

work, I hope to create a deeper interest in that work than they had known. I must help in the ways I would help a friend, if I want to make domestic service a better thing than it is now. It seems to me that, little by little, we shall rise from the drudgery to the blessedness of work.'

There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Bennett said: 'And it seems to me as if my wife, in taking the Golden Rule for her daily text, has found the only true way out of the domestic difficulty.'

'It is Christ's way,' said their guest.

'Try a Little of my Medicine.'

Accidents are frequently happening through the strange love of dosing one's neighbors which prevails especially amongst working women. In a case which came under my personal notice, fatal results were narrowly averted. A young working man and his wife had been ailing for several days, and were suffering from the symptoms of influenza, accompanied by the usual shooting pains. A neighbor, who was the mother of a young family, entreated them to try a medicine which had done good to her children, and went out and procured a bottle which contained an admixture of laudanum. It was a medicine which, taken by drops, would have done no harm, but the husband and wife, being without directions as to quantity, divided the bottle between them. Very shortly afterwards both were overcome with symptoms of extreme drowsiness, and it was only by prompt medical intervention that the effects of the dose was completely thrown off. Even among women who are wise enough to know better the suggestion, 'Try my medicine,' is offered constantly when a friend or neighbor shows symptoms of illness.—'British Weekly.'

The Teacher's Story.

(Mrs. McVean-Adams, in 'Union Signal'.)

I was teaching a country school and was 'boarding round.' One week I was in a lovely Christian home. Few children are loved as fondly as was the little boy who was the only child at that house. His father worked and sacrificed that he might be educated and have a start in life, and his mother provided good wholesome food, kept him clean and comfortable and taught him good manners.

Yet at my first meal in that home I was made heartsick by the untruths which were told to the child by both parents, without a suspicion, seemingly, that they were doing wrong. When the fond mother tied on the little boy's bib I heard her say, 'Now you must be good or God won't love you.' Lie number one. Under this awful threat the boy became nervous. He spilled a little milk.

Then it was the father's turn. 'Now the lady will go away and tell all the people that our little boy spills his milk.' Lie number two.

Presently the father said to me, 'Don't you want a boy? I will trade you this one for a hen.' Number three.

The boy sought his mother's eye anxiously, to see whether this were really meant, but she did not meet his gaze. As I could not say to him, 'Your father is not speaking the truth,' I smiled reassuringly at him. Papa went on: 'Or, I'll trade him for a pig,—he eats like a little pig. You could put him in the pen with your pigs at home.' Lie four.

The boy was slow about eating and had not finished when we left the table. Papa said, 'If you eat so much you will turn into a little pig.' Lie number five.

'You are almost fat enough to sell now. When you get fat enough to kill you could be killed, like the other little pigs.' Lie number six.

The father went out, laughing. By the shades of livid color that passed over the face of the tortured child, I knew that he had, unfortunately, seen pigs slaughtered. In his dilated, horror-stricken eyes I saw that his imagination pictured the frightful scene, and placed himself in the place

of the victim. He ate no more. All the digestive fluids were turned to poison. I helped him down from his high-chair, took him in my arms, and gave him my watch to hold, while I told him about my brother's pet squirrel. But in the midst of the most engaging part of the story he looked up earnestly into my eyes and said, 'I hope when my papa does sell me I can go to you.' I told him that his father was only in fun, that papas never sold their little boys; that it was against the law.

Just then his mother came to put him to bed early so that she and I could chat together without interruption.

We visited late, and just as I entered the guest chamber the house rang with agonized screams, and I found both the parents bending over the child's bed, while he, sound asleep, with wide-open, unseeing eyes, was hoarsely screaming, 'I ain't a pig! I ain't a pig! Don't kill me!'

At last, after having water dashed to his face, he seemed to recognize his mother's voice, and clutched her with a death-like grip, which could not easily be unclasped.

Nightmare, amounting to delirium tremens, caused by untruths, indigestion, and an excited imagination! It might easily have proved fatal.

I learned, then and there, that it is not enough to earn and cook food for a child—he must be permitted to eat undisturbed. I also learned that the processes of digestion and assimilation cannot be carried on at all while the mind is controlled by fear, anger, jealousy or grief.

The Foot Bath.

There is remarkable efficacy in the hot foot bath in relieving pain and bringing about recovery. It is strange that so simple a thing should have been so uniformly forgotten. When a person comes home at night with a feeling of discomfort all over, bones aching, no appetite for supper and a general feeling of discomfort, including a headache, in nine cases out of ten there will be relief if no supper is taken except some hot drink, and the hot foot bath is used for half an hour before bedtime. The feet may be inserted in water as hot as can be borne, to which more hot water is added at regular intervals, keeping the temperature always at the utmost degree of heat that is bearable. In a little while a feeling of well-being suffuses the whole body, the blood is drawn from the aching head, which is relieved almost by magic. The perspiration starts from the pores and after a good rubdown and a change of underwear the patient is prepared for a most refreshing night's sleep and awakes in the morning feeling like a new person. Drugs are powerless to effect such prompt results without unpleasant after effects.—Ex.

Too Much Meat.

Meat-eating, according to the experts, lies at the root of three-fourths of our physical ills. One of England's greatest physicians attributes to it the alarming increase of cancer in England, and supports his theory by an able article in the 'London Lancet.' Meat-eating is one of the chief causes of the presence of uric acid in the blood, and uric acid lies at the root of cancer, gout, rheumatism and kindred ills. 'White meat' is not so bad—lamb, veal, etc.—and the white meat of game and poultry may be eaten in moderation with impunity. But no human being, except possibly a woodchopper, should eat meat three times a day—and it will require all his vigorous exercise to save him from its ill effects. If you wish to try an interesting experiment, try this one: Live for a month on fish, fruit, salad, and all kinds of cereals and vegetables. Eat meat only once a week, or do not eat it at all if you can be content without it. Eat a great many apples; drink plenty of hot water; take exercise—and it is safe to predict that never never will your head have been so clear, your nerves so steady, your physical and mental joy in living so great.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Selected Recipes

Graham Gems.—Place one pint of milk on ice until thoroughly chilled. When ready to use set iron gem pans on top of the stove to heat until hissing hot. Into the cold milk sift gradually three rather heaping cupfuls of graham flour, add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, and beat for fifteen minutes; the batter should be smooth and full of air bubbles. Quickly grease the hot gem pans with butter, fill two-thirds full of batter and bake at once in a hot oven.

Fruit Ginger Cookies.—Cream well together one cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar; add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one scant tablespoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-third of a teaspoonful of cloves and one-half of a teaspoonful of allspice. When mixed add one cupful of molasses, one-half of a cupful each of citron and raisins chopped fine and well floured and four heaping cupfuls of flour. This will make a firm dough. Knead well for five minutes, pack in a covered dish and set aside in a cool place for twenty-four hours then roll out thin, cut in cookies and bake in a moderate oven. These cookies will keep for a long time.

A bit of kitchen economy is that cold fried or scrambled eggs, which would seem to be no longer useful, may be chopped and mixed with mince-meat, to the latter's improvement. A poached egg, too, that was not needed may, if it is not at all broken, be returned to the water and boiled hard, and used to garnish or mix with a salad.

What May be Done With a Lamp Chimney.

A chimney taken from a lighted lamp is one of the best and most quickly prepared 'hot applications.' Simply slip the hot chimney into an old stocking, and apply to the pain. If steam is needed, take a damp warm cloth, and wrap around the chimney. If the heat is for a cough or for the croup, wrap in flannel rag smeared with mutton tallow and turpentine. Applied to the chest or throat, relief will be had almost at once. If your feet are cold at night, place a hot chimney to them and they will soon be warm. A lamp-chimney is especially practicable during summer months, when the fires are out, for you can light the lamp and thus have hot applications in a few minutes. Croup, colic, toothache, earache, cough, rheumatic pains and many other ills flee before the hot lamp chimney in the household.

To press short seams without using an iron, light a small kerosene lamp, regulating the blaze to keep the chimney moderately hot, then dampen the seam to be pressed. Pass the seam quickly over the spherical part of the chimney, and it will be pressed as nicely as could be done with a hot iron. Velvet ribbon, also, may be pressed in this way by dampening into the linen or satin side, then rubbing on the chimney.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Potato Apple Dumplings.

This recipe has come down through three generations, and is a favorite wherever it goes. For a family of six, pare nearly ½ peck of good potatoes. Boil, being careful not to let them get overdone, but pour water off as soon as they break easily. Rub through a colander so they will come out dry and mealy. Add to them a lump of butter the size of a small egg, salt to taste, and one pint sifted flour. Mix up thoroughly. Flour the moulding board, and turn out to cool. Have apples ready, also a large iron pot of boiling water.

As each dumpling must be tied separately, have six or eight squares of muslin and string ready for use before beginning operations. Take a piece of dough and roll or pat it into size of a saucer. Put three or four quarters of apple in centre, and then shape the dough all around the ap-