

Mendelssohn's Wooing.

A pretty story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has a sound of music in it. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was misshapen. He went to bid her good-bye, and, while he was making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes from her sewing. "Do you really think marriages are made in heaven?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was also said—'Alas, she will have a dreadful hump on her back!' 'Oh, God,' I said then; 'a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful.' Dear Lord, give me the hump, and let the maid be well-favored and agreeable!" The girl could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.

After Sweeping.

As soon as sweeping is done, open all the windows wide to let as much dust blow out as may be, but keep the doors closed which lead to rest of the house. While waiting for the dust to settle, go over the furniture in the hall or on the porch, using the stiff brush or whisk on all upholstery, brushing crevices and tufts thoroughly, and beating the cushions with the flat rattan bat sold for the purpose in fancy shops. Use the soft brush or cloth only on wood, but don't go over things with a feather duster and imagine you leave them clean. The dust flies and settles elsewhere for you to breathe, and streaks are left in unlikely places. Use a slightly damp cloth to wipe off the dust, and carry it from the room. Read Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing" if you want to know why a damp cloth is preferable to a flitting brush when dusting a room is in question.

The stiff brush comes in play for dusting window frames and baseboards after you have wiped the frames and swept the skirting with clean brush or broom into the dustpan. Try to dust so that your cloth or brush leaves no soiled streak on paint or wall—a sort of shading not uncommon in easygoing homes. White spots on varnished furniture can be rubbed off with alcohol, kerosene, or a little wet ashes. Ink can be scoured off with sapollo, or, if the wood is deeply stained, dilute vitriol and wash the spot many times, letting the liquid, which is dangerously caustic, soak in. Put a few drops of furniture polish on a woollen cloth and rub the chairs, first washing smears off with kerosene, which also improves varnished wood.

"How did you like the lecture?" "Oh, it was beautiful." "What did he say?" "Oh, he said so many beautiful things!" "Tell me some." "Oh, he said—he said—but I can't tell it to you as he said them." "Tell them as you understand them." "Well, he said—he said—oh, I can't!" "Tell us one thing he said." "Well, he said that the æsthetics of existence enabled us to—to—oh, I can't!" "Tell us what you think he meant." "Oh, go along! Why didn't you go and hear him yourself?"—*Exchange.*

November's Party.

November gave a party.
The leaves by hundreds came,—
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name,
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson drest;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked the best.
All balanced to their partners,
And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow,
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rusty hollows,
At hide-and-seek they played;
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground,
And there the party ended
In "hands across, all round."

Increasing Love of Flowers.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the generous lovers of beauty to see that the cultivation of flowers is yearly progressing, and with increasing interest. It takes but little outlay of time or money to procure a perennial vine or plant, or give it the small amount of cultivation it requires for healthful growth, and proper pruning and training to insure symmetry and beauty. The scarlet trumpet honey-suckle, is exceedingly beautiful as well as constant in bloom, rampant grower, and enduring the severest extremes of heat or cold, giving us from early spring until late autumn clusters of bright scarlet blossoms in abundance. While the foliage of this is a grayish green, that of the bignonia vine is very dark and glossy, with more of a clinging, twining habit than the honey-suckle.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
'Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds;
Yet all his "isms" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colors in his hand.
Braven men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled:
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mold a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Ald. O'Flannelmouth—"Be keerful, Mrs. O'Toole, an' don't lit any won see me, fur it's all the prominent-people what's getting shot at."

You would like to know how to make your sitting room look cosy and "livable" and want some hints for the arrangement of furniture. A family room needs certain things to be inviting, one of which is a long lounge, not the wretched little parlor lounge, that is neither good to sit or lie on, but a generous home-made one, with pillows, for tired people. Doctors say one can rest more lying down ten minutes than sitting down an hour. Next you want easy-chairs, Shaker, cane seat, rattan, wood or upholstered, it matters not, so there is a comfortable seat for each of the family. A wide, round table where all can find room for work or books is desirable, for it gives all an equal chance, and is more inviting than other shapes. A cloth is in the way for an evening table. A book-shelf, not book-case which takes room, wide, plain brackets and broad window seats for flowers, a clock, and clear glasses for bouquets, will be furnishing strictly needed.

Scrupulous neatness is to be the first charm of your rooms, which in showy upholstery or bare plainness is distinct and attractive as the scent of lavender. Besides this, the secret of a pleasant room lies in what Aunt Jane would call "having things correspond," or what an artist would call the unity of things—what old Caleb, who "chores round," would say, unhesitatingly, was the keeping of things. You want a room mostly in one color or shades of a color. Perhaps you can't do much more in this way than to avoid green and red tidies and lamp-mats, or purple mats and pale blue tidies and deep blue vases, with bouquets on the front, to go with a scarlet and wood-color carpet. You can't get over the carpet, as you can't afford a new one, unless you take the bold step introduced by modern taste, and have it dyed deep red, brown, or deep blue, when the most obnoxious colors come out in different shades, making a fair artistic carpet. If I had an ugly carpet, I would treat it to a bath of madder dye, laid on scalding hot with a brush, before giving up the question. Dreadful, many-colored mats and cushion covers can certainly be dyed, and ten dollars on paint and dyeing will go farther toward making a really agreeable room than a hundred in common furnishings. A coat of pinky white or pinky drab paint mixed with varnish, laid over doors and common furniture, would harmonize with your madder red or brown or deep blue carpet, and when you "do up" shades and curtains next, try a few drops of cochineal in the starch, to give them a pleasing tinge. You don't begin to know the resources of simple things.

The commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said:—"Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend you can do me a favor and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've got two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket and we'll eucher them. See?" "Yes, I see, but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am; I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra as usual.

I would not be without your paper on any account, as I consider it a most valuable acquisition to any man's library.—REGINALD GEORGE ROGERS, Headingly, Man.