

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in a rocking chair.

See where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The pelting rains on the window-pane,
Are rippling lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glistening dim;
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say good night,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

— Frederick Nees.

THE HOME.

Temper.

Ruakin in a letter to young girls, says: "Keep absolute calm of temper under all circumstances, receiving the thing that is provoking or disagreeable, to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is likely to provoke you, thank Him for it the more, as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school-fellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governor doesn't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of those things should vex you. Say to yourself each morning, just after your prayers, 'Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be My disciple.' This is exactly and completely true, meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ to take care of for you. Then, if he doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if he takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not, indeed, at your age have to give up houses or lands, or boats or nets; but you may, perhaps, break your favorite teacup or lose your favorite tumbler, and might be vexed about it but for this second Saint George's precept."

Things Which Attract Men.

What attracts a man is one thing; what will hold him, and command his respect, is quite another, says Edward W. Bok, in *The Ladies Home Journal*.

A woman's smile, for example, attracts a man; but an even temper retains him.

A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him.

A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him.

A knowledge of how, when and where to be a little stately, attracts a man; an appreciation of the folly of frivolity, wins his respect.

A respect for the religious belief of every human being, attracts a man; irreverence in woman is to him abominable.

A consideration for his comfort, attracts a man; a continuation of this makes him your most humble slave.

A chat in which there is no malice, attracts a man; neither scandal nor evil speaking make a woman seem sweet and lovely to him.

Worth Knowing.

Nine out of ten men are too lazy to breathe properly. About eighty or ninety cubic inches of air always remain in a man's lungs, and about the same amount of supplemental (or sluggish) air remains after ordinary expiration. Only about twenty inches of tidal air—air that changes at once with each breath—passes in and out, the average man being too ignorant or too indolent to inhale and exhale fully. But tidal air can be greatly increased in volume by a practice of inhaling slowly through the nose until nearly every cell in the lungs is full, and then slowly exhaling the extra air thus drawn in. The extra oxygen thus taken into the lungs is a more potent stimulant (or sluggish) than a habit of full breathing can be easily acquired, and when once acquired will be followed during sleeping as well as waking hours.

The Potato Game.

Select potatoes of average size and oblong rather than round. Place them on the floor about a foot apart in two rows three or four feet apart down the middle of the double parlors. Have two soup-plates at one end and two silver tea-spoons in the hands of the two who are to play the game. Each of the two will begin by taking up the potato farthest from the plate on the tea-spoon, using only one hand, and depositing it upon the plate at the end of the row. Then the next potato must be taken up and deposited in like manner, and so on to the last. The one who gathers all his potatoes first has the privilege of choosing his successors in the game. The fun of the play is in playing it. It takes some skill to balance a potato on a tea-spoon and run ten or fifteen feet as fast as one can without spilling it. Of course the two who play monopolize the floor, and the rest of the company are wall-flowers, sympathetic on-lookers. There are no forfeits in this game. When you want a hearty laugh, play it.—*The Christian Advocate*.

Hints for the Housewife.

—Telegraph wire of galvanized iron is much better to hang clothes on in winter than rope, as the clothes will not freeze to it.

—The smoked and dusty globes of chandeliers may be nicely cleaned by soaking them in hot water, to which a little sal-soda has been added. Then put some ammonia in hot water, immerse the globes and scrub briskly with a stiff brush. Rinse thoroughly and wipe dry.

—Peel small onions and let them stand three days in strong salt water. Pour off the brine and cover with scalding water. When cold, drain the onions on a napkin and put them in glass jars. Add whole mustard seed and ginger root to the vinegar; heat it scalding hot and pour it over them.