

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Active persons of nervous temperament can hardly get too much sleep.

A piece of fresh butter dropped into a pan of boiling jam will prevent it running over.

If a comb is well soaked in salt and water for twenty-four hours it will last much longer.

Gold is 19 times heavier than the same bulk of water; silver is 10 times, and iron seven times, as heavy as water.

Linoleum should not be washed often, and never under any circumstances should scrubbing-brushes, soap, or soda be used; they ruin oilcloths.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Add half a teaspoonful of salt to two teaspoonfuls of sifted flour. Put half a teaspoonful of soda into a teaspoonful of rich sour cream. Add the flour, mix and roll, about like pie crust. Cut in squares large enough to half cover a medium-sized apple and brush the edges with white of egg or a cold paste of flour and water. Pare, and with a corer remove the centre of the apples, place one on a square, fill the cavity with sugar and a little grated nutmeg, cover with a square of dough and press edges firmly together. Butter the sides and bottom of a long or square, deep pie dish, arrange the dumplings, dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with sugar. Turn in a teaspoonful of water and bake forty-five minutes with moderate heat.

Tomato Figs.—Take small yellow tomatoes and remove skins in the usual way. Place in a layer in a porcelain-lined kettle, and cover with sugar. Do not make more than a layer at a time. Simmer slowly till the fruit is clear and there will be a thick syrup. Lift the tomatoes one by one, draining carefully, and spread on a large dish, so they will not touch. Place in the hot sun, and they will soon dry. Sprinkle with granulated sugar two or three times, and the result will look quite like genuine figs.

Apple Jelly.—Slice apples (Astrachans are best), let simmer in a very little water until soft, and strain through double cheesecloth. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Boil the juice briskly twenty-five minutes, put in the sugar sizzling hot from the oven, boil five or ten minutes, put in jelly glasses, and when cold cover with melted paraffin. A good test for all jelly is to drop a spoonful into a cold saucer, and if in cooling it does not separate or spread, it is done. Half pieplant may be added to jelly or jam, and it will take on the flavor of the fruit with which it is mixed.

Green Peppers.—Who has not learned to use green peppers has something to learn in the cookery line. Peppers cut in rings with dull scissors and combined with lettuce and French dressing are as good a simple salad as one could wish for. A delicious made-over dish of chicken is constructed with the aid of green peppers. Cut off the tops of the peppers and scoop out the membrane. Parboil for about five minutes. Cut up the chicken, mix with boiled rice, and fill the peppers with the mixture. Place in a baking pan and pour in enough stock or water, immerse the peppers half way, and bake for an hour.

"You sparrows look gloomy this morning," remarked the tree toad.

"Why shouldn't we?" replied the poor sparrows in chorus, "our bills are all over dew."

Money spent on educational institutions is one of the best uses to which it can be applied.

We may go through life in an automobile, but the great chauffeur, Death, will bear us to the grave in a funeral car.

SPARKLES

He—"Yes, Miss Shimly, as I was about to say, our most cherished plans 'ait gang agley—man proposes—" She—"Oh, Henry, this is so sudden! But never mind, dear, your plan shall not go wrong this time. I accept you."

Little Margie (travelling with her mother in a sleeping car—"I guess it isn't any use to say my prayers tonight, mamma." Mamma—"Why not, darling?" Little Margie—"Because with all this noise God couldn't hear a word I said."

"I guess there is something the matter with our rubber tree," said little Johnny. "Why do you think so?" asked his mother.

"Cause we've had it over two years, and it hasn't sprouted any overshoes yet."

An English debtor, on being sued, admitted that he had borrowed the money, but said that the plaintiff knew at the time it was a "Kathleen Mavourneen loan." "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan?" questioned the court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, your lordship—one of the 'it may be for years, and it may be for ever' sort."

"Yes," said the Colonel; "I have always been a firm believer in discipline. Consequently, wherever my wife and daughter issue their orders I obey without hesitation."

"I understand your daughter is to be married."

"Yes; she's going to assume an independent command."

A French-speaking operative of the Peppercell Mill in Hildeford asked his overseer the other day if he could stay out for a few days. Being short of help, the overseer asked him if it was anything very particular that he wanted to stay out for, and he replied: "Yaasir, I'm goin' to git marrit un I'd lak be there, that all."

Bishop Hamilton tells the following story: "When Bishop Fowler and I together visited the Lakes of Killarney, the driver of our jaunting-car was particular to point out to us the Devil's Mountain, the Devil's Lake, the Devil's Hole and a great deal more of the devil's property. The bishop said at length, 'My friend, the devil pretty generally seems to have possession here.' 'He does, your reverence,' the Irishman instantly replied; and added, 'but, like most of the landlords hereabouts, he is himself an absentee.'"

A Boy's Summer Song.

"Tis fine to play
In the fragrant hay,
And romp on the golden load;
To ride old Jack
To the barn and back,
Or tramp by a shady road,
To pause and drink
At a mossy brink;
Ah, that is the best of joy.
And so I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha, Ha!
With line and hook
By a babbling brook,
The fishermen's sport we ply;
And list the song
Of the feathered throng
That flit in the branches nigh.
At last we strip
For a quiet dip;
Ah, that is the best of joy,
For this I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha, Ha!

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

TESTING THE GUEST ROOM

A thoughtful woman, after arranging the linen and towels in her guest-room had a vague uneasiness that something might have been forgotten which would add to her coming visitor's comfort, and it occurred to her to "visit herself," preceding her friend's arrival. The next morning she moved into the guestroom where articles she would have been likely to bring with her on a visit, and took up her abode. Her first need was for silk to mend her gloves, but instead of going to her own complete workbasket in the next room, she bought a supply and began fitting up a work-basket for the exclusive use of the guest. On her way down-town she ripped off a few inches of dress-braid, which suggested the purchasing of some heavy cotton thread, besides cards of assorted hooks and eyes and a piece of tape. She resolutely duplicated everything she was tempted to go to her own work-basket to find. The second night, in coming home late from a lecture, she decided that a hot-water bag must be included in the list of essentials, so the next day one was hung upon a peg of the guest-room closet. She found that a cracker was a very nice thing to have on hand at night, and might prove a great blessing to the guest who would hesitate to ask for one when going to bed late, so a note was made that the room was to be provided with a tin box of crackers upon the day of the visitor's arrival. Court-plaster and a card of hair-pins were added before the week ended, and knowing that new-comers often have hours of wakefulness among strange surroundings, she also provided that most delightful aid to comfort, a candle-lamp with a strong reflector—making reading in bed a joy. On the same stand that held the candle she placed some small volumes of essays, two volumes of verse, one humorous book, and a popular story or two. In fact she supplied a book for almost every mood. At the close of the week the room had gained an air of comfort and hominess which most guest-rooms entirely lack. It was not money that brought about the magical effect but thought. The total expense amounted to but a few dollars.—Florence Tarrabee Latimer, in Good Housekeeping.

Neighborly Birds.

John Burroughs, the famous naturalist says that he once saw a red-headed woodpecker feed a grub to a half-grown bluebird that sidled up to him as he pecked a rotten post. He also saw a chipping sparrow feed some half-fledged robins. The mother robin caught Mrs. Sparrow feeding her babies and resented it. He has also heard of a wren that fed some young robins, and a male bluebird that fed the offspring of another bird in a nest near his own.

The writer knows a mother, not a bird, whose pan of cookies does service for half the boys in the neighborhood. What should we do if it were not for the mother and father instinct that makes a place in human hearts, as well as bird-hearts, for all the needy children?—Junior C. E. World.

It is those we love most upon whom we lay the heaviest burdens. We do not turn to strangers or untried acquaintances when we would lean hard on some one in a crisis of life.