



*Love makes the heart a home of good,
Eternal while the ages roll;
Hate dips a poisoned pen in blood,
And writes a wrinkle on the soul.*

The Music in the Medder

There is music in the medder
When the meller cowbells ring,
Soft, silvery cadences, jest
As sweet as anything;
But the music in the grasses
Where the little insects hum,
Is like a benediction when
The end o' day is come.

There is music in the medder
When the sun in gettin' low,
When the shadders grow an' deepen,
An' the fireflies glow;
The katydid is singin', an'
The cricket's lyric call
Is soundin' in the medder when
The shadders start to fall.

When the butterflies are restin'
An' the bees are in the gum
Sleepin' where the honey is, an'
Everything is mum,
Softly from the medder comes
The cricket's lyric call,
Just liltin' in the grasses when
The shadders start to fall.

Fresh Air and Sleep

I read an article recently in regard to allowing babes to sleep in the open air. I have made the experiment myself. My girl, born in March, was such a frail, delicate baby, that people would shake their heads and say, "What a pitiful little baby!" This was undoubtedly true. When she was seven months old, she only weighed seven pounds!

My husband is a physician, so I threw all the responsibility of the baby on him, and we worked together to keep her in

this world. He is a firm believer in fresh air, and the baby would take her midday nap out of doors each day. When we found cold weather upon us, we saw no reason to change, and even in the depths of winter she slept peacefully, drawing in health with every breath. One day, when she had slept four hours, I looked at the thermometer for curiosity—it was down to eight! Of course she was well protected, the carriage being so placed as to be shielded from the northern and western winds, while it received full benefit from the eastern and southern exposures.

Besides her usual winter wraps the baby lay on the hot water bag, and as a finishing touch I tied a loosely meshed woollen afghan over the whole carriage.

The baby is a big, rosy-cheeked girl now, of nearly seven, seemingly much stronger than other children of her age, for I always have to warn her to be careful in playing, as she frequently, in the excitement of a game, will throw other children down.

Another thing that I am sure has helped to strengthen her, is that even to this day she takes her midday nap. I cannot sympathize with mothers who tell me their baby will not take a nap in the daytime, and give it up at the age of three or four. I have questioned many mothers on this point, and I always think it is the mother's fault when the child gives up its nap. I have had three children, all of whom took a nap in the middle of the day until they began attending school.

I usually give a warm bath, just before nap time, which soothes and makes the child drowsy, and in the winter I am always careful to see that her feet are warm. My baby loves to lie between the blankets, and if her feet are cold I put the hot water bag to warm the bed before she gets in, and then she sleeps comfortably.

Grown people cannot sleep well with cold feet, and I have always tried to apply the same common sense rules to my children as I do to myself.—Mrs. E.

For Picture Frames

An experienced cabinet-maker says that the best preparation for cleaning picture frames and restoring furniture, especially that somewhat marred or scratched, is a mixture of



A Lady of Japan.

three parts of linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface but restores wood to its original color leaving a lustre upon the surface. Apply with a woollen cloth and when dry rub with woollen.

Buttermilk

Some people long for lemonade
And some for fancy drinks
And some for soda—with the aid
Of sundry wicked winks.
But, when the sun is fierce and high,
'Tis then my fancies turn
To buttermilk—"tis then I sigh
For nectar from the churn.
Forgotten then are drafts of wine
That all the senses cloy,
And you your happy soul resign
To deep drawn breaths of joy.
And he who does not know of this
Has one glad truth to learn—
That buttermilk is liquid bliss
When ladled from the churn.

Short Memories

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When he came, among other things, she asked him his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember that," she said. "I will call you John."

John smiled all over and asked: "What's your name?" The lady obliged him. "Me no memble all that," remarked the cook. "Me call you Tommy."



When the men folks have to cook their own dinner