

About the House.

MOTHER'S VOICE.

A mother sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above;
Sang it as only a woman sings,
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the year's that came
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice, that made him start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,
He felt for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

"FOLLOW MY LEADER."

I have heard that a great part of the success of the first Napoleon lay in the word "come," and I know from personal observation that many failures in life are due to the word "go." There is a partnership, a sharing of things, a sort of fraternity about "come," that is irresistible, while "go" is a word whose imperiousness and isolating tone is calculated to raise a spirit of remonstrance if not resistance, and is the starting point to many a small boy or girl of deceit and disobedience. "Go and practice," to a child full of musical talent, is to chill that talent. To a child with no music in its soul, it is a torture.

"Come and let us study our music lesson," said a lady to her little daughter in my hearing some days ago. And, after listening in an adjoining room to the patient, one, two, three, and four of the mother, while the little one touched the keys in time, interspersed with "no, dear, it is sharp," or "remember, darling, we must have this very perfect," for nearly an hour, I was pleased to see the happy faces of both emerge from the parlor, and the mother with her arm over the neck of the little one saying, "I think we shall have time for two games before tea."

"Come let us try," it was always "come" and always "us."

Do you say that mother had more time than most mothers, or that she was a slave to her child? Let me tell you she had brought up four in the same way, and earned her living meanwhile with her pen.

In contrast to this, is a neighbor who has two bright boys of twelve and fifteen years.

She began with "go and play, don't bother me," "go to school," "go wash your hands," "go to bed," and now her main anxiety is that they shall "go to college," and it may end by their going to the bad as well. Not that they are badly inclined or in any way vicious or malicious in their disposition, but they have no love for home, no recollection of jolly time with mother, or a small lark with father.

Their only idea of the one is a person who is always getting rid of them, and of the other, a man so absorbed and studious that they have no desire to follow his profession and no sympathy with him in his perplexities.

There is a sweet way of governing even the most fractious lad, that, if mothers would but only study and practice there would be no hero so readily worshipped in after life, no talisman so powerful to guard from harm and temptation as the remembrance of the mother who was always the ready companion.

A mother who went rowing, and took an ear herself sometimes, a mother who, with a big hat, was ready once a week, perhaps, for a stroll or a picnic.

A mother who, by the fireside, listened to boys' stories and laughed at their jokes, even the stale ones. A mother whose lap was always waiting for some tired boy's head, and whose every look said "come."

BIAS DARNERS.

The proper darning of a rent in cloth is an art that cannot be easily picked up and should be taught to girls as an essential part of their practical home training. The expert darning of woollen cloth will make a rent practically invisible by weaving together torn edges, matching them as carefully as possible and afterward pressing the rent. A fine sewing-silk is used to darn woollen cloth in preference to any wool, which would not be strong enough unless the thread of rattling were too coarse. Where the cloth is thick enough endeavor to conceal the silk thread between the face and back of the cloth. Begin about half an inch from the edge at one side of the tear, and run the needle the same distance from the other edge concealing the thread carefully and drawing the edges closely together, but not so that they overlap. If there is any nap on the cloth brush it back while you are

darning and then brush it down again. Lay a damp cotton cloth on the wrong side of the cloth over the darn, and press it down once, then remove, the press it perfectly dry, but that a very cotton cloth and press next the wool on surface, being careful that you do not little steam arises after the iron is removed. If the cloth is pressed perfectly dry the work of the iron will be shown on the right side. A piece of cloth is usually darned with vertical and diagonal stitches running with the threads of the cloth. The "up-and-down" is usually the strongest way of mending a bias darn. Use no piece of cloth under the darning unless the material darned is thin. In that case a piece of silk of the same color is less clumsy as a backing to darn the wool, unless the wool is sheer. Tablecloths generally wear out first in the folds. It is true that these are not always made in the same place, even by the same laundress, but they generally are, and there is invariably one in the center. But cutting off a few inches from one end and one side, all the folds will be altered, thus giving the cloth a fresh start.

THE STUPID BOY.

Here is a lesson and perhaps encouragement for parents who have a stupid boy, for no doubt there are a few stupid boys in the world, even amid the lights of the closing century. It is said that when Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest of English preachers, was a boy, his father thought him very stupid, and used to say if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. But Isaac was not taken; he grew to be one of the greatest preachers in England, a professor in the University of Cambridge and a teacher of Sir Isaac Newton. It is well to remember that a boy is not necessarily stupid, because he is pronounced so.

He may be stupidly judged, the fire of intellect may kindle slowly; it may seem to be smoldering under a heap of ashes, hopelessly suppressed. Genius does not always shoot up like a skyrocket. It may come like the rising of the sun to meridian splendor, slowly, steadily. Do not be discouraged by the apparent stupidity of the boy or girl. Give him or her a fair chance. The first movement of the great seagoing vessels are apparently awkward and hesitating as she tries to turn to get out of the harbor. But watch her graceful splendid movements as she ploughs the ocean or weathers the storm.

Moreover, a stupid judgment of a boy is damaging to him. To call him a dunce, a blockhead, an idiot is very unwise as well as unkind. It may discourage him, may even permanently affect his character. Give the stupid boy a chance and it will be known ere long whether he is really or only apparently stupid.

THE BABY'S BED.

Mothers make considerable extra work for themselves in rocking their babies to sleep. The little one soon gets into the habit and it becomes simply impossible to get him to sleep by any other method. If the baby is given a tiny bed for itself and put into it when ready for sleep, he will rest just as comfortably, and maybe that method is much the best, so far as his health is concerned.

One young mother contrived as pretty a little bed out of a deep willow clothes basket as one could wish to see. She lined the entire basket with pale blue silesia and over that gathered white dotted swiss, sewing a four-inch ruffle of the swiss around the entire top of the basket. An immense bow of pale blue satin ribbon was tied in each handle. The basket was not a very long one, but would probably be big enough for the little one until about a year old. A mattress made of white drilling filled with hair, fitted the basket exactly and was about five inches thick and stuffed quite hard. Over this was a pad of cheesecloth with two thicknesses of cotton when necessary. A small pillow, six little hem-stitched sheets, four pillow cases, four little white woolen blankets and some pretty, delicate cheese-cloth comforters tied with yarn completed the entire outfit, which was cheap, yet as pretty as could be.

A NICE PICKLE.

Take several heads of cabbage, clean them up nicely and cut into quarters, if they are small. Large heads should be cut into more pieces but always leave part of the heart to each piece so as to hold it together.

Put them into a kettle, granite-lined preferred, and boil in plenty of water to which has been added as much salt as is desired. It should be allowed to boil until it is about half done. Then take it off and remove the pieces carefully to drain and cool.

It should then be placed in vinegar—some light-colored vinegar if it can be had—to which has been added sugar and pepper or any other spices which you may prefer. Place a plate or other object on it to keep it under the vinegar, and in a few hours it will be ready for use. In serving cut into smaller pieces. The vinegar may be used several times if a little fresh is added each time.

This pickle can be made very quickly, and is so cheap that anyone can have it, and it is so tender that no one need fear indigestion because of eating it.

HE SAW HIS ERROR.

First Mormon—And what has shaken your belief in polygamy?
Second Mormon, with a sigh—My four wives.

Two Blacks Make a White

"Let us rest a while," I suggested, indicating a clump of heather a few yards from the sheep track where we stood.

"Yes; I'm quite tired," said Nora. "I don't believe there's any white heather within miles of where we are."

"Never mind; here is plenty of the purple variety, and it makes the most comfortable lounge in the world."

"It looks awfully spidery and earwiggy," she remarked, making a little face. Nevertheless, she seated herself on the tuft I recommended as the most luxurious, and I stretched myself lazily beside her.

"Oh, no; not that way! What if anyone saw us?"

She removed my arm from where it was and I had to put it back there again.

"There isn't a soul about," I said soothingly.

"How do you know? There! I'm sure there is some one down at the burn. Now, is it not?"

"That is a sheep, Nora. But I promise to take away my arm if any human being approaches within two miles. Will that do?"

"Oh, well, please be careful, Willy." Nora became absorbed in thought. "One penny," I hazarded.

She blushed. "Tell me!" I begged.

"I don't like to. It's something I don't quite understand."

"I'll explain it."

"Well,—hesitating—"I've been wondering, at least I've been trying to think, why you like to put your arm round my waist, Willy."

"Let me see," said I, reflectively, "why do I like to put my arm round your waist?"

"Yes."

"Because I like," I answered readily. "But what makes you like?"

"It's nice and comfy."

"Do be serious. I want to know, really."

"But, Nora, you know as well as I do it's the same reason that makes you like me to do it."

"I don't like you to do it."

"Then why do you allow it?"

"I only allow it to please you."

"Oh!"

"And unless you can give me a good reason," she continued, "I shall not allow it any more." I felt a little cross. "We've been engaged for five weeks and three days," I said. "Don't you think it is rather late for such questions?"

"It's never too late to mend," she returned, cruelly, "and I've just been thinking these last few days, and—"

"Your first effort in that way? I inquired, revengingly, but she took no notice, and proceeded calmly: "And I've been wondering if you ever put your arm round another girl's waist. Have you?"

"Quite unexpected was this terribly direct question. I had to consider a moment."

"Once," I began gravely, "I met a girl," I paused.

she followed is a brief letter received this week by a Reverend gentleman from a friend in Ireland: "Dear Sir, Silence is golden; you are a mint. Yours, etc."

Observing Brother—Mr. Smith is down stairs waiting for you. Sister Gladys—Oh, is that so? I wasn't expecting a caller this evening. Observing Brother—Did you think he was dead?

Watts—They say it costs \$7,000 for every man killed in battle. Potts—That is a way too much. Why if a man will hire a good lawyer, he can kill a whole family for that much.

Billings—A man never learns to really know his wife until after they are married, no matter how long they may have been engaged. Darrow—You're wrong there. Sometimes the girls have little brothers.

Albert dear, while looking through some of your old clothes; I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it. What was it, dear? Half-a-dozen checks that had never been written on.

Little Bennie—Papa, is there any difference in the word fool and foolish? Papa—There is. For instance, people who worry are foolish, while people who don't worry are fools. Now, perhaps, you can figure it out for yourself.

The Same Old Formula.—It appears that Li Hung Chang's head has been demanded because of his alleged complicity in the Russian scandal. That seems a Chinese variation of the old formula: Heads I win; tails you lose.

Family friend—I congratulate you, my dear sir on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls of your hands. Old Olivebranch—Off my hands—yes!

But the worst of it is, I have to keep their husbands on their feet.

Mrs. Hoyle—What was that you were talking in your sleep last night about standing pat? Isn't that something about card playing? Mr. Hoyle—Standing pat? Oh, not pat is our offense boy and I was talking about not being able to stand his impudence much longer.

Shippped from her waist. A lamb on the hill behind bleated pitifully and the noise of the water came monotonously from the rock cliff below us. The sun counted for but little now. There was a long, long silence between us, but I felt that Nora was looking at me. And at last she spoke.

"Willy,"

"Yes. I was a little surprised. "Why don't you look at me and say it isn't true."

I looked at her but a breath. "It's true enough," I said briefly. Silence again. Then "You're not frightened of me, are you?" she asked, softly; and I felt her hand touch my hair.

"Oh, Willy, you can't imagine how glad I am!"

"What?" I cried, forgetting my manners.

Glad I found you out. Would you mind putting your arm back where it was not long ago?"

I put my arm there, but I was sorely puzzled.

"You see, Willy," she began, with a quaint look of trouble in her eyes, "I had a confession to make to you, and— it makes it easier now."

I drew her closer. Thank God women are not angels.

"Don't bother to tell it," I whispered.

"Oh, but I must tell you. When Maudie told me about you and herself, I had to tell her about Mr. Davidson and myself. For we had just been as bad. And, Willy, sometimes I felt so dreadful at not having told you before. Often I tried to speak and couldn't. And then I was so glad when Maudie mentioned you—she didn't like my story about Mr. Davidson—for I felt that I could at last tell you."

"Were you quite sure I would forgive you, dear?" I asked, looking down into her eyes.

"Sinners must forgive sinners," she whispered very gravely. "Ah, Willy, you don't care any the less, do you? And you won't think any more of what I said?"

"I did not think I cared so much, my Nora, till I felt that I had lost you just now. And the past is nothing, when I know that you are mine today."

"And forever!" she sighed;

"For ever and ever!" I added, kissing her.

MILLIONS ON MILLIONS.

COST OF WAR IN MONEY AND MEN IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

The Most Costly Luxury in Which Any Nation Can Indulge—Expense of the Different Nations of the World in Times of Peace.

Here are some facts of a lively interest at this juncture of affairs. They show very clearly that war is the most costly luxury in which any nation can indulge. The state of the national debt forms a war thermometer which by its rapid rise in times of strife and its steady, though slow, fall in times of peace, indicates very clearly the effect of warfare on national finance.

Thus, in the French war that began in 1792 England's debt increased to the extent of nearly \$1,500,000,000, and again during the Napoleonic wars about \$1,600,000,000. In the forty years of peace that followed it decreased \$455,000,000 but over \$200,000,000 was added during the Crimean War and Indian mutiny.

The decrease during the comparative peace that Britain has enjoyed since that time is over \$750,000,000, the debt now amounting to nearly \$3,285,000,000.

At the present time every nation is not only arming its soldiers with the newest and most destructive weapons ever devised by man for the slaughter of his fellow man, at an annual expenditure of millions of pounds—Britain alone spending over \$200,000,000 per annum—but many have already stored up for immediate use in the event of war large sums of money, amounting in some cases to seven or

EIGHT MILLIONS OF POUNDS sterling. Such sums as these, however, merely represent the expenditures necessary for the initial operations of an international campaign.

Even in times of peace the bare possibility of war adds a heavy item to the taxpayer's yearly bill. In France the annual cost per inhabitant is about \$4.25, while in Britain it is only twenty-five cents less. Strange to say, the peaceful Hollander comes next with \$3.75; then the warlike German with \$2.50. In Denmark every man pays \$2.25; in Russia and Spain, \$2; in Austria, Italy and Belgium, \$1.75; and in Portugal \$1.50; while Uncle Sam escapes with the comparatively small outlay of \$1 per annum for the maintenance of his army and navy.

As long as peace endures these sums just suffice to secure the necessary efficiency when war breaks out; they are wholly inadequate.

What a great war really costs may best be gauged from a short review of the sums that have been spent in warfare during the last half century. The cost of the recent Græco-Turkish war cannot be accurately estimated yet, but even taking the shortness of the campaign into consideration, it must be nearly enough to ruin both the nations concerned.

By far the most costly struggle of recent times was the

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

of 1861, when the outlay of the North amounted to \$4,800,000,000, and that of the South to \$2,300,000,000—a total expenditure of no less than \$7,100,000,000.

No European war within the last fifty years has incurred such an immense outlay as this, but the Franco-Prussian war cost, at the lowest estimate \$7,500,000,000 while the Crimean campaign involved an expenditure of \$1,700,000,000, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 over \$1,000,000,000.

These sums undoubtedly represent the cost of the greatest of the world's wars during the present century, but the \$330,000,000 spent by Austria and Prussia in 1866 and the \$300,000,000 which was the cost of the Italian war of 1859 are not inconsiderable items in the great bill of international warfare. Besides these, the Zulu and Afghan wars of 1879 cost about \$300,000,000; while \$230,000,000 is a small estimate for the various expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay and Cochinchina.

The sum thus accounted for is over \$13,000,000,000 and the numerous smaller struggles of the last twenty years will easily bring up the total to something like the gigantic amount of \$15,000,000,000, a sum, which, if divided, would allow about \$12.50 to every person on the globe, or rather more than \$3.00 to every man, woman and child in London.

So much for the pecuniary aspect of war. But what about

THE COST IN HUMAN LIVES.

In the American civil war, which again heads the black list, the Northern States lost about 280,000 men and the Southern States \$520,000, a total loss to America of 800,000 lives.

The Russo-Turkish war was, in proportion to the money spent, still more destructive, no fewer than 225,000 men being slain, while the Franco-Prussian War involved the loss of 60,000 men to the victors and over 150,000 to the vanquished.

The latter number also represents the total loss during the Crimean War, while the Italian War of 1859 and the Austrian War of 1866 each resulted in the slaughter of 45,000 men. Forty thousand lives were sacrificed in the Zulu and Afghan campaigns, while the various expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay and Cochinchina cost about 70,000 men.

This number brings the total up to about \$2,200,000,000, and the other wars of less importance increase it to the appalling number of 2,500,000 human lives offered up to the god of war, at an average cost of \$6,000, within the last fifty years.