

The Home

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe the young buds in dew of heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair;
For the sweetest shade thou gavest
me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened
glow,
"On me another grace bestow,"
The spirit paused, in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had
not?
"Twas but a moment—'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

IGNORANCE OF MOTHERS.

For lack of a little firmness and sacrifice of present ease, mothers are more often than they know responsible for their children growing up with ugly mouths, deformed jaws and irregular teeth. Every one knows how much less apt a baby is to be fretful if it has the habit of sucking its thumb, and it does not take long for the average nurse girl to learn to pop the rubber top of the bottle into a baby's mouth to stop its crying. Yet so soft and pliable is the cartilaginous framework of an infant's head and face that it is affected by the slightest pressure if more or less continued. The ugly feature known as "rabbit mouth" is more often than not due to keeping the thumb in the mouth for hours at a time. Protrusion of the lower jaw is caused by sucking the first and second fingers, the lower jaw to project and take that permanent form.

"Her nose is a catastrophe," said a mother indignantly speaking of a young lady daughter who would have been beautiful except for her "pudding nose"—a slender bridge with an abnormal development at the nostrils—and all caused by her peculiar method of sucking her thumb. She always went to sleep with it in her mouth, her forefinger clasped tightly over the bridge. This arrested the development of the bone and made the lower part of the nose bulge out where the pressure of the finger ceased. Poor child! sighed the mother, "her beauty spoiled through my ignorance."

Children acquire various habits of putting their fingers into their mouths, all of which affect the normal development of the jaws and teeth. Underlying jaw is due to sucking the tongue, which throws the lower jaw from its articulation, and some physicians claim that what is technically known as "fruitless sucking" is a sure cause of jagged teeth and projecting jaws. Indeed, so pliable are these parts during infancy and childhood that it is said that the frequently repeated action of the tongue against the front upper teeth in the pronunciation of lingual syllables gives rise to an awkward slant of the arch. This deformity is very frequent with the English-speaking people, whose language abounds in lingual syllables.

Breathing through the mouth is another great cause of deformity of the jaws and malformation of the teeth. Sleeping with the mouth open produces pressure by the tension of the muscles, causing a contraction of the sides of the jaw, a protrusion of the teeth and an elevation of the roof of the mouth. Mouth breathing is, by the way, a matter that parents should never allow to go uncorrected, as it is a sure cause of enlarged tonsils or adenoid growths—an enlargement of the tissue back of the nose caused by repeated colds. These adenoid growths partly close the Eustachian tube, and are the cause of almost all the ear-aches of childhood. To cut them out is a very simple and entirely safe operation in the hands of a skillful specialist. If allowed to remain the child is supposed to have merely continued colds, and catarrh and deafness develop. Nine-tenths of the deafness of later life is due to these neglected adenoid growths of childhood. Even children are far more frequently deaf than is imagined. They are accused of heedlessness and inattention when they are simply defective in hearing. Sleeping with the mouth open and inability to breathe through the nose are sure symptoms of these enlarged tissues.

It is a scientific fact that the jaws of civilized men are more contracted and less regular than those of semi-barbarous races. Some advanced dentists take the ground that children should not be expected to do any work requiring mental application until after the appearance of the permanent teeth, maintaining that the brain and nervous system of the growing child should not be overtaxed, and that the normal process of attempting to build up the organic instruments and the cultivating of the mental faculties at the same time is a matter almost impossible to accomplish.

RENOVATING LIGHT DRESSES.

With the coming of warm weather one finds it necessary to bring out the partly worn dresses that were packed away last fall, and to make the changes necessary to prepare them for another season's wear. China silk and woolen goods, such as nun's veiling, chaille and albatross, light in color and weight, are favorite materials for children and young ladies. These are easily soiled, and always need renovating after a few months' wear. If the garment is wrinkled, it may be restor-

ed to its original freshness by hanging in the evening air several hours. Grease spots are removed by covering with French chalk to the depth of half an inch, and setting a warm iron on it for fifteen minutes. When the iron is taken away and the chalk brushed off, the grease usually disappears with it, but if any trace of it remains, repeat the process. White serge, or flannel sailor suits which are so popular for boating and other outdoor exercise, may be cleaned in the following manner. Prepare a suds of warm water and good soap and add a heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax to every gallon. Then wash them, dipping up and down, rubbing gently between the hands, and rinse in clear water. Wring as dry as possible in a rubber wringer and hang them on the line, but do not allow them to become more than half dry. Wrap them in clean, dry cloths, then iron them on the wrong side. Every part of the work should be done as quickly as possible to prevent the goods from shrinking. Borax greatly aids the cleansing process, and does not fade delicate colors, therefore a little borax should be added to the water in which any woolen goods is washed. If the dress of veiling, cashmere or similar goods must be taken apart and washed before using again, this is the best method that can be employed for that purpose.

A certain lady who has two little girls to dress and must do it economically often finds it necessary to make the garments that the elder sister has outgrown serve for the younger. She found among her possessions this spring, a dress of all wool chaille, with a cream colored ground in which the pink flowers had faded until they were scarcely discernible. The material was still good, but was of no use in its present condition, so she washed and boiled it in a strong suds to remove the color that remained, and it came forth a clear white. It was put in a bath of pink diamond dye in wool, and allowed to remain until it became the shade desired, then rinsed and pressed. As it was made in a simple Mother Hubbard style, it was not necessary to take it apart, which makes the task an easy one. It is a beautiful color, and when trimmed with cream colored lace was dainty enough for any little lady. There are faded chaille dresses in many wardrobes, and perhaps these suggestions will be helpful to those who wish to use them for their summer dresses.

AMBASSADORS' WIVES.

A European ambassador was asked to give the secret of success in a diplomatic career. He replied instantly, "A handsome and agreeable wife." He was himself a successful diplomatist, and his wife was a great favorite at court and in society.

The social side of diplomatic life is more important in England than in any Continental country. This is because the leading men, responsible for the government of the empire, are constantly visiting at country-houses. An ambassador is expected to meet them on their own ground, and to adapt himself to their social requirements. He should be a welcome guest at the country-houses where they are entertained. The ambassador's wife becomes an important ally when she is a favorite in social circles. She sits at a state dinner between two cabinet ministers or foreign ambassadors, and before the ladies leave their places comments have been made or facts stated in her hearing, or in reply to her own thoughtful suggestions, that may prove of political value. If she is a winsome, attractive figure in the drawing-room, and is a favorite with the country-house guests, her prestige and popularity increase her husband's facilities for serving the interests of his own government.

At court receptions and balls, where all the state dignitaries and diplomats are present, the wives of the ambassadors are on even terms; but there are few of these ceremonious functions. In a capital like London there is gaiety in the town-houses during a short season, and the country-houses are social centres for nine months. It is in these splendid mansions of the dukes and the earls that friendships are made, and where the men who are governing England are closely approached. Here the captivating woman—charming in person and manner, somewhat familiar with statecraft, and adroit in political controversy—is virtually the peer of the experienced and dexterous diplomat.

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.

The Missionary Boarder—Now, you know, the man who governs himself is greater than he who takes a city.
The Savage Bachelor—No doubt of that, provided he's a married man.

COULDN'T GET IN, ANYWAY.

Benign Individual—My good friend, don't you know that indulging your appetite for strong drink will undermine your health and bring you to death's door?
De Tanque—That's all right, old boy; I won't be able to, hic, find the keyhole.

TOMMY'S RETORT.

Tommy—That church is over 200 years old.
Cissy—My auntie, says it's only 100.
Tommy—Oh, well, I suppose that's as far back as she can remember.

MAKING A SINGER.

What must one do first to become a great opera singer? inquired the girl with a voice.
Cultivate one's bump of self-conceit, answered the man who had had a little to do with the management of opera companies.
And after that, she persisted.
Cultivate one's selfishness and temper, he replied.

Result of An Experiment

When old Lord Lynton lost most of his money everybody said; "It serves him right!" for the simple reason that he had been so surly to his neighbors all his life that he was the most unpopular man in the country. But when he died of an apoplectic stroke soon afterward, people began to feel a little remorseful, and wished vaguely that they hadn't taken up quite so unympathetic an attitude toward him and his troubles.

"However, he is dead now, so that is the end of him, so far as we are concerned," said Lady Lawrence, an old lady whose tongue was sharp, but whose heart was kind. "The people I am really sorry for are his orphan grandchildren, poor things. There they are, three girls and three boys, and only a few hundreds a year between them.

"Of course, the eldest son, Lynton, is in the army, and in India, so he is provided for—but the others!" Lady Lawrence held up her hands and turned her eyes in the direction of the ceiling, there she espied a large cobweb which distracted her attention, and what with ringing the bell and pointing it out to the long-suffering housemaid, she forgot, about the Lyntons and their woes.

Meanwhile the family of which she was speaking were gathered together in the orchard which lay behind the quaint rambling old brick house.

"The Dower House," as it was called, had been the only thing saved out of the wreck of Lord Lynton's property, and this he settled on his heir—but a poor inheritance for a "Lord of Lynton." Still, as the latter said, "It might have been worse." There was about £800 a year left, out of a rent roll which once was £20,000, and when the allowance of Reginald, the present Lord Lynton, was deducted, it did not leave very much to keep up house and garden and pay for clothes and food. They made a pretty group as they sat under a big apple tree, the finest in the orchard, and covered with blossom—the two boys, Jack and Charlie, aged respectively twelve and fourteen, lay flat on their faces, kicking their heels, Madge, the eldest sister, was a pale, slender girl of about twenty, whose sweet face was a little graver than the others, perhaps because she was "keeper" of the family purse, and so had not a few anxieties.

The next sister, Rosamond, was rosy cheeked and blue eyed. Her face was so round, her figure so plump, that the boys, of course, christened her "Fatty," and, equally, of course, the name stuck to her like a burr. But lately they had been more civil, for she had acquired a weapon of defence—she had learnt photography.

And woe-betide the unfortunate member of the family who was unlucky enough to offend her! She once took a snapshot of Jack when he had a face like a gibbous moon, the result of a toothache, and Charlie was shown an elegant picture of himself with his mouth wide open, asleep, and evidently snoring loudly.

After which there was a vigorous interchange of remarks the reverse of complimentary between the three. Last, but by no means least, there was Marjorie, just turned seventeen, who had only lately twisted her hair into a shining coil instead of wearing it in a demure "plait" down her back. The boys called it "carrots," everybody else said it was "golden auburn." Her eyes were the darkest violet, her nose had the most delightfully impudent "tilt" imaginable, her mouth was too wide for beauty, yet, somehow nobody could object to it. She had the exquisite complexion which nearly always goes with auburn hair—was as slim and as graceful as a willow wand, and, sitting where she did, in the fork of an old apple tree, with its moss-grown trunk, her face framed in soft pink blossoms, she made a perfect picture.

The same idea seemed to have struck Rosamond, who sprang to her feet suddenly and rushed away, reappearing presently with her camera.
"Sit still," she commanded, as Marjorie began to clamber down. "You see," she said in an explanatory voice to the others, "she isn't pretty exactly; her features are anything but 'classical.' Still, I must allow, from an artistic point of view, she is distinctly picturesque."

Marjorie was so used to being openly discussed by her family that she was not in the least put out by it, but returned to her perch and waited resignedly till the ordeal was over.
"Of course," murmured Rosamond in a stifled voice, her head was under the black cloth while she "focussed" her victim, "it'll only be an experiment, the result of which—we shall see."
"What will be an experiment?" demanded Marjorie.

"If you are a success," said Rosamond solemnly, "I shall send you to the great photographic exhibition for amateurs to be held next month in Paris, so do you keep your mouth shut, Marjorie. When you laugh you look exactly like a Cheshire cat." Thus adjured, Marjorie composed her features as best she could, and tried hard to look solemn, but her eyes were full of laughter, though she did keep quiet for the necessary number of seconds while the cap was off.

Rosamond declared herself satisfied and marched off to the house to develop her plate. Jack followed to watch the process, and the rest fell to discussing what the prize might be at the exhibition, and what chances Rosamond had of winning one.

Just then the parlor maid came across the lawn to say that Lady Lawrence was in the drawing room, and Madge went off dutifully to entertain her.
"That child grows lovelier every day," her ladyship said as she watched Marjorie coming across the lawn.
"Do you think so?" said Madge, delighted at the praise, for Marjorie was the very apple of her eye.
"Think so! I am sure of it," said Lady Lawrence briskly. "What a pity it is there are not a few nice young men about here with a little money at their backs. I am positive that the only thing left for you girls to do is to marry, and as soon as possible."

Madge flushed hotly. She was wondering if the sharp-eyed, quick-witted old lady had heard of Leonard Grimstone and his visits. He was a rising barrister and a great friend of her soldier brother's. She had been engaged to him privately for some time, but, as they could not marry just yet, they had not made the fact public.
The weeks went by. Marjorie's photograph, Rosamond announced, was a great success, and was duly sent to the famous "exhibition for amateurs" and actually won a prize of £5.
"The family" were still discussing this great event when a letter arrived which caused further excitement. It was from young Lord Lynton, their eldest brother, who announced that he had got long leave. "I am anxious to see a young man in Paris on business," he wrote, "and will probably stay there a few days and do 'the sights.' A friend of mine is to travel with me; you probably know him by name, Sir Douglas Poultney. He is hugely rich and owns that lovely place, Donely Castle, in Northumberland." A few days later he wrote again, this time from Paris, saying that he was to be home on the following Monday and was bringing Sir Douglas with him.
This fresh news made Madge pucker her brows a little. She was wondering whether Mrs. Stokes' efforts in the culinary department would be equal to the occasion. Mrs. Stokes, however, reassured her on this point, told her she was used to "army gentlemen," and knew their ways—so Madge contented herself by putting fresh flowers everywhere, arranging a special dessert, and telling the gardener to bring in an extra supply of strawberries. She also suggested that Marjorie should make one of the cakes for which she was famous, and then sat down to tack fresh lace ruffles into the neck and sleeves of her white muslin evening gown.
"It's awfully old-fashioned," thought Madge, eyeing it ruefully, "but the child would look lovely in rags, I do believe! In that old blue linen shirt, and yes! darned serge skirt, she is a perfect picture. I am glad I got her those nice new shoes with the big steel buckles; her feet are so pretty, it is really perfectly wicked that she ever has to wear patched boots!"
So she soliloquized, while Marjorie, her cake finished, brought a book and went out of doors to "cool," taking up her favorite position in the fork of the old apple tree. Her book was so interesting that she became more and more absorbed. She never heard approaching footsteps, or a man's voice saying, "Well, well! I see it is her that used to be an old haunt of hers," and when she at last looked down as a shadow fell across the grass in front of her, she saw her soldier brother standing there, and with him a tall stranger, who, she told herself, had quite the nicest face of anybody she had ever seen. Who would it be? "Why—how stupid of me," she thought. "Of course, it is Sir Douglas Poultney."
She jumped down, and they exchanged greetings, and then everybody had tea under the lime trees on the lawn, and Marjorie's cake was pronounced "quite excellent."

Sir Douglas proved a great addition to the party. He entered so readily into all Madge's plans for his amusement, and seemed to so enjoy the "little dinners" Mrs. Stokes cooked with so much care, that Madge's hostess mood was set at rest on the subject of her guest. Only—she observed that everywhere they went—whatever they did, it was always to Marjorie's side Sir Douglas seemed to drift, as if drawn there by some irresistible charm. And wild harum-scarum Marjorie grew shy, which phenomenon was noted, but, for a wonder, not commented on, by "the family."
And, one day in the orchard, Sir Douglas persuaded her to climb into her favorite perch and then stood and looked at her from a little distance.
"Yes," he said, "only that now there are leaves instead of blossoms, the picture is the same. I saw you in Paris," he added in explanation. "Your face, framed in apple blossoms, looked down at me from the exhibition wall. I pointed it out to Lynton. 'Why,' he said, 'it's surely my sister Marjorie with her hair turned up!' We looked you up in the catalogue, and there, sure enough, you were entered as 'Marjorie—A Study.' By Rosamond Lynton." After that I insisted on Lynton bringing me home with him. I wanted to see you—to know you. Now I have learned something else. Besides seeing and knowing you, I love you. Tell me, Marjorie, could you ever, do you think, care for me like that?"
Marjorie came down from her perch and stood beside him, and then she slipped her hand gently into his, saying quietly:
"What would you say if I told you that I care already?"
"Say," he exclaimed, "why, nothing!—only, this!" and he took her in his arms and kissed her.
At that moment a sharp "click-clack" made them start and look round.
"It was Rosamond! The wretch had taken another 'snap-shot.' It now hangs in a place of honor at Donely Castle, and is labelled 'The Result of an Experiment.'"

LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

INTERESTING ITEMS OF NEWS FROM THE GREEN ISLE.

The Events That Interest Irishmen Throughout the World—Chronicles Briefly for Their Perusal.

The new Lord Mayor of Belfast, Ireland, is a German Jew.

One of the largest buildings in Queenstown, known as the Soldiers' Home and Sailors' Rest, has been burned to the ground.

Rev. Dr. James Maxwell Rodgers, minister of Great James street Presbyterian church, Londonderry, died very suddenly.

A fire occurred at Skibbereen, resulting in the destruction of three houses. For some time the town was endangered.

Mr. Muir, collector of customs, Belfast, and until a few years ago collector at the port of Leith, has been promoted to Surveyor-General of Customs.

The latest Irish grievance is that a large proportion of the so-called "Scotch" oatmeal comes from Ireland, and a larger proportion from foreign countries.

Lord Dufferin was the leading speaker at a temperance gathering in Belfast, and advocated the Sunday closing of public houses in Ireland.

Owing to recent wholesale poisoning of salmon rivers in the south of Ireland a bill is to be introduced in Parliament to make the offence of poisoning salmon punishable.

The annual convention of Irish Landowners was held in Dublin. The Duke of Abercorn, who presided, described the Irish Local Government Act as an experiment, the result of which no man could foretell.

In Limerick a public meeting of merchants, traders and citizens was held at the Theatre Royal to protest against the proposed amalgamation of the Waterford, Limerick and Western and the Great Southern and Western railways.

Since 1841 the cultivated area of Ireland has dwindled from about four million acres to two million.

The funeral of Baroness von Steiglitz who was said to be a lineal descendant of William III., took place at Carrickblacker, county Armagh.

At Cork a farmer named McCarthy was fined £2 and 10s costs for selling milk 12 per cent. below the standard of quality milk.

At Downpatrick quarter sessions Jas. Jennings, laborer, was awarded 17s a week for life, under the Provisional Workmen's Compensation Act, for the loss of both eyes in an explosion of dynamite at Belfast waterworks.

At a ball given in a small country town in Ireland, for which the tickets were not transferable, the inscription on the tickets ran as follows: "Admit this gentleman to ball in Assembly Rooms; tickets, 2s 6d. each. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A deed of arrangement in the case of the banking firm of P. & M. Shields, Belfast, has been filed, and an assignment in trust for the benefit of the creditors has been made. The total liabilities exceed £120,000, of which £50,000 only is secured. The gross assets are £91,000.

Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England, hails from Newry, the place of "high church and no steeple, dirty streets and proud people," according to Dean Swift.

At the annual meeting of the Belfast Linen Merchants' Association Mr. W. R. Young, president, said that during the past year there had been 10 per cent. decrease in the quantity and 7.13 per cent. in value of the exports, almost solely due to the Spanish-American war.

An important meeting of commercial men was held in Clonmel to consider the proposed amalgamation of railway systems in the south. A very decided feeling of opposition was manifested towards the project in the absence of guarantees.

In Dublin, in an action on behalf of a little boy named O'Donnell, residing at Lyrens, near Mitchelstown, County Cork, against R. Fitzgerald, hotel proprietor, Mitchelstown, for personal injuries caused by the running away of the defendant's horse on Aug. 7, 1897, £125 damages were awarded.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions, the Recorder of Cork, Sir John Chute Neligan, received the congratulations of both branches of the legal profession, the mayor and the staff of the court on the distinction of knighthood recently conferred upon him.

The new lighthouse and fog-signal station being erected by the Northern Lights Commissioners at Blackhead, north of Portpatrick Harbor, is now in an advanced stage. The work of erection was commenced in April last, and already the bold promontory which overlooks the Irish Channel has been converted into a miniature village, the buildings having sprung up so rapidly that it is almost impossible to recognize the once barren headland which loomed black and forbidding on the rugged coast. The surface of the headland is almost 200 feet above sea level, and on the highest point the lighthouse tower has now reached a height of 42 feet, to which has still to be added 3 feet of granite and the lantern. It is probable that before the end of the present year the light will be established.