

The Pathway of Pain.

I have trodden the pathway of pain, where I hoped I might never go; I have felt the pitiless winds that over its barrens blow; I have drunk of the bitter brooks that along its borders flow.

I had seen the crowds press down that narrow and stony path— Some led by the Angel of Sorrow and some by the Angel of Wrath— But each with the faltering footsteps that ever wretched hath.

Their eyes were wild and tearful; their cheeks were sodden and gray; And as they stumbled onward, they moaned the livelong day; And I said: O God, preserve me from walking that doleful way!

When the Angel of Sorrow calmly bade me to follow him, I shuddered and cried, 'I cannot!'—and my very sight grew dim; But I had to rise and follow, though I shook in every limb.

At last my eyes are opened. I see a golden light, Which shows me far off, starry worlds, before as black as night; That dark and dismal pathway hath suddenly grown bright.

And I own a million brothers—a million sisters dear, And I love them all with a pity which brings the farthest near— A love which thrills my being—as heaven had entered here.

For I see that when you have trodden the thorny path of pain, This selfish world is never the same chill place again; Henceforth you love the sorrowing with ardent might and main.

And songs of consolation breathe sweet from pole to pole; And the cheat of the outer varnish like a shell off all doth roll; And you stand with your fellow mourners, quivering soul to soul.

Then fear not, anxious mortal! When you tread the path of pain God links you with your comrades there, in a new, resplendent chain; And for every pang you suffer, he pays you back again. —Kate Upson Clark, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Bags.

(Lily Rice Foxcroft, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

Not silver-mounted chatelaine bags. Not even blue denim shoe-bags, feather-stitched in white. Just plain six-penny calico bags, with two seams, a hem and a draw-string, such as she can make a half dozen of in an hour, at her machine. In the spring the housewife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of such.

They are so convenient for putting away the winter woollens. Even with the camphor-chest—that far ideal which few realize—it is not wise to put all the garments in together, unwrapped, every one at the mercy of the moth eggs which the latest out may be harboring in some fold or seam, despite brushings and shakings. Each needs a separate wrapping, and the soft, pliable bag, with its string all ready to draw up and tie, is so much easier and pleasanter to manage than paper with its perverse habit of breaking out at corners and splitting when twine is pulled tight across it. Then, too, the bag, if made long enough, allows everything of the coat sort to be hung up, not folded, on its usual wooden or steel 'hanger,' the invaluable draw-string wound tight about the top and the hook left projecting.

Blankets, too, or afghans, or rugs that are not needed in summer, are easily bundled into bags and piled away on shelves, or even on attic floors, when the capacity of the camphor-chest is exhausted. The muff, box and all.

goes into a bag, with a few moth balls to keep it company, and is far more likely to be taken out again when a belated cold day calls for it than if it were pasted in under its cover. Indeed, the beauty of the Bag System—no one who follows it will ever begrudge it capitals—is that it is so easy to get at any 'suspect' at any time, and make sure everything is all right.

Labels, of course, are an essential feature. One is rather proud of neat white strips marked with indelible ink—'John's Winter Overcoat,' 'Bits of Old Carpet,' and so on—each sewed to its own bag. But, on the whole, heavy pieces of brown paper, inscribed in pencil and pinned on with safety-pins, are more serviceable. There is an advantage, though, about having the bags not all of the same color, so that those oftenest needed will come to have an individuality, and Donald and Dorothy find their coats, when they go for them in the fall, by the colors rather than the labels.

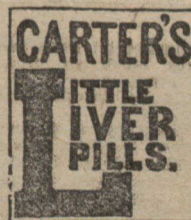
For the summer trips, bags of cheap, thin material are often more desirable than the heavier, handsomer ones. A laundry bag large enough to serve a whole family for a week packs into a very small corner, and one may even indulge in a bag apiece, with an extra for collars and cuffs, and be rid of unpleasant accumulations about closets and drawers. Two or three of prettier pattern than the rest can be filled with hay from the generous barn, and lo, the summer boarder has her hammock-pillow or her piazza-cushion ready to use the first morning, with ten minutes spent in oversewing the fourth side. One or two extra bags for the children to drag about and fill with all the jetsam and flotsam so dear to their hearts save pockets and are easier packed than baskets.

But the Bag reaches its acme of usefulness, its climax of appreciation, when it serves to classify the family 'pieces.' One sometimes hears people—very respectable people, one had thought them—speak of 'the piece-bag.' 'The' piece bag! Having all the family pieces in one bag is not quite living all in one room, perhaps, but it points to a low state of civilization. (Of morals, too, one would think, if time and temper count for anything.) The complex modern existence of which we hear so much demands at least six. Twelve are better.

Selected Recipes.

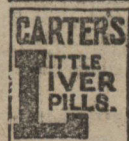
Maryland Chicken.—If chicken is to be cooked for breakfast, a delicious variation of the common used broiler is a dish called Maryland Chicken. It is really the most appetizing form possible of southern fried chicken. Dress, clean and cut up a young fowl, sprinkle with pepper and salt and roll in flour. Dip in a beaten egg to which have been added two table-spoonfuls of water. If it is not possible to egg chicken by laying it in the egg; instead, hold each piece in the hand, turning it every way so it can be thoroughly wet, and pour the mixture over it with a spoon. Then fry in finely sifted bread crumbs and cover thoroughly with them. Arrange the pieces of the chicken in a dripping pan, so that as much surface as possible will be exposed to the heat and set in a hot oven. When it has been in for five minutes pour over it one-quarter of a

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cup of butter, being careful to baste each piece. Twenty minutes will cook it if the oven is hot enough; each piece will be inclosed in a crisp brown crust. Lay the chicken on a platter and make a cream sauce, using the melted butter in the dripping pan for a foundation. Set it on top of the stove and allow the butter to become hissing hot, then add two table-spoonfuls of flour and a liberal seasoning of pepper and salt. When stirred smooth pour in one cup of cream. Beat till very smooth with a wire whisk, then strain over the chicken. Garnish with parsley.—'Good Housekeeping.'

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