

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SLEIGHING-PARTY.

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

"Oh, mother!"
"Yes, Edie."
"Is Anna going?"
"Where, dear?"
"Oh, you know, to that sleighing party by moonlight that Mrs. Leslie is going to."
"Yes, Edie."
"Well, can't I go, mother?"
"My dear child," said her mother; "you are too small."
"I am nine years old," said Miss Edie, drawing herself up to her full height.
Her mother smiled. "But Anna is fifteen," she answered.
"Oh, mother, do let me go. There's a girl that's only twelve who's going."
"Edie! you cannot go."
"Oh, mother!" It was a very different "Oh, mother!" to the first one she had uttered. The blue eyes were full of tears, and the little mouth was curved in an unbecoming pout.
Mrs. Haydon drew the child towards her. "Listen to me, daughter," she said; "listen to me. You do not seem to understand that the few years between the ages of you and Anna make a great deal of difference in some things. You would not enjoy yourself among a number of girls older than yourself, any more than Anna would find amusement in playing dolls, etc., with children of your age. In some things, of course, you would be treated alike; but I want you to see, dear, that it is for your own sake I wish you to remain at home."
No answer from Edie.
"Now, dear, run away and play, and try and forget all about this party which seems to trouble you so much."
Edie left the room, but she was still thinking of the party.
"I would enjoy myself," she thought. "Well, if I can't go with them, I'll go out now, and get Ellis White to draw me on his sleigh."
So, wrapping herself up warmly, she sallied out into the street. She met Ellis at the door. "Oh, say," he exclaimed, "you're the one I want to see. Come with me a message, will you?"
"Where to?"
"Ted Flannigan's." I have to go and see if we can hire his big van, and get him to drive it."
"What for? When?" asked Edie, confusedly.
"Oh, for the party to-morrow night. Your sister is going, isn't she?"
"You mean Mrs. Leslie's party? Yes, Anna is going, is your sister?"
"Yes, I wish I was going."
Upon this, Edie poured forth all her grievance, and the two sympathized with each other, until they reached the home of Teddy, to whom they gave the order.
"And that's de matter wid ye?" he enquired, noticing their doleful faces.
Then Ellis graphically described their woes.
"Faix," said Teddy, his round face relaxing into a broad grin, "Faix, now, what's to hinder ye, if ye want to go?"
"Hinder?" said Edie.
"I say, phy can't ye go? Now, listen to me. Ouder the sates av me van there's two bouncles av robes which I carry in case the paper want ter muffle themselves up. Now, if I have some av thim robes behind, and strap ache av ye inside, so ivery van will take ye for a bouncle, what thin?"
"What then?" repeated Edie. "Why then you're a daisy. I mean a fine fellow."
"But won't we get smothered?" asked Edie.
"Not a bit av it. Ye see the robe will be put around yer neck, and yer head'll be free an' ye'll be comfortooble, too."
"Are you sure they won't see us though?" said Ellis.
"Sartin sure; av course they won't think of lookin' under the sate!"
"But we won't stay there all the time, will we?"
"Av course not, as soon as we are started, jist give a bit av a call, and they'll look for ye, and get ye out, and have a laugh. And ye'll have a good ride and lots av fun, for av course they won't take ye back."
"That'll be splendid!"
"Yes. Now rin home and don't let on to a livin' soul!"
The children ran home, and as they reached Edie's abode, Ellis whispered, "I'll be over to your place to-morrow morning to settle what to do, you know, good-bye!"
Edie entered the house, and was so gay all the evening that her mother hoped she had forgotten all about the party. But it was not so; indeed, Edie did not realize what she was doing. She looked upon it as a joke, not as an act of direct disobedience to her mother's commands.
Next morning Edie appeared at Mrs. Haydon's door, and asked to see Edie.
"The two went upstairs to Edie's play-room, and began to talk, and Anna, happening to drop her handkerchief, as she passed the play-room door, while picking it up, heard some words which aroused her suspicions, and decided her to listen. This is what she heard: "We are in luck. They are going to stop for refreshments at Mrs. Leslie's after, and we'll get lots to eat. Yum! yum!" exclaimed Edie.
"I'm real glad we're going!"
"I guess you ought to be. But mind and don't let any one know of it."
"Very well. Now what are we to do?"
"Firstly, wrap up warmly; secondly, slip out of the house and go to Teddy's; and thirdly, get under the seat!"
"But won't we be missed from home?"
"Oh, it makes no difference as long as we can get away unseen. Now don't let's talk of it any more, or we will get so tired of it that we won't want to go." And so the talk drifted to other matters.
Anna, having heard all, walked down stairs and told Mrs. Haydon.
"Will we tell them we know all?" she inquired.
"No, dear, we will let them go, but punish them in this way. After you are fairly started of course they will call out. But take no notice of them. Tell the others of their intended plan, and let the children stay under the seat."
"But, mother, that's a little hard."
"I think not."
"Well, I shall tell the others to-night then."
That evening two small figures stole out of two houses, and hurrying together down the street, reached Teddy's, and were safely stowed "under the sates." Then the van drove swiftly up to Mrs. Leslie's, where the

PARIS IS ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE A MARRIAGE EPIDEMIC.

The new Lindsay council is more likely disposed toward the Salvation Army.

Hookley reports a visitor with a pocket full of bugs twenty-five cent pieces.
A woman at St. Thomas has been arrested for stealing a dead woman's clothes.
A young lad at Rideau has been fined \$10 and costs for disturbing the Salvation Army service.
The Simcoe County Council has refused to recommend the introduction of the Torontonian system of land transfer.

Mr. Geo. Baird, of Stanley township, Huron county, has entered on the 27th year of teaching in the same school.
At Black River during one week two men in five days made the extraordinary number of seven hundred and ten logs, averaging 18 inches.

At Medicine Hat recently the Indians drove a band of antelope into a coulee, and slaughtered thirty of them before they could escape.
The three young women arrested at Chatham on suspicion of having been instrumental in causing the death of a child have been discharged.
A Simcoe constable is very anxious that a man whom he handcuffed at Lorette the other day and has not seen since should return the handcuffs.

The devotions of a young man attending a prayer meeting in one of the churches in St. Mary's the other night were disturbed by a mouse running up the leg of his pants while he was kneeling.
A reward of \$50 is offered by the Township of West Gwillimbury for the apprehension and conviction of the parties that have been committing thefts in the municipality within the last twelve months.

In township 24, range 3, Elbow River, N. W. T., on Friday Jan. 21st, the wife of James Young, late of Oxford County, gave birth to a son, the first white child born in the township.
One morning recently a little girl named Mary Andrus, while crossing the mill dam at Orono, on her way to school, broke through the ice, and before assistance could reach her she was drowned.

The trustees of the school in section No. 9, Township of Kitley, were summoned before a magistrate recently to answer the charge of refusing to fulfil the office of trustees, but the difficulty was settled before the magistrate arrived, to the satisfaction of all parties.
At Springhill, N. S., recently, shortly after work had commenced in the mines, a large piece of coal, about seven feet long and three feet wide, fell upon William McDonald. The coal rolled over him, fearfully mangle the lower portion of the body and thighs. He lived four hours in great agony.

The other day Miles Dempsey, living near Demorestville, Prince Edward County, was instantly killed by the kick of a colt. The unfortunate man was breaking in the animal when it kicked, one foot striking him in the chin and the other in the chest. When picked up he was quite dead. The deceased with a brother, was working the farm on shares, near Demorestville. He formerly lived at Rosmore. He was about 35 years of age and married.

At Port Hawkesbury N. S., recently, a man by the name of Boudrot fell in the channel at Lennox Passage and was three-quarters of an hour in the water. About twenty persons observed him, but none ventured to the rescue until a young man named Joseph Catherine got a piece of rope and an axe and crept on the ice until he got where the man was (the ice bending under him all the time) and tied the rope round the waist of the drowning man and then hauled him out.

HOUSEHOLD.

Emergency Bag and Medicine Chest.
Every household should possess an "emergency bag" and a medicine chest, and both may be ornamental as she pleases without in any way detracting from their usefulness. The former it will be well to make of some gay, conspicuous material, such as Turkey red, to be suspended in full view, say in the housekeeper's bed-chamber so that every member of the household will know where to find it in time of need. The bag should be large enough to hold several wide and narrow bandages neatly rolled and ready for use, the former for cuts or hurts on the body or limbs, and the latter for wounded hands or fingers. There should also be in this bag a packet of court-plaster, a roll of diachylon or adhesive plaster, pieces of old linen, lint, surgeons' cotton wool, a small bottle of collodion for cuts, old muslin for mustard plasters, pins, scissors, and some of the other necessaries known to good housekeepers.

There should be on hand to supplement the "Emergency bag" a home medicine chest or case; these are now made very prettily to appear like locked wall-cabinets. A handy person can get up one of domestic manufacture out of ordinary pine wood, staining it to resemble cherry, and furnishing its doors with handsome medieval hinges and escutcheons of brass, which may be purchased at moderate rates at depots for brass supplies.

This chest, whether plain or ornamental, will be invaluable to the housewife if on its shelves and in its drawers may be found the following simple remedies, namely: essence of peppermint, Jamaica ginger, spirits of camphor, camphorated oil, arnica, aromatic spirits of ammonia, spirits of hartshorn, syrup of ipecac, sweet spirits of nitre and a small bottle of brandy and a box of mustard.

Brandy and aromatic spirits of ammonia should be kept in every house where there are aged persons, as they are subject to sudden attacks of faintness, and both these agents afford relief and help restore the circulation of the blood. Ipecac and mustard are invaluable nauseants, the former in cases of croup, and the latter in cases of suspected, accidental, or other poisoning. It may here be added that copious draughts of tepid or vomiting ensues, and thereafter repeatedly until the poison is supposed to be thrown off, is a good remedy to use until the help of a physician can be procured. If pains are felt in the bowels, give copious injections of tepid water also, and rid the system in both ways of the poison.

How to Have Good Steak.
We like good steak, and I will tell you how to manage to get it in about twenty minutes after the fire is lighted on a cold winter's morning.
We burn wood. If we didn't we would burn enough to have steak. The fire is lighted in the cook stove, and as soon as the first few sticks of wood burn well down and the kettle is simmering, two or three shovelfuls of charcoal are thrown in, and in five minutes we have the nicest bed of live coals one could wish for. The steak is thrown directly on the coals and is turned rapidly with a couple of long toasting forks till done to suit. It is very little cost and less trouble. Charcoal costs only fifteen to twenty-five cents per bushel, and a bushel lasts a long time for this purpose.

One who has always eaten steak fried in lard in a skillet has yet to learn what really good beef is. The average boarding house cook has a peculiar rule for cooking steak. When she gets up in the morning she puts a "lump of lard the size of a walnut in a cold skillet, puts the steak in on top of that and another lump on the steak, puts the skillet on the stove, and then lights the fire."
If the fire were lighted first it would break the charm. If you would cook steak in a skillet have it (the skillet) smoking hot, put in the steak without any grease, turn it five times the first ten seconds, and after that turn it often, and you will have a good, fair steak; but not as good as broiled on the coals.

Tested Receipts.
BACHELOR'S PUDDING.—Four ounces of bread-crumbs, two ounces of currants, four ounces of chopped apples, two ounces of sugar, two eggs; boil three hours. Sifted sugar to be strewn over.
BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Set a batter the night before according to the size of the family. Use one-half cake compressed yeast and one tablespoonful molasses and one teaspoonful salt. Set them in an earthen dish. Leave a little batter every time, and that will be sufficient to rise them with one-half teaspoonful soda in the batter every morning just as you are going to fry them.

LAMB RAGOIT.—Chop cold mutton or veal very fine, season with pepper, salt and half cupful milk. Chop an onion also very fine, brown with a spoonful lard and stir into the mince. Boil potatoes in proportion to the quantity of meat you have; mash them smooth and season with butter, pepper and salt. Line your dish with potatoes, put in the mince and cover with potatoes except a place in the middle as large as a saucer. Beat the yolk of an egg and pour over the potatoes. Bake for half an hour.
BEEF LOAF.—Chop very fine or have your butcher mince two pounds of coarse, lean beef. Season spicily with pepper, salt, nutmeg, summer savory or sweet marjoram, and a cautious sprinkling of minced onion. Beat two eggs light and work up with the mass. Press hard into a bowl, fit the saucer or plate (inverted) upon the meat and set a dripping pan of boiling water to cook slowly for an hour and a quarter. Lay a weight on the surface when it is done and let it get perfectly cold before turning out. Cut in perpendicular slices.

RIBSTEAK CAKE.—White part: Whites of eight eggs, one cup of butter, two cupfuls sugar four cupfuls flour, one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Dark part: Yolks eight eggs, two cupfuls sugar, three cupfuls flour, one cupful sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, half teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon, and one pound raisins. Bake in layers, and put the following icing between: Whites of six eggs, two pounds sugar and one grated coconut.

Journalistic Item.

Intruder—"Excuse me, I'd like to speak to you on business."
Editor—"What do you want?"
"I'd like to get a position as literary editor."
"Can you read and write?"
"Of course I can."
"Then how is it that you didn't read that sign on the door: 'Peddlers and beggars not allowed in this building?'"

Rough on Brown.
Snobbishly—"Miss Clamwhooper, will you allow me to introduce you to Mr. Brown?"
Miss Clamwhooper—"No, I thank you. I might stand another White or Black, but I've soured on Brown. I know all the Browns I have any use for."

He Wanted an 'orse.
An English visitor stopping at a prominent New York hotel, sauntered up to the general clerk during the recent cold snap, and adjusting his eye-glasses, said:
"My dear fellow, cawn't you let me have a sledge?"
"A sledge?"
"John," said the clerk to the porter, "go to a blacksmith's shop and get a sledge-hammer for this gentleman."
"No, my dear fellow, I don't want a sledge-hammer. I want one of those vehicles you know."
"O, you mean a sleigh. Why, certainly. John, go around to the stables and get a sleigh. Put in a couple of buffaloes."
"Buffaloes! But, my dear fellow, I cawn't drive a buffalo, ye know. Cawn't ye let me 'ave an 'orse?"

Another Boodle Case.
Missus—"Here is a silver spoon under your pillow. What does this mean, Bridget?"
Bridget—"Shure-mum, night before last I dreamt for the second time that I was sick and to take a teaspoonful of medicine, and I didn't have any spoon, and to save mesilf gettin' up in the night and disturbin' iverybody in the house, I put the spoon under me pillow, mum, for me convaincence, mum."

A Stem-Winder.
Stiggins was passing a watchmaker's establishment, and looking in the window he noticed a very pretty girl at the counter.
"Ha!" he soliloquised, "I'll go in and take a look at her under some pretext or other."
He entered, and was waited on by the young lady's father.
"What can I do for you?"
"I want to get a key for my watch," he stammered, feasting his eyes on the young lady.
"Let me see your watch," said the watchmaker.
As if in a dream, he took out his watch. The watchmaker examined it, and said with surprise:
"Why your watch is a stem-winder."
He don't remember how he got out, but he does remember that the young lady snorted audibly.

Vain Regrets.
"How is your son Jacob coming on?" asked Washington Jones of a Toronto Israelite.
"Only so so, Miashter Jones."
"Ain't he married yet?"
"No, not yet. My son Shacobb was very particular."
"Can't he find a girl to suit him?"
"Vell I dells you. He could have married dot Repecca Blumethal mit fifty thousand tollars more dan den years ago, and he vent pack on her."
"That was unfortunate."
"I should schmile. Chooost calculate how much interest alone hash gone dot spout up dat fifty thousand tollars on in den years at shay only six per shent."

It Was Too Horrible a Thought.
They were out sleigh-riding together, and their thoughts and conversation turned on the subject which usually agitates the minds of young people under those circumstances.
"George, dear," she murmured, "will you always love me?"
"Yes, indeed, I will," he replied; "even after we're married. And will you always retain your present feelings toward me?"
"Always, George."
"Ah! there are so many things that might happen which would make your affection less warm. Suppose I should meet with some accident—one which would leave me disabled for life?"
"It would never make the slightest difference."
"But suppose I should meet with a railroad accident (which, being a traveling man, I am very likely to do), and lose a leg or an arm; would—"
"An arm, George! an arm! Oh, dearest! let us talk of something else."

Such Lamentable Ignorance.
Sir Astley Cooper relates the following anecdotes of an Irish candidate before the examining board of the London College of Surgeons—"What is a simple and what is a compound fracture?" asked the examiner. The reply was, "A simple fracture is when a bone is broke, and a compound fracture when it's all broke." Sir Astley asked him what he meant by "all broke."
"I mean," he replied, "broke into smithereens." I returned to ask him what was smithereens. He turned upon me with an intense expression of sympathy upon his countenance. "You don't know what 'smithereens' is? Then I give you up!"

Simple Life Best for Children.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing it is for self-entertainment; with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is physical freedom and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.
"I try so hard to make my children happy," said a mother, with a sigh one day, in despair at her efforts.
"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does."
"And how is that?" she asked, dolefully.
"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practical, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves—no matter how many servants she had—and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been brought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees and the butterflies; that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience; that it is a disgrace to be sick and that good health, good teeth and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep and being good."
In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.

The Changing Stars.

In concluding his article on "The Stars," in the Century, Professor Langley uses the following illustration: "When primitive man learned that with lapsing years the oak withered and the very rock decayed, more slowly but as surely as himself, he looked up to the stars as the very types of contrast to the change he shared, and fondly deemed them eternal; but now we have found change there, and that probably the star clusters and the nebulae, even if clouds of suns and worlds, are fixed only by comparison with our own brief years, and, tried by the terms of their own long existence, are fleeting like ourselves."
I have read somewhere a story about a race of ephemeral insects who live but an hour. To those who are born in the early morning the sunrise is the time of youth. They die of old age while his beams are yet gathering force, and only their descendants live on to midday; while it is another race which sees the sun decline, from that which saw him rise. Imagine the sun about to set, and the whole nation of mites gathered under the shadow of some mushroom (to them ancient as the sun itself) to hear what their wisest philosopher has to say of the gloomy prospect. If I remember aright, he first told them that, incredible as it might seem, there was not only a time in the world's youth when the mushroom itself was young, but that the sun in those early ages was in the eastern, not in the western sky. Since then, he explained, the eyes of scientific ephemera had followed it, and established by induction from vast experience the great law of nature, that it moved only westward; and he showed that since it was now nearing the western horizon, science herself pointed to the conclusion that it was about to disappear forever, together with the great race of ephemera for whom it was created.

Awkward Joking.

It is better to be foolishly prudent than to run any risks through mere carelessness. No more innocent pastime than writing one's own name can well be conceived, and yet the man who leaves his signature floating about on blank paper, may come to grief.
A gentleman of wealth, while practicing penmanship one day wrote his name upon a blank slip of paper and allowed it to lie on his desk. It attracted the attention of a neighbour who for a joke filled the space above the signature in the form of a promissory note, and a few days afterward the joking neighbour presented the paper with an offer to allow considerable discount if the apparent drawer would cash it at the time.
The gentleman perceived the joke, and the holder of the document, placing it in his pocket, departed, and nothing more was said about it. Subsequently the holder was stricken with paralysis, and died, and his executors, finding the note, and having no knowledge of the joke attached to it, brought suit, and and recovered the sum for which it was drawn.
The joker had meant no harm, but he as well as his friend, had been careless, and some one had to pay the penalty.