, 'Whatever a man can do a woman can,' is pregnant with meaning of which they themselves appear to be unconscious. Whatever a man does they do—chiefly because a man is doing it. If a man did not do it, they would not do it either. They crowd the risky entertainments because the men are there. They read and write the suggestive books because their first and foremost theme is invariably the relations of the sexes. They play masculine games merely because they are masculine. I would venture on something of the nature of a prophetic utterance. It is this. If every man were to leave off playing golf tomorrow, there would not be a female golfer left in England in a month. Heaven knows that there are a good many of them just now! Where the men lead the women follow. The 'dear creature,' as the old time 'bucks' used to have it, always did run after the men; it seems that just now they are running after them a little harder than ever they did. That, from the social point of view, is the Alpha and Omega of the cry of the 'independent' women; that is not seldom the meaning of 'women's rights.' It is the right of a woman not to be far away from a man."

Cynical.

An assault case, in which a husband was accused of beating his wife, was on trial in a certain court. A friend of the man had been summoned, much against his will, to testify as to the blows. He was asked by the prosecutor:

"You saw these blows administered?"

"I did."

"And did you see the very beginning of the quarrel between them?"

"I did."

"When was it?"

"Five years ago."

"Five years ago! How was that possible?"

"I was a guest at their wedding!"

WOMEN MEN DIE FOR.

AMAZING BEAUTY THAT INSPIRES A FATAL PASSION.

It Pleases a Woman's Vanity to Have a Man Die for Love of Her, and Usually She is Very Unworthy of Such Devotion—Europe's Illustrious Victims.

Men kill themselves for women every day.

The woman that is usually at the bottom sometimes comes to the surface, sometimes not.

To have a man die for one—whether by pistol or by his own hand or at the hand of another, or through lingering illness, or through the complete sacrifice of his life and prospects—is an experience that women of a certain nature thrive upon. It means that a woman has been loved madly, loved more than life.

It has been said that the women men die for are not worth it. That depends. Generally speaking the whole thing is the result of an unbalanced brain and a disordered body, and the actual woman bears little relative importance to the chimera in the man's racked mind.

He would in nine cases out of ten take his own life anyway in sheer desperation and weakness, and a woman merely acts as the motive for the revolver's aim.

From the latest development of suicide for a woman's sake—back to the earliest one in history, there is all along very much the same coloring.

In immediate recall, two beautiful women that men have died for are the Countess Vevesera and Madeleine Bonnemain. For the first a crown prince gave his life; for the second, General Boulanger.

In fact, their lives were but a small part of the sacrifice. Careers, thrones, position family, all went in the overthrow.

The Vevesera was a marvellous creature. She was an Austrian of exquisite face and form, heartless, passionate, unhappy.

Mme. Bonnemain was even more perfect physically, and had besides the disposition of an angel. She shared Boulanger's exile with him and died in Brussels of acute pneumonia.

Three months later he shot himself on her grave and was buried beside her. "Madeleine! Comment ai-je pu vivre des semaines sans toi!" ("Magdalen, how could I live weeks without thee?") is engraved on his tombstone. Theatrical ending to a theatrical life! But the story will be long cherished by sentimental women—of the type who make a pilgrimage to his grave.

Mademoiselle Vacaresco, though not beautiful, was a most fascinating girl. She was the protegee of Carmen Sylva. Her lover did not die for her, but married some other woman. Yet he was ready to give up his prospects for her, and would have done so had not his judicious relatives interfered.

The girl painter, Marie Bashkirtseff, inspired an adoration among men wherever she went. She is supposed to have published her life in her celebrated diary, but many of her conquests were not even hinted at. It was well known among her set in Paris that Bastien Le Page's death was hastened and his sufferings augmented through his passion for her—a love she was not able to return. It has been hinted that his death had a curious effect upon her and that she in turn a few months later died for him.

Mrs. Crawford was the name of the celebrated peach-skinned beauty for whom Sir Charles Dilke gave up party leadership and a premiership. And all for what? For a momentary gust, for a physical disorder that seemed bred in his very bones.

Several men have killed themselves for the favors of the Reine des Blanchisseuses in Paris. She is a dainty little French woman, a mother, and as virtuous a woman as she is an efficient laundress.

Witty and vivacious, she is heartless as far as adorers are concerned, and a man who recently drowned himself for her in the Seine had not even been rewarded by one of her dimpled smiles.

Mrs. Deacon, it was said by the latter's friend, led M. Abeille to his death with a gay carelessness. Their infatuation seemed mutual and was the talk of the Continent. M. Abeille's funeral in Paris was followed by thousands. All France loves a lover—no matter what other facts may obtrude.

Mademoiselle Chassaing, the former actress of the Comique, is still a magnet of madness for men.

A noted Parisian turfman shot himself for this fascinating woman in her younger days—the days when she held Paris with her eyes.

Mademoiselle Neustretter has come into a lustrous prominence within the past few months. A young nobleman whose life she once wrecked, because helplessly demented and his death in some quiet retreat occurred not many years ago.

A recent French writer on suicide says: "Men as a rule kill themselves for women who are not worth the trouble. With rare exceptions, nobody suicides on account of a decent woman, almost never on account of his own wife."

"For true love, that complete, lofty and exclusive sentiment, that love which is neither born of desire, ambition, libertinism or a diseased craving for intellectual amusement, but which is the noblest, sublimest and most strengthening of all feelings, has no vile magic about it to inspire a man with any hunger and thirst for death."

"And is not this, independent of the sin against all laws human and divine which are involved in the act, proof enough that such a suicide is unquestionably the result of a cerebral disorder, an access of sudden madness which the man cannot bear up under for a single instant?"

The emotional writing of the time has something to do with suicidal mania. Jean Jacques Rousseau in the last century is said to have instigated men and women to suicide by the dozens.

Digging about the roots of emotion, refining sensations, exaggerating passion and sentimentality, exciting the imagination, pushing romanticism to its extreme limits—all this ends in falling into un-

healthy conditions that provoke lassitude, disenchantment, disgust with life, terminating quite naturally in thoughts of suicide.

These thoughts are certainly contagious. One person inclined to suicide is apt to influence another in the same direction especially if their temperaments have run together.

A well-known man not long ago, a frequenter of the inner circles of the Four Hundred in a certain city, in defiance of his principles, habits and training conceived the idea that he must suicide through having lived for several years with a woman who had that fixed idea in her head. The man had actually contracted the idea from the woman and would doubtless have destroyed himself had she not died suddenly herself, and the man was saved.

HERE AND THERE.

A Few Readable Items That Will be Found of Interest to Everybody.

Umbrellas in Korea are made of oiled paper.

Chicago has two hundred and seven millionaires.

The strength of two horses equals that of fifteen men.

Yellow rubbers are now on sale, for use over yellow shoes.

Ornithologists have discovered sixty-five species of humming-birds.

Eighteen venturesome tourists lost their lives in the Alps this season.

An ostrich can kick with the force of a mule, and it always kicks forward.

It has been demonstrated that porcelain is better than gold for filling teeth.

The natives of equatorial Africa have a system of telegraphing by drum-beats.

Pupils who use tobacco in the public schools of France are promptly dismissed.

The humming-bird of Mexico lays an egg that is not much larger than a pin's head.

Milo Davis, of Grandy, Neb., recently won 1,000 head of cattle by two throws of the dice.

Physicians declare that the most nutritious article of diet is butter, and that bacon comes next.

A hand-car which is propelled by a sail is used on the London, Dover and Chatham Railroad.

Birds that fly by night have, as a rule, eyes nearly double the size of those that fly only in the day-time.

The marriage ceremony of a Javanese bride is not complete until she washes the feet of the bridegroom.

Black cats are considered mascots around theatres. Managers think they bring good luck and full houses.

Li Hung Chang deprecates the lack of railroads in China. It is very natural that he should long to make tracks.

A raw egg, first well beaten, and then added to a cup of hot coffee, makes a palatable and strengthening beverage.

A paper weight used by the Prince of Wales is said to be the mummified hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.

Snuff-dipping is a common practice among the residents of Dover, N. H. Last year five tons of snuff were used there.

Vultures cannot discover a carcass by the sense of smell. They rely entirely upon their sight when in quest of food.

An old Greek law prevented the husband of a divorced woman from marrying a woman younger than the discarded wife.

The dying wish of a Philadelphia lady, whose will is now the subject of legal contest, was that she should be buried in her sealskin sacque.

No woman has ever entered the monastery of St. Honorat, which is located on an island near Cannes, France. The monastery was established 1400 years ago.

The costliest fur is that of the sea-otter. A single skin of this animal, sold last year in London, brought the enormous sum of \$1,100. It was six feet long by two feet wide.

A blacksmith in Norwich, Conn, found it difficult to shoe a refractory horse, and chloroformed him. Then the job was readily done. A few days later the horse succumbed to lockjaw, and died.

An open countenance of unusual dimensions was possessed by a devil-fish recently caught in the Gulf of Mexico, about forty miles from Brownsville, Texas. Its mouth had a lateral spread of over five feet.

Hammerfest, Norway, the most northerly town in the world, has a climate so mild that its great bay is never frozen. Christiania, which is one thousand miles to the south of Hammerfest, is ice-bound in winter.

Emil Jarrow, aged eighteen, is a strong boy. He worked on a farm in Illinois. With one hand he can lift a 200-pound man in a chair, and can write his name on the wall with a forty-two pound dumb-bell hanging from his wrist.

In a certain malarious district in Missouri only one family, comprising seven persons, escaped malaria. They had a hearth fire every evening, and it is inferred that this acted as a preventive, by removing the dampness from the internal atmosphere.

The money to run the lunatic asylum in Alicante, Spain, became exhausted, and the authorities were dilatory about supplying more. The manager took twenty-three of the lunatics off on a concert tour, vast audiences greeted them, and the mad people had lots of fun.

A porter in a New York dry-goods house was in the habit of bringing cheese sandwiches with him for lunch. A waggish boy substituted generous slices of brown soap for the cheese, and for three days the porter ate soap sandwiches before he discovered the trick.

There are extant twenty-two ornamental china cups out of which, it is said, Napoleon took his last drink of tea at Saint Helena. One of them was recently sold at auction in Paris, and the mark upon it showed that it was made in 1840—nineteen years after Napoleon died.

Her Difficulty.

Miss Fosdick—"What is that you are working on, Blanche?"

Miss Keedick—"It's a Christmas present for Harry, and, O, Marie, I'm in such trouble."

"What are you troubled about?"

"I—I—I don't know what to call it."

British and Foreign.

Tree-climbing kangaroos are the latest novelty at the London Zoological Gardens.

Glasgow shipping firms have decided to make a considerable reduction in freight rates to India so as to compete with the new line from Manchester, via the ship canal.

Mrs. Osmer, widow of the paymaster of the Erebus, who died recently in England at the age of 85, was the last survivor of the women widowed by the loss of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition.

General Mercier, French minister of war, has promulgated a new series of regulations to more effectually prevent the examination of French fortifications by unauthorized persons.

The Municipality of Limassol, in Cyprus, has memorialized the British secretary of war to revoke the decision to remove the garrison. If such removal takes place they declare the place will be ruined.

Workmen excavating on the site of street improvements at Dover, England, struck upon something solid which proved to be a coffin cut out of chalk and effectually sealed. In it a human skeleton was found.

Capt. Homfrey, late of the Eleventh Hussars, had fought in the war of the rebellion and under Garibaldi, and had been wounded in battle six times, to be finally knocked down the other day by a butcher's cart on Westminster Bridge, and killed.

The only distinctive Welsh colonial enterprise has turned out far from successful. Patagonia, according to recent travelers, is by no means a land of promise, and the settlers have great difficulty in making ends meet.

Several districts in Ireland have requested the government to send some unbiased person to investigate the distress arising from the failure of the potato crop. It is feared that destitution and disease will prevail unless employment is provided for those whose sole support was the potato.

It is not expected that an expedition will be sent this year against the Abors, a hill tribe in Assam, who have been threatening trouble to the Indian government. The Abors are quiet but defiant. Having been requested to deliver up their arms they must come and take them.

A new military post on the English Channel is to be established by the French Government at Port-en-Bessin, in the department of Calvados, midway between Cherbourg and Havre. The place already has a small harbor, entered by a gap in the cliffs. The entrance will be enlarged, and will be connected with basins capable of accommodating the large ironclads.

Clergymen who have stopped at Mr. Gladstone's hotel and library at Hawarden express themselves as delighted not only with arrangements made for their comfort and their work, but also with the personal kindness of the grand old man himself. He takes the warmest interest in students who go there for rest and reading.

A number of Scottish artists, mostly of the Glasgow school, recently sent forty-six pictures to an international exhibition in Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Twenty-six of the canvases have already found purchasers, which is regarded as a striking proof of continental appreciation of the work of the younger and less conventional of Scottish painters.

In acknowledging receipt of a resolution passed by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce urging a policy of international bimetalism, Lord Salisbury writes: "The subject is one of supreme importance to the empire as well as to the large industrial communities in Lancashire. The thorough discussion which it has received cannot fail to be very valuable."

At a recent special muster parade of the Royal Scots Greys the commanding officer read an order to the effect that Queen Victoria had conferred on the Czar the position of colonel-in-chief of the regiment. When present at the review held by the Queen in August Nicholas expressed great admiration for the Greys, who are said to receive his appointment with every mark of approval.

A story comes from Tunis that four Europeans are living with the Tuaregs, and that they are Col. Flisters and three of his companions, who were supposed to have been massacred in 1881. The author of the report is Djebari, an Algerian military interpreter, who was sent to Central Sudan last year by the French Government, and positively asserts that he saw the men.

One of the best private schools in Paris, the Ecole Monge, has just been bought by the Government for a million dollars. The school was established by private individuals in competition with the State lycees, and held its own in scholarship in the public examination, its mathematical and scientific training being especially good. It was in financial difficulties, however, and must have closed had not the State intervened.

Robert Buchanan, who failed for \$75,000 not long ago, has just been discharged by the bankruptcy court on condition that he pay half of all he earns above \$4,500 a year toward satisfying his creditors, till they shall have recovered 37 cents on the dollar. His lawyer tried to free him from the obligation, but the Judge held that an author who had earned \$7,500 a year by his writings might be expected to continue to do so, and should do something for his creditors.

The British House of Lords was recently occupied with a somewhat curious appeal. It was whether the owner of an adjoining estate had power, without consent of his neighboring proprietor, to cut down such branches as overhung his property. The judges in the lower court could not agree and, on the case being taken to the court of appeal, it was thought the man whose property the trees overhung had a right to abate the nuisance. This view was also taken by the House of Lords.

In the trials for elector frauds at Toulouse it has been shown that the French have little to learn about stuffing ballot boxes, voting under false names, and altering their returns. One candidate, who for years in succession has been counted out, procured a list of registered voters from the prefecture after the last election and sent to each address a circular letter of thanks. After some days 10,000 circulars were returned to him by the Post Office, marked "left," "dead," or "unknown."