

THE HOME.

SMILE A LITTLE.
Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little,
All along the road;
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit down in gloom and darkness,
With your grief to sup?
As you drink Fate's bitter tonic,
Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns, and smiles are
blossoms.
Off for weary feet;
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

Smile upon your undone labor;
Not for one who grieves
O'er his task, waits wealth or glory;
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and sorrow
In the passing years,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Even through your tears.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

The question has often been discussed as to the relative amount of labor performed by the country and city housewife, and it is a question hard to decide. Each think they have the hardest tasks, when as a matter of fact, housework is much the same everywhere and about the same routine must be kept up. The woman from the farm visits her friends in the city; she sees the modern little flat, with the hot and cold water, the gas range, the bath and all the modern conveniences with which to make work easy, and she gets the idea that the city woman has nothing to do. She does not realize the time that must be spent each day in going to market; being limited for room in the little flat, only small supplies can be kept on hand and at least an hour each day must be spent in dressing and going to market. Then the dust and dirt of a city is something terrible and it will creep in through every crack and crevice, making a daily sweeping and dusting, instead of weekly cleaning, necessary. Then, too, her guests are more varied and not having the supplies on hand, the well stocked cellar to resort to, makes the duty of entertaining harder. On the other hand the woman on the farm, has the milking and churning to do; often the poultry to look after; the farm laborers to cook for and the hundred and one steps to take, necessary to keep the machinery of the farm home running smoothly. To each we would say, make your duties as light as possible. Use judgment in your work. Learn to apply the old saying, "Let your brains save your heels." To imagine some one else has an easier time than we do, does not lighten our tasks, and only results in making us disagreeable and unhappy. Women should realize, and with the realization except the fact, that their household duties are something to be taken up and carried on cheerfully and uncompromisingly, making the home happy and pleasant for all in it.

RECEIPTS A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Custard Pudding.—One pint of cream, two ounces of almonds, two spoonfuls of rosewater, orange-flower water, some mace; boil thick and then stir in sweetening and ladle into china cups and serve up.

Crullers.—Four eggs well beaten, 4 spoonfuls sugar, 4 spoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful of coriander; knead in flour until it is pretty hard; roll it thin as a knife blade; twist them and fry in a spider.

Plain Cake.—Nine pounds of flour, three pounds of sugar, three ounces of butter, one quart of "emptins," one quart of milk, nine eggs and one ounce of spice; one gill of rosewater and one gill of wine.

Loaf Cake.—Twenty pounds of flour, ten pounds of butter, ten pounds of sugar, ten pounds of raisins, one pint of brandy, one quart of yeast, four nutmegs, a quarter-pound of cinnamon and four dozen of eggs.

Roast Turkey or Fowl.—One pound of soft wheat bread, three ounces of beef suet, three eggs, a little sweet thyme, sweet marjoram, pepper and salt and a gill of wine. Fill the bird therewith and sew it up, hang it down to a steady, solid fire, basting frequently with salt and water, and roast until a steam emits from the breast. Put one-third of a pound of butter into the gravy, dust flour over the bird and baste with the gravy. Serve up with boiled onion and cranberry sauce, mangoes, pickles and celery.

Minced Pie of Beef.—Four pounds of beef, chopped fine and salted, six pounds of raw apples chopped also, one pound of beef suet, one quart of wine or rich, sweet cider, one ounce of mace and cinnamon, a nutmeg, two pounds of raisins; bake in paste three-quarters of an hour.

GRADING FOR A LAWN.

The manner of grading in preparing for an ideal lawn will depend largely upon the condition of individual

places and to some extent upon individual taste. If the area is naturally undulating it will only be necessary to smooth over the rough portions, but if level a better appearance is often secured by giving a little slope, except for very small yards.

If there is too much difference in elevation it should be modified accordingly, the amount depending on the size of the place and natural surroundings. In either case the area should slope from all sides of the residence to a greater or less distance, merging gradually into the general trend. Abrupt changes should be avoided as much as possible, though terraces are necessary when the location is on a steep side hill, in which case they should be kept near the house or along the side of the lot. In general, the grading should be done in such a way that all surface water will be evenly distributed so as not to form numerous runs which may cause small washouts.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of drainage, as this is only required in places where water is liable to stand a portion of the year. Preparation of the ground, however, is supremely important. If the soil is poor, it should be thoroughly enriched by a liberal application of well rotted manure, bone meal, wood ashes, or other good fertilizer. The use of manure is attended with considerable danger of bringing in foul seed, otherwise it is one of the best fertilizers. The ground should be plowed or spaded not less than eight inches deep, removing all stones and other like material and the surface made as smooth as possible.

PRESERVATION OF STOVES.

If you wish your stoves to look like new when you come to put them up in the autumn do not leave them to rust in the outhouse. Dip a flannel cloth in coal oil, and, full of dripping, rub lightly over every part of the stove. Then throw over it a lot of old newspapers, which pin to keep in place, then put an old piece of carpet or a big old table cloth over that. When you come to put the stoves up you will find that they are in perfect condition, and all you need to do is to rub them off with a rag saturated with coal oil and blacken. Unless you do not protect them thus, they will rust, and a rusted stove is a stove ruined, so far as beauty is concerned. If there is nickel plate about the stove it should be polished then wrapped in flannel, tied closely.

MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

He Did Not Invent Him, as Is Popularly Accepted.

Every schoolboy knows Macaulay's famous figure of the New Zealander of some future age, when our civilization is quenched and a newer one established on the other side of the world, sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge, and sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. It is not generally known that Macaulay, out of his wide reading, plagiarized the idea both from Gibbon, the historian, and from Horace Walpole in 1774 Walpole wrote in a letter to a friend, the following passage, which clinches the matter:—"The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil in Mexico, a Newton in Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's."

The following year he returned to the same speculations in another letter, and in 1781 Gibbon published his "Decline and Fall," containing this curious parallel passage apropos of savage life:—"Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce in some future age the Hume of the Southern Hemisphere."

SENSATION IN STATIONERY.

The latest sensation in stationery is paper and envelope of the same size. Instead of folding the sheet of notepaper to fit into the envelopes, as civilized nations have done since envelopes were invented, the entire sheet is slipped into the outer covering without folding it even once. The paper is linen bond, mottled blue in tint, and comes in various sizes. A quire of paper is thirty cents, and a package of envelopes is the same price. The problem of getting these huge envelopes into the ordinary letter box is going to be a serious one of the new fashion.

POETRY VS. PROSE.

The poet raves of the beautiful hair
That crowns his fair idol's head,
And calls the man a prosy old bear.
Who ignores its splendors instead.
Yes, the poet of it makes a fad,
Its glories in verse he will group,
But like other mortals he's mad
If a strand of it gets in the soup.

A CONSIDERATE BOY.

Employer—You were late this morning, Henry.
Office Boy—Yes, sir.
Employer—Did you forget to mention it to me?
Office Boy—No, sir, but I didn't want to deprive you of the pleasure of being the first to speak of it.

GREAT AIM.

It was the aim of my life, said the big man with a satisfied sigh,
What's that?
Brought down four ducks and a sand crane at one shot.

A JOKE ON JACOB

"Jacob," my mother would exclaim with solemn emphasis, "never marry a girl who cannot cook. Take one as cruel as Borgia as bitter of tongue as Xantippe, as infirm of temper as Shakespeare's Catherine, but take one who can cook."

This had been drummed into my head from the day I began to cast sheep's eyes at the girls, and when my maternal parent came to the end of life she left it as almost a parting injunction.

Is it any wonder therefore that I set to wondering whether the divine Lucy Tompkins could fill my mother's requirements, and to hoping that she could?

Ah! but she was beautiful
Eyes of deepest violet and a complexion for all the world like that rose they call white, but which has ever and always a flush of pink on its delicate petals.

But could she cook?
By various devices I sought to discover this. I stayed to dinner at the smallest provocation. She cut the bread. I saw her, and it tasted better for the knowledge. She laid the cloth—she disappeared into the kitchen, where I fancied she was making delicious doughnuts and deserts, but when I remembered that Bridget and Mrs. Tompkins were also engaged therein I hesitated and doubted.

"Can you cook, Miss Tompkins?" said I, as she came in with a plate of pickles.

She burst out laughing. "What a question! Can I cook! What do you think of that, dad," she cried turning to the old man who sat rocking himself backward and forward and fanning himself with his hat. "Ain't that a queer question?" And the old man evidently thought it was, for he roared as if I had thrown him down and was tickling him into convulsions now and then gasping, "Can she cook! Oh—!"

I got as red as a lobster, but held my sides and pretended to be nearly dead with laughing myself.

But one day there came an opportunity, Tompkins and his wife were called over to blinkyville by the dangerous illness of their eldest son. They had to take Bridget along for a nurse. It left nobody at home but Lucy and her grandmother who was confined to an easy chair with rheumatism.

"I've got her now," said I, "I'll go over to supper, and that'll settle the question." I rode over about three o'clock. Lucy was weeding a flower bed and I helped her. I kept hating round about supper, but she didn't take.

"She can't cook for shucks," said I to myself, "or she'd tell me to stay. But I'll put her to the test." So I pulled out my watch, and I says: "Well, Lucy, I guess I'll have to be going! I'm afraid I'll miss my supper now before I can get home."

"I'd ask you to stay here," said she, "but really we haven't anything in the house fit to eat."

"Oh I don't mind," I exclaimed, "anything will do—" but I stopped for she interrupted me by telling me to come over the next day and before I could say any more she had started me off, telling me to be on hand at five o'clock sharp, so as not to let the supper get cold.

As I was going up the walk the following day, dressed in my best, and resolved to propose that evening if the cooking was even passable, I saw Susan Safford come out the back door and get scudding down the path. She was a girl my mother had often recommended; the best cook in the neighborhood, but homelier than the law allows.

"Hello, Susan!" I exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"Home!" she exclaimed. "I just dropped in for a visit, but I find Lucy too busy getting ready for company for me to stay."

"The dear girl!" I said to myself, referring to Lucy. "She's in that kitchen just wading into cookery," and fattered myself the thing was about settled.

Well, the supper was "out of sight," as the boys say. I will not attempt to describe that fried chicken, those baking powder biscuits, that golden butter, that marmalade, honey, etcetera, etcetera. Susan Safford herself could not have beaten it. I proposed to Lucy in thirty minutes after, and she, figuratively speaking, jumped at me.

Two months later we were on our way home from the wedding journey.

"I want to get back, my dear," said I, where I can get one of your suppers again. I have never had a meal that could hold a candle to that one you cooked for me the night I proposed."

She laughed rather queerly.

"You liked it, did you?" she said.

"Liked it?" I rejoined. "Let me tell you the truth. I had not made up my mind whether to propose or not up to that evening. I was afraid you couldn't cook and mother was always harping on that. You know I never could find out, for you always laughed when I broached the subject, but that night I played a trick on you. I got myself invited when nobody was at home to help you, and, well—my darling, you were simply immense. I never had such a supper in my life, and you know the result. Here we are man and wife."

"And you wouldn't have asked me if I had failed," she said.

"I couldn't have flown in the face of my mother's injunction," I returned. "Thank heaven, you stood the test."

"But did I?" said she.

"Did you?" I exclaimed. "Why, didn't

you get that supper, the best that mortal man ever tasted?"

"No," she said, "I didn't."

It nearly knocked me down.

"No," she repeated. "I did not. I heard about your hobby. I was afraid you were subjecting me to the test, and so I got Susan Safford to come over and help me out, and made her promise never, never to tell. Oh, Jack! I suppose it was awful wicked, but I did want you so bad."

"And you can't cook at all!" I exclaimed.

"Not a little bit," she answered, and then she fell to sobbing. Well, sir, I couldn't stand it. I took her in my arms and was weak enough and forgetful enough of my mother to say: "I'll be hanged, Lucy, if I wouldn't rather live on raw turnips with you than have the dishes of the gods with any other girl in America. Cook or no cook I'm glad I've got you, Lucy Tompkins."

And I was

ABOUT FINGER NAILS.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity and that of the thumb with the least. It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is one-thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness it is retarded.

Authorities differ with regard to the equality of growth on both hands, some holding that the nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left, but others can perceive no difference between them. According to the rate of growth stated, the average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a woman of 70 would have renewed her fingernails 186 times.

DON'TS ABOUT POISON.

Don't believe that death by poison is easy. The average self-poisoner suffers the tortures of a thousand infernos.

Don't believe there is any poison that cannot be detected. Every poison leaves some trace.

Don't keep violent poisons in the house unless you absolutely have to do so. If you do, lock them up.

Don't save a poisonous medicine simply because you "may need it some time."

Don't forget that if a solution of poison evaporates one-half the remainder is probably twice as strong. Always stopper the bottle.

Don't fool with poison; or talk recklessly about it; or fancy that you understand the subject.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The use of artificial teeth is of ancient origin. Two curious specimens of artificial teeth from the Etruscan tombs, dating from four or five centuries before the Christian era, may be seen in the museum of Corneto, on the coast of Italy, in the mouths of two young girls. On the jaw of one may still be seen two inlors fixed to their neighbors by small gold rings, while in the other, the rings remain, but the artificial teeth have fallen out. The teeth, carefully cut, had evidently been taken from the mouth of some large animal.

TOOK NO CHANCES.

Dr. Bliester has been swindled so much by ungrateful patients that he now demands pay in advance. A doubtful-paying patient said to him:

"I have a pain in my stomach every morning. Do you think, doctor, that it amounts to anything?"

Yes, \$2, replied the doctor, holding out his hand for his fee.

WHAT'S MARRIAGE FOR?

Young Man—Why don't you get up and give this poor lady a seat?
A Party—Huh! Guess not! Why, she's my wife!

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The Circassian Princess—Are you ready to go home?
The Two-Headed Girl—Wait a minute. Are my hats on straight?

MORE APPROPRIATE.

Jones is a walking encyclopedia, isn't he?
Well, I should say staggering encyclopedia.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Friend—Did your husband provide for that monument in his will?
Widow—Why, of course, he did. You don't suppose he'd have got such a monument as that any other way, do you?

At the annual social of the work people of March Street Mills, Peebles, in which the employees share the profits, Mr. Henry Ballantyne, one of the partners, said the past year had been the most successful they had ever had.

A few friends have planted a row of trees along the margin of the stream which flows through the village past Carlyle's house—the "little Kubbach" of "Sartor Resartus," which still gushes kindly by.

The Paisley Trades Council, has, on the motion of Mr. McLennan, appointed a committee to consider labor representation on public schools, and also devise ways and means to safeguard the interests of such representatives in the event of their being victimized.

FROM THE LAND O' CAKES

INTERESTING GOSSIP FROM BONNIE SCOTTISH BRAES.

Stray Scraps of News Permeated by the Weather—Happenings of a Week Told in a Few Words.

Workmen's houses are very scarce in Berwick.

The fishing in Loch Linnhe has closed for the season.

The telegraph has been extended to Saddle, Kintyre.

The Glasgow ship Blair Logie has been lost in the Pacific.

Dr. Stewart, one of the best known men in Carlisle, is dead.

The new Lee-Metford rifle has been issued to the Kelso militia.

Bonnyrigg people are taking steps to improve their water supply.

The Victoria bridge, across the River Ayr, will be opened in a few days.

Dr. Chalmers has been elected convener of the Lunacy Board of Glasgow.

Lord Wemyss has invented and now uses a new three-barrel gun, 16 bore.

Fire in the South Parish School, Paisley, did damage to the amount of £3,000.

The Earl of Cassils has been admitted a member of the faculty of advocates.

Stevenson, Ayrshire, saw the cinematographe for the first time last month.

Lord Rosebery's two daughters have been attending a cookery school in Edinburgh.

The members of the Androssan Flower Show Society recently supped sumptuously on fish.

Muirhead Travelers Company has been registered at Edinburgh with a capital of £75,000.

It is proposed to acquire Muirhead's Park, at Westfield, as a recreation grounds for Dalkeith.

A handsome Jubilee lamp has been erected by Langholm commissioners in front of the Town Hall.

The Gordon Highlanders' Benevolent Fund, inaugurated in Aberdeen, now stands at £1,723 2s. 9d.

The Spectator says that Glasgow is first in efficiency of all the municipalities of the United Kingdom.

"In the Olden Times," is the title of a new book which Rev. Kirkwood Hewat, Fenwick, has in the press.

Lord Rosebery opened the People's Palace, Glasgow, on January 22. It will not be open on Sundays.

The "Liberal and Radical Association" and the "Liberal Association," both of Edinburgh, have resolved to unite.

A jubilee fountain, presented to Hawick by Provost Johnston, bears the inscription, "It's yer ain; protect it."

The coal owners of Scotland are making preparations to meet the claims the Compensation Act will impose on them.

The Second Division has reversed the decision granting A. Wellwood Rattray, artist, a divorce from his wife.

The Institution is granting a new lifeboat to Campbelltown. The Duke of Argyll has given a site for a life-house.

Paisley Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor last year had an income of £1,576, and expended £1,699.

John Logan, the author of the "Braes of Yarrow," and some of the hymns in the Presbyterian Hymnal, died Dec. 28.

Balliachrach, Argyllshire, which so many generations of the Stewart family have tenanted, is now named Nether Ardroscaide.

The sheriff of Ayrshire has decided that a man who left a house because it was infested with cockroaches is not liable for the rent.

Rev. Dr. Blair, Dunblane, Perthshire, will be nominated for the moderatorship of the synod of the United Presbyterian church of Scotland.

Lieut.-Col. Mathias, of the Gordon Highlanders, is said to have been recommended for the Distinguished Service Order.

Mr. Angus Macdonald, headmaster of Merry Street School, Motherwell, has been admitted a Fellow of the Royal Geological Society of London.

Miss Brown, Victoria road, Maxwelltown, has offered to the congregation of Free St. George's, Dumfries, the sum of £700 for the purchase of an organ.

In Dowell's auction rooms, Edinburgh, recently, the estate of South Aros, near Salem, rent £415, public burdens £44 11s. 7d. was sold at the upset price of £11,000.

Mr. Denny, the Dumbartonshire shipbuilder, apprenticed his sons to the business, and they learned their lessons like workmen, before they were given an interest.

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a Burns Club was held in Kirkwell, recently. Sheriff Armour was in the chair. It was unanimously agreed that such a club be formed.

In a grocer's window in a small way of doing, down Ayrshire way, may be seen this quaint notice: "The business done next door, is carried on here." His rival used to live next door.

A Lamb

CONSTANTLY EXHIBITING

Be Falls an Easy Victim and Kindred Troubles Sufferer Tells How

From the Richmond

Mr. Wm. Murray N.B., is an old settler and a pioneer settler little village he calls White Mr. Murray, man, he, together brother, founded properties to be 3 days. The mills of and gristmill, and managed by the t saving appliances comparatively unknown were exposed to ties almost unknown generation. One in connection with exposure to wet though unheeded crippled its victim. In a late conversion disease, Mr. Murray's story of his long life by the use of Dr. "For over twenty sufferer from rheumatism the cause of the when as a young our mills. In the haul logs on the p nate thaws and f would imbibe them. When the time of the mill I would sometimes in water and work away night chopping ice and ice. I was head to foot and of the week I would my clothes, stay till daybreak. So two days at a time ally wet clothes, till the ice had m After a few years I myself upon me as a discretion, and even malignity it at last for weeks in success about with the a other times I was the house by the a again at other time a little and I was work, but could r more than a couple. The least bit of water would overco ber one stormy night walk from Coacange a distance of five sit down by the ease the terrible p my legs. During agony I think I t medicines I could they did me no good doctors, but my s undiminished. In went to a doctor if there were any might at least be ing. The doctor Murray, you rann can cure you." fied and then I d Dr. Williams' Pink half a dozen bore ing them at the change for the b supply had been other half dozen ed taking them a tions. That dozen and you see me no smart and can do I did my farmic could follow the without feeling a Yes, Dr. Williams a world of good, commend them for malism.

Dr. Williams' Pink blood, build up the drive disease from hundreds of cases after all other me thus establishing t are a marvel amo modern medical sc Pink Pills are b bearing the full Williams' Pink Pil Protect yourself r refusing any pill the registered trad box.

ROOSTERS DO T

In one respect they are ahead of the They have learned t eggs and look after the hen, being at li lay more eggs than pered by her mate trick is performed carefully pluck the roosters' under side is then irritated w inflammation sets in. That the pain causec is mitigated by nness, and this make eager, although for sons, to hatch a bro the chicks sit under

MONEY FO

Few people have much money is speciality of Paris in pl after the trees whi alpal boulevards and French capital. The superintendent number of trees plant of which represents \$35. The annual ex pance is \$52,500.

The Twent

aters upon the he that is sure, safe a n's Painless Corn the, never causes p discomfort.