HOUSEHOLD.

A Man in the Dish-Pan.

My wife has figgered out to me, in tongue and
black an' white, that she
Has more to do from sun to sun, than I outside; said she: "I'll run
Your chores an' clear things up to night, while you wash dishes!" I'm perlite
Enough to give my wife full kite, an' so prove to her that I'm right,
So after supper off she went an' done the chores: it's no great stent,
Because I've got things fixed to save most every step and light, and shave
The labor bill; but, as for me, I tackled them air dishes, ye see!
An' first "send" off I plum forgot to keep my water bilin' hot,
I swan I couldn't get 'em clean; I never see things act so mean.
My wife sot there and give me "roo" enough "Why don't ye use some soap?"
Says she. My stars! I could et that woman up, I was so hot.
An' so into the night I washed, and, when I thought I'd got 'em washed,
I found a half a dozen more, while wife set laughin' to the core.
Ez nigh ez I could figger out, I washed and dried th't night about
Three dozen pieces, multiply that figger or a bigger by
Ten hundred and ninety-five—the rods in one year's time—that's how wife feels.
I tell ye what, there's somethin' wrong; our work outside goes like a song;
We set an' ride an' ride, an' ride and all the time our wives inside
At meanest handwork toil away like some old tread-mill horse, I say.
That here's a chance for Edison to get the biggest slice of fun
That ever in man's pocket fell; lectricity is very well,
But he could beat it slick and clean by washin' dishes by machine.

A Word to Fathers.

There was never a time when so much was said and written on the duties of mothers in the training and care of their children. One would almost think that the child belonged wholly to her; that the father has no rights in or responsibility for the care and conduct of the children. In these days when mothers are finding out their mistake in confining themselves to cooking the food, making and mending the garments for their families, and are learning that they must keep abreast with their boys and girls by interesting themselves with them in this work-a-day world, its current events, literary pursuits and philanthropic work, it is also time for fathers to take time from business and the world to enter into the home—not taking the mother's place, but their own.

How often we hear it said that the three sweetest words are "mother," "home," and "heaven." I protest against leaving out the word "father," as if he had no place either in home or heaven. Back of all love and being is God our Father. First in home, as first in heaven, should be the father.

Is there any good reason why the father's and mother's duties in the care and conduct of the children should be so divided that an impassable wall rises between, and, as on a signboard, is written, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further?"

A child, when he first begins the study of geography, naturally thinks of the countries, or of the United States, as divided by a natural or supernatural dividing line. I remember looking for that line when as a child I journeyed into an adjourning State. Then I learned they were imaginary lines. Is not that as true of the division of the father's and mother's care of their children?

I would like to see the time come when it would neither be unusual nor a subject of a surprised remark, to see a father take the little two of three-year-old child, or even younger, to bed, while perchance the mother takes up the evening paper and reads the news—news indeed to her, although not to the father, who has heard much of the current events talked of out about, in the office, on the street, or in the car.

Mothers know the value of these bedtime hours, and much of the greater confidence usually given them is due to the wise use of these times.

The boy would not love his mother less than now, but his father more that it is possible for him to do when that father is largely known as the provider, a good provider though he may be, of the comforts of the household.

There is another reason for this. Sometimes the mother is called, it may be, to follow other members of the household who have entered into "the many mansions," and the family is known on earth as motherless. Blessed are the children who still have, to some extent, father and mother, in the father who has learned to be a mother also to them, in the days when the circle was unbroken!

Fathers, you will lose no real dignity, but gain in gentleness and tenderness of character, if you will cultivate in yourselves the mother qualities.

Kerosene in the Kitchen.

In view of the threatened exhaustion of the world's coal beds, those who have learned the value of kerosene in rough household work will enjoy the knowledge that in the opinion of Dr. Mendeleff, a noted Russian chemist, the supply of petroleum is exhaustible. He attributes the formation of petroleum to the constant action of water on the metallic deposits of the hot central portions of the earth, and believes that the rapidity of its formation keeps pace with all possible extraction.

Headlight oil is double refined petroleum or refined kerosene. It is purer and cleaner than the cruder and cheaper oils, and has not so strong an odor. It is for this reason better for household purposes, although kerosene is as good in other respects. For laundry work the oil is becoming well known. The clothes are put to soak over night in warm soap suds. In the morning clean water is put in the boiler and to it is added a bar of any good soap, shred fine, and two and one-half tablespoons of headlight or kerosene oil. The clothes being wrung from the suds, the finest and whitest go into the scalding water in the boiler and are boiled twenty minutes. When taken from the boiler for the next lot, they are sudsed in warm water, collars, cuffs and seams being rubbed if necessary. Rinsed and blued as usual, they will come forth beautifully soft and white. Knit woollen underwear, woollen socks, etc., may safely be washed in this way.

The secret of washing successfully by this method is the use of plenty of soap and warm water to suds the clothes. If too little soap be used the dirt will "curdle" and settle on the clothes in "freckles."

A teaspoonful of headlight oil added to a quart of made starch, stirred in while it is hot, or added to the starch before the hot water is poured upon it, will materially lessen the labor of ironing and will give to clothes, either white or colored, especially muslins and other thin wash goods, a look of freshness and newness not to be otherwise attained.

For cold starch add a teaspoonful of oil for each shirt to be starched. Rub the starch well into the article, roll up tightly, and leave it for three-fourths of an hour, then iron.

To clean windows and mirrors, add a tablespoonful of headlight or kerosene oil to a gallon of tepid water. A polish will remain on the glass that no mere friction can give.

If windows must be cleaned in freezing weather use no water at all. Rub them with a cloth dampened with kerosene; dry with a clean cloth and polish with soft paper.

A few drops of kerosene added to the water in which lamp chimneys are washed will make them easier to polish.

To break a glass bottle or jar evenly, put a narrow strip of cloth, saturated with kerosene, around the article where it is broken. Set fire to the cloth and the glass will crack off above it.

Tarnished lamp burners may be rendered almost as bright as new by boiling them in water to which a teaspoonful of soda and a little kerosene has been added. Then scour with kerosene and scouring brick and polish with chamois or soft leather.

To clean iron work rub with a cloth dampened with kerosene.

To prevent rust on stoves put away for the season, black them before putting away with blacking, diluted with kerosene, or rub them thoroughly with kerosene alone.

To clean zinc, oil cloths and white paint rub them with a cloth dipped in kerosene, and dry with a clean cloth.

To clean brass stair rods, brass bedsteads, and other brasses, rub with kerosene and rotten stone put on with a soft cloth, and polish with a dry cloth soft paper, or chamois.

To remove rust from kettles or other ironware, rub with kerosene and let them stand. Keep a day, then wash with hot water and soap; repeating if necessary.

To remove rust from flatirons, soak them in, or rub them with kerosene, and polish with scouring brick.

To remove rusty screws, drop kerosene upon them; in a few minutes they can be moved.

To take rust from steel implements, cover with kerosene for forty-eight hours, then scour with air-slacked lime until the stain disappears.

To remove paint from any kind of cloth saturate the spot with kerosene and rub well; repeat if necessary.

To remove fruit stains, saturate the stain with kerosene, rub thoroughly with baking soda and leave in the sun.

To renew woodwork and furniture, varnish with black varnish, plentifully diluted with kerosene.

To soften leather hardened by repeated wettings, rub it well with kerosene.

To clean sewing or other machine, oil all the bearings plentifully with kerosene, operate the machine rapidly for a moment, rub the oil off and apply machine oil.

To remove dandruf, rub kerosene well into the roots of the hair, the dandruff can then be combed or washed out easily.

To make the hair grow, apply headlight oil or kerosene to the roots of the hair twice each week, rubbing it in well with the tips of the fingers. This will often produce a growth of hair when all other means fail.

To relieve chilblains, soak the feet in hot water and rub them with kerosene, or with kerosene and lime water.

To relieve calloused feet, rub them frequently with kerosene.

To relieve the pain of rheumatism, rub the afflicted joint with kerosene.

A Few Cakes.

Chocolate Cake.—Three eggs, whites beaten separately; two cups of powdered sugar, or one and two thirds cups of granulated, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, to which have been added three teaspoons of baking powder, two squares of chocolate. Cream butter, sugar and yolks thoroughly, then add milk, then whites of eggs beaten stiff, then flour, stir hard, then stir in chocolate dissolved in a little hot water. Bake this in a loaf, or in layers. Icing.—Two squares grated chocolate, five tablespoons of powdered sugar, three tablespoons of boiling water, stir over a moderate fire till it is smooth and glossy.

Walnut Cake.—One and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar, three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; beat yolks to a stiff froth and stir in; then add milk, then beaten whites, then flour; stir hard and flavor. Bake in two square layer pans; ice heavily with caramel icing, and arrange walnut kernels in regular order on top.

Nut Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of nut-meats chopped and then sprinkled with flour.

Cream, butter, sugar and yolks; add the milk, then the flour, in which the baking powder has been sifted, then the nut-meats, and lastly, the well whipped whites. Bake in layers, and put together with caramel icing, and chopped nut-meats.

Caramel Icing.—Two thirds cup of milk, butter the size of a walnut, two cups of sugar; boil till thick, which will take about fifteen minutes. Flavor, stir till it thickens sufficiently to spread on cake.

Angel Cake.—Whites of nine large, fresh eggs, one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar, one cup of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, a pinch of salt added to eggs before beating. After sifting flour four or five times, measure and set aside one cup. Then sift and measure one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar; beat whites of eggs till stiff (a wire whipping spoon is best); add cream of tartar, and beat all very stiff; stir in sugar well, then flour very lightly, and flavor. Bake in an ungreased tin for about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. When thoroughly cold, cut the cake out of the pan.

MUD AVALANCHES.

A Phenomenon that is Slowly Changing the Features of the Himalayas.

Explorers are discovering that mud avalanches are a powerful element in determining the physical features of the Himalayan regions. A number of travellers have observed the results of these great rushes of mud and rock, but very few have been so fortunate as to see them. Mr. M. W. Conway had that good fortune a while ago, and has given a description of one of these falling avalanches to the Royal Geographical Society of London.

His party were travelling up the Gilgit Valley, adjoining the Himalayas, in the extreme northern part of India. Suddenly they heard a noise as of continuous thunder. They saw a huge mud avalanche sweeping down a steep gully between two mountains opposite them. The on-rush and weight of the mud tore from the sides of the gully masses of rock and rolled them over like so many pebbles. Each of the big rocks that formed the vanguard of the avalanche weighed many tons. The mass of mud had a width of forty feet and was fifteen feet deep and moved at the rate of five miles an hour. In a few minutes the mass of stuff became shallower. The mixture was then half mud and half rocks and flowed faster. Now and then one of the larger rocks barred the way, and mud filled up behind it and finally swept it on. Looking up the gully, Mr. Conway could see that earth from its sides was constantly falling in the mud river and being swept as a part of it.

All this material poured over into the gorge through which the river runs. It did not reach the river, but spread out and piled up on one side of it. Conway says that this accumulation of debris has piled up all along the valley to a depth of 500 to 1000 feet, and that the Gilgit River flows in a sort of canon built up by this accumulation. If the valley were filled up in this way to a depth of 2,000 or 3,000 feet more it would resemble the Pamirs, and all the deeply filled valleys that are characteristic of the Central Asian plateau. Conway says that mud avalanches have done all this work of filling up the valleys, and have done it with great rapidity.

These avalanches show how rapidly, under the influence of moisture, cold and heat, the denudation, or crumbling of these stupendous rock masses of the Himalayas is going on. It is this denudation that provides the material for mud avalanches. The levelling processes of nature are in continual operation and millions of tons of rock dust and fragments of rock are taken away from the upper portion of the mountains and deposited in the valleys.

The Colorado Snow Flea.

The observing Colorado miner cannot furnish you scientific names, yet he will tell you at once that red snow is caused by the snow flea. The snow flea is very small. It would require about fifty of them to equal their larger brother of the East in size.

A person walking upright might think the snow covered by a very fine dust, but if your eyes are good, and you place your face within eighteen or twenty inches of the snow, you can easily discern the snow flea. Although so small as to be almost imperceptible to the naked eye, yet they are most active, jumping from twelve to fifteen inches.

To the naked eye they appear to be dark brown in color, but under a good microscope they would be found to be a reddish brown. During cold weather they stay under the bark of trees, but when it is a nice, warm day, and the sun shines brightly, you can find them on the southern and eastern slopes of the mountains, where they can get the direct rays of the sun.

During the day they will ascend the mountains, sometimes far above the timber line. When the sun disappears and it gets cold, the snow flea freezes to death. During the winter great numbers will be thus frozen, and their dead bodies color the snow.

Foot rails upon the south and east sides of the mountains will, if it be a hard winter, be colored, for when the snow flea strikes a deep trail through the snow, millions upon millions of them never get out, but perish from the cold during the night. Besides, a man with a good-sized foot might kill from one thousand to ten thousand of them every step.

The snow flea favors the south and east sides of the mountains, and it is there you will find the red snow. The non-observing will say there is no such thing as snow fleas, because they have never seen them, but you can easily prove to them, if you will look upon the right kind of a day, that they do exist in countless numbers.

She Objected.

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushingly told her mother.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him to ask you."

"Ask me!" echoed the startled parent. Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"

NURSED ON TRADITION AND ROMANCE.

The Countess of Aberdeen's Joyous Girlhood.

How She Met Young Gordon, Her Future Husband—A Romantic Story Told by W. T. Stead.

Lady Aberdeen, says W. T. Stead, in the January Review of Reviews, is the daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, since created Lord Tweedmouth, of a staunch old Whig Border family, and who himself represented the "good town of Berwick-on-Tweed" for thirty years as a Liberal. The family seat is in Berwickshire, but little Ishbel's home was in Guisachan in Invernesshire. It was a wild and romantic spot. The country seat nestled at the head of a lovely mountain strath twenty-three miles from the station or telegraph office. In this mountain solitude the young girl grew up a strong and sturdy Scotch lassie, passionately fond of reading and of the vigorous outdoor life of the mountain child.

Her father, the son of the well-known Mr. Edward Marjoribanks (who at the age of ninety-four transacted all the heavy duties falling to the lot of the senior partner of such a bank as Coutts), combined with his hereditary business instincts strong literary and artistic tastes and a passion for everything that pertained to sport and natural history. It was this which led him in early manhood to settle himself in the

WILDS OF INVERNESSHIRE,

and there to create a very paradise, in the midst of which he lives the life of an ancient patriarch amongst his retainers and his ghillies, to the great benefit of all the glen.

Lady Tweedmouth, a woman of great beauty and talent, was the daughter of Sir James Hogg, one of the mainstays of the old East India Council, and many members of her family can boast in recent years of having maintained in the service of their country in India the high traditions of their combined Scottish and Irish ancestry.

With such a host and hostess and in such surroundings "Guisachan" became renowned in all the North of Scotland for its wide hospitality, and every autumn found gathered beneath its roof prominent politicians of both parties, artists, literary men, sportsmen. Thus it naturally came about that between the annual six months' Parliamentary season in London and the circle of friends visiting her Highland home the little Ishbel was brought into contact with most of the leading men of the day, riding and walking in their company,

LISTENING TO THEIR STORIES

and mutual reminiscences, and imbibing all unconsciously a strong Liberal bias, which presently blossomed into full force under the friendly influences of Mr. Gladstone.

Another result of her youthful surroundings was to accustom her to free intercourse with persons of various religious creeds. In her native glen the great majority of the people were Celtic, Roman Catholics, whilst the minority consisted of strong Free Church folk, with a sprinkling of adherents of the Auld Kirk, amongst which were her own family. She and her white pony were at home amongst them all, and many were the stories she heard and the sympathies that were evoked as she learned to spin or bake "cakes" by the side of the old Highland "wifies," or to watch for the deer and the grouse with her father's gamekeepers. It is curious to note how these early experiences trained the young girl for her future connection with the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian populations of Ireland, and it is a strange coincidence that circumstances should have accustomed both Lord and Lady Aberdeen from childhood to follow the example of the Queen in being members of both Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches, according as they resided in Scotland or in England.

God fashed her with his sparkling looks.
And heaven's rich instincts in her grow
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

This Scottish girl, with her Gaelic name, nursed on tradition, on romance, and surrounded from infancy with the sound of

THE STIRRING MELODIES

of her native hills, was only eleven when she saw her present husband. It chanced upon a day that a young man of twenty-one who had been riding across the country, lost his way and came over the hills with a footsore pony to the entrance bridge of Guisachan. He was little more than a boy. Slight of frame although of ordinary stature, with a frank, fearless look in his eye, as he, after many apologies for trespassing, craved permission to put his pony up for the night at the lodge so that he might the next day continue his journey. Sir Dudley Marjoribanks, on inquiring for the identity of the strange wayfarer, found that he was named John Campbell Gordon, the son of an old Parliamentary friend, the Earl of Aberdeen. He at once gave a highland welcome to the belated traveler. Ishbel, then a girl of eleven, saw the visitor and soon after she fell in love with him, nor has she from that day to this ever wavered in the whole-hearted devotion which exists between her and the man who afterwards became her husband. The portrait, reproduced by permission, of Ishbel Marjoribanks at the age when she first met Lord Aberdeen is copied from a beautiful colored miniature painting which is among the treasures of the family. The acquaintance thus auspiciously begun was continued in a friendship which was consummated and placed upon a more permanent foundation when in the year 1877 Ishbel Marjoribanks became Ishbel Aberdeen.

They passed their honeymoon in Egypt, where his father, Lord Haddo, had spent many happy months in the main pursuit of health. It was while they were going up the Nile in their dahabeah that they had the good fortune to meet Gen. Gordon, then Governor-General of the Soudan. He was scouring up the river in his steamer, while they were slowly toiling up propelled by the sluggish stream. Not knowing how to attract the attention of the Governor General, Lord Aberdeen hit upon the idea of firing signals of distress. This at once brought Gen. Gordon to their boat, and recognizing in his visitor

THE HEAD OF HIS CLAN,

he extended him a hearty welcome and rendered him the fealty which is due from every Gordon to the head of his house. Gen. Gordon took to Lord Aberdeen as if he had been his own brother, and before parting for the night he presented Lady Aberdeen with a beautiful set of little silver coffee cups as a token of their friendship. The dahabeah and the steamer parted in the night and in the morning they were out of sight. They met Gen. Gordon again at Cairo and dined with him in the spacious palace which was placed at the disposal of the simple soldier by the Khedive. They had a long discussion with him as to the possibility of repressing the slave trade. That it existed in Egypt they had the best opportunity of knowing, for hearing that boys were bought and sold as merchandise, they sent their man ashore at one of the villages stating that if they had any boys for sale they would be glad to see them. Without any delay a slave merchant brought four boys on board the ship and set forth with much detail their various advantages, and discoursed upon the benefits which would accrue to the purchaser who obtained such a desirable human article. The merchant then stated the price at which he was willing to part with them. Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag which was flying at the masthead and told the slave dealer that the four boys were slaves no longer, as wherever the British flag flew slavery ceased to exist. But in order not to create a hubbub he stated that he was willing to take charge of the boys and give the slave dealer a present almost equivalent to the price which he had asked. They took the children up to Assiout and handed them over to a mission to be baptized and brought up. Then a difficulty arose. The missionaries refused to baptize them unless their parents or adopted parents would take the responsibility of presenting them for baptism. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, having put their hands to the plough, did not turn back, but at once adopted the four boys as their own children, and they were all baptized and placed in good keeping. Three of them afterwards died of consumption. The remaining one grew up and became an earnest Christian and is at the present moment a missionary in the Soudan. These were not the only adopted children the young couple possessed when they came back to England

FROM THEIR HONEYMOON.

They had no fewer than five adopted children. Four of them were left at Assiout, but one was brought with them to England. This was an Egyptian lad who had become a Christian, but who had been tortured into recanting. He had run away from his tormentors and was more or less at a loss, and did not know what to do. Lord and Lady Aberdeen therefore enabled him to leave the country undetected in the character of one of their servants. On arriving home they put him to college, and he is now a missionary in China.

In addition to their adopted children they have had five children, four of whom are living. The second daughter died in infancy. Lord Haddo, the Hon. Dudley and Hon. Archie are the boys, while Lady Marjorie, who is only thirteen years old, is the only surviving daughter. Lady Marjorie has the distinction of being the youngest editor in the world, and her little monthly, Wee Willie Winkie, is an almost ideal specimen of what a child's paper should be. It is simple, natural, interesting, and I am glad to hear that it is likely to have an extended range of usefulness on the American continent. Lady Marjorie is an interesting child, somewhat tall for her age, but still a child at her lessons. She does her editing in the intervals of play time. Like all the rest of the family she is devoted to her mother, who is naturally very anxious that such a child should not be unduly forced into prominent activity. Lady Aberdeen possesses immense activity and energy, together with a capacity to do things and get them done. Her first training in the way of organization was the establishment of the Onward and Upward Society, an association which began on a small scale among the domestics and poor people on their estate in Aberdeenshire, and which has spread until they have about 9,000 members throughout the world. In connection with this Lady Aberdeen edits a monthly review under the title of Onward and Upward. Dr. Lyman Abbott, writing upon this association in the Outlook, says that it is a combination of the Y. W. C. A., Working Girls' Club and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Association. Lady Aberdeen has not been long in the Dominion of Canada, but she has already helped to organize a National Council of Women, the object being to form a body of women representing all phases of women's work in every center of population in the whole Dominion. It is hoped that such a body will promote unity and charity, both amongst religious, philanthropic and secular associations; giving all a chance of knowing of what is being done for the good of the world outside their own immediate sphere. It will also secure their joint consideration of public questions, and their joint action when circumstances arise which will necessitate their practical intervention. Of course, like others who have taken any interest in the amelioration of the condition of life, Lady Aberdeen believes firmly in woman's suffrage. In her present position as wife of the Governor-General she is necessarily precluded from taking any part in questions that can by any pretense be alleged to belong to the domain of party politics. It ought not to be a question of party politics to affirm that a woman is a human being, nor should a Governor-General's wife be debarred from insisting upon the natural corollary of that fundamental truism. There is no doubt, however, that the National Council will tend to lead women more and more to take counsel together and see whether it is not possible for them to bring such influence to bear as to render it possible for the best men, truly the best men, to be returned to the Houses of Parliament.

POETRY.

A Little Love of Mine.

I know a clever little maid
And sweet, who claims me for her knight,
And I confess, I'm half afraid
She thinks what'er I do is right.
The reason why I may not tell,
She's five, while I am twenty-nine,
And yet we love each other well
I and this little love of mine.

She has a slender, lissome form,
Brown eyes where trust and truth abide,
A Cupid's mouth where kisses swarm,
Rose cheeks where dimples deftly hide,
A smile she borrowed from the skies
In some rare hour of summer time;
That's sweet or serious, glad or wise,
As suits this little love of mine.

Laraine petite, the little queen;
Swift to forgive as to command,
The daintiest monarch ever seen,
She keeps her subjects well in hand.
Their happiness her only task,
She rules by childhood's right divine,
And richer kingdom none may ask
Than has the little love of mine.

The boundary of her empire lies
In home's fair walls; her wealth untold,
The lovelight in her mother's eyes,
A treasure greater far than gold.
Aye, running over is her cup
With love's most rare and costly wine,
And she—she gaily drinks it up,
This charming little love of mine.

Fresh be the draught. I wish the hours
May bring her what she most may prize,
Soft dewy dawns, and fragrant flowers,
And light winds calling to the skies;
But if my soul might win the bliss
To beg a boon from Father Time,
'Twould be to leave her as she is,
This dainty little love of mine.

An Everyday Tragedy.

He sat in honor's seat,
And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes,
She stood without, beneath the wintry skies,
In snow and sleet.

He spoke of Faith's decay;
The ladies sighed because he spoke so true.
She hid her face in hands frost-numbed and blue,
But dared not pray.

In church, in court, and street,
Men bowed and ladies smiled where'er he went.
She stole through life by shame and hunger bent,
With bleeding feet.

Upon his wedding day
She stood, with burning eyes that fain would weep,
And heard the dancer's tread, the music's sweep,
Sound far away.

The bride so pure and true
He took unto himself in haughty mood;
And all the paltry world applauding stood,
Though well it knew.

The while in frost and snow
Half-clad she stood, upon whose maiden breast
He pledged his faith, for love's supreme test,
In joy and woe.

—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

The Snowflake's Power.

"They deem us frail and tiny and of but little worth,
Well show the people diff'rently who live down on the earth!"
Thus said the Queen of Snowflakes in their convention hall,
When they resolved their might to prove, all from on high to fall.

They camp in great battalions, they fell for days two, three,
They mantled all the hilltops, and shrouded dale and lea,
And then they rudely frolicked with Northern Wind so bold,
Who roughly tumbled, drifting high in every track and wold.

'Twas thus the mighty storm horse, upon his iron track,
Could not his burden pull ahead, or even push it back.
The fragile, tiny snowflakes thus proved their might and power,
By stopping traffic's iron horse for many a dreary hour.

—[Fanny L. Fancher, in N. Y. Observer.

What Was His Creed?

His charity was like the snow—
Soft, white and silent in its fall,
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves—a pall
For flower and weed
Drooping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
Hope he inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we should feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And work he gave to charity,
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief.
"What was his creed?
What his belief?"

You cannot have well-flavored eggs from hens kept in dirty quarters, and fed on musty food. There is profit in keeping hens laying through the winter, although it requires some extra outlay to do it. They must be kept clean and comfortable and have plenty of food; at the same time they must be compelled to take exercise enough to prevent their getting over fat.

Many who first try a steamer do not know that all food to be cooked should be well mixed and moistened with water before turning on the steam, otherwise they will find their food in as raw a condition in the morning as when they left it. Turning the steam on to dry feed seems to have little effect on it for some reason.

HEALTH.

Disinfectants.

Long before people understood the manner in which contagious and infectious diseases were communicated from one person to another, the importance had been fully established of a thorough disinfection of the patient's clothing and of the room which he had occupied; but the agents formerly employed for this purpose, sulphur included, are now believed to be wholly useless.

At present only three chemical agents are recognized as of value in completely destroying the germs of disease and preventing their spread. These are carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate and chlorid of lime; and it is at once apparent, to every one at all familiar with these chemicals, that their employment is necessarily restricted, as all of them are irritant poisons when used in excess.

Of the three, chloride of lime is perhaps the one which may be said to deserve the greatest commendation, on account of its cheapness and the comparatively little danger attending its use.

German authorities advocate the employment of steam and heat, justly maintaining that in these we have cheap and efficient agents, which are also highly penetrable and at the same time dangerous to but few household articles.

The following rules may be said to conform to the latest approved methods of disinfection:

1. All fabrics which will not be injured in the process must be boiled in water for at least four hours.

2. Fabrics which will not stand this treatment are to be subjected to the action of dry heat for a much longer time.

3. Furniture, etc., may be treated with a four-tenths per cent. solution of carbolic acid.

4. All articles which have been in actual use by the patient must be burned.

5. The walls of the room must be thoroughly rubbed down with bread which must afterward be burned.

6. The sputa and excrements of the patient must be at once treated with chloride of lime.

It is evident that upon the thoroughness of disinfection depends not only the private, but the public welfare.

Take Care of the Gums.

"People are losing their teeth from a new cause nowadays," said a dental surgeon the other day. "It is a complaint which seems to have become common only within the last fifteen years or so. 'Recession of the gums' it is called. Tartar is deposited at an abnormal rate, and this carbonate of lime secreted from the saliva pushes the gums back from the teeth. After a while, if nothing is done to prevent, the trouble gets as far as the sockets, which become inflamed. Finally the teeth fall out. A well-known statesman came to me fourteen years ago with a bad case of the disease. Every tooth in his head was loose, and one of them was so far gone that I took it between my thumb and finger and quietly lifted it out. Within three months I had fixed him up so that all the rest of his dental equipment was perfectly solid in his jaws. It was accomplished simply by removing the destructive tartar and preventing it from accumulating again; also with the aid of a little medicine applied to the gums. The distinguished patient of whom I speak comes to me every two or three months and undergoes a little treatment. In that way I have been able to keep his teeth for him thus far. It is a peculiar disease. In a case so far advanced as the one I have described it can hardly be cured. That is to say, the tendency to an accumulation of tartar cannot be stopped. All that can be done is to prevent it from accumulating by scraping it away at intervals and by medicinal applications to the gums. In an early stage, however, the complaint is perfectly curable, and the tendency in most cases can be overcome. But much care and continual attention are required. Otherwise the person will have lost some of his teeth by the time he is 40 years old, and after that the rest of them will go rapidly. The making of false teeth has arrived at great perfection, but at best they are poor substitutes. As I have said, this may be regarded as a new disease. At all events, it is only in recent years that it has become prevalent. It is important that people's attention should be called to it. From 7 years to 20 care should be taken of the teeth lest they decay. There is little danger of that after the twentieth year is passed. But from that time on one should look out for tartar. A mouth affected in the way I speak of is almost worse than a badly decayed mouth. The trouble means certain loss of the teeth unless looked out for and treated.

Cause and Cure of Colds.

Now is the season for colds, and singularly prevalent they have been of late, and the type of the present attacks reminds us very much of the dreaded Russian influenza that only too recently occupied a position of importance in our vital statistics. Let us briefly consider a few ways of catching cold. By taking too much care, for instance. The healthy need not stay indoors because it is cold, wet or foggy; on the contrary, they should brace up the system by getting out of doors in all weather—rain, frost, fog or shine. The colder the weather, so much more the need to go out part of each day. The exercise will equalize the circulation, and besides, in such weather the air of the house will be all the more impure, because doors and windows are kept closed, and there is little chance of the escape of the vitiated products arising from gaslights, cooking stoves, etc. In far the larger number of cases, colds arise from allowing the body to cool down too quickly after exercise. Exercise heats the body and produces perspiration, and this in turn cools the system; therefore, when arriving home after exertion, the indication is rather to put on an extra wrap for a short time than to quickly cast off the overcoat or mantle. Then colds often follow a short nap or prolonged sleep when no extra wrap has been thrown over the sleeper. In sleep the natural production of heat is limited, and we are peculiarly liable to surrounding draughts, and this form of cold is the one most likely to end in bronchitis, pneumonia or rheumatism. Then there is the favorite method of getting cold by passing, when over-heated, from the theater, or ball-room without sufficient extra clothing, the waiting for cab or carriage, and talking all the time. The lungs contain 600,000,000 of air cells, and represent a breathing surface of 6 square feet, and in health are filled with air at a temperature of 95°. By breathing with the mouth closed, we prevent these air cells being cooled down too quickly, as the air passing through the nose is warmed before it reaches the lungs.

Clothing is worn, not to produce body heat, but to prevent radiation; hence, flannel and wool, being non-conductors of heat, should be worn next to the skin. And that part of the lungs lying between the shoulder-blades is the portion requiring the most careful protection from the weather; here the lungs are close to the surface, and are quickly chilled by cold or wind. The delicate will find an under-jacket of porous chamois leather an excellent protection, and it has the advantage of washing well. Many so-called felt or skin chest-protectors are worn here until they teem with microscopic life. Persons very prone to take cold will find the morning cold sponge-bath of great service. The very delicate may begin with tepid water and pass on to cold.

When the first symptoms are felt use a hot mustard bath and take some hot fluid—coffee, milk or gruel—and then retire to bed and sleep between blankets. If the cold be of a severe type—full pulse, cough, pain and oppression on breathing—an adult may take ten grains of Dover's powder in a little gruel on retiring. We know the glass of hot whisky and water is very comforting if taken at the early stage of a cold; but we can not recommend it: because, after all, a cold is a mild attack of fever, accompanied by more or less inflammation of the membrane lining the air passages; hence, anything of a stimulating nature like whiskey, must increase the inflammatory action and tend to usher in bronchitis.

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhoea, cholera, and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, &c. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had; the worst of madness is a saint run mad.

SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

The Story of an Ottawa Business Man.

Afflicted With Deafness and Partial Paralysis—Obliged to Give up His Business on Account of These Infirmities—To the Surprise of His Friends Has Been Fully Restored to Health.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Mr. R. Ryan, who is well-known in Ottawa and vicinity, having been until recently a merchant of this city, relates an experience that cannot fail to prove interesting to all our readers. It is well-known to Mr. Ryan's acquaintances that he has been almost totally deaf since twelve years of age, and that some time ago this affliction was made still more heavy by a stroke of partial paralysis. Recently it has been noticed that Mr. Ryan has been cured of these troubles, and a reporter thinking that his story would be of benefit to the community requested permission to make it public, and it was given by Mr. Ryan as follows:—"In the fall of 1883, when I was about twelve years of age, I caught a severe cold in the head, which gradually developed into deafness, and daily became worse, until in the month of July, 1884, I had become totally deaf, and I was forced on account of this to leave school. The physician whom I consulted informed me that my deafness was incurable, and I concluded to bear my ailments as well as I could. In 1889 I started a store about two miles from Calumet Island, Que., but not being able to converse with my patrons on account of my deafness, I found it almost impossible to make business a success. However, things were getting a little brighter until last April when I took a severe pain, or rather what appeared to be a cramp, in my right leg below the knee. I was then doing business in Ottawa, having come to the city from the place above mentioned. At first I gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks I had to use a cane and could scarcely bear any weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless, and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well, the improvement continued, gradually extended to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box, my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would shout so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them speak lower several times, I enquired why they still persisted in shouting, or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loudly as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dulness, the result of my ten years inability to hear conversations, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength."

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should unite in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as supressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

With an Eye to Business.

It was after the shipwreck, and Aaron Moses' little son Aminadab was among the drowned. Aaron Moses spoke with a sob in his voice. He addressed himself to the diver who was going down to the wreck.

Aaron Moses—"Mein vrent."

Diver—"Well."

Aaron Moses—"If yer sees a leedle feller there mit a blue stribed jersey und a silk tie, pring him up virst. Dem jerseys und ties shrinks awful."

Surprised.

A school teacher, who had been telling the story of David, ended with "And all this happened over 3,000 years ago."

A little cherub, its blue eyes opening wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh dear, what a memory you have got!"

A Literal Interpretation.

"Well, young man," said old Mr. Breezy, while you are at my house I hope you'll feel just like one of the family."

"Thank you. I'm sure I have every reason to."

"What do you mean?"

"Your daughter has just said she would be a sister to me."

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results; Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

A. P. 695.

One Kind of Intelligence.

Beatrice—"The lecture on [illegible] was very interesting. I thought it [illegible] singular that fleas should be [illegible] the most intelligent of insects."

Her cousin Tom (just back [illegible])—"Well, I don't know. They [illegible] on great many clever people."

An Odd Collection.

A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into [illegible] sections. Section one is large. Section two is [illegible]. Section one contains hundreds of bottles the contents of which his wife swallowed in trying to find relief from her physical [illegible]. Section two contains a few bottles that were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than any other medicine known to science.

Pile tumors, rupture and fistulae radically cured by improved methods. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In Glasgow, last year 577 persons were arrested and fined for failing to sweep their steps or pavements.

Take One Free.

A pillow sham holder on the [illegible] the thrifty housewife much [illegible] vexation. There is only one first-class [illegible] in the market. It is "The Tarbox," which makes the shams look the best, lasts longest, and does not injure the [illegible]. A post card to the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide west, Toronto, and you will be advised how to get a Tarbox [illegible] FREE.

Legal executions in Mexico [illegible] take place in the prison [illegible].

St. Leon is recommended on [illegible] scientific authority. Why drench [illegible] with filthy drugs when St. Leon [illegible] tained for a trifle?

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N. J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat, or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." Rev. W. H. Haggarty, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

ATTENTION. If you are not an agent [illegible] our illustrated [illegible] publisher, Toronto.

ST. JACOBS OIL Cures all the Aches and Pains of Man & Beast.

Wood Yard Machinery. Cheapest Portable Engines, Up to 25 Horse Power. Waterous, Brantford, Canada.

LADIES, DR. SLOCUM'S COMPOUND PENNYROYAL TEA Gives Health, Strength & Beauty. [illegible] T. A. SLOCUM & CO. 186 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

WASTING Diseases are often difficult to [illegible]. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will restore a lost appetite, lost flesh and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed. A few doses of this remarkable remedy will [illegible]. PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

THE MONEY MAKER KNITTING MACHINE. ONLY $10. Ask your sewing machine agent for it, or send a 3c stamp for particulars, price list, samples, cotton yarn &c. THIS IS GOOD FOR $2.00. SEND TO CREELMAN BROS MFRS. GEORGETOWN, ONT.

RUPTURE DEFORMITY, [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED, [illegible]

CHARLES CLUTHE, King Street West, Toronto. "SOUVENIR"

MILLER'S TICK DESTROYER. Operates promptly and effectually, destroying Ticks and other vermin pests, in eradicating all affections of [illegible] which sheep are subject. No sheep holder should be without it. As a certain [illegible] hitherto proved infallible. Price 70 cents and $1 per Box. [illegible] box will clean about 20 sheep. [illegible] druggists. HUGH MILLER & Co., Manufacturers.

Artificial Limbs. J. DOAN & SON. For Circular Address 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto.

STOVES & RANGES from ORIGINAL DESIGNS and Patterns. Are Superb in Finish, and Superior in Quality of Material & Workmanship. Excel in Baking Qualities, and in Economy of Fuel and Convenience. [illegible] Every Stove Warranted. Manufactured by GURNEY, TILDEN Co. Ltd. Hamilton, Ont.

SIGNS OF HEALTH are bright eyes and clear complexion [illegible] the use of Dr. Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. Easy to take, and a Great Flesh Producer. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other. MANUFACTURED BY T. A. SLOCUM & CO. Toronto.

The High Speed Family Knitter. [illegible] Dundas Knitting Machine Co., Dundas, Ont.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the Saint Paul & Duluth R. R. Company in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE. Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

GRANBY RUBBERS. They give perfect satisfaction [illegible] word that [illegible] Granby [illegible] iron.

USE WIDE AWAKE SOAP. Manufactured only by DAVID MORTON & SONS HAMILTON, ONT.

25 DOSES 25c. THE GREAT COUGH CURE. SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST. 25c 50c & $1.00. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

CLARK'S Catarrh CURE. The greatest preparation on earth for speedy and permanent cure of Catarrh in all its Stages. One bottle will work wonders. If your druggist does not keep it address, Price 50c. T. A. Slocum & Co., 186 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

A COMEDY

CHAPTER VII.

Jessica was not the same after this. The sudden catastrophe had startled her in serious [illegible] had a [illegible] ended. [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]," told him all; [illegible] for a woman. [illegible] To dub Flora a nursery "foolish" when [illegible] had reared her, so pretty, so brave, so practical, and so lively; emancipated yet strong-minded, after the fashion of Miss Georgey Cobbe.

Unable to find traces of the two girls