

HOUSEHOLD.

TRUST THE CHILDREN.

Trust the children. Never doubt them. Build a wall of love about them. After sowing seeds of duty, Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them. Let your confidence direct them. At the hearth or in the wildwood, Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. Remember May is not like chill December. Let no words of rage or madness. Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones. You guide them. And, above all, never deride them. Should they trip, or should they blunder, Lest you snap love's cords asunder.

Trust the children. Let them treasure. Mother's faith in boundless measure. Father's love in them confiding; Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children, just as He did. Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded. Trust and guide, but never doubt them. Build a wall of love about them.

HEADACHES OF CHILDREN.

Headaches in children should always be looked upon as worthy of consideration, for they may be excited by a variety of preventable causes, and they occasion a great deal of suffering.

Not infrequently headache with children of school age is entirely overcome by the use of spectacles. Headache is often caused by indigestion, anemia, constipation or overwork at school.

Then there is the headache from want of fresh air and exercise, and also the hysterical, nervous headache, accompanied by depression, and generally intensified or induced by distasteful occupations. Besides all these varieties of headache there is also that which is often the first symptom of various fevers and of brain disease.

If one can only make sure of the cause of headache one is already well on the way to remedy the evil. In all cases, except when the pain is the direct precursor of active disease, much may be done by attention to diet and by taking sufficient outdoor exercise.

HEALTH VALUE OF CERTAIN VEGETABLES.

A diet of nothing but celery is said by some physicians to be a sure cure for both rheumatism and neuralgia. Frequent use of this vegetable is always recommended to rheumatic patients. Baked potatoes are digested more easily than boiled potatoes, and should therefore be preferred by dyspeptics.

In case of anaemia, cabbage and spinach are distinctly beneficial. Spinach is also almost as valuable as lithia water in its effect on the kidneys.

Beets and turnips keep the blood pure and improve the appetite. Tomatoes are thought in India to be a preventive of cholera. Like endives and watercresses, they stimulate the healthy action of the liver.

Just after the battle of Fort Donelson General Grant is said to have telegraphed to Washington that he would not permit the army to move till forty wagonloads of onions that had been promised to him should arrive. Onions are essential to the army mess, to make pork or beef palatable. But they are also an admirable cure for sleeplessness and indigestion everywhere.

Garlic, leeks and olives stimulate the circulation of the blood. Too much meat and too few vegetables make up the average diet. Health depends on continuous variety.

CANNED BEETS.

Beets are canned now as extensively as other vegetables, and if well done will find a ready sale. They can be used in many ways. If heated and served with butter and meat, and also form an appetizing winter salad, without the objectionable acidity of pickled beets. Select small, yellow beets of a uniform size, wash well, but do not peel. Cover with boiling water and cook until just tender, but not too soft. Drain, slip off the skins, and drop into a saucepan on the back of the stove. Add to every quart of beets two cups of water, two tablespoons of salt and one half teaspoon of cayenne. Let this boil first, pour over the beets bring to a boil, cook five minutes, fill cans or jars pouring in the liquid till overflowing and seal.

EYEGLASSES NEED A BATH.

Half of the people who wear glasses complain that their sight is gradually diminishing owing to dirty glasses. Spectacles and eyeglasses are much benefited by a bath now and then as people are. It is strange how many people there are who think that by wiping their glasses now and then

they keep them clean. The fact is they want a bath just as frequently as does a human being. It is this way: The face, and especially the eyes, all the time give off a fine vapor. This clings to the glasses and the dust collects on them. As soon as they become clean—that is, apparently clean—the wearer is satisfied. So the process goes on, but while wiping the glasses cleanses them, and is necessary, a bath is also required. Every time the glasses are wiped, a fine film of dirt is left on them, and this gradually accumulates, and no wiping will clean it off. In time this coating gets quite thick enough to blur the vision, even though at a glance the glasses may appear clean. When this occurs, the sight is diminished, and they go to some optician. What they ought to have done was to give the glasses a bath in warm water, well scrubbing them with a small tooth brush and soap, and afterward wipe them. This should first be done with champagne leather and then with tissue paper to polish them.

NORMAL DRESS.

A sprightly writer says whatever the misguided mode, let's let our baby girls be girls, and not independent tomboys. Let's keep the old-fashioned bloom on the cheek of even the greenest little peach. One never knows the exact period in his career when the womanliness of a little creature may be wounded. Surely there are enough girl pleasures for the little maid without invading the territory, where petticoats are a hindrance—even granting that the abbreviated frill about the waist, yelet askirt these days, could interfere with any sport, however bolsherois. The average small girl, so far from being an object of commiseration in her normal attire, is full of self-congratulation.

"In trousers, one never has a nice lap to hold things in," she says, with superiority, "nor anything to grab things with, or to help you catch little chickens and kittens and things."

Let the boys monopolize the tighties and overalls, and keep the little girl happy in her feminine estate. This is the truest progress.

Science has demonstrated that in normal evolutionary processes the more the type progresses the more the sexes are differentiated.

Therefore, to dress little girls, for whatever motive, in the paraphernalia that is inherently their brothers', is retrogression.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

Wary of wrestling with the problem of domestic help and that other perplexing question of what to get for dinner, members of a woman's club recently hired and furnished a house, employed a manager, cooks and waiters, laid in a stock of provisions, and induced their families to dine in company.

The food was like that generally served in good families, which may be taken to mean that it was plain, plentiful, well-cooked and wholesome. At breakfast, toast, a cereal preparation, griddle-cakes and fruit were provided. The noonday dinner consisted of soup, two kinds of meat, with vegetables, and dessert. There was always a hot dish for the evening meal.

Seldom fewer than fifty persons, and sometimes as many as ninety, have taken their meals at this club. During the first month, more than thirty-two hundred meals were served, at an average cost of ten cents each. This sum included rent, provisions, help, and every other current expense, but not, of course, the initial outlay for furniture.

The figures are significant, but they hardly touch the root of the matter. These cooperators are not the first to perceive the wastefulness of ten neighbors lighting ten different fires every morning, in order to prepare a few cups of coffee and as many saucers of oatmeal, and others before them have urged that it would be well for the family if wives and mothers could escape the drudgery of the kitchen.

But in order to be successful, an experiment in cooperation must be undertaken by "clubbable people," broad-minded, sociable folks who will not quarrel. It must enlist good cooks, provide variety in the bills of fare, and save money for the cooperators.

In other words, success is a question of management, in the main, and the Portage people are exceptionally fortunate if they have found the right woman. For most of the "lorn managers" who could bring these things to pass are already directing households of their own—and they do not always want to cooperate.

RAILROADS DOING WELL IN INDIA.

In spite of famine and plague the Indian railways continue to prove more and more a financial success. The mileage is now 26,700, of which 23,763 were worked for traffic last official year, ending March 31.

THE SAME FEELING.

Clark—I wonder how a man feels when he finds himself hopelessly bankrupt.

Clerk—Say, didn't your wife ever insist upon having the dressmaker to make her fall clothes right after getting home from the seashore?

THE PARADISE FISH.

Some Habits of This Brilliantly Colored Little Native of India.

The Paradise Fish is a native of India, and has been introduced into this country comparatively recently. It is admirably suited for life in a globe or aquarium, as the finest specimens are rarely more than 3 or 4 inches long, and being, besides, surface breathers, they require very little water. The dainty things are very exclusive, however, and must be kept by themselves, as they will fight to the death any other kind of fish put with them. Humored in this respect and properly taken care of, they will live for many years.

They are of the most brilliant and beautiful coloring, the predominating shade being a bluish green, marked by slender rainbow stripes of red, orange, gray and black. When the sun is shining on them they are a glowing bit of iridescence, their colors seeming to constantly change with their movements through the water. The male fish is much the more brilliant of the two, and it would seem in intellect as well as color, at least, he decidedly takes the initiative in all matters pertaining to housekeeping. Mrs. Paradise's chief aim in life being apparently to keep out of her lord and master's way. She has evidently heard nothing of the emancipation of her sex.

With the advent of the first warm, spring weather, Mr. Paradise assumes the most splendid garb, and begins at the same time to take on a very business-like air. Very soon the interested watcher may see him set about his task of nest building. He selects for this purpose some secluded portion of the aquarium, and going about an inch below the surface of the water, he opens his mouth and forcibly ejects a lot of bubbles covered with a glutinous substance obtained from a sac in the roof of his mouth. These bubbles are about the size of a small pea, and it takes several hundred of them to make a nest of the right proportions. Quite frequently Mr. Paradise has to come to the surface of the water for more air, as it constitutes a very essential part of his "brick and mortar."

At intervals during the progress of the building, he swims off some little distance, and from this new vantage point carefully scrutinizes the work already done, and if he notices a bubble out of place or anything unsymmetrical in the arrangement, back he goes and toils away until he has a regularly constructed nest about six inches in circumference and a quarter of an inch thick. This being completed to his satisfaction, Mr. Paradise conducts his lady to the spot, where she deposits her eggs to the number of 400 or 500. Those that fail to lodge in the nest, Father Paradise seizes in his mouth and carefully deposits in the bubbles.

His duties have, however, only just begun. He immediately proceeds to go on guard, and if by any casualty some of the eggs fall, he stands ready to dive after them and replace them in the nest. Nor is this all; said it is to be obliged to say that he has to keep a very close watch upon Mrs. Paradise, for, if allowed the slightest opportunity, she will not only devour the eggs, but does not scruple to eat the little ones as soon as they are hatched out. The faithful father is, therefore, kept very busy chasing the mother away and supplying his numerous progeny with food. As the eggs begin to hatch out in about thirty-six hours, one can watch a good part of the process. By the use of a strong reading glass or small microscope one can see a tiny pair of eyes and a bit of fin as they emerge from the egg in each bubble. For two weeks Father Paradise takes the entire responsibility of the care of his family. By the end of this time he evidently thinks that they are old enough to shift for themselves; diving deep down into the water, he first takes good aim and then makes a grand rush for the center of the bubbles, distributing them to the four quarters of the globe. Soon after this the young Paradises should be scooped up and put into a dish of their own, as there is no proof positive that after this period even the devoted father may not so far forget himself as to eat some of his children in lieu of a piece of beefsteak—for such seems to be the way of fishdom—the world over.

Paradise fish rear several such families during the summer and their peculiar method of managing household affairs never falls upon one's interest. One may count upon a third of such a batch living out their allotted time. Paradise fish should always be kept in pairs, and breeding them may become a very profitable business, as they are really in great demand.

The water in which they are kept should rarely be changed, and should be kept at the temperature of the ordinary living room. They require a somewhat warmer temperature than gold fish. These particular fancy fish should be fed once a day on prepared fish food and small bits of raw beef alternately. Earth worms, if they can be obtained without difficulty, are really better than the beef. Feeding them never ceases to be an interesting performance; the most convenient method is to serve a bit of beef or worm on the end of a straw; the tiny creatures will make a rush for it, grasp a bite and hustle away, taking

in this manner about a half teaspoonful a day.

Before the little ones are old enough to make a square meal upon fish food or beef, a little stagnant water from some nearby pool of water should be put into their tank each day, as they will take very kindly to the animalculae.

AN HISTORIC REGIMENT.

The British regiment which has had the longest continuous corporate existence is undoubtedly the Royal Scots, otherwise known as the First Foot, the Lothian Regiment and Pontifical's bodyguard. They first entered the British Army under Charles II. in 1661, and, with the Coldstream and the Royal West Surrey Regiment (the Queen's), form the nucleus of the British Army. But the Royal Scots had existed as a fighting unit for centuries previous to this. In fact, tradition traces their origin back to the Caledonian levies, incorporated by the Romans about the time of Christ. A detachment of them are supposed to have been on guard at the Sepulchre, when came their nickname. It is, however, quite certain that there was a regularly constituted Scottish Guard in France about the Ninth Century, and we know that in 1450 Lord William Douglas recruited 3,000 men in Scotland for the service of John II. of France. These subsequently became the Royal Archer Guard, in other words the bodyguard of the French king, a function they fulfilled for over two centuries. They fought under Henry of Navarre and Gustavus Adolphus. In 1635 they returned to their Scottish allegiance and assisted at the coronation of Charles I. and after the Restoration they took a permanent place as the Senior Regiment of the British Army. The Royal Scots are probably the oldest regiment in the world.

BROUGHAM'S UNIQUE WAGER.

Brougham once contrived to make a holiday pay for itself by the exercise of a little shrewdness. It was in his college days that, by the way of seeing life, he went one autumn to Dumfries in order to be at the Caledonian hunt meeting. According to the then custom everybody dined at a table d'hôte, and after dinner betting set in. Brougham offered to bet the whole company that none of them would write down the manner in which he meant to go to the races next day. Those who accepted his challenge wrote down their conjectures, and Brougham wrote down his intention of travelling in a sedan chair, a mode of conveyance no one had hit upon. To the races he went, an immense crowd seeing him safely chaired to the course. The bet was then renewed as to the manner of his return to Dumfries, the acceptors taxing their wits to imagine the most improbable method of travelling. Brougham had calculated upon this, and won the double event by returning in a post chaise and pair.

GROWN BY THE QUEEN.

Most of the fruit consumed in the Queen's household is grown in the Royal gardens at Windsor. Some statistics published show that the Queen's gardens supply in one year no fewer than 20,000 dessert apples, besides 400 bushels of eating apples of a commoner kind. The grapes produced in one season weigh two tons and a half, the strawberries a ton and a quarter, the red and white currants a ton, and the cherries half a ton. Of the rarer fruits about 250 pine-apples, 400 melons, and between 6,000 and 7,000 peaches are gathered each year.

THE EVAPORATION OF TREES.

Some curious facts concerning trees have been discovered. A single oak of good size is said to lift 123 tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain clouds. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.

MAKING TOAST FOR INVALIDS.

Invalids the world over are given their bread in the form of toast, and there are many persons ignorant of why this is done. It is because toasting bread until it becomes brown largely converts the starch into dextrine. It will be found that the thinner the slices of bread and the more thoroughly they are toasted—not burned, but still changed to a deep brown color—it will be found to be still more easily digested.

A FEW THINGS LACKING.

I got a box of matches, said the old colored brother, en ef I des had a load or wood I could make a fire, en ef I des had a side or meat en a sack or flour I could cook it on dat fire; en after I cooked it dey ain't no question but what I could eat it, kaze all I got at de present time is a empty house en a all-perwadin' appetite!

A Chinese Episode

The rescued engineer seemed strangely uneasy as they walked back towards the junk. He tried to enter the cabin first when they got on board, but from some chance, the Lieutenant was before him. As soon as he stepped into the cabin and before he had time to realize what was happening a dripping figure had sprung at his throat, and a devilish-looking knife flashed before his eyes.

The next instant the engineer had knocked up the Chinaman's arm and sent the dagger whirling across the cabin, following up the attack with a couple of well-directed blows between the villain's eyes that sent him sprawling on the floor.

"Thanks," cried the Lieutenant as he rose to his feet. "That was a narrow shave, and you've probably saved my life. Why?"—he continued, gazing at the prostrate man—"it's that wretched little pilot of mine. What on earth is he doing here? And what are the papers he seems to have been gathering together when we disturbed him?"

And the officer pointed to some documents scattered about the cabin which had tumbled out of the Chinaman's loose clothing as he fell.

"Oh," said the other in an anxious voice, "they're mine—they were stolen from me—from my cabin. That is—let me see to them, sir."

"Wait a bit," said the Lieutenant who had picked up a couple of papers and was studying them intently. "What's this about? A plan of our fort on the Li Chu island? A deck plan of the Destroyer battleship? What does it mean, sir?"

For answer the engineer snatched at the papers, crying: "They are mine—you have no business to look at them."

But the Lieutenant was too sharp for him, and retained possession of the documents. At the same instant Finch and a couple of men appeared on the scene.

"Didn't know quite what had become of you, sir. Saw you come aboard, and then—"

"All right, Finch. Just carry that yellow-skinned rascal aboard—he's coming to all right now," for the Chinaman was sitting up, "and see he doesn't give you the slip. As for you, sir," he added, addressing the rescued engineer in a low tone, "there is more in this than first appears. Please to consider yourself my prisoner, and if you make the slightest attempt to escape I shall have to take strong measures—you understand? I am under a debt of the strongest gratitude to you, but I must also remember my duty. Kindly hand over the remainder of those papers."

Very suddenly this was done, and a few minutes afterwards all were on board the gunboat and proceeding down the river. The Lieutenant sat in his cabin, scrutinizing the captured papers. Stephen Adams, the engineer of the Saucy Jane, sat near him, a dogged expression on his face.

"So," said the young commander, suddenly facing him, "you appear to be a spy in the service of Russia. What have you to say for yourself?" The man was silent.

"Oh, of course I cannot make you answer that question. But at all events you might tell me what made those men kidnap you?"

"Honestly, I don't know, sir."

"Did they ill-treat you?"

"No—they only searched me, and took all—all—those papers."

"H'm," muttered the Lieutenant, "there's more in this than at first appears." Then, aloud: "How long have you been a spy?"

No answer.

"You know what lies before you when I give you up—court-martial and a long term of imprisonment. They'd hang you if war were on."

"I saved your life," answered the other sullenly.

"H'm. I've got my duty to do."

"And a debt of gratitude to pay, sir, surely?"

"Hang it!" cried the Lieutenant bringing his fist down upon the table. "It's the worst dilemma I've ever been in. I'm going to leave you for a few minutes. You will remain in my cabin, please—it's no use trying to escape, there's a sentry outside."

A few moments afterwards and Cranston was interviewing the Chinese pilot, who presented a very comical appearance. His wet clothes had been removed, and he was dressed in a pair of white ducks and an old greasy slop jacket belonging to the cook. His demeanour was abject in the extreme.

"Spose no killee me, me telliee all about junk. Can do."

"Yes, I expect you can. You seem to know a good deal and you'd better answer my questions truthfully. Now, then, why did you come on this boat? It wasn't to pilot us."

"Mandarin say stop Inglis boat, so him no catchee junk. If catchee junk Chinaman get papers."

"Oh, I begin to see daylight! Then your precious mandarins at Kiu Ling knew about this spy, did they?" The Chinaman nodded and grinned.

"And this junk was organized to carry him off, eh?"

More nodding and grinning.

"And why?" "Catchee him first and get him papers. Then put him in plisson, and tell Russians Chinaman make big row—tell Inglis chop-chop."

And a little further investigation brought out this curious plot:

The Chinese Government were aware that Adams was a spy in the service of Russia. They had, therefore, planned his capture under the disguise of a piratical raid, intending to hold him and his papers as a sort of hostage, informing the Russian Government of the whole affair and threatening a complete disclosure to the English if the said Russian Government refused to "come down hand-some."

The "pilot" had been purposely introduced to mislead the gunboat, while, in case of the discovery of the junk, he had orders to procure the papers belonging to the spy at all risks.

As Lieutenant Cranston returned to his cabin he was puzzled in his mind as to what course of action to take. The man had saved his life, and it seemed an ungrateful thing to give him up. At the same time his sense of duty was equally strong in the other direction.

Suddenly, however, he smiled—a plan of action had occurred to him—and he entered the cabin with a view of putting it into execution.

Laying the revolver he had been wearing carelessly upon the table close to Adams, he stepped to the other side of the little cabin and began:

"In half-an-hour or so we ought to be in Kiu Ling."

"And then, I suppose you'll show your gratitude by giving me up?"

"My gratitude! Ha, ha! Gratitude to a wretched spy! I'd rather you'd kept your dirty hands off me, you miserable traitor, you cowardly sneak!" retorted the Lieutenant in the most sneeringly disdainful manner he could assume.

An ugly look crept upon the other's face.

"Take care," he muttered, "don't go too far—my mother was a Russian and she's left me a revengeful temper."

"Go too far! Bah, you low beastly skunk of humanity—you dog—you paltry spy—you low-born thief—you skulking bound—you—"

"By Heaven, this is too much," yelled the exasperated spy grasping the pistol, "take that!"

There was a flash of fire and a sharp report in the little cabin. The next moment the Lieutenant had knocked the smoking weapon up and it flew from the man's grasp.

"Quits!" cried Cranston, "you've tried to take the life you saved—it's no question of ingratitude now!"

The sentry, hearing the report, had rushed down the companion into the cabin.

"Arrest this man and put him in irons," commanded the Lieutenant. Then he looked at his left arm.

"H'm—just a scratch—I'm rather glad he drew blood, though. It was a beastly awkward dilemma."

Stephen Adams was tried by court-martial. The proofs against him were tremendous and he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. The Chinese prisoners were handed over to the native court. Of course the Chinese Government denied the statement of the wretched pilot, who found both sides were against him.

A week or two afterwards some of the gunboat's crew were invited to see punishment administered to the whole four. It was essentially Chinese, and the executioner had a sharp sword and a strong arm.

"But," remarked old Finch, who knew a thing or two about Chinese justice, "though they finished off that bloomin' pilot right enough, as to the 'other three—well, all Chinamen are alike—but one of those three beggars we captured had a funny scar over his eye—I never saw a scar on either of the three heads they took off so neatly. And substitutes are easily got in China!"

AN UNUSUAL CURE.

This is an English story and it made a hit when it was told the other day. It was perpetrated by Lawrence D'O'Leary, the English actor. Several members of the club spun yarns of dubious merit, when Mr. D'O'Leary, in his peculiar way, began:

"Now, gentlemen, I'll relate a story." One man present pulled out his watch, and they all thought it was going to be a serial. One or two started to go, but the actor stopped them by his assurance that the story wouldn't be very long.

"There was a friend of mine in London," he said, "who was an incessant cigarette smoker. Finally he lost his memory. Then he forgot to smoke cigarettes, and he got well again."

Mr. D'O'Leary effected his escape through the assistance of friends who knew him when he didn't tell such stories.

A VITAL NECESSITY.

College President. No, we can not open the fall term yet.

Visitor. But, why?

President. The students have not decided upon the college yell.

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