

The Home.

How Many Bones?

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen when they are all in place.
 How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said.
 How many bones in the human ear? Three in each, and help to hear.
 How many bones in the human spine? Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.
 How many bones in the human chest? Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
 How many bones in the shoulder bind? Two in each—one before and behind.
 How many bones in the human arm? In each one, two in each forearm.
 How many bones in the human wrist? Eight in each, if none are missed.
 How many bones in the palm of the hand? Five in each, with many a band.
 How many bones in the fingers ten? Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
 How many bones in the human hip? One in each, like a dish they dip.
 How many bones in the human thigh? One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones in the human knees? One in each, the knee pan, please.
 How many bones in the ankle strong? Seven in each, but none are long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each, as the palms were put.
 How many bones in the toes half a score? Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
 And altogether, these many bones fix, And then count in the body two hundred and six.
 And then we have the human mouth, Of upper and under thirty-two teeth.
 And now and then have a bone, I should think, That was in a joint, or to fill up a chink.
 A sesamoid bone, or a wormain, we call, And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

—Medical Recorder.

The Tortoise and the Eagle.

A tortoise often watched an eagle flying. He wished to fly, too, and asked the eagle to teach him.

"I can not," answered the eagle. "You have no wings or feathers. God never intended that you should learn to fly."

"Oh! you need not be so cross about it," said the tortoise. You could teach me if you wished."

Then the eagle took him in his claws and carried him high into the air.

"Now, flap your wings," he said, and turned him loose.
 As the tortoise had no wings, he could not do as the eagle said. He fell on a rock and was killed.

Moral: Envious people who refuse good advice are apt to get into trouble.—Mirror.

Do Your Best.

A minister tells how when a boy he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day not long since he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little three-year-old boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: "Is that the best you can whistle?"

"No," said the minister; "can you beat it?"

The boy said he could, and the minister said: "Well, let's hear you."

The little fellow began his childish whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, and as he started away the little fellow said:

"Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?"

Sure enough, why should not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every boy and girl try to do their best, whether in whistling, singing, working, or playing; and whatever they do, let them do it "heartily as unto the Lord."—Unidentified.

Putting on His Smiles.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning,—all but the buttons "that run up and down behind."

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder-blades. So he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work he had on hand,—the marshaling of an army, or something of that sort. So he hurried to get into his clothes; and of course they bothered him because he was in a hurry. Things would get upside down "hind side fore;" while the way that the legs and arms of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There! Everything is on now!" shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said papa, soberly. "You haven't put everything on yet!"

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van; and I'll button it up for you!"

And, if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that, he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put on a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.—Unidentified.

VENETIAN SAUCE.—Make a rich drawn butter sauce and add to it the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful each of parsley and capers cut fine. Season to taste with salt. These seasonings are enough for two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter and a pint of hot water.

VELVET SPONGE CAKE.—Yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of boiling water, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Beat the yolks of eggs and sugar until very light; then add the well-beaten whites; add slowly the boiling water, stirring all the time; then add the flour with the baking powder sifted into it; season with the juice and grated rind of a lemon; bake in a rather hot oven, that is to say, hotter than is usual in baking cakes.

Those who are troubled with tired, aching feet will find great relief by bathing them at night in hot water, then anointing them with vaseline, which should be rubbed in until they have become dry. In the morning rub them with a solution of alcohol and salt. This may seem a little trouble at first, but it really does not take much time, and the relief obtained more than pays for the effort demanded.

Cabbage Pudding.—Boil a firm, white cabbage fifteen minutes, changing the water, then putting more on from the boiling tea-kettle. When tender, drain and set aside until perfectly cold. Chop fine, add two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, three of very rich milk or cream, pepper and salt. Stir all well together and bake in a buttered pudding dish until brown; serve hot. This dish is digestible and very reliable.

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In the House of Commons Monday Mr. Curzon stated the rumors of a massacre in Crete were unfounded. It was true there had been some firing there, but the loss of life had been small. Mr. Curzon said five thousand refugees had embarked from Canea and that place was now perfectly quiet. Two thousand refugees were on board British warships at Canea.

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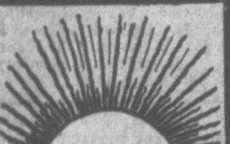
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