The Wrong Prodigal.

"Mis Hull!"

Marcellus Cox drew rein and sent his big voice bounding toward the figure with scant, flying skirts at the clothesline. Lobelia Hull was hard of hearing, and in Marcellus Cox's opinion it was needful to boom.

"Mis' Hull-hullo!"

"Eh?-why, Marcellus Cox, is that you? I heard something right along, but I thought it was the Cochin rooster, a-crowing. He does crow dreadful human. How's the folks? I take it you're going to mill?"

She readjusted her sun-bonnet with little tweaks and advanced to the side of the fence. Something mysterious in the lean, weathered face of Marcellus Cox whetted her appetite for news. Marcellus was a good nand for news. He leaned out now an dtapped the wheel slowly with the butt of his whip.

"I calculate you've heard, Mis' Hull?" he said solemnly.

"No. No, I haven't heard a thing this morning but that rooster, an' that warn't him. Is anybody dead, Marcellus Cox ?"

The man's solemn face lengthened still more.

"No; he aim't dead, but he's run away. I always said he'd do something."

"Run away !--who's run away ?"

"That harum-scarum little Bub Meek. In the night. Can't find him high nor low. Narv a trace."

Marcellus Cox doled out the facts jerkily and then drew up his reins. His mission was accomplished.

"Little Bub Meek run away!-why, his poor mother!"

"Yes, I calculate it'll nigh kill her. She and his pa set the greatest store on that little limb o' mischief-I never waw anything like it."

"Yes,' murmured Mrs. Hull, "Phoebe Meek is real sensitive-it'll be an awful blow. It won't be so bad for John. You can't kill a Meek. Why, for the mercy, little Bub Meek-run-away!"

After the wagon had rattled on, Lobelia Hull stood in the wind, her pleasent, plain face midly excited. It was hard to go back to the lineful of flap-

"I'll hang out the rest o' the white things-it won't hurt the colored slothes to wait till afternoon. I must go acrost and tell Elmira Bennett. Emmira's a connection on the Meek side she'll feel dreadfully. I know. To think o' that little laughing, acting boy's up and running away! Well, it's just as well my boys are all girls, they wouldn't run away if they

hadn't been-I guess I know that!" It was a short walk, criss-cross, through a pasture. Mrs. Hull pitched and puffed over the hummocks of dry, dead grass. The wind was in her face and impeded her. She found Elmira Bennett's clothes-line hung full of white linen, in neat, graduated rows. Even the colored clothes were dang-ling, limp and ungainly, from their allotted cross line. Elmira received the news with a shocked face. "You don't tell me he's run away?

-not run away?" she cried, shrilly; "why, that's the only thing in the whole creation I didn't think he'd lo! He always seemed real content-id at home, little Bub did."

'Well, I should think he might, the way his pa and ma humored him-givng him that valuable little calf to make a pet out of! Why, Marcelus Cox offered John Meek fifty dolars, out 'n' out, for that calf! But, and not Buk'd get intimets with it. ars, out 'n' out, for that calf! But, and, no; Bub'd got intimate with it, and he'd got to have it for a pet.

Elmira Bennett uttered a short, dry augh. Her eyes sought out far reaches of sowed land that had known the despoiling gambols of that valu-

"I guess 'Cellus can afford to be hankful," she murmured. "I guess is pieces of oats an' barley had ought to be, any way. That's a terrible little calf—I don't wonder 't they named im Beelzebub."

"They didn't? Of all heathen sames!" ejaculated Mrs. Hull.
"Yes, it's kind of heathen, but they all him Bub for short. The whole amily's terrible fond of the little creajure, an' Bub—dear me, to think that ittle Bub Meek's run away!"

The two women parted presently, and went their separate ways to spread the

You better run down to the Holmes's, Elmira-I'm going home by he road and tell Desire Swett," Lopelia Hull said briskly. "Desire'd nught to know—she's his Sunday school leacher. She's labored dreadful hard with that boy, and she's fond of him, joo. I do' know but 'twill bring on one if her spells. Well, it's a calamity. t'll be all over town by night. 'Cellus fox heard it down to the Forks store, ind he'll stop along and tell it on the Mill road. Everybody'll be dreadful Mill road. Everybody'll be dreadful forry for little Phoebe Meek. They won't be real surprised, because they ve always known Bub Meek'd cut up ome shine. I guess there ain't a soul put knows he's the mischievousest, harum-scarumest boy in the town-

"Yes, I guess so," assented Elmira, with a sigh. The slender tie of re-ationship—on the Meek side—drew her relative to little wild Bub. She did not like to think she should not see him again. And the calf—well, for Bull's sake she would even submit to the little wild calf.

"He was a handsome little fellow."

the unurmured ambiguously. "It's a errible dispensation.

The story went its way, gaining trength at every repetition. Torard the end of the day mysterious hints of theft were in it, darkly. Bub he isn't 'fatted' now.'

had taken a dollar-two dollars-three dollars-all his father's money. People lifted slow, astonished hands, but their faces said: "I told you so." Hadn't faces said: "I told you so." Hadn't all East View prophesied that harumscarum little Bub Meek would come to grief? When he muffled the church bell—and dressed Mis' Peck's pullets in little red flannel pantalettes-and put the minister's new linen duster on his father's scarecrow—what had East View said then? And the times upon times he had put buttons in the contribution plate—what then? And when his little pet calf, Beelzebub, had pattered up the church aisle after him —what had East View said then? Bub had said it was an accident—the little calf had followed him of his own accord, but Bub's merry brown eyes had danced, and all his little brown freck-

"Wanted to hear the sermon, didn't you, Bub?" some one had heard him

Toward evening little Phoebe Meek hurried down the lane to meet John. Her sweet, round face was drawn down in dubious lines.

"Oh, John, didn't you find him?" she cried, sending her anxious voice ahead of her, in her haste. John Meek shook

'Oh, John!" "I can't help it, Phoebe. I've spent all day lookin'. I guess I feel as bad's

'Dear little Bub!" mourned Phoebe. "How could he run away when we've been so good to him?"

"It's the way o' the world,t' John

Meek said gravely. "There ain't a great sight o' gratitude lyin' round loose. If the little feller warn't contented with our panderin' an' tented with our panderin' an' humorin', let him try what other folks'll do
for him. I guess it'll be a good experience for him. Now, I want my supper, Phoebe—I'm, tuckered out."

"It seems queer—I always gave him
his supper first," murmrued Phoebe
sadly, "and there 'tis waiting for him
record of the state of the such

sadly, "and there 'tis waiting for him now. He did used to eat it with such a relish! John!"

"Well, what say?"
"The other little Bub won't eat a crumb to-night. I've coaxed and coaxed, but seems as if his heart was brok-He's out there in the barn now,

mourning.

"Poor little feller!" John Meek said tenderly. His own weariness and hunger were forgotten and he strode away to the barn to comfort the other little

The feeling in the neighborhood was widely distributed. The little ripples of excitement touched every home in the little village of East View.

Bub Meek had always furnished lively material for "talk," but now the groups of men around the stove and on the windy porch of the Forks store mentioned his name solemnly, half under their breaths. The grizzled or blonde heads shook with grave disapprobation.

For several days nothing was seen of any of the Meeks, and it was supposed they were nursing their shame and sorrow behind drawn curtains and closed doors. No one ventured to approach them, until some of the women decreed that common humanity demanded it.

"I'm going. I shall put on my bom-bazine," Lobelia Hull decided.

"It seems as if I was goin' to a funeral, I declare. If I was Phoebe Meek I'd rather have laid little Buby out, with lilies o' the valley in his hand, than to have him turn out a prodigal son. Poor Phoebe—I declare, I dread seein how set an' white her face'll look!"

That afternoon, for middle fall, was warm and still. A quiet glory of golden foliage was over everything. Mrs. Hull stepped along briskly, invested with due importance. Her lips were set to appropriate lines of condolence, and moved silently as she re-hearsed her part. It was in the nature of a violent interruption to mood when a rooster crowed suddenly in her ear. It was a Meek rooster and he did not show good taste;-for all Mrs. Hull knew, it might be poor little Bub's own pet. He petted every-thing round the farm.

A definite atmosphere of cheerfulness pervaded the Meek front yard, and the trim, white-painted house shared it. The curtains were not down, as Lobelia Hull had expected. They appeared to be up unwontedly high and the windown war affects. high, and the windows were aflame with potted red geraniums.

"I declare!" she muttered. Round the corner of the house floated a shrill, jubilant whistle, accompanied by the rasp and whir of a saw.

Mrs. Hull shuddered. It seemed like the ghost of little Bub Meek's whistle.

Phoebe Meek came to the door. She

"Poor thing, she's doing her best to cover up her feelings!" the visitor thought. Then she cleared her throat and began her stilted name spourant "I feel to sympathize with you and affliction,"—it John in your recent affliction,"-i ran like a formal testimonial-Lobelia

Hull, the undersigned, etc., etc. "I came over to say it. It's one o' the dispensations o' Providence that

all flesh is heir to."

Light broke in slowly on Phoebe
Meek. Her fresh face dimpled.

"Why, he's come back!" she cried.

"He hasn't?
Phoebe Meek!" You don't say so, 'Yes, I do-I'm glad enough to say

tes, i do—i in glad candil to say so! He came trotting home—poor, lit-tle, disgusted, tired thing!—night be-fore last. We haven't the least idea where he's been to—of course we wouldn't ask him!"

wouldn't ask him?"

She laughed again, but the astonished caller on the door-step did not join. She was thinking of the other carefully prepared condolences of the "undersigned," now valueless and void. Mrs. Hull had thought of a good many comforting things to say comforting things to say.

"Well I declare!" she grasped.

"Well, I guess you'll kill the fatted

calf, now. "Mercy, no!" Phoebe Meek cried.

MINIMAN WINDS AND WARRENGE TO THE TANK AND T HOUSEHOLD.

COLUMBINE.

Sprung in a cleft of the wayside steep

And saucily nodding, flushing deep, With her airy tropic bells aglov Bold and careless, yet formed light And swung into poise on a stony height,

Like a challenge flung to the world below! Skirting the rocks at the forest edge,

With a running flame from ledge to ledge, Or swaying deeper in shadowy glooms, A smouldering fire in her dusky

blooms; Bronzed and molded by wind and sun Maddening, gladdening every one With a gipsy beauty, full and fine A health to the crimson columbine!

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

Who can understand the scope and variety of a mother's duties? She must have a knowledge of the physical requirements of the baby, attend to his food and clothing, and the training of his moral and ethical nature. Whether you have a good baby or a bad one depends very much upon the first few months of his life, for habits formed then are not easily broken. If you begin by rocking him to sleep, he will expect you to continue to do so, and no matter how busy you may be, the chances are that he will make it so unpleasant for you that you will be glad to drop everything and take him. If a baby is given his own little bed from the first, and placed there whether sleeping or not, it is surprising how comfortably and quietly he will lie, without the aid of singing, rocking or other unnecessary care. The hest mattress for this bed is made of hair, and the feather pillow should be small and flat. The best covering is a small woolen blanket, of which several should be provided, so that the bed can always be kept neat and clean. Arrange his clothing so there will be no wrinkles or lumps to make him uncomfortable.

The baby's bath is an important

event in his existence, and should be given once a day. Heat the water until it is as warm as new milk, and bath him quickly. It will not be necessary to use soap every day. Wipe him with soft linen, and have his clothing ready to put on as soon as his bath is finished.

The mother's milk has always been considered the best food for the baby and if it is of good quality and suf-and if it is of good quality and suf-devised. But there are thousands of mothers all over the country, who, like myself, cannot nurse their babies, and Lactated Food is an excellent substitute. I speak from experience, having raised three fat, healthy babies upon it. Cow's milk is never safe, especially if you live in the cty and must de pend upon the dairy wagon for your supply, for you cannot be sure the oows arec healthy, nor that the food they eat, and the water they drink are what they ought to be. I always prepare the food myself, and seems to us that nature itself has prepare just what is necessary neal at one time. After the baby is fed, the bottle is rinsed out, the rubber turned wrong side out and thoroughly cleaned with a soft brush. is then no danger of acidity in the bottle. Do not use a bottle any longer than necessary. A child can soon be taught to drink from a cup. which is so much easier to keep clean. At the age of six months, a little beef broth, well cooked rice, s., and barely gruel are given in addition to Lactated food, but very little of such becomes accustomed to it. Do not forget that he needs water as well as food, for the little mouth gets very dry and hot, and a drink of water will often quiet a restless child when nothing else will.

Baby's clothes are not made so long

and heavy as they were a few years ago. During the summer a skirt thirty inches in length and made of the finest, softest flannel is necessary for a baby less than three months old. Over this is worn a slip made Mother Hubbard or peasant style, just long enough to reach the bottom of the undergarment. The material may be as plain or as handsome as desired. China silk in white or delicate colors, trimmed with lace makes a handsome robe and as it requires no starch, is very comfortable for the little one.

St Louis. Mo. Elsie Gray.

SOME GOOD RECIPETS.

Chicken Croquettes.—Have ready a cupful of cold chicken; chop very fine, take a small lump of butter and heat very hot; stir in a spoonful of milk, thicken with flour. When cooked add a beaten egg, the chicken, pepper, salt and a little thyme. Spread out on a platter to cool. When wanted form in croquettes, dip in grated bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.

Grape Catsup.-Take five pounds of grapes; boil, then sub through a colander first and sieve after; add two and one half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and pepper, one half teaspoonful of salt. Boil 20 minutes. Bottle.

Tomato Catsup.-To one gallon of tomatoes, after being boiled and strained through a colander, add three tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, one small teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one pint good vinegar. Boil to the proper consistency and bot-

Deviled Tomatoes.-Skin and slice thickly three solid tomatoes. Sprinkle lightly with one teaspoon salt and fry nice brown in two tablespoonfuls butter. To what is left in pan add one half teaspoon dry mustard, half teaspoon salt, half teaspoon sugar, and dash pepper. Beat lightly yolk of one egg, add slowly one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, stir into the other ingredients, cook and stir till thick; add two tablespoons lemon juice and

pour over tomatoes. (Cheese Cakes.-Beat one and a half ounces of butter and one and a half ounces of castor sugar together to a cream. Add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful of rice potato flour and two ounces of dessicated cocoanut. Roll out puff pastry quarter of an inch thick, line some patty pans and put a teaspoonful of the mixtre into the centre. Bake 15 minutes. Ingredients: One and a half ounces of butter, one and a half ounces castor sugar, two ounces of desicated cocoanut, one tablespoonful of rice or potato flour.

Egyptian Cabbage.—Select a large loose head of Savoy cabbage, carefully loosen the leaves down to the heart rinse thoroughly in cold water, then place in a bowl; pour over it boiling water to cover and let stand for 20 minutes. Have ready one cupful each of cooked lentils and boiled or steamed rice. Mix the two, season highly with salt and pepper;; add one tablespoonful of chopped onion and one tablesponful of chopped parsley and two tablespoon-fuls of melted butter. Drain the cabbage, put a teaspoonful of the mixyure in the very centre;; draw over two or three leaves, spread over them more of the mixture and so on until the outer leaves are reached. ly together, tie up in a piece of coarse cheesecloth, drop into boiling salted water and boil gently for one hour and a half. Drain thoroughly, arrange in a heated dish and pour over it a cream Bauce.

Apple Meringue Pie.-Pare, slice stew, and sweeten ripe, tart and juicy apples; mash and season with nutmeg or stew lemon peel with them for flavor; fill the crust and bake them until done; spread over the apples a thinck meringue made by whipping to a froth the whites of three eggs for each pie; sweeten with three table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar; flavor with vanilla; beat until it will stand alone; cover pie three quarters of an inch thick, set back into a quick oven un'il well set. To be eaten cold.

SIMPLE FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

To promote children's appetites there is no better plan than to give them plenty of outdoor exercise, fun and frolic; make them regular in their habits and diet only upon plain, nour-ishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of a lack of appetite

HUMOURS OF GENDER.

Some Nations Have Four Genders, and

Some Extend Genders to Verb. There is fun which the vulgar do not suspect in the study of languages. Observe the detail of gender. It regulated that matter once for all. In most languages of course, inanimate things are treated as masculine or feminine; everybody knows that our forefathers did the same long ago, But in any case, male, female, and newter genders exhaust the possibilities. You cannot have more than three genders or less than two, for the sexes must be distinguished.

So it appears to the civilized morfood must be given at a time until he tal. But an Australian of Daly River contrives to recognize four, while an Algonquin of North America and a Dravidian of India have two, indeed, but they are not male and female. For the Daly River person insists that plants shall have a gender of their own; the Algonquin and the Dravidian agree that it is the distinction of living and dead, not that of sex, which should be maintained.

The Fulah nation also ignores male and female, making one comprehensive gender tor human beings, and thing that relates thereto, and another for all creatures and things outside. Thus, tame cattle are dis-tinguished from wild, and a tree planted with intention from one that

springs naturally.
Upon the other hand, those poor Armenians have not even one gender to bless themselves with.

But the Australians of the Daly River actually put gender into their verbs. Only to think of learning such a language gives one a shiver. We do not hear now many moods go to a verb, but the tenses are vaguely and awfully described as "endless," perhaps the revereend gentleman had not yet succeeded in counting them.

Thirty-five are reckoned in the speech of the Basuto Kaffirs—no less do those interesting barbarians require for conversation. But they do not call upon them to agree with the mown in gender as well as in number and person. That is the exclusive de-mand of the Mullok-Mulloks, Cherites and Ponga-Pongas, among whom Mr. McKillop and his brethren spend their days, desperately wrestling with the parts of speech.

Another contrivance, not exclusive, but more highly developed on the Daly River, apparently, than in any other land or age, is in the inflection of the adjective. Besides singular and plural, they have, as we should expect, the ual, "and they are very strict about the use of it.

Wife of Sir Henry Irving.

One very seldom hears of Mrs. Henry rving,-Lady Irving, she is entitled to be called. The public, has heard, now and then, of a Lady Irving, but as she never appears with her distinguished husband in society or elsewhere, her existence would hardly be suspected.

In fact a great many people have egarded Sir Henry as a widower. They knew he must have been married at some time or other, because there are little Irvings running about Great Britain, but further than that few people, ever knew, and probably few car-

An actor, recently returned from London, was speaking of her the other day.

"Lady Irving has a cottage on Pelham Row," he said, "where she spends most of her time, only leaving London in the winter season. She is afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and is forced to spend the trying months of the year in Italy.

"A slender, good looking lady is the wife of the great English actor. If the truth must be known, however, she has not been without occasion for grief, The London public knows little about her and cares less. If they knew they would care no more. But people who have an intimate knowledge of many concerns tell me that Lady Irving has borne a heavy burden for many years.

"She was married to Irving some 26 or 27 years ago, when he was only an inconsiderable player. Her maiden name was O'Callaghan, and she was the daughter of a regimental surgeon of the British army in India. She was a woman of imperious, even violent, temper, I am told, and she and Irving did not long enjoy a period of domestic felicity. Two children were born to them, whom they named Henry and Laurence.

Laurence Irving was two weeks old and Henry Irving two years, Mr. and Mrs. Irving separated," continued the actor. "Irving left the house that day and has never returned. Except to chance encounters, the two have never met since that day. His friends have always asserted that she was insanely jealous of him; her friends have stated that he neglected her cruelly.

He had the stronger side, but her family and relatives by marriage have constantly reitevated their faith in her. Mrs. Morgan, her sister, wife of a member of the firm of Ashburne & Co., of Calcutta, and her mother, have persistently urged her cause, and she has had the constant support of Mrs. Madge Kendal, the actress, and numerous other friends.

"A reconciliation was impossible between two such natures as those of Mr. and Mrs. Irving. The latter maintained an attitude of hostility; Sir-Henry is very proud, and his natural indisposition to making overtures was increased by the favours heaped upon him from all sides. It was not for him to bend, he figured it. Friends like the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, were disposed to believe him to be a much suffering monument of domestic patience, and the man-even the actor-who can resist the role of martyr-has not vet been born into this world, I take it

"In the absence of her husband Mrs. Irving lived with her mother. A number of years ago proceedings for separate maintenance were rumored. don't know that a suit was actually brought, but Mr. Irving promptly set-tled upon his wife a life annuity of \$5,000. Lady Irving has never used a penny of it upon herself, but has devoted it all to the education of her

For these boys Sir Henry has very strong affection, yet strangely enough, until recent years he saw but little of them. When they were little fellows they visited him once a year. He would take them to supper after the theatre, shower them with gifts of all descriptions, and then send them home. Unless he chanced to meet them by accident he never saw them again until a year had elapsed.

"Mrs. Irving, who is possessed of a mild aversion for the stage for a career, did her utmost to prevent them from following their father's avocation. But the blood inheritance was too strong. Henry Irving, jr., is now an actor, and a good one. His mother, despite her feelings, journeyed to the west of England, to witness his debut. Laurence Irving is a barrister by profession.

A good example of the feeling existing between husband and wife was afforded when Edwin Booth went to England. It may supply information to the curious concerning the real reason for the separation. Mrs. Irving wrote to Booth, asking for tickets of admission to a performance of 'Ham-

let.'
"'I would like,' she wrote, 'to have the two sons of Henry Irving see an actor.'

"This little display of animosity and other incidents of a similar character, show the disposition of Lady Irving. It is likely that she has been sinned against, but she has done a little bit of sinning herself now and then, I imagine," concluded the actor.

NOT A TEMPERANCE STORY.

In the Rakaia, New Zealand, railway smash drink was the direct means of saving the lives of about sixty excursionists, who, as the night was cold and wet) and the train was waiting, left the rear carriages and trooped into the railway hotel a few yards off. While they were drinking the smash took place. The carriages which sixty of the beer-thirsty crowd had 'quitted were reduced to matchwood.