HOUSEHOLD.

"Company Coming."

Bend your knees at worry's shrine
In intense devotion;
Set the house, from cellar to
Attic, in commotion.

Cram the engine, get up steam,
Set the wheels a humming,
Make them whirl, and whir, and whiz,
"Company is coming."

Raise a dust in every room,
Set the atoms flying;
Scold the children, rout the cat
In the corner lying.

Rap those restless baby hands
On the window drumming;
Every window must be clean;
"Company is coming."

Leave no object in the house
In condition normal,
Make the very cradle look
Prim, and stiff, and formal.

At the oven scorch your face,
Have the stove just "blooming,"
"Fix up" something "good to eat,"
"Company is coming."

Cram the engine, keep up steam,
Keep the wheels a humming;
Scrub, and scour, and bake, and stew;
"Company is coming."

Labor till a "nervous" pulse
In your head is drumming,
Till you ache from head to foot;
"Company is coming."

When your guests arrive, it will
Make their pleasure double
To perceive you've put yourself
To a world of trouble.

Then, although you feel you've done
More than you are able,
Fail not to apologize
For your house and table.

This is hospitality—
That the wheels be humming,
Rest and comfort banished, when
"Company is coming."

Training Children.

If division must exist in the world, let the family be the last place for it. Let there be no division of opinion between parents as to those things that concern their children. It is possible that there may exist at times a difference of opinion respecting a matter, but this should never be known to the child. When the father may have a different opinion from the mother, he should not express it when the child is present. It should be the same in the case of the mother. When one of the parents has given direction concerning a thing, it should never be countermanded by the other, unless it be explained so that the child may understand that there is a reason for the change.

Children should never be allowed when directed by one of the parents to do a thing, to go and ask the other before performing it. It should be understood by them that the decision of each is final. This impression should early be made on the mind of the child. Jarring in this respect may prove very injurious. When there is a difference of opinion, parents should talk over the matter between themselves; if it be serious in its nature, they should pray over it together, if they are Christians. They should then instruct the child according to their conclusion. But the discussion of their differences should never be heard by the child. If children see dissension in the family, it will soon be seen among them. They will be inclined to enough of this without any example. If children always see their parents united and affectionate in their opinions, they will strive to be like them.

It is too often the case in families, that the entire responsibility of training the children is left to the mother. This should not be. There are duties which devolve upon the father and there are duties which belong especially to the mother; but both parents should co-operate in bearing their cares. To properly rear a family of children is no small task. There is the greatest need of the combined wisdom, counsel and efforts of both parents. The mother's household duties and cares are often heavy enough in themselves without having all the extra care of training the minds and hearts of growing boys and girls. She needs assistance. The father's work, too, often calls him from home, or causes him to be away from home much of the time, he therefore needs assistance. Thus we see the importance of co-operation on the part of the parents if they would have all the interests of their children properly superintended.

Children should be so trained that there will be equal respect for the authority of both father and mother. One parent should avoid doing anything that will weaken the authority of the other, or that will militate against good family government. The mother should never say to the child: "I will tell your father when he comes." This at once weakens her own authority over the child. It will lead most children to feel that the mother's authority is subordinate to that of the father's; or that the mother is simply a monitress and not a mistress in the family. No such impression should ever be made upon the mind of any child. It will make a jar in family government and open a gap for children to go astray. It sometimes occurs that a boy will have his request denied by the mother, but he will turn and go to the father who will grant it. This should not be done knowingly. If the father be in doubt whether the boy m de the same request of his mother, he should ask: "What did your mother say about it?" This will enable parents to act in harmony. It is quite proper at times that one parent should submit a request to the other. It is well at times to say: "See what mamma says about it;" or, "See what papa says about it." I do not mean by all this that it is always necessary for the child to have the consent of both parents, and that the parents are to consult each other every time a request is made, but I simply mean that where there is a prohibition laid on a certain course by one, there should be no taking advantage of it by the child's going to the other for permission.

A serious question arises concerning parental co-operation. It is this: What about those cases where one of the parents is irreligious, careless, and indifferent about the training of the children? It is not an easy question to answer. It seems to me that the parent that is a Christian should have the pre-eminence, and if the other cannot co-operate he should by no means hinder in the proper training of the children of the household. He should also endeavor not to counteract, by example, any good instruction. In most cases an un-Christian father for the sake of his children, will be willing to give the moral and religious training of the family into the hands of a judicious Christian mother, he rendering whatever assistance he can in his unconverted state. It is not often that even an ungodly man desires his children to grow up bad. The most that is to be feared is the silent influence of his example.

Baked Beans and Other Things.

Do the readers of this paper all know how to bake beans? Now, don't laugh and say, "Well, who don't?" for I consider it no small matter to turn out a pot of beans just done to perfection, and really, they take more attention than almost anything else. But as there is said to be no excellence without great labor, we console ourselves when baking them, for the trouble they are is nothing to be compared to their excellence when done.

I pick over four pints of beans, wash them, and put them on to cook in an iron pot as soon after breakfast as I can. Then, when they have boiled until sufficiently tender (which may be told by taking some upon a spoon and blowing them; if just right, the skin will break and curl up), add the other things—salt, meat and molasses. Take a piece of side meat (fat and lean), about two pounds, wash clean and score the top, settle it well into the beans and add salt, for the meat will not salt them enough. Then add half a teacupful of molasses, stir thoroughly, and put it in the oven, still in the iron pot; cover the beans with water and keep the pot covered with an iron griddle, to keep the top from baking too fast. Notice them every little while or they will get dry or too brown. When supper-time comes, if properly seasoned and baked, you will have a dish whose "savoriness" will smell "far at a distance," and whose only fault is that they are just too good for anything. If considered too hearty for supper, they can be set away for the morrow's dinner. I do not think a hearty supper of beans is the best thing in the world for children.

A dish that we are very fond of occasionally for breakfast is "fritters." Take two eggs, beat up well, two cupfuls of buttermilk or sour milk, a little salt, a scant teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a batter stiff enough to drop off a spoon. Have a skillet of hot lard, and drop in small spoonfuls and fry a light brown. They are so light they are just perfect puffballs. Pile them in a deep dish and let them stand a few minutes before serving, when the little, thin crust will get soft and tender. They are splendid with butter and syrup or honey or jelly, or simply eaten with butter. For a change, I sometimes stir in oysters enough to have one or two in each fritter, and we like them very much.

I am going to give you a mother's recipe for flour pancakes. I never knew any one to make as nice pancakes as she did, or to make them the same way. Take the yolks of two eggs and beat them up lightly; then add a pint of sweet milk and a little salt, with flour enough to make a smooth batter. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them as lightly as possible into the batter just before beginning baking them. As fast as they are cooked put them on a plate, covering them with a deep tin pan, so they can steam a few minutes. And such pancakes, so light and tender, and made without the aid of soda or baking-powder either.

For the Table.

SPICED SALT.—Four ounces salt, one ounce black pepper, one ounce thyme, one ounce sweet marjoram, one ounce summer savory, half ounce cloves, half ounce allspice, half ounce mace, quarter ounce cayenne pepper, one ounce celery salt. Mix all together, sift thoroughly and keep closely covered.

SNOWBALL CAKE.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup sweet milk, two cups flour, whites of three eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda. Sift cream tartar with the flour, beat butter and sugar together, add whites of the eggs well beaten, and then add the milk in which the soda has been dissolved.

MINCEMEAT.—One quart chopped meat, one pint chopped suet, two quarts chopped apples, one pint molasses, one pint sugar, one tablespoonful allspice, one teacup vinegar, one teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, half teaspoon red pepper, half teaspoon black pepper, two pounds seeded raisins, one pound currants, one pound butter, salt to taste. Cook slowly, being careful not to let it scorch, and always beat it before putting it into the crust.

IRISH POTATO PUDDING.—Boil four large potatoes, rub them through a sieve, add one half-cup sugar, yolks of two eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon, and lastly the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Mix all together quickly, pour into a buttered pan, bake twenty minutes in a hot oven and serve with lemon sauce.

A pudding that is relished in our family we make with crackers, raisins and sweet milk. We like the small crackers best. Take a two-quart pan and put a layer of crackers in the bottom, then a generous handful or two of raisins, then another layer of crackers, then more raisins; but do not fill the pan too full. I prepare this in the evening and pour on new milk and let stand over night if the weather is not too warm; if so, I fix it in the morning. Before putting it in the oven I beat up an egg with sugar enough to make the pudding sufficiently sweet, add nutmeg and a little butter, and pour off the milk that the crackers have been soaking in, mix with the sugar, egg, etc., and then pour back in the pudding-pan. Bake slowly until the milk is thickened, but not curdled; good warm or cold.

A very simple pudding that our children like very much we call "duff." It is simply boiled milk, and flour added until it is thick, with salt, a little butter and raisins stirred in while cooking. The flour is best stirred up with a little cold milk, as it is impossible to get it free from lumps without. To be eaten with cream, sugar or nutmeg; good warm or cold.

The best way of preparing mustard that I ever found is this: Put one pint of vinegar on the stove to boil. Stir up with a little cold vinegar one tablespoonful of flour two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one teaspoonful of salt and two of sugar and about one third of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; stir all together and add to the boiling vinegar. It may be too thin or too thick, but one or two trials will enable any one to tell when they have sufficient flour; but if too thick, add a little cold vinegar.

SPANISH OMELET.—This is called Spanish on account of the high seasoning. It is a creamy omelet, not tough and leathery nor light and puffy with no flavor. It may be varied twenty times by varying the seasoning or using chopped fish, meat, oysters, ham, or parsley. To make it according to this rule, first make the sauce by cooking together one half can of tomatoes, one clove of garlic chopped fine and a tablespoonful of chopped ham. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper. Cook for five minutes and then add two tablespoonfuls of flour with which has been mixed one half teaspoonful of salt and one half saltspoonful of pepper. Pour the tomato on slowly and add two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms and as much of capers. Beat six eggs slightly, add three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of pepper, and six tablespoonfuls of milk. Butter an omelet pan with one tablespoonful of butter and pour in the egg. The secret of this omelet, whatever seasoning is used, lies much in the cooking. With a fork, lift up the edges as it cooks, letting the uncooked egg run under. When creamy throughout, let it brown on the bottom. Pour some tomato on one side, fold and turn out. Pour the rest of the sauce around the omelet.

Widening of Woman's Sphere.

The New York society girl who recently joined the Salvation Army and is now working with those zealots for the good of her kind entered one more protest against the precedent which shuts the daughters of rich parents out of the active work of the world. Her act is an extreme protest, it is true, but it will cause no greater shock to the sticklers for propriety than the first appearance of a woman lawyer in court did. From the parlors of the Four Hundred with their inane talk and petty gossip to the barracks of the Salvation Army with their intense earnestness and practical views of life is a long step, and the woman who took it must be credited with unusual courage. That she is as sincere as she is courageous is proved by her shrinking from notoriety and the unostentatious way in which she has begun her new life. The event is only one evidence, however, of the growing desire among young women to find their work in life and do it. The progress made in this way during the past forty years is but little understood, as the change has gone on quietly and persistently. While the crusade for woman suffrage has absorbed the efforts of the noisy and pretentious the real work of woman's advancement has been proceeding in another direction. She has proved her ability to enter every one of the learned professions and to conduct the practical affairs of life—from managing a city business to running a farm. She has broken down the prejudice against giving woman the advantage of the highest education and has compelled the leading colleges and universities to open their doors to her.

This widening of woman's sphere has been a large factor in the better health and spirits of the women of to-day, as compared with their mothers and grandmothers. The narrow life and monotonous round of duties that housework and the few occupations open to the sex a generation ago were largely responsible for the mannerisms, insanity, and the drift towards dissipation that was evident among women. There are no finer illustrations of healthful, well-poised women to be seen in any country than can be found in Canada and the neighboring republic to-day. They are vastly better disciplined mentally and developed physically than their mothers. This introduction of women to a wider horizon is, according to the testimony of physicians, a leading cause of the decrease of inebriety among women. One such authority says: "The emancipation of women from the slavery of caste, and ignorance, and the steady upward movement in mental and physical development, will prevent any increase of alcoholism or inebriety." It has not been a boon alone to women who have to support themselves that they can now compete with men in nearly every walk of life. It has benefited the daughters of rich parents almost as much. It has enabled them to mark out lines for themselves and free themselves from the pitifully narrow conventionalities that fashion prescribed as their metes and bounds. Some of the best philanthropic work is being done to-day by women of independent means. Many of the wisest suggestions for the improvement of the condition of the working classes have emanated from discussions held in women's clubs. Woman has obtained suffrage rights in only a moderate degree, as yet, taking the country over, but it is hardly a matter of doubt that she is exerting as potent an influence as if she possessed the ballot. Woman is finding her work in life and doing it in her own way, and such an unusual event as the accession of a society belle to the ranks of the Salvation Army only serves to call public attention to women's progress a little more sharply than usual.

THE CZAR'S WIFE.

Interesting Facts About the Empress of Russia.

The Empress of Russia is as slender and petite as the Czar is strong and massive. She is not beautiful and not homely. Her nose is slightly retrousse, but her features are otherwise well formed, and her eyes are bright and kindly. She is one of the most beautiful dancers in Russia and she is as fond of dancing as a Danish country girl.

At the Winter palace in St. Petersburg are given each year some of the most wonderful balls of the world. Seven thousand people can live in this palace, and the thousands of dancers trip the light fantastic toe over floors of ebony, of rosewood and ivory.

Now and then the Empress appears at these dances in her royal clothes. She wears a gorgeous crown which fairly blazes with diamonds. Her necklace is of many strands of the purest pearls, and her vest is a mass of rubies, sapphires and diamonds, put together so they blaze like fire.

One of her gowns is of emerald velvet, with a train of white velvet, which is fairly covered with gold embroidery, and the front of which is lined with strands of the purest coral.

The direful collapse of the French Panama Canal company, after spreading bankruptcy and distress over the country, is now re-echoed in an interminable tale of political scandals. Bribery of officials in high station, systematic suborning of the press, disgraceful traffic in contracts, and lucrative appointments have all been shown to be incident to the attempt of the government of France to carry out a distinctively private enterprise. Ministries have been overthrown, men of high standing have been driven into exile or suicide. No such scandal in high places has been known since the days of the Credit Mobilier, when the American government made the same blunder of trying to enter into copartnership with private corporations.

A SOCIALIST VILLAGE.

It has Lived and Flourished for 200 Years in the Name of Four Families.

A correspondent of the London (Eng.) Standard says:—A few miles from Dunkirk there exists a village, inhabited by fishermen and seafaring men, where, since the year 1670, a syndicate has been in existence, and where as a birthright, an equal share of land is conferred on each member of the community. This favored spot is named Fort Mardyck, and marks the place once occupied by a fort which protected the port of Mardyck in the days, long gone by, when ships of war and traders entered the harbor, of which the only remaining vestige is a quaint old lock.

When Dunkirk was sold to the French by Charles II., Louis XIV. resolved on forming in the neighborhood of Dunkirk, a community of French speaking sailors, with a view of implanting the language, as also of reserving, for State service, a nucleus of trustworthy seamen. He accordingly appealed to his subjects, and in 1670 four families, namely, the Bernards, Everarts, Zoonekent, and Goden, natives of Cuoq, in Picardy, offered their services to the king, who granted them, for their own use and that of their descendants, some 300 acres of land, situated at Fort Mardyck. These men entered into possession of the land on the understanding that they were bound to submit to maritime conscription and to exercise the profession of a sailor.

At different stages of its progress the colony of Fort Mardyck had to contend with attempts levelled against its privilege. None of its opponents was successful, however, and in 1773 Louis XV. ratified the concessions granted by his predecessor by means of a decree and reserved to the Fort Mardyck people the exclusive right of fishing off Mardyck. The village and its royal grant of land have remained unaffected by the numerous changes which have occurred in France since Louis XIV. The actual organization of the hamlet is worthy of a brief description.

The land, consisting, as stated above, of about 300 acres, is divided into two lots, one of which is let to agriculturists, the rent being appropriated to a fund established for the payment of State taxes and for the distribution of relief to members of the community standing in need of assistance. The remaining portion of the land is allotted to the inhabitants of Fort Mardyck, each one receiving at the time of his or her marriage about half an acre. Under no circumstances may the Fort Mardyck native resign his ownership. He may secure a tenant for his share of the land, but no further transfer is permitted. This rule, which unlike others, is marked by no exceptions, has proved instrumental in inducing the villagers to marry early in life. Their field invariably produces more vegetables than they require for their own maintenance, and they are therefore enabled to derive a fair profit from the sale of the extra supply. Morever, while her husband is away at sea the Fort Mardyck woman does not depend for her support on his wages. She is able to subsist on the produce of the land, and when the man returns his pay is intact.

The Fort Mardyck sailor very soon manages to build his cottage, and when this is accomplished he is practically secure from want for life. Should he have been unable to save enough money for his old age he is maintained by the common fund. On visiting the village I called on the Mayor of this little republic, where political squabbles are unknown, and was supplied by this magistrate who is a stalwart sea Captain named Everart and a direct descendant of one of the founders of the colony, with the following information:

"Our village now numbers one thousand seven hundred and six inhabitants. We manage our own affairs and defray our own expenditures. We built our public school by subscription, and I am sure we never cost the State a sou. We marry early, and lead regular lives. Families of ten or twelve children are by no means rare and in a single year I have registered as many as seven births of twins. At this rate our population doubles in thirty years. I suppose that eventually we shall be compelled to diminish our allotments, as we are hemmed in on all sides by the neighboring villages. Besides, I am sure the State will not give us any more land."

"And what do you do with your paupers?" I inquired.

"We have no paupers," said the Mayor. "Of course there are a few old people who are needy. But as they have their cottages and fields, a small subsidy from the common fund keeps them very comfortably. You see our people cannot sell their land, and so, even if they are improvident, our rules prevent them from rushing to ruin."

At a moment when so much is being said concerning State socialism and Church socialism, it is not uninteresting to adduce the example of a syndicate, established in the days of almost absolute monarchy, which has victoriously steered its way through revolutions of all kinds.

A Conscientious Young Man.

An amusing incident occurred the other day on a certain railroad. The west-bound express, in charge of Isaac Sargent, had pulled out of Athol, and as the conductor passed through the train he found among the passengers who had boarded it at the last stopping place a young man respectably dressed and appearing to be possessed of ordinary intelligence, but whose actions indicated that his experience in railroad travel had been very limited. As the conductor halted for the young man's fare the latter handed up a ticket good for passage from Athol to Miller's Falls, and with it 1c. The conductor, half suspicious that a practical joke was about to be sprung, looked at the young man and asked: "What is this cent for?" "I see," said the passenger, in sober earnestness, "it says on the ticket, 'Not good unless stamped,' and as I do not happen to have a stamp with me I give you the cent and you can put it on." The young man's manner convinced Mr. Sargent that the passenger was not joking, so the good-natured conductor, with no sign of merriment, handed back the coin, remarking that it was a small matter and he would fix it all right.

I do not think, beloved friends, that God ever takes us up into the mountain to show us the whole conception of our lives at once; but I have learned that God gives us His plan a bit at a time, and that as we do each bit by itself in His grace and by His strength we are really achieving His purpose, and that we will do the whole by doing each part.

NOT THE PREY OF CROCODILES.

Shots from Well-aimed Rifles Save the Lives of Two Brave Swimmers.

While Mr. Daniel J. Rankin was travelling in the Loangwa basin, north of the Zambesi River, last year his party had a few exciting minutes with some crocodiles. They had been marching rapidly for some days and had got out of supplies. They came to a river and had been told that on the other side there was plenty of food. All the canoes were on the other shore, and the natives, who had not seen white men before, declined to cross over for the party. Coaxing had no effect upon them, and there seemed a good prospect that the party would have to spend the night without a mouthful of supper.

Here and there in the river floated what appeared to be black logs. They were crocodiles. If the party remained in camp they would suffer severely from hunger. If they crossed the river without a canoe they ran the gauntlet of the voracious beasts. Things were not looking cheerful, and Rankin could not ask for volunteers to swim across the river.

Two of his porters, however, finally asked permission to attempt the passage, and after some consideration Rankin gave his consent. He placed four Arabs armed with Martini rifles in commanding spots along the bank, and, taking up a good position with his express rifle, he and the Arabs held themselves in readiness to cover the swimmers during their perilous swim. The volunteers plunged in and the swift current rapidly took them down toward a placid pool of cold, blue water, where some of the black logs were lying motionless. The party on shore knew that the animals were only waiting a favorable opportunity to seize the swimmers.

One of the men forged a dozen yards ahead of his comrade, when suddenly a ripple was seen in the water between the two, and another black log in motion appeared on the surface. The moment was a critical one, and, owing to the relative position of the swimmers and the crocodile, it was difficult to shoot the animal without imperilling the swimmers. Fortunately, the two men seemed to be unaware of their great peril. As the crocodile approached one of the men the animal suddenly opened his huge jaws and, churning the water, prepared for the fatal rush. Then the whole swarm of crocodiles, re-enforced by many that up to this moment had been invisible below the surface, dashed forward to get their share of the human prey. Things looked very black for the brave swimmers. A shot, however, from Rankin's express rifle, followed almost simultaneously by four shot's from the Martinis, killed the first crocodile and he had hardly sunk with a convulsive snap, when, terrified by the roll of musketry, which reverberated with a hundred echoes from the rocky banks, the whole swarm of crocodiles disappeared below the surface, and the heads of the two swimmers were the only objects visible.

With a few more strokes they reached the shore, and their friends on the other bank greeted their safe arrival with a hearty cheer. The owner of the canoes had fled, and fifteen minutes later the party were able to paddle themselves across the river.

A HEAD IN THE BASKET.

The Horrible Spectacle That Delighted a Parisian Crowd—Execution of Eugene Crampon.

A despatch from Paris says:—Eugene Crampon, the murderer of two men, has paid the penalty for his crimes, and the canaille that gathered to see his execution greatly enjoyed the spectacle afforded by the miserable, cowardly wretch, as he was literally carried to the guillotine. When Crampon saw the guillotine, with a terrible shriek he threw himself backward and fell to the ground. All efforts to induce him to rise were fruitless and he grovelled on the flagstones, begging piteously for his life. While some of the assistants supported him others quickly bound and threw him against the bascule. Even then he did not cease his struggles. His contortions were terrible. The bascule was dropped into place and the assistants shoved it forward until Crampon's neck rested in the lunette. The blade fell and Crampon's head dropped into the basket. The execution was the most horrible one that has been witnessed in Paris for many years. The crowd, highly pleased with the entertainment the state had afforded them, dispersed, laughing and joking with each other.

A tattler's brain is like a beggar's pack; it contains little but what has been given to him.

Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. "The kingdom of God is within you." We aspire to the top to look for rest. It lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence be lowly.

Conscience demands that one should not only do the best work of which he is capable, but that he should make himself capable of doing the best work. The lawyer, and he must add, the minister, as well as the book-keeper, the clerk, the mechanic, who, though negligent in preparation, allows himself to do anything less than the very best work that can be done by him, is wanting in conscience and in honesty. The phrases not seldom used, "about right," "near enough," are treason to conscience.

A writer in the *American Journal of Politics* suggests that the principal nations of the earth sign a treaty for the establishment of a "World's Supreme Court," to which shall be referred all cases of international disagreement. As a mere naked decree of such a court would be of no effect, he proposes that the nations shall pledge themselves to see that the orders of this court are enforced. This is a scheme that sounds well, but we fear that it is open to an insuperable objection. In case the court was unanimous and only one nation was condemned by the judgment everything might move along smoothly enough; but let it be supposed for example that a case should arise between Russia and Germany in which a decision should be given against Russia, the representatives of France dissenting, can there be any doubt that these two powers would not let a mere treaty stand in the way of their making common cause against the judgment? And is it likely that the United States and England would interfere to prevent them from quarreling? Not at all.