HOUSEHOLD.

That Crazy Patch-Work Quilt.

A fad do you call it? so it may be,
A charming one though, it must be confessed,
Since even the treasures from over the sea,
Were wrest from the depths of the oaken chest,
Gorgeous fabrics of mediæval looms,
Lie side by side with the surah and faille
Whose neutral tints mellow all, as perfumes
Are wafted afar, from blest Araby's vale.

How I love to look on its silken face,
As my thoughts go back to the bye-gone years,
And I see in satin and dainty lace,
A fair young bride; but ah me, the tears
Long since have dropped on her coffin lid.
Naught but this scrap of her gown is between,
The past and now—and its fairness is hid—
Time's fingers have yellowed its snowy sheen.

There are stripes and bifurcated pieces, all
Blent into one like a picture so rare.
That comes before me at memory's call,
Till the loved and lost seem everywhere.
This one all broidered in briar stitch,
Speaks to my heart of a beautiful life.
It speaks of the thorny path, through which
Her journey lay in this earthly strife.

And this with its silken strands of gold,
So closely wrought on its outer rim,
Tells how the tide of prosperity rolled
O'er a charmed life, where no shadows dim
Fell athwart her way—only brightest rays
Of rich sunlight o'er her life were cast,
This bit of a dress of her palmy days,
Is the only link to that happy past.

This, a recalcitrant maiden wore,
With her saucy face and piquant air—
But I'll fold it up—I can talk no more
Of the phantom faces mirrored there;
This medley of patches is sure to bring
Them crowding before me as I gaze,
Can you wonder then, why my heart will cling
To this dear reminder of other days?

How to be Happy.

A good many young married people are like farmers who come to the far West and undertake to show the old settlers how to manage a farm. They start in very well, but their expectations are too high and they finally come to grief. So it is with the newly married who think that no one ever had prospects as bright as their own. They expect to accomplish a great deal in the way of showing others how to be happy and contented, but when troubles and trials come they often forget all about love and duty, and instead of trying to help each other bear the burden they spend their time in useless repining, and lead a miserable life in consequence. Better not expect too much, then when you find that many trials and annoyances are to be your portion, it will be easier to bear disappointment.

When debts and hard work oppress a man, his nerves are liable to give way at any time, he becomes irritable and unreasonable and behaves like a bear. Hard work, bearing and rearing a family, has an equally bad effect on a woman's nerves, and she too gives way to the feelings that take possession of her, and thus the model home both husband and wife had planned and hoped for becomes a myth.

I advise young wives to be "slow to anger." If John flies into a passion, let your manner be dignified and affectionate. There is no surer way to convince a man that he is in the wrong. A young man may have married the youngest, prettiest girl in a family. Her childlike disposition may irritate him after the novelty of being married has worn off, but let him remember that she is his wife and try by patience and a good example to teach her the easiest way to learn the duties that belong to her new position.

One can offer little consolation to the woman who is married to a selfish, ill-tempered bearish man who forgets to buy groceries but keeps his pockets and his pipe well filled with tobacco. Such men deserve discomfort and indifferent treatment, but the sober, industrious man who provides for the needs of his wife and children, deserves all the loving care and attention a loving wife can give him. Such a man may say little but like the Irishman he does "a heap o' thinkin'."

The Care of Irons.

When not in use, irons should always be kept in a clean, dry place, and should be covered over, so as to keep them free from the dust that so soon gathers. A good set of irons, of the very best quality, will not easily rust, but it is better to avoid running any risks in the matter, and dampness should be carefully guarded against.

If, by any chance, however, such a disaster should occur, the best remedy to apply would be a thorough rubbing with lard and beeswax. This treatment will be found to only partially restore them to their original state.

In this case, truly prevention is much more highly to be recommended than any cure that could be prescribed. A good idea would be to have an ironing closet in which not only the irons, but all other utensils necessary for the ironing process should be kept. If there is any perceptible roughness in the iron, it should be rubbed upon sand paper or coarse paper that is well covered with table salt, until perfectly smooth.

Before being used, irons should always be tested by rubbing them upon a coarse cloth kept exclusively for the purpose. In this way there need be no scorching or smearing of the clothes. The practice of touching them with a wet finger in order to ascertain the degree of heat, or when they have become too hot, of plunging them into cold water, is most injurious, and shall be found, ultimately, to spoil both the temper and finish of the irons.

Another very important point to be observed is, irons should never be heated upon the stove when the cooking of food is in progress, especially frying, as they are not only liable to became spotted, but they are also very apt to communicate the odor to the clothes.

At long intervals, irons would be very much improved if washed in warm water, care being taken to see that they are thoroughly dried, before being set away for future use.

Strict cleanliness should always be observed.

Plenty of iron-holders should always be kept on hand, for the practice of using anything that might be lying about at the time, such as newspapers or old cloths, for such a purpose is an exceedingly slovenly habit, and unworthy of a neat housewife. They could be made of some stout, substantial material, such as flannel, felt, ticking or denim and lined thickly. A very pretty one could be made of dark blue denim, having the figure of an iron embroidered in outline stitch with black Roman floss, and lined with four or five layers of flannel or bits of cloth that one might have in the house.

An Easel Drape.

One and a half yards lemon-colored silk; 3 balls turquoise blue crochet silk; 125 brass rings; fill all the rings with double crochet, closely and firmly, then with needle and silk crossbar the centre of each ring. When all the brass rings are filled form into wheels, seven rings to a wheel, one in centre and six surrounding. Baste on the China silk, hemstitched on opposite ends and both sides. Use the ravellings to hemstitch with. When the wheels have been neatly hemmed on the silk at one end, with a small pair of scissors cut out all the silk running upon the point, just as the wheels run. This will give the wheel part an open-work look. Tie on every ring at bottom a heavy tassel of the crochet silk.

Jellies.

Russian Jelly for Invalids.—Take the peel and core of apples used for a pie, put into a jar and pour over them a pint of hot water. Set the jar by the fire or in the oven until the water tastes strongly of the apples, then drain off and throw the peel away. Add to the apple-water one tablespoonful of large sago, and set to the fire until the sago has absorbed all the water. Then put in a mould, It can be eaten hot or cold. A little lemon juice improves the flavor. The proportion of peel and water must be according to the quality of apples, as some are much sharper than others, and no decay should be allowed in. Rhubarb may be used in the same way.

Lemon Jelly.—Grate the outsides of two lemons and squeeze the juice, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, yolks of three eggs. Beat the eggs, butter, and sugar together thoroughly, then add the juice and grated rind, and put it over the fire, stirring until thick. Mould in any shape you wish. It is very nice.

Cranberry Jelly.—Allow two ounces of isinglass and one pound of sugar to every three pints of strained cranberry juice. Make a strong jelly of the isinglass, then add sugar and juice, boil up and strain into moulds.

White Wine Jelly.—Pour one pint of cold water on six sheets of isinglass and let stand until dissolved. Then add, first, a pint of boiling water; next, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one pint of sugar and one wine-glass of white wine. Let stand until it hardens. This jelly is excellent in sickness, and makes a very nice dessert to be eaten with cake.

Pie-Plant Jelly.—Peel the pie-plant, cut into pieces, and stew in just enough water to prevent burning. Then strain through a cloth. Allow a quart of juice to a scant quart of sugar, and boil until it puffs up in bubbles all over the top of the dish. A better way to tell when it is done, is to cool some in a saucer. Fifteen or twenty minutes is long enough for any jelly to boil. The secret of jelly making is to boil a small amount at a time, never more than a quart at once.

The Bagpipe and Its Music.

Though now associated with Scotland, the bagpipe is an instrument of great antiquity, and was known long ago to some Indian races, also to the Italians and Bretons. It appears to have reached its most popular development from the musical and utilitarian view in the case of the Highland bagpipe. The ground work of the instrument is, as the name implies, a bag of skins sewed together, and, of course, perfectly air tight. This condition is aided by the use of treacle, which is poured into the bag and allowed to soak well into it.

Into the bag are fitted five wooden stocks, generally of crocus or ebony. These stocks in their turn hold the three drones, the chanter, and the mouthpiece—the chanter being perforated by the note holes, while the mouthpiece is used for filling the bag. Each of the drone pipes, and the chanter, is fitted with reeds made of Spanish cane, contrary to the general impression, which imagines the chanter to be a kind of flute, and the drones hollow sticks.

Bagpipe music has a fixed scale, and the treble, or G clef, is the only one used. The great difficulty of playing, however, is to obtain the doubling of the notes at once quickly and clearly. This profusion of doubled or grace notes, as they are called, makes the manuscript of bagpipe music look something like a document filched from the British Museum.

Most players carry the drones on their left shoulder, but the right is sometimes used. In this case the player has to take the drones out and fix them so that the bass drone will rest on the right shoulder. If not, he must place his head between the drones, and support them by the connecting cord resting on the back of his neck, the small drones not being long enough to find support on the shoulder.

To the Sassenach such words as Taorluath, Taorlath Mach, Crunlaath, Crunluath Breabach, look very ominous; but being interpreted, they are simply methods of doubling and trembling the notes. It can hardly be denied that the above terms, although they might be called jaw-breakers, look much more imposing than the Italian expressions which figure so largely in pianoforte practices.

The French census shows a total of 390,000 foreign work-people.

A Denmark old maids' insurance company pays regular weekly "benefits" to spinsters of forty years and upward.

The Emperor of China pays his soldiers at the munificent rate of 4s. a month, out of which they are required to purchase their food.

Cincinnati is said to be the greatest saddlery and harness producing city in the world. The industry dates back over half a century.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands six against six, the prisoner is acquited. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

The Empress of Austria, who has a castle at Corfu, is said to have added a codicil to her will to the effect that she is to be buried on the island, quite near the shore, so that the waves may continually beat over her tomb.

A Spaniard has succeeded in extracting from grasshoppers a certain fatty substance, which he claims is capable of being transformed into the finest soap extant.

A SLEDGE ADVENTURE.

A Well-Told Tale of the Canadian North-West.

It was the turn of the oldest member of our party to tell a story, and this is what he told, as he poked the camp-fire with the long poker stick, and seemed to see in the coals the scenes he described:

I had been out several times alone with my dog-team on short trips, and felt quite equal to managing it under any circumstances. So I set out for Fort Dunvegan alone. Though the chief factor laughingly told me to beware of "the pride that goeth before destruction" I declined the company of the young metis dog-teamster who had gone with me hitherto on long journeys.

The distance to Fort Dunvegan was twenty-five miles, which is a short day's ride. The trail was plain enough, and I felt sure I could drive the dogs so far without disaster.

It was a bright January morning, and not very cold, when I took my seat in the sled a few minutes before sunrise. I tucked the furs around me and gave the word to my six dogs. The animals settled down to

A SHORT TURN.

their work steadily. As their soft footfalls and the swish of the sledge over the snow broke the silence, I was glad I had left the young metis behind.

The truth is that I was anxious to show myself independent of his help. Chief Factor Simpson had brought his daughters out with him, two young girls not far from my own age, each an expert teamster. It seemed ridiculous that I, an athletic college graduate, should be thought incapable of doing what they did with ease.

On we went. The dogs seemed to be in a particularly good humor. They scarcely made a snap at each other, though they had the reputation of being a decidedly cross-grained team.

The trail lay through open country for the most part. Half-way to Fort Dunvegan it crossed a lake about two miles wide and perhaps eight or ten miles long.

I reached the lake without mishap of any kind. The trail struck it just north of a little thicket of firs, and the crust of thin, hard snow glistened in the sunlight.

As the dogs began to descend the low bank they tossed their heads in the air as if scenting something exciting. I heard the fir branches being disturbed by some animal running through them; then there were sharp strokes of hoofs upon the ice.

As the dogs reached the smooth surface we saw a beautiful red deer making its way out upon the lake. Its head was turned sideways to glance at the intruders.

When the animal caught sight of the dogs it quickened its gait, holding its head high and glancing back at us at almost every stride. With yelps and barks the dogs followed. They ran easily, but not so easily as the deer, whose narrow hoofs sank half an inch or so into the hard snow, and gave him a good foothold.

The deer's course lay directly across the lake, and I entered fully into the spirit of the chase, urging my dogs on with voice and whip. When about half-way across we were nearly up to the fugitive, which seemed to think it needless to put on all his speed. I took out my rifle, intending to end the chase by a well-aimed shot; and was already congratulating myself upon the laurels I should win on returning to the fort with a fine haunch of venison.

The antlers I resolved to give to Miss Alice Simpson, who had made much sport of my inexperience, and whose merry laugh I dreaded more than the criticisms of all the men in the fort.

It seemed a pity to spoil the chase too soon; so I laid the rifle across my knees and watched the beautiful deer as he bounded along like an exquisite piece of machinery.

At length the critical moment seemed to have come. The dogs would be upon the deer in a few moments. It was time to shoot.

But I had reckoned without the deer. At that instant, and as quick as a flash, the fleet creature wheeled about and set off down the lake at a faster rate.

Taken by surprise, I did not pick up the rifle at once. Before I could do so the dogs had turned also. You know what that meant. The sledge swung around at a tremendous speed, so that I was almost thrown out. I kept my place, however.

Not so the rifle. It was flung out upon the crust, and went spinning full twenty yards away.

I tried to stop the dogs, but might as well have tried to stop the deer. Their blood was up. All that remained for me to do was to sit still and take my chances.

Down the lake we went in fine style. Though I began to wonder how the chase would end, the ride was for a time very enjoyable. Soon we began to gain again, and I thought of my rifle with regret. When four miles had been covered the chase was becoming a trifle monotonous.

I no longer indulged in anticipations of my triumphant entry into the fort, laden with antlers and venison. Instead, I reflected that I was by all odds the least important factor in the combination of deer, dogs and driver.

A short distance ahead, and on the left side of the lake, was a small clump of firs. To this I hoped the deer would make its way. There it might be possible for me to check my excited team. Such was the deer's plan; but it was too wary to run directly for the shelter.

It kept on a straight course, passed the thicket, then turned abruptly and doubled back almost within reach of my dog-whip.

Around came the dogs in a larger circle, but not one big enough to suit me. The sledge swung around even faster than it had before. It caught on a hard, drifted ridge, and out I went, striking on my head so heavily that for a time I was unconscious.

When I regained my senses neither deer nor dogs were anywhere to be seen.

In a little while I could scarcely realize what had happened, but my scattered wits returned soon and I found I was none the worse for my fall. I set out for the fir-trees, hoping that the dogs and sledge might have become entangled in them; but by extraordinary luck they had gone through the bushes unchecked and had followed their prey out into the open country beyond.

There they had disappeared in one of the many ravines or over some of the low hills which diversified the prairie.

Much disgusted with myself, the dogs, the deer and everything, I made my way back to the lake and out to the buffalo robe, which had been thrown from the sledge with me. I rolled it in a bundle and strapped it on my shoulders. Then I set off on the four-mile tramp to where my rifle lay.

I had nothing to eat with me, but it was not more than from ten to fifteen miles to either of the forts, and the snow was hard enough for fast walking. At the worst there was nothing before me more serious than a few hours' walk.

But the dogs? To walk to Dunvegan or back to Fort Reliance, as Chief Factor Simpson's headquarters was called, without the dogs, after having so confidently asserted my ability to manage them—that was more than I felt prepared for.

Rather than go on to Dunvegan and report the loss of the team on my return to Reliance, or go back at once and procure a fresh team, and face the smothered ridicule of every voyageur in the fort and the laughter of the Misses Simpson, I would spend at least one night on the open prairie searching for the runaways.

If I had not been little more than a silly boy I should have seen the folly of such a resolution; but my blood was hot, my feelings very tender, and Alice Simpson a most implacable tease.

My mind was made up. After recovering my rifle I would go back, take up the trail of the dogs and deer, and follow them until I overtook them or darkness set in.

January days are short in the Canadian northwest. By the time I had got back to where the deer and dogs had emerged from the thicket the sun had nearly reached the western horizon. So hard was the snow that had it not been for the deer's sharp hoofs I could not have followed the trail. Neither dogs nor sledge made any track except here and there, where the sledge came in collision with a projecting lump of snow.

Nevertheless, I persevered in my attempt, and soon found myself in a maze of ravines. There I wandered till I lost my bearings altogether.

To add to my confusion the trail, shortly after sunset, was crossed by other deer tracks, and a little later became indistinguishable from these.

Twilight was deepening, when I saw a small clump of bushes before me. I turned my steps thither, inspired by a vague hope that some clue might be discovered there to my lost animals. So it proved; there was the sledge, caught between two bushes.

But the dogs were not in sight. They had gnawed themselves clear of the thongs, which served as traces.

It was clearly useless to prolong my search. There was nothing left for me to do but take the sledge in tow and make my way back to Fort Reliance as best I could. So I placed my robe and rifle upon, it extemporized a drag rope and set out.

I shaped my course by the stars in what seemed most likely to be the direction of Fort Reliance. A more thoroughly humiliated fellow never lived.

It was probably ten miles to the fort, and there was a fair chance of my reaching it by midnight, if I had not lost my bearings entirely. So on I tramped, rehearsing to myself the least ridiculous version of my adventure which the facts would warrant.

Whether it was the effect of my fall, or the fact that I had had nothing to eat all day, or the weight of the sledge, or all combined, which caused my strength to give out unexpectedly, I do not know; but after walking for quite a long time the sight of a sharp hill directly ahead completely discouraged me. I sat down on the sledge to rest. Soon drowsiness took possession of me. I wrapped myself up in the robes—there were two on the sledge, one of them being fastened to it for a seat. I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by a shake, and opened my eyes to see broad daylight, and the wondering countenance of Alice Simpson looking into mine.

"Why, Mr. Robertson!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing here? I thought you had gone to Dunvegan."

In confusion I began my explanation, but stopped abruptly to ask in my turn, "But why are you here?"

"Here? Why, where should I be? You know I always come out for a morning stroll. The fort is just over the hill."

Then she looked at me and laughed merrily:

"I believe you were lost. O Mr. Robertson!" and she laughed again. Then taking pity upon my confusion, she said:

"Oh, I know where your dogs are. I saw them huddled up in a corner outside the stockade. I did not think they were yours, though."

Then she sat down on the sledge and made me tell my story, which she heard without a smile.

"And now what are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to get those dogs, harness them to the sledge and drive them to Dunvegan," I said, speaking on a sudden inspiration.

She looked at me with an expression of respect that I had never seen on her face before.

"That's the best thing you can do. But keep out of sight if you can. I will smuggle out some breakfast for you and the dogs, and we will tell no one."

She was as good as her word. In a little while, fully refreshed, I renewed my journey, which I completed without further adventures. My mishap remained a secret which Miss Simpson alone shared with me.

But I never had the courage to tell her that I had intended to give her the deer's antlers.

"CUBE ICE" THE NEWEST WRINKLE

This Is What Will Be Used Before Long in Cooling Your Morning Cocktail, or Reducing a Big Head.

An ingenious apparatus for the manufacture of "cube ice" is an invention recently exhibited in London. The machine, the Lancet says, is a simple one, in which blocks of pure artificial ice are placed, emerging in the same but a stronger shape and possessing some peculiar characteristics. When tapped with an ice chisel, or even a penknife, they break up into cubes of convenient size, instead of shattering into irregular and ill-assorted lumps.

The invention is of hygienic importance, too, for the machine also stamps plainly on each of the symmetrical cubes the trade-mark of the maker. Thus the customer is protected by this "name-blown-in-the-bottle" device, the stamp being a guarantee of the purity of the article and its origin. The invention has also the virtue of economy, as there is no waste from broken ice and the cubes are symmetrical and attractive.

The Lancet thus explains the invention: "In the course of some experiments Mr. Van der Weyde observed that ice at a temperature below freezing point, when newly cut and left in contact, adhered so strongly that it would not break in the same place, whereas, when exposed to warmer temperature it would split at the originally cut places with great ease; and so, with this extended knowledge of the interesting phenomenon of regelation, first brought to light by Faraday and afterwards studied by Tyndall, Mr. Van der Weyde developed his invention as the outcome of its practical application. The phenomenon of regelation is the result of the action of capillary force at the boundaries of the film of water which connects the pieces placed in contact, producing an effect equivalent to attraction between them, just as two plates of clean glass with a film of water between them seem to adhere.

"Ice being wet by water, the boundary of the connecting film is concave, and this concavity implies a diminution of pressure in the interior. The film accordingly exerts upon the ice a pressure less than atmosphere, and as the remote sides of the blocks are exposed to atmospheric pressure there is a resultant force urging them together and producing stress at the small surface of contact. Melting of the ice, therefore, occurs at the places of contact and the cold thus evolved freezes the adjacent portions of the water film, which, being at less than atmospheric pressure, will begin to freeze at a temperature a little above the normal freezing point.

"It is necessary," says the Lancet, "to allow the block to 'warm' for a short time, so that the 'cement' of ice loses its previously tenacious hold upon the small cubes into which the block is divided.

"Then, after this warming-up process the cubes are as easily separated as postage stamps from a perforated sheet. A sixteen-pound block of ice, for instance, can easily be divided into 512 half-ounce cubes, or a thirty-two-pound block into 512 one-ounce cubes."

The Queen.

Queen Victoria comes of a long-lived and sturdy race. The house of Hanover, physically at least, are not weaklings. George III. died at 82, and several of his children attained old age. His son, the Duke of Kent Queen Victoria's father, died, it is true, at, 52, when she was a baby, but her mother reached the age of 75, and passed away in 1861. The Queen will be 75 in May and bids fair to hold the throne for years to come, for she is not of the abdicating kind, and her physical constitution is as strong as that of her grandfather, and her mental strength, always remarkable, is unimpaired. She is, indeed, an exceedingly able woman with a strong, well-poised nature. There is nothing meteoric in her talent, but she has been given a rich possession of common sense. She has an equable temperament and has always accepted the situation with great ability. Moreover, she has several times managed to have her own way by cleverly taking advantage of public opinion. It takes more than a rumor to kill a woman like the Queen. Furthermore, the political conditions of the kingdom are all favorable to her peace of mind. Great Britain is stronger, more prosperous, and its people are in every way better off than when she ascended the throne fifty-seven years ago. The dynasty is apparently as firmly seated on the throne as ever it was. Should the Queen die to-morrow the Prince of Wales would succeed to the crown with the general approval of the nation. He is to-day the most popular man in the kingdom, and would be a very popular king. He is a man of good abilites and agreeable manners. There is no republican party in Great Britain, and there is no more prospect of Great Britain becoming a republic in our time than there is of the United States becoming a monarchy.—[Boston Transcript.

The island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem deposit in the world.

A long, strong thumb always indicates great will power and force of character.

In Hong-Kong and Shanghai there is no duty on spirits, almost the only thing imported free.

Leeds finds employment for 500 women and girls as rag-sorters. They earn eight shilling a week.