

About the House.

A LULLABY.

Hush-a-by, little one, mother is near,
While she is watching there's nothing
to fear;
Spirits of evil shall trouble thee not,
Angels are hovering over thy cot.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by,
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Watch by thy cradle thy
Mother shall keep.

Sweet little cherub, so snugly at rest,
Thou hast the love that is dearest and
best;
Smile on thy pillow, a stranger to care,
Harm may not come to thee slumbering
there.

Dimples are fluttering over thy cheek,
Innocent signs that of happiness
speak;
Long may thy guardians grant thee
that boon;
Sorrow may come to thee only too
soon.

CHILDREN AND CLOTHING.

Little children sometimes suffer severely in winter from improper clothing and close air. What has always been called the "clement season" is more merciful to them, however, than the heat of summer, the season of "ethereal mildness." The majority of deaths among children, it is well known, says a writer in an exchange, occur not in winter, but in summer. Winter weather may be keen, but the air is pure. It has been purified by the frost, and the miasmatic poisons that infect the summer atmosphere are laid under the snow. If children are properly protected by warm clothing in winter and are not housed too closely, so they suffer from the impure air of the house, they are healthier in winter than at any other season of the year.

Sensible mothers dress their children in under-flannels night and day. The day flannels are aired during the night and replaced by night flannels that are aired during the day. All children under five or six years old should wear flannel nightgowns with feet, and should be carefully covered at night with warm, light bed clothing. Such bed covering does not oppress the little sleeper with its weight, and it is not as likely to be thrown off as heavy bed covers, like comfortables of cotton. Wool comfortables are easily made. They are light, and are in every way preferable to cotton bedquilts or comfortables.

A wool comfortable can be washed. The filling is easily washed and put back in place, while the filling of a cotton comfortable is practically useless after washing. Wherever it is possible to use bed covers of wool they should be used on children's beds in preference to heavy cotton comfortables. The German peasant is often ridiculed for sleeping under a feather bed instead of over it, but his arrangement is infinitely a more hygienic one than ours. Comfortables of down or even of feathers make the warmest and lightest of bed coverings.

It is as essential that children should breathe pure, fresh air when they are asleep as it is that they should be kept warm. Abundant oxygen must reach the lungs, and through the lungs the blood, to keep the mysterious fires of life burning at full force. Pure air helps to keep the body warm by keeping it in health. Do not be afraid of admitting fresh, cold air to the sleeping-room of a child; there is far more danger in keeping the air stale than in admitting the cold. Sixty-eight degrees is generally given as the proper temperature for a sleeping-room in winter, but there is less danger even for a child in maintaining a temperature much below 68 degrees in the sleeping-room than in sleeping in a close room. A child from the first few days after its birth may be accustomed to sleeping in a well-aired and quite cold room. It will sleep better and be a healthier child for the habit.

As a rule, very young children in the country do not take as much exercise in the winter as children of the same age in the city. Children who do not go to school in the country are likely to lack an airing, and infant children are often housed so carefully that they suffer from it. It has become quite the general custom in the city to send all children outdoors for about an hour's airing in the middle of the day, the baby in its carriage or little sleigh, and the tiny toddlers well wrapped in warm coats, leggings and hoods. The value of this period of fresh air, taken on a sunny side of the street or in some protected place, is not to be easily estimated. Just as soon as children are able to go outdoors and trudge about with a sled it is best to let them go. Busy mothers find scarcely time to take an airing with little children, but there is no better way for a mother with little children to spend the midday hour. The airing is almost as valuable for her as for the children. A fretful baby after this winter airing will often down at once into a nap when brought into the house. One thing should be avoided—that is a wintry breeze. Windy weather is more dangerous to the lungs than rain or snow. Children enjoy a dry snowstorm, and there is little danger in them catching cold from a frolic in it.

IT IS A MISTAKE.

To sleep exposed to a direct draught at any season.

To work when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To imagine that is a little work or exercise is good, violent and prolonged exercise is better.

To take off heavy underclothing out of season simply because you have become overheated.

To think any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

To go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people and that the more they study the more they learn.

To give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of house-keeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

To eat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste.

To expect a girl or woman to be handsome when the action of her lungs is dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape.

LET CHILDREN SLEEP.

So many mothers do not seem to realize how necessary it is for young people to have plenty of sleep. They require much more sleep than grown persons for the reason that they are usually very impressionable and their nervous systems cannot endure the strain of long waking hours.

Then, too, they require more sleep because while they are sleeping all their vital powers are concentrated on building them up instead of being diverted to muscular movements and other influences which would interfere with this concentration.

If children do not rest easily but are restless and wakeful it is an unfailing indication that something is wrong; and the mother should endeavor to get at the seat of the trouble and not administer some quieting, soothing mixture that will stupefy them for the time being and leave them worse off in the end.

The cause may often be traced to improper or excessive feeding or too tight or too warm clothing. Often the air in the room is impure and if the room is ventilated they will soon drop into an easy slumber. Try and have a regular hour, as near as possible, at which to put the little ones to sleep. Children soon learn to conform to regular habits and are all the better for them.

TOLSTOI AND THE CZAR.

The Recent Meeting of These Two Men—The Mighty Prince and Friend of the Poor.

Few incidents have occurred in many years more memorable for what they express or signify than the recent meeting of the Tsar Nicholas II. with Count Tolstoi.

Intending to return through Moscow from one of his southern journeys, the tsar found that the town in which Tolstoi lives would be one of the refreshment stations on his route, and he sent the count a carefully worded note inviting him to an interview.

The meeting took place, Tolstoi wearing the simple garb of a laborer and attended by a few of his peasant friends, and the Emperor of Russia with his magnificent suite, dressed in brilliant uniforms.

Nicholas talked of his celebrated peace proclamation, and evidently wished to know his famous subject's opinion of it. The great philanthropist commended his motive in proposing the disarmament of nations, but courteously intimated that in this grand work his majesty himself would be expected to set the first example.

What was said during that remarkable interview, however, could hardly be more important than the fact that two such men met and gave audience to each other. Representing what they did, their talk was like a conference between the fifteenth and twentieth centuries.

In the person of the tsar were embodied all the traditional ideas of human inequality. Count Tolstoi stood for man as man. One was incarnate autocracy; the other was incarnate democracy. One represented a Christianity which interprets Christ in its own way; the other represented a Christianity that takes Him at His word.

Rarely have two men of opposite culture stood side by side facing the world's future who would influence the world's future more than this prince of rank and riches and this champion of the poor.

A GREAT CAT TOWN.

There are said to be 40,000 cats in London, of which half are "unhatched," and live largely on refuse. In one district near a very large and famous brewery a number of ownerless cats go regularly as soon as the gates are open to hunt for rats in the brewery stores.

Young Folks.

"MY MA, SHE KNOWS."

My Pa, he scolds me jes becuz
He says I'm gettin' "tough;"
He says my face is never clean
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should,
An' goin' wrong I s'pose,
But Ma, she takes an' pats my hand
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My Pa haint got no use for boys,
He wants 'em always men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must 'a been;
Fer Ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout face an' hands an' clothes.
An' says I'll learn to be a man!
An' Ma, I guess she knows!

My Pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd rather get away the time
An' whistle, play, an' sing;
But Ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' shows me how;
And kisses me an' shows me how;
For Ma, you bet, she knows!

My Pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becuz I haint got any "drive"
An' get up, 'puck' and 'vim';
But Ma, she says, so solemn like,
A man's a boy that grows,
An' boys must have their playin'
spell;

An' Ma's a trump, an' knows!
My Pa, he shakes his head an' sighs
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways
That seem jes' born in me;
An' Ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an'
laughs.

Till Pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says "Tis very queer;"
But somehow, Ma, she knows!

My Ma, she knows most everything
'Bout boys an' what they like;
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites an' bike;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
'Cuz my sweet Ma, she knows!

THE RICH TWINS.

"Mamma, I wish we could have bicycles and other things!" And the twins managed to look quite unhappy.

"So do I wish you could have bicycles and other things that you would like," said mamma. "But papa and I can't seem to get them and get you what you really need."

The twins looked more and more miserable, and added—

"We can't have bicycles, and we can't have nice clothes, like other children, and—"

"Wouldn't you like to go and live with some one who could get you everything you ask for?" said mamma.

"Why, is there any one who could?" asked the twins, in the same breath.

"You know that rich Mr. Porter on the hill? They have no children, and I have heard that they would like to adopt one. Perhaps they would take you both. At any rate, I don't see how any one could help wanting both of you," said mamma, with a little tremble in her voice. "Let's go right up, and see if they wouldn't like you."

"Oh, no! not right up. Let's wait until papa comes, and sees what he thinks," said Jamie; and Ruth said, "Let's see what he thinks," because she always said what Jamie did.

"I think it would make papa feel very bad to see you go," replied mamma; "and you need not take one thing from home."

"Why, we must have our best clothes,—yes, our very best!" "Oh, no, they are not half fine enough for rich children."

"Well, we should want out tin dip-pers that you gave us."

"You would have silver mugs to drink from then?" "Well, I couldn't sleep in anything but my crib, that papa sat up nights to make. You know they are so much prettier than store cribs; and, Ruth, we must take the birthday rosebush papa brought us from the fair."

"And you never knew that papa went without his dinner to buy it, for he had no money for both," answered mamma. "The roses are just like those his mother had when he was a boy. But they have a rose garden at Mr. Porter's the gardener would not care for yours. Hadn't we better go right up and see if they do not want you?"

"Couldn't we have you and papa and our home, too, just the same as we do now?"

And Ruth chimed in, "Same as now?" "Why, I think that if they took you to their home they wouldn't want you to come back to your old home."

"O mamma! We couldn't live away from you and home, too!"

"And," mamma replied, "we can't do half as much for you as we want to. Papa said last night that God had given him such a dear home he wishes he could do more for us. Poor papa! He works so hard, and—"

"Didn't you tell him we had everything that we wanted? What did you say?"

"What did I say? Why, I didn't know that you cared more for bicycles and clothes than for us; and I told him we were the happiest family in the world, and that, if we could have him, and—"

"O mamma! We haven't to go to Mr. Porter's have we? Can't we stay with you?" And Jamie fell, sobbing, on one shoulder, while Ruth, with real tears, wept on the other, and mamma had shining drops in her beautiful eyes. The tears washed away every trace of discontent; and, when mamma said,

"Let's gather some of your lovely roses for the tea table to please papa," the twins found contentment and joy in every rose petal.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitement and attraction of the city life, says a writer. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an indefinitely more monotonous existence than the country girl ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in the summer and the sleigh-rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read Mother Nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half-a-day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing-machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines about you! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel like a villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night! All these things thousands of girls in the city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirtwaists all day, week in and week out. Where is the variety in her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with them? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and, after the dinner work is over, to sit in the cool and shady yard or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on the pony, or in the fall to go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night to lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country, instead of sewer-smells and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every specked apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you lived in the city you would have to pay for fruit that you would not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever-present possibility of losing your place and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast? Think of all these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country with the certainty of a comfortable home even if you do not have ice cream and fried chicken every day. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils you know not of.

AN AMBASSADOR'S FIRST VISIT.

Must Not Make a Visit Until He Has Been Received by the Queen.

When a new ambassador arrives in London he does not feel at liberty to accept any invitation until he has been received by the queen. If the queen is at Windsor or at Osborne, this audience is granted without delay. If she is in Scotland, or in the south of France, the ambassador must await her return before making any public engagements. Etiquette requires him to pay his respects to the sovereign before accepting hospitality from her subjects.

An ordinary visit to the queen is made on what is called a "dine-and-sleep" invitation from the Lord Steward. The new ambassador takes his predecessor's letters of recall and his own credentials, and presents them to the queen. He dines at the royal residence as the queen's guest, and converses with her on the friendly relations of the two countries. After dinner he takes leave of the queen, and retires to his room to write private letters on paper bearing the royal crest. The next morning he breakfasts by himself, and is driven in a royal carriage to the station for the London train.

After this formality the new ambassador is the duly accredited representative of his government, and is at liberty to accept general invitations. When his mission is at an end almost the last visit he pays is a similar one for taking leave of the sovereign.

England, the queen is cordial in manner, and unaffected in speech, and has a talent for making her visitors feel at ease. The new ambassador is put on the level of a personal friend.

A DRUGGIST'S ORDERS.

Here are some orders recently received by a druggist in a neighboring city:

This child is my little girl, I send you five cents to buy two sitless powders for a gnan up adult who is sick. Dear Daughter, ples gif bearer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for to gargle baby's throat and obleage.

You will peas give the leetle boi five cents worth of epeac for to throw up in a five months' old babe, N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick.

I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it.

My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an antedote quick as possible by the enclosed girl.

I haf a hot time in my insides and with I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it. The enclosed money is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry ples.

On the Farm.

HOW TO KEEP MILK CLEAN.

Wishing to keep my milk as clean as possible, says Samuel Gray, I got the tinner to make a cover for the pail, which I have found answers the purpose very well. The cover fits the pail closely, so as not to be easily jarred off, has a slightly convex upper surface and has two tubes about an inch and a half in diameter and three or four inches high extending upward. The tubes are placed about two inches and a half apart and about the same distance from the edge of the cover.

The milkman holds the pail between his knees, with tubes of the cover on the opposite side from him, and milks with each hand directly into the tubes. The hands should be directly over the tops of the tubes and as close to them as possible, so that the hand may protect the openings from falling particles while milking.

If still greater cleanliness is desired, a piece of strainer cloth can be used to cover the top of milk pail, and the cover pushed down on to it, making a complete strainer, but it would be desirable to strain again when the pail is emptied. The neat milkmaid who often attends to this last straining will be pleased to find no black sediment in the bottom of the pail as she empties it and none in the cloth of the strainer.

If I were ordering pails made complete with covers, I should have them made with straight sides instead of flaring and have the ears for the pail set down low enough or out from the edge of the pail far enough to allow of the flange of the cover going on the outside of the pail. With flange on the inside and the edge of the cover only even with the outside of the pail, milk that is splashed on the top of the cover in milking will run off the cover into the bucket, carrying some dirt with it.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD HELPS.

Virgin soil and a hoe well applied will usually produce good results in garden or orchard providing good seed and good stock have been used.

Continual cropping with the same variety of plants or trees will exhaust soil.

Though a hand hoe can not be excelled for some kinds of work there are implements, both hand and horse, that will do so much more work so much easier that it is often economy to lay aside the hoe and use something else.

Farmers and gardeners are beginning to realize that it pays better to keep up the fertility of the soil than to restore it after being lost, hence the more common use of manure in some sections and the raising of crops to be turned under green in other sections of the country.

Besides the use of barn yard manure and green crops for enriching purposes the custom of employing special fertilizers for specific crops is becoming more and more general among gardeners and orchardists and if wisely purchased and judiciously used a profit may be derived from the custom. These special fertilizers may be called helps to successful gardening and profitable orcharding.

There are many who think barn yard manure good enough for their garden and orchard that would have much more success with these two adjuncts to profitable farming if they would use more tools than a spade, rake and hoe after plowing and harrowing the land. There are garden drills, wheel hoes, and hand cultivators, and the same tools on a larger scale adapted for use with a horse.

We think the farmer spends too much money for machinery but if he spent more for some of the little big helps and cared for them properly he would be a happier, more prosperous individual.

PRUNING APPLE TREES.

When to Prune.—If an apple orchard could be properly pruned every season, so little cutting of large limbs would be required that it would make but little difference at what season the pruning was done. June is the month in which it is best for the tree to cut large limbs, if it must be done at all; but with farmers this is a busy season of the year, and it is apt to be neglected, and I would much prefer that an orchard of mine should be pruned in fall or winter than not at all. Prune whenever time and opportunity will allow, whatever the season.

How to Prune.—In the first, aim to secure some certain, definite form of the tree. Different trees will require different treatment. My preference is for a tree with a low spreading top. Different varieties grow differently in form, and while those which are naturally of erect growth require trimming out from the center, others of more spreading growth need to be trimmed up more from the bottom and outside of the tree. Cut off the limbs close to the body of the tree, and with something that will leave the wounds as smooth as possible. Cover the wounds made in cutting large limbs with something that will exclude air and water. A good wax for this purpose and which is equally good also for grafting, etc., is made of four parts resin, one part tallow and one part beeswax, melted together and worked thoroughly.