

The HOME CIRCLE

MONTH OF JUNE.
You bring us the bees in the clover,
Month of June, sweet month of June!
With blossoms you dot the land over,
Month of June, fair month of June!

You show us the mold in the fallow,
Month of June, bright month of June!
That change to bloom as the swallow
Wings way through thy month,
Dearest June!

But you bring to us children so lowly,
Month of June, dear month of June!
A devotion so high and so holy,
We love you, dear Heart's own
Fair June!

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS
Instead of chopping parsley for soup or creamed potatoes, try twisting a few sprigs into a tight little roll and then clipping with a pair of scissors.
Two or three cleaned oyster shells boiled in the tea kettle once a week will prevent rust from forming.
A cotton flannel silence cloth makes the tablecloth look better, but protects the varnished surface from stains from hot dishes.
Sometimes, when baking a cake, line an earthen platter with rose geranium leaves and turn the hot cake out upon them, leaving it there until quite cold. The steam absorbs the fragrance from the leaves, imparting to the cakes the most delicate flavor, that suggests nothing so much as the odor of a La France rose.
A housekeeper says that water bottles may be kept bright by the use of a handful of very fine ashes mixed with the soapy water in which they are washed.
If parsley is wrapped up in a piece of wet cheesecloth it can be kept for some time.
To make successful gravies, only just enough fat to take up a heaping teaspoonful of flour should be reserved; the rest should be poured off. Add the flour to the hot fat with stirring first in cold water; the starch cells burst more speedily in this way. Water mixed with beef extract is better than plain boiling water for brown gravies.

CARE OF MEATS.
Meats of all kinds, as soon as brought from the market, if not cooked immediately, should be placed at once in the ice-box. If it is to be kept for a day or two it is best to wrap it up in wax paper and lay it close to the ice. If wax paper is not handy, wrap it first in cheese cloth, then in paper, and place it near the ice. In the country, where fresh meat is obtainable only once or twice a week, and where there is no ice to keep it, it may be placed in a jar or bowl and covered with sour milk, tightly covered with lid or board, and set on the cellar floor. It will keep thus in good condition for four or five days, particularly veal, lamb and mutton. A piece of beef from the rump, round or cross-cut, may be covered with vinegar and kept for a whole week. Such beef is generally used for soured roast or beef à la mode. Another way to keep meats fresh in the country is to brush the meat over with salad oil and then wrap it in brown paper and bury it two feet deep in the ground. It will keep thus in good condition for a week or longer. Game of all kinds may be kept either in ice box or in sour milk. Ham and bacon should be wrapped in paper and hung in a cool, dry place. If poultry is drawn it is best not to wash it, but simply to wipe it dry inside and place it on the ice. If ice is not handy it may be rubbed in and outside with a little salt, wrapped in paper and placed on a dish on the cellar floor. Covered with a deep pan it will keep cool for several days. Fish, being the most difficult to keep, it is best to buy no more than is needed for one meal, and to cook it as soon as possible after it comes from the market. Salted dried codfish wrapped in paper will keep for some time in a cool place. Fresh cod may be kept fresh for two days when rubbed with salt and set in a cool place. Eggs kept out of the lower shelf of the icebox or in a cool cellar. They should stand on the small end.—Mrs. Genevieve Lemcke in Ledger Monthly.

VALUE AND USE OF RICE AS A FOOD.
The nutritive value of rice is not much appreciated, for if it were it would be much oftener substituted for the potato. In discussing with a physician the relative qualities of these two vegetables, he said that if necessary he could live and do his work upon a diet of milk and rice, these two staples providing all that was necessary for nerve and tissue building. There are two varieties, the long, whole and very white, which is best for cooking as a vegetable, and that which is called "broken rice," costing just one-half as much a pound, and, save for looks, being exactly as good. The first thing to know is how to boil rice correctly. It is a simple process, and this vegetable, as it comes from the hands of a turbaned Southern cook, is as different from the ordinary gloomy mass we see at the North as chalk is from cheese. To boil rice, Southern style, wash a cup of rice in two waters, then put it in a pot, adding a quart and a pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. After it has boiled over a quick fire for ten or fifteen minutes, pour off all the water except a scant cupful, cover the pot and let the rice steam for another fifteen minutes, stirring once or twice. Each grain will stand up flaky and white, distinct grains, yet perfectly cooked, if should be eaten with gravy or butter, the latter being stirred in quickly while the rice is hot.

Rice soup is particularly good for invalids or persons with delicate digestions. Put a cup of rice, a quart and a pint of water and two teaspoonfuls of salt into a pot and boil an hour. Press through a sieve and thicken with the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, half a cup of cream, if obtainable, a tablespoonful of flour, two of butter and a good grating of nutmeg. Add a little more salt if necessary. If digestion need not be considered, serve with toasted crackers, dusted with Parmesan or grated Dutch cheese on them.
Nothing is nicer than rice croquettes made creamy and delicious. Take two cups of cooked rice and add the yolks of two eggs, well-beaten, some chopped parsley, a tablespoonful and a half of butter, a little pepper and nutmeg. Stir over the fire till the mixture is well blended. When cold, form into croquettes, roll in egg and then in bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat. The insides of these croquettes should be like a thick custard.
If you have any left-over macaroni, use a cup of rice and a cup of macaroni, even if cooked with cheese, it is excellent. Another variation is one cup of canned corn and one of rice.
Rice blanc mange is a real delicacy. Boil half a pint of rice so that it is very soft, and press it through a sieve. Sweeten to taste and add half a cup of chopped almonds, which have been blended. Stir in about half a teaspoonful of vanilla and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix well together and pour into molds while hot. Serve with a custard to pour over it, or better still, some cream slightly sweetened and flavored with a few drops of vanilla.—From What to Eat.

Celebrities Who Loved a Smoke.
The famous writer, Thomas Carlyle, was rarely seen without a clay pipe between his teeth, and one of his most famous literary panegyrics is devoted to the delights of "Lady Nicotine." Victor Hugo was also a passionate lover of tobacco, and paid fabulous prices for his cigars.
Gizot, the French historian, considered that it was tobacco which lengthened his life to an inordinate degree; whilst Charles Kingsley, the author of "Westward Ho!" was unable to compose a single line of his work until a cigar was firmly set between his lips. Robert Burns was a persistent smoker, and would sometimes consume 1 lb. of tobacco per week.
The late Lord Tennyson, when being asked how he had enjoyed a Continental tour, confessed that he had disliked Venice because "they had no good cigars in the town," but towards the latter portion of his career the Laureate abandoned cigars in favor of clay pipes made especially for his own use.
Prince Bismarck was an inveterate cigar-smoker, but that his good-heartedness could triumph over his love of the weed was proved during the Franco-German campaign, when he resigned a cigar which he had been treasuring for use after the battle to a wounded soldier who cast longing eyes at the precious weed. His great contemporary, General Moltke, was equally devoted to smoking joys, and was rarely seen without a huge cigar between his firm lips.
Professor Huxley stated in the course of a lecture that he considered tobacco a "sweetener and equalizer of temper," and he supported his theory by consuming vast quantities of the same on all occasions. Charles Lamb, the delightful essayist, held a similar opinion, and he was at once heard to express the wish that "his last breath might be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a pun."
Both Charles Dickens and William Thackeray loved a good cigar, though curiously enough the former rarely refers to the smoking habit in his fictions with any degree of enthusiasm; but Lord Lytton, the famous contemporary of the two aforesaid writers, not only revelled in the making of smoke, but glorified the process in various portions of his voluminous works.
Thomas Alva Edison smokes, to use a popular simile, "like a funnel," and has often been known to consume a dozen cigars in the course of a working day. When pondering the details of a novel invention he confesses that he is greatly aided in the process by the presence of a fragrant weed, and there are few brain-workers who do not find their wits stimulated and sharpened by such extraneous aid.
On the other hand, there are many famous people who view all forms of tobacco with undeniable aversion. Napoleon the Great was one of this class, and after making an heroic attempt to smoke a pipe in his early manhood he abandoned the business with alacrity and never smoked again.
The celebrated Dr. Abernethy hated nicotine with fervent hatred, and, on being asked if tobacco injured the brain, replied testily that the question was a vain one, seeing that nobody possessed of brains would contemplate smoking for an instant. Equally Mr. Algernon Swinburne, the famous poet, is an enemy of the weed, and cannot remain in a room where the odor of tobacco has penetrated.

THE DIAL OF THE SOUL.
That the soul leaves its impress on the face as years go by, is a fact too well known to need emphasis. No matter how beautiful the features or how perfect the coloring of eyes, hair or complexion, time and added years write unerringly and indelibly the character of the soul within. A wonderful thing indeed, is the human countenance. Shakespeare says, "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." And in the book for Ecclesiastical, it is said, "The heart of a man chang-

eth his countenance whither he goeth or yill."
Now let us understand once and for all, what is meant by a beautiful face. "The beauty that elicits our admiration," says a writer in The Oracle, "is the beauty of expression. It is the thing alive and not the thing dead that we find ourselves drawn to. It is the play of light and feeling that makes the face winsome. Who has not seen countenances faulty from almost every standpoint of the artist which nevertheless have become so transfixed by an inward gentleness and peace as to awaken in every beholder the most ardent affection and regard?"
The controlling emotions of the inner life will make themselves known—nature's dial will reveal them so clearly that he who runs may read. Pity and pain have not in them the charm, even vigor's flush has not the power. Write it, therefore, in large characters, and remember it over that—
"The heart is the dwelling place of the magical angel of beauty, Whose smile is seen in the face."

Christian Missions in China.
(By George Lynch, in "The Westminster Gazette.")
It was the garden of the Mission of Pei-tang. Not a blade of grass was showing above the ground. The roots of the grass itself had been torn up, eaten by the last few starving animals within the besieged compound before they had been killed, and the trees were absolutely stripped of their bark as high as the beasts could reach. At one side of the garden a great open crater, fringed with the ruins of buildings, showed where a mine had exploded. The cross on the Catholic hard by was broken, and its Gothic architecture additionally fretted by the scoring marks of shot and shell. But I think nothing told more forcibly the tale of the order through which the garden had passed than did those gnawed, naked tree-trunks.
I was shown round the day after its relief by one of the Sisters, which by the way was effected by the Japanese, but not until the third day after the legations had been relieved, although it was only twenty minutes' ride distant from them. The Mother Superior, seventy-four years of age, who had spent thirty-eight years of her life in Chinese mission work lay dying—a daughter of Com. Barais, of Chateau Barais, near Bordeaux. She had brought to the Order of Sisters of Charity since her eighteenth year. Three miles had exploded within the Mission enclosure, and walls and roofs were riddled and lay tossed about in grotesque confusion. I went into the Cathedral church, which they were using as a hospital.

Coming from the glare of white light outside, it was some moments before I could distinguish anything in the gloom within. By degrees one made out rows of rounded forms of little children lying on the floor. Above, the stained-glass windows were broken in many places, and the roof perforated where shells had entered, letting in shafts of light that fell aslant the gloom. "High up on the wall, one lit up a figure of Christ that with bowed head and extended, nail-pierced hands seemed to point in eloquent silence to the little suffering children below. The entire floor of the church, even up to

was occupied with them. In one explosion alone, eighty children were killed, and a still greater number injured. Many more were ailing for want of sufficient food, because when the actual relief came, they had been reduced to only two ounces of rice per day, and had but two days' rations left. Orphan children, who were helping the nuns, moved noiselessly about among the prostrate forms. The hushed silence of sanctuary was broken only by low moaning or the querulous sobbing of

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little children weary with pain. The Sister brought me to see one little mite whom she called the "first fruit" of their recommenced labor.
It was a strange story, that of this little child. The one soldier who occupied that quarter of the city, had come across a house where, stretched on the kang, side by side, were the bodies of all its occupants. They had
Committed Suicide on the Advent of the Allies.
As the soldiers had not time to bury them immediately, intent as they were on pillaging and looting the neighborhood, they threw him on the bodies. After two days, when they came to throw their remains into a pit, which had been dug for the young victim, they found that she craved her, with her hair still caked with lime, to the nun.
In the midst of these ruins these good women, mostly of gentle birth, were striving to recommence their labors, and nurse, and feed, and teach the children that remained. But, conversing with them, one perceived underlying their heroic resignation a strain of very human despondency and disappointment. Their talk here was not of compensation. It was merely of how they could get their ruined mission-house fit for work again—the work for which they had left father and mother and friends, and their homes in far-off France.
It was not quite the same elsewhere, however. There were some missionaries who appeared to take a different view of the situation. Already they were lodging claims with their respective Consuls, and in order to guard themselves against the dilatoriness or uncertainty of action of their various governments, they were taking measures to secure immediate compensation.
One reverend gentleman, for instance, was to be seen day after day holding a sale of loot in a house that he had taken possession of. Another, an American, was carrying on a similar sale in a palatial mansion which he had commandeered. The latter was to be seen surrounded by jade and porcelain vases, costly embroideries from the spoiled temples, sable cloaks and various other furs, and rows of Buddhas arranged like wild fowl in a poulticer's shop. As his stock became depleted, he was in a position to ask any unsatisfied customer to call in again as his converts were bringing in fresh supplies of loot almost every day!

Undone not satisfied with the proceeds of his loot sale, this worthy man was entreprising enough to levy compensation on the Chinese, and, in addition to recovering the full value of the damage sustained by his converts, inflicted fines that exceeded that amount—according to his own admission—by one-third.
There are others who took possession of Chinese houses wholesale, and found a source of income in letting or selling them. The fact of their having a number of converts to support was given by them as a justification of their actions. Unquestionably they had a large number, more or less dependent upon them, but some other means might surely have been found. They were very busy in those days, and perhaps that accounts for their taking no notice of the actions of various portions of the allied soldiery. Wholesale robbery, cruelty, and the rapping of women were going on all round; a regular orgie of rapine surged through the captured city. Yet not one solitary voice of protest was heard.
Christianity in China has received a staggering blow from which it will not recover during the lives of the present generation. Its progress, so far as anyone can see, in the immediate future is at an end. It is even questionable whether it will not be wiped out altogether in Northern China. The terrible assaults by Boxers will largely decrease the number of converts. The temporal advantages that formerly ensued from its profession are now more than counterbalanced by the hatred and persecution that Christianity entails. The worst blow it has received has been through the conduct of the allied soldiery during the late invasion. These men have crucified it in China as truly as the soldiers of Pilate did its Founder. And even the Christian missionaries raised no protest against the crucifixion.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

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