THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Why Ladies of our Household Should Study to be Tidy and Beautiful.

HEALTH, KITCHEN AND FASHION NOTES.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

Despending Mothers.

"I have done nothing to-day but keep things straight in the house," you say wearily at the close of it. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy and happy, and secured from evil influence? Nothing that neatness and thrift, and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger-tips? Nothing that beauty in place of ugliness meets the eye of the cheerful little ones, in the plants at your window, in the picture on the wall? Nothing that home to them means home, and will always do so to the end of life, what vicissitudes soever that may involve? Oh, careworn mother, is all this nothing? Is it nothing that over against your sometime mistakes and sometime discouragements shall be written, "She hath done what she could?"

Beauty's Duty.

One of the first duties of a woman is to always look as pretty as possible.

It goes without saying that wives, mothers and maidens shall be good-tempered, skilled in housewifery, true hearted and kindly tempered.

Leaving the greater matters of the unwritten laws of life, however, among the minor ones is that which makes it an instinct with beauty to adorn herself.

And, what is more, woman ought no more to neglect trying to look pretty to the end of her days than she ought to forget to do her duty.

A bit of ribbon here, a touch of color there, charm the face and figure, shapely hands and pretty feet, comely waist and supple neck; here, there and everywhere about beauty's person, from the curve of the dainty little pink ear to the slope of the shoulders and the carriage of the person, there is one manifest voice to be heard—"I am trying to look my best."

Who does not know the dear old grandmother, whose sweet, wrinkled face, clean cap, clean dress and lavender-scented lace collar carry one back to childhood's days? There are years there, and the experience of trouble, the sadness of losses, memories of bridals and of graves, and a rapid approach to those silent churchyard gates to which we must all walk whether we will or not.

But grandmother is pretty still, and will always be pretty till the white hands are clasped over the quiet breast, and she goes home to those who went home before her.

A woman, no matter how poor she is, and how deep the cares of family, ought to take more and more pains with her dress as time rolls on. A young girl may wear almost anything. A matron, however, who has lost the first plump charm and indefinable beauty of youth has to be careful.

Beating of the Pulse.

The human pulse has rather a wide range, but the general average has been put about as follows: At birth, 140; at two years, 100; at from 16 to 19 years, 80; at manhood, 75; old age, 60. There are, however, great variations consistent with health. Napoleon's pulse is said to have been only 44 in the minute. A case is also related of a healthy man of 87 whose pulse was seldom over 30 during the last two years of his life, and sometimes not over 26. Another man of 87 years of age enjoyed good health and spirits with a pulse of 29, and there is also on record the curious instance of a man whose pulse in health was never more than 45, and to be consistent in his inconsistency, when he had fever his pulse fell to 40, instead of rising, as is usual.

Health Hints.

Don't go to bed with cold feet.

Don't stand on hot air registers.

Don't lie on the left side too much.

Don't inhale hot air or fumes of any acid.

Don't lie on your back to keep from snoring.

Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing.

Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, if well.

Don't start a day's work without eating a good breakfast.

Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty.

Don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast.

Don't jump out of bed immediately on awakening in the morning.

Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill.

Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster.

Household Recipes.

A Scotch haggis is made of the heart, lungs and liver of a sheep, with suet onions, oatmeal, salt and pepper, all boiled in a sheep's stomach.

Turkey and celery make a delicious salad, preferred by many to chicken salad, especially modern "chicken" salad, which is largely composed of veal.

Rich Plum Pudding.—Mix well the following ingredients, and boil in plenty of water for four hours half pound each of currants and stoned raisins, three-quarter of a pound of suet, three ounces of flour, two ounces of peel, six ounces of sugar, a little nutmeg, one gill of water, one tablespoonful of salt.

"Married ladies" do not "turn down the corners of their visiting cards" unless there happens to be a second person in the house for whom a card should be left (a daughter out in society), and then one card is made to do the duty of two by turning up one end of it. Were the second person in the house a lady of a certain age, a married woman, or a friend only visiting in the house, two cards should be left.

To make taffy, melt three ounces of butter in a small saucepan over a clear fire; stir into it one pound of brown sugar; keep stirring until it is done, which can be ascertained by dropping a little into a cup of cold water, when, if it hardens and breaks between the teeth without sticking, it is done, and may be poured out into a buttered dish. It may be flavored with almond, lemon or ginger, and will take twenty minutes to boil.

Pudding made of cracked wheat is very agreeable and nourishing. To one quart of sweet milk allow nearly half a cupful of cracked wheat; put it in a pudding dish and bake slowly for two hours, stirring it several times. If you choose to do so you can add raisins and a little cinnamon for flavoring, but most people prefer it well salted, and to eat it with a little cream sugar. This is nice, both warm and cold.

Fashionable Wrinkles and Other Notes.

Ragged-edged note paper s still a favorite among English ladies.

Sable is the most fashionable fur in England among those who can afford it.

High heels are no longer worn on evening shoes, but are still used upon day boots.

In India 8,182,000 females are engaged in industrial occupations.

Women compose the principal part of the California Silk Culture Association.

The best dressmakers no longer put puffed waistcoats or Moliere fronts on corsages.

Frills of lace down the front of the corsage are considered more elegant than buttons.

Plain or fine striped silk-floss hose are most fashionable for both day and evening wear.

Evening dresses with pointed waists and V necks are as becoming as they are fashionable.

The less underclothing worn the better the fit of the dress, hence flannel underclothing, being light, though, warm, is better, even though it is not so ornamental as the furry pique which the French prefer.

The ladies of Greenville, S. C., will build a monument to the Confederate dead of that county.

"You have lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George," she fondly lisped; "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grace."

Fichus, jabots and scarfs are worn with house dresses. They are attached to narrow velvet dog collars.

The fichu bow, knot of flowers, or narrow lace-pin is worn at one side of the neck by very young ladies.

The crape-finished border is a striking novelty in mourning note paper, the imitation being wonderful.

The evening cloak par excellence is of cashmere, lined with plush, and having a crape hood trimmed with lace.

Pretty Parisian capotes are made of velvet applique on colored lace, with a bunch of velvet flowers on one side.

The small muff of velvet, lace, plush-fur, and even cloth matching the capote in shade and material, is the latest fancy

For street wear some of the Parisian milliners have brought out exquisite little Fanchon-like bonnets of gray Swedish kid.

The new and lovely little theatre bonnets of black velvet and white tulle, embroidered with pearls, are worn without strings.

Capotes for evening wear are made of white crepe, edged with silver lace or braid, and trimmed with white marabout feathers.

The high Greek coiffure, with several fillets encircling the head, takes the place with Parisians of the small coil in the nape of the neck.

The Empress of Russia recently ordered a cloak of sable fur, trimmed with gold and enriched with precious stones. The whole to cost £9,000.

A lawyer, attempting to browbeat a female witness, told her she had brass enough to make a saucepan. The woman retorted, "And you have sauce enough to fill it."

It Couldn't be Done in the City.

A Leominster farmer recently broke his horse of a "balky" freak in a very quiet and, as he claims, not a cruel manner. His horse is in excellent flesh, and shows no signs of neglect on the part of his master. He drove him, attached to a rack-waggon, to the wood lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him with a club, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "that when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warmly, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house, he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim that this method, if rightly used, is far less cruel, and is better for both horse and man, than to beat the animal with a club."—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

The Difference.

"Which is the best, to owe, or to have something owing to you?" asked Col. Lagerbeer of Gus DeSmith one day.

"Why, to have something owing to you, of course," answered Gus, who is one of the brightest society youths.

"I don't agree with you," said Lagerbeer.

"Well, why not?"

"Because, if you have something owing to you, you may never get it. But, if you owe something, when you are able to pay it, you have value received, anyhow; and if you never pay—why, then you are sure to make a handsome profit."

It is reported that El Mahdi's brother-in-law, after occupying Krwa and Duem, has arrived at a point within thirty miles of Khartoum. The Governor of Khartoum telegraphs that he is prepared to receive the enemy. Much difficulty has arisen from French opposition to the English policy. The Cabinet crisis continues, and discontent is universal. There is a general cry for Ismail Pasha, or English annexation.

DANGERS IN GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

Excessive Emulation Has a Tendency to Develop Hereditary Diseases.

One of the practices most energetically relied on in the higher class of girls' schools, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, is that of the competition of one scholar with another. In some of them this competition is terrific. It extends to every subject; it becomes so keen as to put each girl who is in the foremost rank in a fever-heat of emulation before the examinations. In some cases it overmasters every other feeling for the time being. No doubt, from the schoolmaster's point of view, it is the very thing he wants. In his professional enthusiasm he aims at the highest mental result. He is not professionally interested in the health or the special nervous constitution of his girls; he does not regard them as each one a medico-psychological entity and problem. I don't say this by way of reproach. All good men try to attain the highest result in their special departments. The educator has no means of knowing the constitution and hereditary weakness of his girls—that the mother of one died of consumption, that the father of another was insane, that neuralgia is hereditary in the family of a third, that one has been nervous, another had convulsions when a baby, another had been threatened with water in the head, etc. His own education and training have not taught him to notice or know the meaning of narrow chests or great thinness, or stooping shoulders, or very big heads, or quick, jerky movements or dilated pupils, or want of appetite, or headaches, or irritability, or backaches, or disinclination to bodily exertion. But all these things exist in abundance in every big school, and the girls handicapped in that way are set into competition with those who are strong and free from risks. It is the most nervous, excitable and highly strung girls who throw themselves into the school competition most keenly. And they, of course, are just the most liable to be injured by it. All good observers say the intensity of feeling displayed in girls' competitions is greater than among lads, and that there is far more apt to arise a personal animus. Girls don't take a beating so quietly as boys. Their moral constitution, while in some ways stronger than that of boys, especially at that age, suffers more from any disturbing cause. The whole thing takes greater hold of them—is more real.

Ravens as Thieves.

Ravens are amusing thieves, who steal for the pleasure of hiding the stolen articles. An English gentleman, who owned a pet raven, cut down a rotten plum tree. It was found to have been hollow to the core, and the hollow was discovered to be a sort of "robber's cave" for the use of the raven. Out of this hollow was taken a basketful of things—the accumulation of months—that had been stolen and hidden away by the raven. The hoard was of a most miscellaneous character—spoons, knives, thimbles, and pens; a pair of scissors, a comb, a bundle of boot-laces, a meerschaum pipe, two vesta boxes, etc. Leaving the things on the ground beside the fallen tree, we got a hold of Monsieur Corvus Corax and laid him down quickly beside these proofs of his dishonesty, wondering what he would have to say to it. And the rascal was quite equal to the occasion. He straightway assumed an aspect and attitude of perfect innocence and unconcern. With one eye fixed upon our face, he seemed to inquire what it was all about, and to ask what in the world *he* had to do with it, while with the other he glanced at the things spread upon the ground, with many a merry blink and twinkle, that very unmistakably indicated a lively recollection of the delight erstwhile the stealing of them afforded him. We hid ourselves. When he found himself alone, the raven, looking keenly around, croaked twice a deep, guttural croak, and walked round and round the disentombed articles, as if admiring them. He then took up a spoon in his bill, and carrying it with quick, decided step to the opposite side of the garden, hid it carefully away under the broad leaves of gigantic rhubarb plant; and this he did, and very quickly, with every article of the hoard. When he had finished the job, he uttered a famous exclamation of his when he imagined he had just done something exceedingly clever and was perfectly satisfied with himself—a curious combination of laugh, chuckle and croak that seemed specially reserved for such occasions.

Bombay More Crowded Than London.

(Manchester Examiner.)

One of the results of the Indian census, the various returns of which are now being collated, is to show that Bombay, the second city in the British Empire, is more crowded than London itself. The density of population in London in the most densely peopled parts is less than the density of twelve most crowded sections of Bombay with a population of nearly 430,000 people. These sections have an average population of 458.57 persons per acre. In Bombay the average population is about 52 per acre; in London, 49. The extreme in London rises to 222 per acre, whereas in Bombay it rises to 759. The population of the sections in which the crowding is double that of the most crowded divisions of London, is equal to more than 37 per cent. of the total population, but the area of these sections is only 3½ per cent. of the land. In other words, 37 per cent. of the population are crowded on 3½ per cent. of the surface of the land.

Beginning of Canned Fruits.

It is a singular fact, writes D. R. Locke (Nasby in Exile) from Naples to the Toledo *Blade*, that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been the pantry of a house many jars of preserved figs. One was opened and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year canning fruit was introduced into the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii 20 centuries ago.

Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman, who burned with a desire to see himself in print: "Be advised by me, young man; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

GREAT CITIES OF INDIA.

Marvels of Magnitude That are but Little Known.

The English are beginning in a vague way to realize the magnitude of India, and to comprehend that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Few, however, are quite aware of the number of its cities, or believe that it includes sixty-two with more than 50,000 people, and twenty-two with more than 100,000, namely: Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Hyderabad, Lucknow, Benares, Delhi, Patna, Agra, Bangalore, Umritsur, Cawnpore, Lahore, Allahabad, Jeypore, Rangoon, Poona, Ahmedabad, Bareilly, Surat, Howra and Barroda. We give them in order of population; but properly speaking, in the English way of counting, Howra, the Southwark of Calcutta, should be included in the capital, which with it contains about 866,000 souls, and it is the greatest, as it is by far the wealthiest, city in the Empire. Below the limit of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous, and there are hundreds with populations above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted, and, so far as we are aware, there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organization, or of the life and people in them. Yet many of them have histories of 2,000 years, and in all flourish families which think themselves noble, and have long pedigrees and stirring tales to narrate. We hear every now and then much of Indian princes who, in India, are hardly mentioned, and of "educated natives," a scarcely perceptible class, but of the true "British India" as little is known at home as of the eastern provinces of Peru.—*London Spectator.*

Something New in Glass.

A New York correspondent of the Hartford *Times* says: Among the latest new ideas is a glass bath-tub. The idea is not yet quite perfected, but I am assured that it soon will be. The persons working it out are confident that it will be a great success. The chief difficulty is that of providing for expansion and contraction. And this, it is said, is nearly overcome. The manufacture of malleable glass is counted as one of the lost arts, but if what is alleged as to the experiments with glass for bath-tubs be all true, it will soon be recovered. The process of annealing glass so that it may be used for this purpose and many others for which it has not hitherto been available is the invention of Mr. C W. McLean. The "Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber" speaks of it as "one of the most beneficial discoveries of the age." Prof. Doremus says "its great sanitary value is beyond question." If glass can be successfully used in the manufacture of bath-tubs instead of copper and zinc, there is no reason why it should not be available for sinks, tanks, wash-tubs, refrigerators; even for burial caskets and also for various building purposes. In the case of articles used in dwellings, it would certainly have the advantage of being a great deal clearer than copper and zinc receptacles now in use. Porcelain comes next in cleanliness, but it is easily fractured, while the annealed glass, it is said, is as strong and durable as steel. Extremes of heat and cold do not affect it, and, in fact, its discovery is of the highest importance. The plumbers are much interested in it, as a matter of course. It looks improbable at first glance that glass can ever be made to take the place of ordinary metals in the household or outside, but it would not do nowadays to say that it is impossible, by any means. Who knows but the time is near when even the glass houses of the well-known moral axiom will be substantial realities?

The Lunatics Who Call on Queen Victoria.

A few days before the departure of the court for Osborne, Windsor Castle was visited by some insane people desirous of obtaining an audience with Her Majesty under various pretexts. One of these lunatics was a colored person. In the most peculiar case the applicant averred that he invented or discovered a magnet capable of allaying the most violent storm. He stated that he had come from America, and that during a dreadful hurricane while on his voyage from there to England he had succeeded in stilling the angry waves with his wonderful talisman. The palace authorities considerately offered to show the possessor of this treasure a place where he could display its remarkable powers, and sent him safely back to London. One of the lunatics, whose appearance led the castle custodians to suspect that he was in a destitute state, was provided with a hearty meal before his removal from the palace. Windsor Castle is not the only royal residence occasionally visited by such unfortunate persons. Osborne and Balmoral are just as attractive to the demented ones, and it needs all the alertness of the officers on duty in order to prevent their sudden and unwelcome intrusion upon the presence of the sovereign. Some make pilgrimages to the palaces with the desire of entering into matrimonial relations with exalted personages. Others have particular boons to crave or important projects to submit to the consideration of the Queen, but their efforts to gain admission are fruitless, and terminate in the workhouse, or a return to the custody of their keepers and friends.—*London Daily News.*

An Earthquake in Canada.

An Ottawa telegram says: A correspondent, writing under date of the 22nd of last month, from Kippewa, a lumbering settlement 100 miles up the Ottawa river, states that a heavy shock of earthquake passed through there on the day of writing at ten minutes past 10 o'clock, travelling from north to south, and lasting ten seconds. After the passing a trembling noise could be heard for over thirty seconds. One could see the fence rails shaking.

(Scene—A small parlor in Scotland). Mrs. Blair (an old neighbor who has been absent from the village for a number of years)—"Whit ye thinkin' o' makin' Johnny, Mrs. Broon?" Mrs. Brown—"Weel, his father here says he'd mak' a graun minister." Mrs. Blair (who is not passionately fond of the "cloth")—"Hoo's that, Mr. Broon?" Mr. Brown—"Weel, amang ither things, he's gotten plenty o' self-conceit, an' is uncommonly fond o' siller."

A GALILEAN VILLAGE.

Some Jews Who Have Never Been Dispersed.

In one of the most remote and secluded valleys in the mountains of northern Galilee, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, lies a village, the small population of which possesses an interest altogether unique. As I looked down upon it from the precipitous and dangerous path by means of which I was skirting the flank of the mountain I thought I had rarely seen a spot of such ideal beauty. It was an oasis—not exactly in a desert, for the rocky mountain ranges were covered with wild herbage—but in a savage wilderness of desolation, in the midst of which the village nestled in a forest of orange, almond, fig and pomegranate trees, the tiny rills of water by which they were irrigated glistening like silver threads in the sunlight, and the yellow crops beyond contrasting with the dull green of the hill verdure, long deprived of water, and the gray rocks which reared their craggy pinnacles above it. The name of this village was Bukeia. I had heard vaguely of the existence of a spot in Galilee where a community of Jews lived who claimed to be the descendants of families who had tilled the land in this same locality prior to the destruction of Jerusalem and the subsequent dispersion of the race; and as it had never been suspected that any remnant of the nation had clung to the soil of their fathers from time immemorial, and as it is certain that this is the only remnant that has, I took some trouble to ascertain the name of the village, and felt that it was worth a pilgrimage to visit it. Although hitherto unknown to Europeans and tourists, it has been for many years a spot much frequented by the Jews of Safed and Tiberias, and this summer, especially, when the cholera panic prevailed in the country, there was a perfect rush of the wealthier Jews and rabbis of these towns to its pure air and bracing climate. In a small way it is a sort of Jewish sanitarium.

Manitoba Cold.

Mr. J. Y. Shantz writes from Emerson to the Berlin *News*: "I arrived at Gretna, Manitoba, on Friday evening, 14th inst. Previous to that day it was soft and muddy on the streets, but that morning there was a snow storm, about four inches, and the mercury fell to zero on the 15th, and continued going down at the following rate: On the 16th it was 18; 17th, 26; 18th, 35, and on the 19th it was 46 below zero. So you may know that I had a taste of Manitoba weather in winter. Still it was not bad to be out. On the 18th I had a sleigh ride—boss sleighing—18 miles without stopping or suffering from cold. On the 17th I drove 8 miles, and on the 19th was out and around in Gretna, and walked two miles to a village in Dakota. I passed a lot of carpenters working in the open air, putting up a tank house. Next day, with mercury at 46 below, they were also working there."

Quite Au Fait.

"What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man.

"Oh, he's mighty popular with the women.'

"Is he intelligent?"

"No, not particular. You see there is not much demand for intelligence in society."

"Does he dance?"

"Of course."

"Know what's going on in theatricals, music, etc?"

"Of course."

"*Au fait* in everything, I presume."

"Well, I don's know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he don't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

The Comet.

The comet is in the northwest, and early in the evening is about half way between the horizon and the zenith. Look for it between the Northern Cross and the Great Square of Pegasus, and nearer the latter. You will not be likely to find it without a glass, although it is visible to the naked eye. A good opera glass will show it easily.

Danced to Death.

A young girl named Frances Campbell, the daughter of the station master of the Intercolonial Railway at Campbellton, N. B., dropped on the floor of a house of ill-repute in Montreal last Wednesday night, and expired in a few minutes, from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Character resembled cloth. Much of is a yard wide, but not all wool.

Significant advertisement—"Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

The reports that Queen Victoria would be unable to hold drawing-rooms during the coming spring are untrue. The Queen's health is good and her presence at the State "drawing-rooms" is certain.

The Missouri River, which forms a new bed for itself somewhere with every freshet, is threatening to make Leavenworth an insular city.

Mr. S. J. Jackson, owner of 2,400 acres of land, most of it in the municipality of Rockwood, Man., intends to cut up the tract into farms of 150 acres each, erect good buildings on each, and rent them.

A minister was once preaching as a candidate, and took for his text, "And sitting down they watched him there." An old deacon said, as he was going out, "Yes; he is not the first one we have sat and watched, and he will not be the last either."

The life-size portrait of Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the American beauty, which was ordered by the Prince of Wales, has been placed in Marlborough House. The Chamberlain family are about to visit the Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park.

The French Ambassador at Berlin lately paid Prince Bismarck a visit at his country seat and returned professing to be perfectly satisfied as to the relations between France and Germany. The visit was aptly timed to occur while the Prince Imperial of Germany was junketing in Spain.

A Calcutta despatch says the expedition against the Atchs tribe entered the Atchila country on the 17th inst., and was rapidly advancing to the rescue of the officers of the East Indian army and other persons captured during the raid of the tribe into Assam. One of the captives has died.