

## SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE DAWN.

It may be sad to have the ships  
That we watched for all day long  
Pass in the night, but sadder still  
To have them pass in the dawn.  
After the day of vain gazing,  
The night of uncertainty,  
The sadness of disappointment,  
To wake to find they have gone.

Just as the sun was peeping through  
His curtains at earth asleep,  
When the faint flush of crimson  
Crept in the gray of the sky:  
When the smaller stars had faded,  
And the young moon sunk to rest,  
With the first glad ray of daylight  
The ships of our hopes went by.

'Tis sadder, far, to lose them so.  
Than if they had crossed our path  
At midnight's calm, when all alone  
On the moonlit sea we sailed:  
And the lesson grows more bitter,  
Sharper our grief, when we find  
How near success our hopes were lost,  
How nearly fulfilled when we failed.

## "UMBRELLA HOSPITAL."

BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "THE FLOATING  
LIGHT OF RINGFINNAN."

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Henderson bent forward, looked down; then, indeed, he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of horror, for there, on his own rug, lay a large, fat baby—no other than the baby of his dream. It would be impossible to describe what he felt when he saw this smiling, dimpled creature. He was absolutely afraid of it. He moved farther away and gazed at it. The baby was wide awake, had slept comfortably, and returned his gaze out of large and pretty eyes in the most placid manner.

"Good gracious!" he said at last, "then the dream was true, and I've got the plague?"

The man felt really frightened, for how had that baby got there? He rubbed his hand over his forehead, as if to assure himself that he was not still dreaming. Then returned Plato to his place among the ancients, and went to look once more at the baby. It was long past his tea hour, and he liked his meals like clock-work, but he absolutely forgot all about tea to-night.

Presently the baby, who had never ceased sucking its thumb and smiling at him, stretched out two fat arms, with the unmistakable request that he would take her up.

Henderson stepped back another pace or two. What in all the world did the creature mean?

Now all babies are despots, and Lizar Hanne had been accustomed to have her requests obeyed. When Henderson did not at once respond to her invitation she first of all pouted, then scowled at him, and finally set up a very loud and lusty cry.

"Good gracious!" thought the unhappy man, "all the street will hear. I'll—I'll run away, and leave it—or—no—I'll just take it and put it in the street. Whoever brought it in will come for it. 'Twas a mean, nasty joke. But I'll pay 'em out!"

He approached the crying child trembling. He lifted it into his arms. Strange to say he did not do this awkwardly; his arms were strong, and the baby instantly felt comfortable. It stopped crying, smiled up into Henderson's face, and clutched hold of his silver beard.

Never had the man been in so strange a predicament, and never had he held so queer a creature in his arms. But the pretty blue eyes had a magic in them. He sat down in

his arm-chair, and no longer thought of leaving the baby in the street. He did not attempt to pet it or stroke it; he was still too much afraid that it would cry again; but he let one of his strong arms encircle it, while he said over and over to himself, "Is this what babies are like? I never saw anything so very queer."

After a time, however—still holding the baby in his arms—he got up and softly shut the shop door; and now it occurred to him that he might have his supper, and at the same time give the baby something to eat. He had not an idea how it should be fed or what it would like; but he was not quite such a savage as to let even so queer a thing as a baby starve. He laid it on the white wool mat again, and began to make preparations for tea.

He made the tea strong and good, and took a cup of the best to the baby. Lizar Hanne was not particular; but this hot and very bitter mixture was scarcely to her taste; she made wry faces, and after the first taste would have no more.

Henderson was in despair.

Just then a customer came into the shop. Henderson shut the parlour door hastily and went to her. She was a woman who kept a small pawn shop, and Henderson used to mend the umbrellas which she purchased for her to sell again. He knew that she had a lot of children. As she was leaving the shop he said abruptly—

"How are yer babies?"

Never before had he asked her such a question—for his hatred to children was well known. She thought he had taken leave of his senses, more particularly as he followed up this question by asking her what she gave the "brats" for supper. She told him what they liked best was bread and milk, but that she could not often afford it; and then she went away, more than ever convinced that the owner of Umbrella Hospital had gone mad. Henderson, however, had got the information he wanted. He went back to his parlour, poured the remainder of what milk he allowed himself into a cup, broke some bread into it, and gave it to the baby. This meal it not only ate, but enjoyed, smiling between each mouthful at Henderson, and kicking lustily both fat arms and legs.

## CHAPTER IV.

In the meantime, while all this strange scene was going on in Umbrella Hospital, the baby's little caretaker was having sufficiently exciting adventures of her own. She had faithfully promised herself to return in half an hour. She never meant old Henderson to awake and find the baby. She calculated shrewdly by her observation of other men of his age, that he would sleep for an hour at least, and she thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of having no burden in her weary arms. She was quite right in saying that "she was not up to the mark—not by no means up to the mark." Indeed, had any doctor seen her he would have said that the case was not hopeless, but that unless something soon was done to lighten the hardships of her lot, the tender little frame of only eight years would succumb—the cheeks grow thinner, the eyes brighter, until she died. Heaps of other children were fading just in the same way all round her. She saw that the end to which these children so surely steered was death. She knew that she was going the same way. She did not, however, trouble her head much about the matter. She knew nothing, it was true, about the next world; but there were few things very enjoyable in this. Perhaps the next world would be better. On the whole she would like to try the next world. Those who were dead never looked burning with heat as she was burning now. Yes, she rather liked to believe she must soon die, but for leaving the baby.

She walked on in leisurely fashion. She did not intend to return to the wretched home her drunken aunt gave her until as late an hour as possible. She thought she might have another game at mud pies with the children, and she sat down with the first of her companions she met for this purpose.

They were all busy over this congenial employment, when a tall girl who knew her, and who was hurrying by, suddenly, at sight of her face, stood still.

(To be continued.)

## HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

**Strawberry Shortcake.**—Place in the basin six ounces of butter, with ten ounces of sugar. Beat both well together until a creamy preparation is obtained. Then add three eggs, one at a time, two gills of milk and vanilla flavouring. After the whole is well mixed pour in a pound of sifted flour, into which has been added a coffeespoonful of baking powder. Have round, flat moulds, seven and one-half inches in diameter, with the edges raised three-eighths of an inch high. Butter and flour them well and fill them to the top with the mixture. Bake in a brisk oven, then unmould on a grate as soon as they are done and leave them until cold. Cover each layer of cake with vanilla pastry cream, and on it a ring of very fine ripe strawberries, one next to the other, strewn with sugar, and lay two of these garnished cakes one on top of the other. Put them on a dish and cover the cake with sweetened whipped cream flavoured with vanilla, pushed through a pastry bag.

**Preparation of Asparagus.**—This is a mode of preparing asparagus which the caterer has employed with much success. The asparagus is boiled for from fifteen to twenty minutes and is then set aside to cool. It is served in blocks of ice, with a rich cream sauce, with which horse radish, pepper and salt have been mixed. "These blocks of ice," said Mr. Sherry, "are hollowed out by means of an ice pick or with a hot flat iron. Another way is to place a bottle of hot water upon the block of ice and to let it remain there until a space large enough to place the asparagus has been hollowed out."

Boiled fish is best sewed up and wrapped in a cloth, or laid on a strainer or shelf in a fish-kettle, skin side down. Put in cold water, since boiling water cooks the outside so that it falls to pieces before the inside is done. Skim off any substance that rises. Allow five teaspoonfuls of salt to five pounds of fish, and a very little vinegar will add firmness to the flesh. After from fifteen to thirty minutes' cooking, or when a fin can be drawn out, the fish is done. Underdone fish is an abomination to the taste and the health, however it may be cooked. Serve with drawn butter sauce. Salmon requires more water than any other fish; it should be warm, quite salt, and skimmed until nothing rises. Egg sauce may be used. Parsley is used as a plate decoration for boiled fish.

**Delicious Strawberry Sherbet.**—Crush one quart of strawberries to a paste, add three pints of water, juice of one lemon, and one tablespoonful of orange flower water. Let the mixture stand for three hours. Then strain and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Strain again and set the jar of sherbet in ice for three or four hours before serving.

**Baked Cabbage.**—Parboil one head of cabbage fifteen minutes, pour off water, put on fresh boiling water and cook until tender. Let it get cold. Chop, add two beaten eggs, one spoonful of butter, three spoonfuls of cream, pepper and salt. Mix and bake until brown. Serve hot.

"Wh  
up yet?  
the seco  
meal dis  
posed to  
and gir  
roof-tre  
"Up  
cheerily  
the thro  
that mo  
with th  
Mrs. R  
from h  
term-ti  
feeling  
at all  
road r  
especi  
bed—  
said T  
Yet  
the bo  
manu  
had no  
her w  
"D  
grum  
egg"  
"Mot  
"stor  
Sh  
usual  
to be  
boys  
luxur  
All t  
her l  
self  
answ  
"The  
I bel  
"  
thun  
edly  
now  
brig