YOUNG FOLKS.

Their Resolutions.

There were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will"—
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion.

Peter Schuyler's Ladder.

"Master Corwin!" said one of his schoolboys at recess time. "The fire bells are ringing. Could I go to see where it is?"

"Is the fire in your district?" asked Master Corwin, writing at his desk.

"N—no sir."

Another voice said in a low tone. "Pleathe let me thee?"

"Is the fire in your district?"

"No, thir."

Soon Master Corwin laid down his pen, went to a blackboard, and seizing a piece of chalk, dashed off a sketch of a ladder with a broken round.

"No," he murmured, "that is not what I intended. I have only one broken round."

He began again his sketch. When he had finished there was a sorry-looking ladder on the board—three of its rounds in a very mutilated condition.

"Now, scholars, if I want a good ladder, can I afford to have one whose rounds are broken?"

"No, sir!" came from his scholars in a round chorus.

"Neither can you be out of school, if you are going to learn anything. You want to go and you want to stay out, but every day is a round, you know, in a ladder. You break something important if you are out."

Peter Schuyler told his grandfather after school what the master had said.

Grandpa Schuyler was a carpenter at work in his shop, mending a ladder.

"Ha, ha!" cried grandpa. "The master was telling his own experience! He went to climb his ladder and three of the rounds were cracked, and down he came! I am mending his ladder now. He—he is right about school. You must be there everyday and must not keep running out."

Peter was looking out of the window.

"There," said he, "I'd like to have that boy's chances. His father is rich."

"O, Clarence Smith? Humph! I don't believe he will climb high."

"Why not?"

"See where he is going!"

The boy went into a beer shop. He came out, bringing a pail and wiping his lips. Then he turned in the direction of his home.

"His father has taught him to like that sort of drink. Peter I want to make you a ladder, I know you are poor, but if you have got a ladder with three rounds in it, you won't stay poor. It will be a small ladder, and you can put it in your pocketbook."

Peter grinned: "No money in it, but a ladder!"

"You wait and see if my ladder won't bring you some money."

Grandpa Schuyler's tiny ladder was two inches long and half an inch broad. It had three rounds; on one was the word, "Honesty," penned in ink; a second was marked, "Diligence;" a third was inscribed, "Temperance."

"I don't know but I ought to make it four rounds, and what the fourth will be, perhaps your grandma will tell you," said grandpa Schuyler.

Peter lived with his grandparents and he did not need to go far to find his grandmother. She smiled to see the ladder and said; "That fourth round, Peter, I will name prayer. Through the day, Honesty and Diligence and Temperance will give you a good lift, but you won't want to stop there. Tired and worried, you want to go a round higher and you will get into a large, beautiful, beautiful chamber of Peace There you can lie down and God's angels will watch over you."

"Grandma, don't you want a fifth round, one to start with in the morning same kind as you leave off with?"

"Peter, you are right. You tell your grandpa."

Grandpa made the fifth round, and in Peter's pocketbook was deposited this tiny ladder, its mite rounds labelled "Prayer," "Honesty," "Diligence," "Temperance," "Prayer," again.

"A good, strong ladder," said grandpa Schuyler.

The next morning Master Corwin sat at his school-desk as usual.

"Where, where are all my boys?" he wondered, looking round. "Ah, Peter Schuyler is here, yes, and several more. Girls are all here."

The fire of yesterday had been extinguished, but breaking out again, it proved a fiery magnet whose attraction had been too powerful for a number of the boys, Peter, though, had borne in mind that ladder in his pocketbook, and also the master's talk about broken rounds, and he had come to school.

"I want to drill you to-day in interest," the master told the class in arithmetic to which Peter belonged. "Don't get tired of it. A drill to a soldier means work, patience, attention. You will get your pay for it."

Compensation came to Peter that very day, and in this way.

"Peter, I have some interest to pay, and the man to whom I owe it says it is so much. I am not extra on figures. Just see if he is right," said grandpa Schuyler.

Peter found that a mistake of ten dollars had been made.

"Ah, it pays to be on a ladder whose rounds are not broken," thought Peter when his grandpa generously rewarded him. He could not help telling the master that his attendance at school had helped him correct a mistake of ten dollars.

"Indeed!" said Master Corwin. "You believe in having a ladder whose rounds are all in, good and strong. It pays to follow up school."

"I have a ladder in my pocketbook. My grandfather and grandmother made it, Master Corwin."

"A pocketbook ladder! I have heard of ladders you could take down and fold up. Let me see the mighty one in your pocketbook, please."

Peter produced his ladder.

"That is curious—'Prayer,' 'Honesty,' 'Diligence,' 'Temperance,' 'Prayer!' Indeed!" said Master Corwin.

To himself, he said: "Peter's ladder is interesting. Afraid I can't climb some of those rounds.

What about the first and fifth, Master Corwin?

Once, though, he prayed. "I can get along myself," had always been his proud assertion in later years.

That evening he was at the home of Clarence Smith, making a call.

"Why, how tired you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "That must not be, Master Corwin. Here, let me see what I can do!"

Before he could realize what she was doing, she had nimbly started to a closet and brought back a glass of crimson wine.

"Now, take this! Do, Master Corwin! It is just what tired teachers need!"

She extended the glass in her hand, and he held out his, surprised by this abrupt approach of temptation.

"Climbing up so many stairs in your schoolhouse," she said, "you must get very tired. Now refresh yourself! Take a biscuit to go with it?"

"Climbing up!"

Did that expression remind him of Peter's ladder?

He certainly seemed to see it stretching up before him. He caught also those words going up in grand succession: "Prayer," "Honesty," "Diligence," "Temperance," "Prayer." His glass was going up to his lips. He felt his weakness. He glanced again at the ladder and then he glanced upward. "God help me," he cried in the depths of his soul. His wineglass went down. He set it on a table near him.

"I thank you, Mrs. Smith. You are very kind, but excuse me if I do not take this."

"Why, Master Corwin! You are not one of those tee-tee-totallers? You have so many boys to look after."

He smiled. "You are very kind. You know how many boys I have that will look to see what my example is."

In a few minutes he left the house.

His face was flushed as if he had been facing a fire. He muttered: "I—I am mortified! To think I should not promptly have put away that temptation! I believe another moment I would have put that glass to my lips if it had not been for Peter's ladder. Those prayer-rounds, I—." He did not think any further along that line of thought, for he was not prepared to make the advance.

He made it, though, when he reached his home and was alone in his study. He fell upon his knees and in his weakness reached up and took hold of the strength of God.

"Peter Schuyler's ladder in his pocket book," thought the teacher, the next day, looking at his scholar. "I wonder if he knows how much good that ladder has done. He is not the only one that through God's strength means to climb it."—[N. Y. Observer.

WITH A RED-HOT POKER.

A 15-Year-Old Lad Brands His Baby Brother on the Cheek—Awful Story Of Depravity.

A despatch from Toronto, says:—Punishing a child by thrusting a red-hot poker against its cheek, because it "tattled," is a mode of punishment which does not commend itself to the average specimen of depraved humanity, yet this is what Toronto's Jesse Pomeroy was charged with doing by his mother at the police Court yesterday.

Mrs. Bailey of 10 Lima-place appeared before Colonel Denison, and swore that her son, John A. Bailey, aged 15, one day last month, because his 4-year-old brother, Walter, informed on him, heated a stove poker red hot and burned three holes in the little one's face—on the forehead and both cheeks. On another occasion he lured his brother into a bedroom and put him on the bed. Then he got two pillows and deliberately placed one under the baby's head and the other over his face. This done, he rolled the child in a heavy blanket and left him there to smother to death. The mother suspected that something was wrong, and on going into the room found the baby covered up as has been described. It was almost lifeless, and was saved just in the nick of time.

"Why did you not bring the case here before?" asked the Magistrate. "Because he promised to do better," answered the witness. "Anyway I thought it better to leave it to God than man."

The boy was too old to go to the Industrial School and the law forbade him being sent to the Reformatory, so the Magistrate let him go on suspended sentence on the understanding that if he was guilty of any more indiscretions he would send him to the Central for a long period.

A Novelty In Handkerchiefs.

It is well known that the sputa coming from persons ill with typhoid fever, measles, pneumonia or consumption should be promptly sterilized and rendered harmless, as otherwise it is highly contagious. In order to meet the exigencies of such cases an English tradesman is manufacturing an antiseptic handkerchief. The material of the handkerchief is Japanese paper. Though very thin and soft to the touch it is of adequate consistency, and is carefully impregnated with a volatile antiseptic substance. Whatever the value of the antiseptic substance may be, the real usefulness of the handkerchief for the purpose for which it is intended probably lies in the very low price at which it is turned out, about 70c per 100. When a handkerchief costs less than three-quarters of a cent. there can be little compunction in destroying it as soon as it has been used. A physician of repute, however, deprecates the use of the handkerchief for the purpose, whether antiseptic ized or not. He recommends, as infinitely preferable on all accounts, a pocketcuspidor, which is simply a slender bottle of blue glass, open at both ends, with a receptacle in the middle. The apparatus does not take up any more room than the old-fashioned snuff-box or the more modern cigarette case, and its usefulness is so great that it could be used with advantage not only by consumptives, but by all persons in the habit of expectorating. It is argued that there is nothing at all shocking in this provision, the employment of which should be strictly enforced for humanitarian reasons

HOUSEHOLD.

Our Baby.

L. B. SMITH.

Dear little boy, with your heart clapsed to mine,
What are the thoughts that are flitting through thine?
None but the Giver, who gave thee in blessing,
Knoweth the pleasure there is in possessing
A beautiful boy, full of love and carressing.
Oh, such a blessing
There is in possessing!

Dear little eyes, pure as heaven's own blue,
Were ever a pair more lovely or true?
None but the Giver, who gave such a treasure,
Knoweth our happiness, love without measure.
Our sunlight, our life, superlative pleasure.
Oh, such a pleasure
In possessing a treasure!

Dear little hands full of mischief and work,
Learning ever life's lessons never to shirk,
Ever be ready, with hands that are willing,
Heart ever ready His law in fulfilling,
Ever be ready to go at His bidding.
Yes, always willing
To go at His bidding.

Dear little head with its soft, sunny hair,
Much greater the beauty indwelleth there,
Ah no! I'm sure I'm not foolish holding
All the dear hopes for my one-year-old darling
Whose sweet life is daily unfolding.
Daily unfolding
By love's gentle moulding.

Dear little baby fast folded in sleep,
Father of Mercy! watch o'er the dear feet,
Lovingly chide them when they are straying,
Lovingly guide them while we are praying,
Lovingly keep us while we are staying.
While on earth staying
Keep us from straying.

—[The Housekeeper.

A Girl's Signature.

An important matter to teach a girl is the value of her signature. If the habit is once formed of attaching her full name to every letter she writes, with her address, it may save a great deal of trouble in future times, should her letters be lost. She should be taught the responsibility which she assumes in thus signing her name, and she is not likely to write silly and foolish letters, which she would gladly recall. She should also learn that she must not affix her name to any list of individuals, any society or any document without knowing fully what responsibility she is assuming. The matter may seem trivial, but she should give time to thought in all matters where her name is asked for, and not trust even to her dearest friend against her own judgment. Times have changed, indeed, since the days when a young girl's fondest aspiration upon quitting school was to change her name. Her whole social education tended to instruct her that her life would be a failure until she got rid of her father's name. Now she prizes it. She often keeps it in her married name to show the race she springs from. She is not in a great hurry to change it.

Table Cloths.

Where an extension table is used, there should be one cloth large enough for the table when all the leaves are in place; but such a spread would be entirely out of place when half of the surface had been taken away, and smaller cloths should be provided, of proper size for the ordinary use. While any approved pattern may be purchasd, it is generally a mistake to select fancy colored linens, says *Good Housekeeping*. The white is always standard, always appropriate, looks well, and will be in fashion; but as much cannot be said for the colors, which may be popular one season and entirely under the ban within a year. Besides, when the cloth has been so worn that it is not available for further use on the table, its utility is very much greater if white than if colored. In the former case it may be cut over and acceptably used in a multitude of ways.

Tablecloths may be bought either woven and finished complete, or by the yard. For kitchen tables, and not infrequently for general use, the latter is an entirely satisfactory way, while it is decidedly more economical. The ends may be secured by a simple hem, or finished in any approved manner, and some very pleasing effects may be produced by the housekeepers skilled in such work and having a little spare time which may be thus employed.

The napkin is now indispensable at all well regulated tables, though it was not so very long ago that it was looked upon as a fancy attachment, adapted only to "stuck-up" people and to children. It is historically interesting to read that almost as far back as books of etiquette are to be found, including such as have come down to us in manuscript, from a time prior to the discovery of the art of printing, children were directed to wipe their hands and mouths with their napkins; but it does not appear that grown persons were supposed to use these convenient articles earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century. At that time tablecloths, among the wealthy—and nobody else had them at all—were long enough to come nearly or quite to the floor, and the ample margin which hung over the edge of the table served the purpose for which the handcloth is now employed.

Comfort in the Kitchen.

Every kitchen should be furnished with a generous supply of cooking utensils. A young housewife who commenced housekeeping on a very moderate income, made it a rule to invest twenty-five cents every week in pots, pans, etc. At the end of the first year her kitchen was well stocked with everything needed for cooking purposes. She purchased a small bank, and instead of spending the twenty-five cents put it away for safe keeping. When her kitchen ware became old and shabby, she drew a sum from the bank and bought new articles, thus keeping both her kitchen and her disposition in a good condition.

Lack of proper kitchen utensils causes a great deal of extra work, and a woman is justified in demanding every labor saving article that can be produced. Servants are not willing to work in kitchens where they are obliged to use dilapidated vessels for cooking food. One pan is used for everything and bread is set to raise in the dish-pan or in the water pail.

It is hard for a woman to do her work properly under such trying circumstances, but in nine cases out of ten, she has only herself to blame. If the means will allow, she should insist upon having every convenience in her kitchen and not wear out both mind and body in the hope of saving a few paltry dollars.

Men will not work without the proper tools. They have every labor-saving device that can be procured—and it is right that they should have them, but as they are very slow in recognizing some of the rights that belong to women, the women themselves should take matters in hand and, beginning in the kitchen, keep right on until the "march of improvement" can go no further.

Three Excellent Cakes.

To produce good cake, uniformly up to the standard, the housewife must have a supply of first-class flour, kept dry; likewise of powdered sugar or the finest granulated, also kept dry. No granulated sugar can be incorporated with butter so readily or perfectly as sugar powdered. Store both in wooden buckets and keep in a cool, dry place. Heat and moisture affect flour and sugar to a degree unsuspected by cooks who complain of "bad luck" with their bread and cakes. Sift flour before using and measure after sifting. Mix all batters in earthenware bowls.

Using good flour, sugar, butter and eggs three kinds of especially dainty cakes can be made by means of the directions given here. These are the standard recipes for the everyday family table cake in several households where uniformly excellent cookery is insisted upon.

Sand Cake.—Beat half a pound of sweet butter to a cream; add the yolks of five eggs and half a pound of sugar; for this cake granulated sugar is always to be used. Stir this mixture half an hour, then add gradually half a pound of cornstarch and a sherry-glassful of Jamica rum; grate in the thin yellow rind of half a lemon, add a little of the juice, and, last of all, stir in lightly the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. The right tin to bake this in is a high one with a tube in the center, and the pan should be thoroughly greased with lard before putting in the cake; the cake may stick if butter is used. Bake from half to three-quarters of an hour. Ice the top, if desired. Always make and cakes a couple of days before cutting it.

A Light Layer Cake.—Beat a pound of butter to a cream and add, one at a time, the yolks of seven eggs; as you drop in a yolk, break in also a whole egg, making seven eggs in addition to the seven yolks. Mix thoroughly, and add gradually one pound of sugar. Stir fifteen minutes before putting in a pound of sifted flour and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Bake in layer cake tins and fill as preferred. A perfectly delicious filling is made with nuts; make a boiled syrup of two ounces of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water. Have ready three ounces of walnut meats—or hazelnuts—which must be pounded fine with a tablespoon of cream. Put into these a scant teaspoonful of vanilla essence and an ounce of candied lemon or orange peel minced; pour the syrup over this and stir lightly. Put between the layers of cake; the top can be iced or simply have powdered sugar sifted thickly over.

Promises.—To make "promises" mix together one egg, six ounces of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter; when thoroughly mixed add one quart of sifted flour; stir this until all is smooth, then add half a cupful of sherry wine or Jamaica rum. The dough should be the consistency of soft putty. Lay a large lump in a large biscuit pan and press it out with the hand to cover the tin as evenly as possible, not more than a quarter of an inch thick and less if you can. This may seem troublesome but if you keep a little dry flour, to dip your hand in, it will be easy. Sift over the flattened dough some powdered sugar and ground cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven until the edges are brown and the rest a pale yellow. Take the pan from the oven and cut quickly from end to end, and then cross in strips; use a sharp knife and lift the cakes very carefully, as they will harden as they cool. These little cakes are delicious with tea or coffee and should be served on cut paper in a light careless pile.

The Future of Electric Railways.

Dr. Edward Hopkinson, the well-known English electrical expert, has been saying some practical things about electrical railways. He thinks we do not yet know enough about electric railways. He thinks we do not yet know enough about electrical traction to entitle us to expect that it will take the place of steam traction on trunk lines, but it has its proper function in the working of the underground lines now projected for London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and other large cities in Europe, and also on other lines, for example, on the Liverpool Overhead Railway, where trains of large carrying capacity were not required, but a frequent service was essential; and finally on short lines, where water power was available. Referring to both American and European projects for travelling at 150 and even 200 miles an hour, Dr. Hopkinson stated that at such high speeds the power required to overcome the air resistance was of special consideration. The power required to propel an ordinary train 200 feet long at 200 miles an hour against the resistance of air alone, apart from the frictional resistance, would not be less than 1700 horse-power. Though there was nothing to prevent the construction of electric locomotives capable of developing this, or even greater power, the strength of the materials at present at command would set a limit to the speeds to be obtained. If, however, modern civilization required a speed of travel of over 200 miles per hour, Dr Hopkinson predicted that it would be more efficiently realized by regarding it as a problem in projectiles and not of ordinary locomotion.

Canadian Teachers the Best.

A Buffalo special says:—Complaint having been made that Canadians are employed teaching in the night schools, Inspector DeBarry says: "I have had two cases of this kind reported to me. One was that of J.H. Madden, who is employed as a night teacher at School No. 30. I made an examination and found he had not come here under contract, and was making this place his home. I was therefore powerless to act. The other was that of a Miss Kennedy, and was similar. Her parents are Canadians, but she is living with her uncle in the first ward. Superintendent Emmerson and Mrs. Tift of the Board of School Examiners say Canadian teachers are among the best they have."

Seedy Inventor—"I've got an idea that's worth millions, sir!" Capitalist—"What do you want for it?" Seedy Inventor—"About a dollar."

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

How Some of Them Have Been Explained.

A lady, the wife of a wealthy squire, died after a protracted illness; and on the evening of her decease, her husband, desirous to pass a solitary hour by the body, sent the nurse who was watching beside it out of the room. Before the expiration of an hour, the bell by which the deceased had been in the habit of summoning the nurse rang violently; and the woman, fancying the unfortunate widower was taken suddenly ill, hurried into the room. He dismissed her angrily, however, protesting that he had not rung. Shortly afterwards, the bell was rung a second time; when the woman observed to one of the servants that she should not attend to the summons, as the gentleman might again repent having summoned her, and dismiss her ungraciously.

"It cannot be my master who is ringing now," replied the footman, "for I have this moment left him in the drawing room."

And while he was still speaking, the bell of the death chamber rang a third time—and still more violently than before.

The nurse was now literally afraid to obey the summons: nor was it till several of the servants agreed to accompany her, that she could command sufficient courage. At length they ventured to open the door, expecting to discover, within, some terrible spectacle.

All, however, was perfectly tranquil; the corpse extended upon the bed under a holland sheet, which was evidently undisturbed. Such, however, was the agitation of the poor nurse, that nothing would induce her to remain alone with the body; and one of the housemaids accordingly agreed to become her companion in the adjoining dressing-room.

They had not been there many minutes, when the bell again sounded; nor could there be any mistake on the subject, for the bell-wire passing round the dressing-room was in motion, and the servants in the offices could attest to the vibration of the bell. The family butler accordingly determined to support the courage of the terrified women by accompanying them back to the dressing-room, in which they were to sit with the door open, so as to command a view of the bed.

These precautions effectually unravelled the mystery! A string had been attached to the bellpull to enable the sick lady to summon her attendants without changing her position, which still unremoved, hung down upon the floor; and a favorite kitten, often admitted into the room to amuse the invalid, having entered the chamber unobserved, was playing with the string, which being entangled in her feet had produced this general panic.

But for the opportune explanation of this trivial incident, the family mansion would have obtained the notoriety of a haunted house, and probably been deserted!

Such was the case with the Crown Inn at Antwerp, where some years ago, a white spectre, bearing a lamp in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other, was seen by a variety of travellers passing along a corridor till it disappeared in a particular chamber.

Nothing would satisfy the neighbours that an unfortunate traveller had not been, at some time or other, despatched in that fatal room by one of the previous landlords of the house; and the Crown gradually obtained the name of the Haunted Inn, and ceased to be frequented by its old patrons.

The landlord, finding himself on the brink of ruin, determined to sleep in the haunted room with a view of proving the groundlessness of the story, and caused his ostler to bear him company, on pretence of requiring a witness to the absurdity of the report; but in reality from cowardice. At dead of night, however, just as the two men were composing themselves to sleep in one bed, leaving another which was in the room untenanted, the door flew open, and in glided the white spectre!

Without pausing to ascertain what it might attempt on approaching the other bed, towards which it directed its course, the two men rushed naked out of the room; and by the alarm they created confirmed, more fully than ever, the evil repute of the house.

Unable longer to sustain the cost of so unproductive an establishment, the poor landlord advertised for sale the house in which he and his father before him were born and bred. But bidders were as scarce as customers; the inn remaining on sale for nearly a year, during which, from time to time, the spectre re-appeared.

At length, a young officer of the garrison who had formerly frequented the house and recollected the excellent quality of its wine, moved to compassion in favour of the poor host, undertook to clear up the mystery by sleeping in the haunted chamber; nothing doubting that the whole was a trick of some envious neigbour, desirous of deteriorating the value of the freehold in order to become a purchaser.

His offer being gratefully accepted, the captain took up his quarters in the fatal room, with a bottle of wine, and a brace of loaded pistols on the table before him; determined to shoot at whatever object might enter the doors.

At the usual hour of midnight, accordingly, when the door flew open and the white spectre bearing a lamp and a bunch of keys made its appearance, he seized his weapons of destruction; when, lo! as his finger was on the point of the trigger, what was his panic on perceiving that the apparition was no other than the daughter of his host, a young and pretty girl, evidently walking in her sleep! Preserving the strictest silence, he watched her set down the lamp, place her keys carefully on the chimney-piece, and retire to the opposite bed, which, as it afterwards proved, she had often occupied during the life-time of her late mother who slept in the room.

No sooner had she thoroughly composed herself, than the officer, after locking the door of the room, went in search of her father and several competent witnesses; including the water-bailiff of the district, who had been one of the loudest in circulating rumours concerning the Haunted Inn. The poor girl was found quietly asleep in bed, and her terror on waking in the dreaded chamber afforded sufficient evidence to all present of the state of somnambulism in which she had been entranced.

From that period, the sceptre was seen no more, probably because the landlord's daughter removed shortly afterwards to a home of her own, provided by the young officer.