

The Inglenook.

Her Best Birthday Party.

BY CELIA M. STONE.

"O Mama! Where have you been? I've hunted everywhere for you!" said Bessie Prentiss. And, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "I've been up in Aunt Millie's room, talking about her Sunday-school class in the mission school. She is planning to take them all into the country for a day, and she's afraid that that will be their only chance to see the country all summer, they are so poor. Isn't it too bad? And mama, I thought about my birthday party. Couldn't I have them come out here, instead of the girls I was planning to invite? Could I have them, mama—could I?"

"Certainly, Bessie. It is your party, and you can have the ones you want," replied Mrs. Prentiss.

"There's just eleven of them, and they are about my age. But what could I do to make them have a good time?"

Mrs. Prentiss thought a few moments, and then said: "You must send them their tickets on the electric. Then we will have an omnibus bring them from the station. That will give them two long rides. We will set the table in the garden, and have a nice dinner for them. Then there's the beach, and the flowers, and then—"

"O mama! I most know they'll have a good time!" interrupted Bessie. "I must run up and tell Aunt Millie all about it." And away she went.

The Prentisses had a beautiful summer home, where they came early and lingered late, and Bessie was their only child.

The girls were invited, the tickets sent, and everything in readiness for the party. The night before, Bessie could hardly sleep for thinking of the next day, and hoping it would be pleasant. She awoke to find it as perfect a day as if made for her party.

"Mama, wouldn't you wear a gingham dress instead of a white one, so that the girls won't notice it so much? They are so poor!" she asked. And mama approved.

All the morning Bessie was busy, and the last little bouquet was just finished and laid beside the plates when the omnibus came.

They were very poor, as Bessie had said, but they were neatly dressed, and they seemed almost bewildered as they looked around on the beautiful place where they had come.

It was almost noon when they arrived, and the plan was to serve dinner as soon as they came, so that they should be refreshed for the rest of the day. Bessie led the way to the garden, and, seating them at the table, she pinned on each little girl the knot of flowers by her plate.

How pretty the table was! There was a little hum of delight when the girls saw it. Flowers and fruits were all the length of the table, with the birthday cake in the center.

A gentle breeze lifted the leaves of the trees that met overhead, and let little flecks of sunshine down on the girl's heads. Then the sunshine danced over their hands and up and down the table, and many a little girl who looked as if never in her life had she had enough to eat sat and watched the sunbeams.

And what a dinner it was, so abundant

and so delicious! Mama and Aunt Millie served it, and how easy and pleasant they made it for everybody! The girls lingered long at the table, for they had never just had such a treat before.

After dinner, at the beach, they were almost wild with delight. And to those of them who had never seen the ocean, the pebbles and shells of the beach were so very pretty! They came back laden with them.

And such lovely games as they played,—games that mama and Aunt Millie had played when they were little girls, and that they had not thought of for years! Just before the omnibus came, Norah brought them strawberries and real cream.

The happiest day must end, and when they went away, Bessie had a slice of birthday cake and a bunch of flowers for each one to carry home. As one of the girls took hers, she said:

"I'll carry these to my sister. She hain't seen one flower this summer, 'cause she's lame, and can't go to the parks."

And another said:

"I'll never forget this day, nor you neither,—and thank you, too."

All the girls seemed to want Bessie to know how much the day had been to them, and she could not keep back her tears when the most quiet girl of all said:

"I don't see why you cared so much for me. You've made me have the best time I ever had in all my life."

When all were gone, Bessie went and sat by her mother in the hammock. She was very quiet for some minutes, and then she said:

"This has been the best birthday I've ever had. Isn't it lovely to do for people who can't do anything for you in return?"

And mama said:

"That was the way Christ spent his whole life. Let us both try to be like him."

"I want to be, and I am trying," said Bessie softly.—Sunday School Times.

Will You Take a Sheep.

An old farmer about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a helpful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall if you will do without rum."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The eldest son then said: "Father, will you give me a sheep too if I do without rum?"

"Yes," Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling then said: "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have one also if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler spoke again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"—Glad Tidings.

An Important Sanitary Agent.

It is doubtful if the true sanitary value of chloride of lime is known or appreciated by the majority of housekeepers. There are a few things a practical housekeeper cannot afford to be without—chloride of lime, borax, household ammonia, and a good soap powder for scrubbing.

It has been our practice for years, when cleaning house, to sprinkle all the floors with chloride of lime in solution (a whisk broom used) before the carpets are again laid. It sweetens everything—closets, chests, and the house generally, but must not be allowed to touch fabrics, or they will be badly spotted. A large bottle of the solution kept in bed-rooms to rinse out the china every morning, will keep it sweet smelling. It is a good plan to utilize empty vases for disinfectant jars. In sick apartments chloride of lime has no equal.

Half a pound of the powder to a gallon of soft water is the correct proportion for these and similar uses. For sick rooms, place it about in open bowls. We also use it to sweeten butter jars and fruit cans that have been used for pickles.

For those who live in the country there is no better agent for cleansing unpleasant outbuildings or portions of the stable than chloride of lime. Where there are rotting timbers it may be used to prevent the collection of vermin, and it may be scattered with good effect over land where fruit has been allowed to lie and spoil.

All drains and vaults are rendered more healthful and less foulsmell by its use in powdered form, and bathtubs should be cleansed with it every time after use as a precaution against infectious disease. Particularly is this necessary in a house where there are strangers to whom must be allowed the privilege of the bath-room.—Family Physician.

New Kind of Mirror.

Mirrors that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are of so-called "platinized glass," being backed with a compound made of ninety-five per cent. silver and five per cent. platinum, and, optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind, one finds a first-rate reflection; it is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time, a person on the other side can see directly through it.

For example, a glass of this sort placed in front of the prescription desk in an apothecary shop perfectly conceals the prescription clerk and his apparatus. Thus the privacy of that department is secured, while on his part the clerk is able to survey the shop and see everybody who comes in, just as if the mirror were ordinary glass. It is transparent to him, but is like any common mirror from the viewpoint of people in front. It is easily seen that glass of this kind is likely to be useful for a good many purposes. It can be put in the doors of dark bath-rooms, or of any other rooms where privacy is desirable and light is wanted. Anybody who has observed his own reflection in the plate-glass windows of shops will understand the principle well enough. The effect is merely enhanced by an extremely thin coat of the platinum silver, which allows light to pass through, and yet furnishes an excellent looking glass. The process consists in pouring over plate-glass nitrate of silver and platinum, and then applying Rochelle salts.—Saturday Evening Post.