

HOUSEHOLD.

To Womanhood.

Mother and maidens believe me, the whole course and character of your lives is in your hands; what you would have them be they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so; for they are but mirrors, in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it; they will listen— they can listen—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave, they will be brave for you; bid them be cowards, and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you; such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his peace; in her, through all the world's warfare he must find his peace.

Proper Training for Girls.

Staying at home as usual, and at work, while the girls are off on excursions, and boat rides, and botanical expeditions, and showing at garden parties, and festivals of all sorts!

What folly, not only for you, but for them! but must they have some recreation? Certainly, and so must you. Now just stop and consider that it is not a kindness to bring them up in this way.

Life is a very earnest and practical affair, and trying to make it up out of picnics and excursions and festivals and all that sort of thing, is like trying to make a meal out of whipped cream. It would be neither sensible nor profitable. No girl should go out more than once or twice during a week, and not then if she is doing so neglects the most important branches of her education—a knowledge of household affairs and how to do in the most practical and easy way the duties that she must naturally expect will fall to her lot.

It is almost time for you to allow your girls to waste their hours in such a fashion. Perhaps they are having a good time, but some day they may say to themselves: "Oh, dear! how I wish mother had taught me something useful and sensible."

And then the botany and the music, the dresses and the feasts and festivities will be remembered with regret, perhaps vexation and fault-finding.

Did you ever know a woman to regret that she knew how to do exquisitely fine needlework or plain sewing, to bake light, wholesome bread, or make delicious pies or cakes? Did you ever know one who was ashamed of her skill in pickling and preserving, or who was unwilling to admit that she could arrange a table, order a course dinner, and if need be, do the carrying herself? No, indeed; but many a woman has spent years in trying to acquire the knowledge of household affairs of which she should have been mistress before she was fairly in long dresses.

The mother who fails to instruct her daughter in such branches deprives her of woman's best right, the right to a knowledge of how to make a home. Perhaps only a home for herself, but, oh, how pretty and pleasant it can be if the tact, the skill, the grace of the trained hand and eye and taste are there to bring it into perfect symmetry.

In this day and age women must learn more than household service, but that she should be taught as she learns her alphabet. She is never too young to learn, but really, as far as practical purposes are concerned, she is sometimes too old to learn. Habits of neatness, thrift, order and economy should be among the first lessons of life. Girls should never know that there is such a thing as habitual disorder. Comfortable system and well-considered prudence are among the gifts and graces that go to make up the useful and beautiful women. A careless woman can never be wholly attractive. The eye rests at once upon some evidence of untidiness and the charm is destroyed. Girls and boys, for that matter, should have the importance of personal tidiness and neatness early impressed upon them.

And not only is this imperative, but order and system in business affairs is of the utmost importance. How long would a merchant do business, think you, if he put his accounts down on some loose scrap of paper or on the wall? The idea seems carry them in his head? The idea seems preposterous, but is no more so than many of the prevailing notions on the subject of housekeeping.

There is really no royal road either to domestic or business success. Only hard work and steady plodding industry can make a perfect housekeeper or a capable business man. And household affairs do not take long to learn. After all, if one only begins early and grows into it naturally, such lessons should be learned by all girls, whether rich or poor, and, with them, very practical lesson and accomplishment that time, strength and circumstances will permit.

Even though sweet simplicity as represented by muslins and organdies prevails, says a correspondent in the Philadelphia Times, "our extravagant girls are not deterred from showing how much money can be expended even on a gown of this sort, and in consequence they line a twenty-five cent Swiss with a dollar-a-yard silk and hem it with real lace at any price they can reach."

young men of small means must not be deterred by the simplicity of the gown into believing its cost of the same character. "Never has there been a season when quality reigned with the omnipotent supremacy of to-day. Silks, satins and velvets cannot be compared in cost with the deceptive little muslin gowns worn by the summer girl."

The Evil in Feminine Dress.

The evil in the feminine dress of to-day lies not with our rich women, but with our women of average means, writes Edward W. Bok in the July Ladies' Home Journal. The wealthy woman rarely overdresses; the average woman far more often, and she stamps herself by that very indiscretion. It is not the mistress who overdresses so much as it is her servant who tries to imitate her. The nice and refined women of the women of taste, are not the purchasers of the showy dress patterns and mist take which we see in the show windows. Just in proportion as a woman is refined in her nature is she quiet in her dress. A refined woman never dresses loudly. The present tendency in red is not followed by girls and women of refinement. It is affected by those who forget that red is the most trying color which a woman can wear becomingly, and there is no color of which one soon tires. Only a few women can choose a perfect shade in red, and those, as a rule, not the women who wear it.

Home-Made Ice Cream.

Anybody can make his own ice cream in five minutes, and for an expenditure of two or three cents, says a correspondent. If the preparation desired to be frozen is placed in a tin bucket or other receptacle it can be readily congealed by putting it in a pail containing a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this throw a handful of common Glauber salts, and the resulting cold is so great that a bottle of wine immersed in the mixture will be frozen solid in a few minutes, and ice cream or ices may be quickly and easily prepared.

The Couch in a Cosy Room.

A room without a couch of some sort is only half-furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the weary of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune-fighter is the periodical good cry and the momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge, or the old sofa in the sitting-room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out, and the way made clear if only one had a long, comfortable couch on which to repose, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light, and the star of hope shine again.

There is not a doubt that the longing to die is mistaken for the need of a nap. Instead of the immortality of the soul business men and working women want regular and systematic doses of dozing—and after a mossy nap in the shade of an old oak that succeeding seasons have converted into a tenement of song birds, there is nothing that more approaches a big sofa, or a long, low couch placed in the corner, whose staid nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.

Unwholesome Eggs.

The character of a hen's egg is something that affects consumers of this kind of food very seriously. Few persons suspect danger in an egg. There is an old adage to the effect that an egg and a nut can be eaten without suspicion, but it is very far from being true. For a nut has almost always a worm hiding in the kernel and an egg has been found to have the germs of various loathsome kinds of organisms existing within its substance. This fact has been heretofore mentioned as derived from personal experience of the writer, and now we have before us a report of investigations by Dr. Gayton, who has discovered in eggs bacteria, aspergilli, and other organisms which are derived from the fowl itself and are to be found also in ovaries and oviduct and blood of diseased fowls. Inoculation of the hens with bacilli resulted in the presence of these organisms in the eggs, and the fecundated eggs were found to be far more profuse in supply than the sterile ones. Consequently even eggs are to be eaten with fear and trembling and the long-boiled hard egg will be far safer than the light-boiled soft ones, and the well-cooked omelette safer than either. The owners of fowls should therefore be especially careful of the health of their flock.

The flesh of diseased animals is very properly objected to as food. But the egg of a diseased hen is as much diseased as the flesh. Poultry cholera, roup and other virulent diseases are more prevalent in fowls than any diseases in other animals. Almost every farm flock has its receptacle for departed sick fowls back of the barn or in a fence corner, and in little graves in the garden under the currant bushes or grape vines. No notice is taken of the fact that the eggs of these hens have been gathered and sold or used for weeks preceding the final event, or a thought given that they were virulently unwholesome. Yet we have been told that hens had received the germs of diphtheria (which is roup in their case) and of tuberculosis from human subjects. But who has seriously considered the danger of infection by diphtheria or consumption, or intestinal fever (which is the fowl cholera) from the eggs we eat? And yet there is imminent danger of it that has been heretofore unannounced, so far as we know, except for some years past by the writer in these columns and by Dr. Gayton.

Say Well and Do Well.

A short time before Dean Stanley's death, he closed an eloquent sermon with a quaint verse, which greatly impressed his congregation. On being asked about it afterwards, he said it was doubtful whether the lines were written by one of the earliest deans of Westminster or by one of the early Scotch reformers.

The dean had come upon it by accident, and feeling that it expressed with singular felicity the true Christian proportion between doctrine and character, between good words and good works, he used it to follow and adorn his sermon. It is as follows: Say well is good, but do well is better. Do well seems spirit, say well the letter; Say well is godly and helpeth to please; But do well lives godly, and gives the world. Say well to silence sometimes is bound, But do well is free on every ground. Say well to friends, some here, some there, But do well is welcome everywhere. By say well to many God's word cleaves, But do well to do well it often leaves. If say well and do well were bound in one frame, Then all were done, all were won and gotten were gain.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER.

Incidents in the Career of the Marquis of Salisbury.

The most remarkable thing about Lord Salisbury is a personal one, though it has a certain sort of political interest. He is the first Prime Minister of England since his ancestor, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, under Queen Elizabeth, who wore a beard.

The fashion of wearing beards went out in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has never since come in again among that class of men from whom Prime Ministers are drawn. Even the mustache was almost unknown in England, except among the military, until after the Crimean war, when civilians took to wearing it, partly in imitation of the soldiers and partly from the influence of the French alliance. But as for the beard, it is still regarded as an eccentricity or as the mark of some outlandish bringing up. The official class as a rule wear only side whiskers. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, and all the other prime ministers of the nineteenth century were only side whiskers, while before their time, for two centuries, the custom was to shave close. At the present day beards are more common in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons, because a good many elderly men wear them, and the Lords are much older than the Commons. But in either house a beard makes a man decidedly noticeable. Lord Spencer, formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, wears a big rough beard, and Lord Lathom, the present Lord Chamberlain, wears a huge beard, coming almost down to his waist. But Lord Salisbury is the only Prime Minister who has worn a beard for just 300 years. And such a beard as it is! If it were not for his great, bulbous forehead and long, aggressive nose his beard would seem to cover the whole face of the man and constitute his whole individuality. With its sturdy bushiness and total disregard of conventional ideas, it is, indeed, very characteristic of him. The Duke of Devonshire, who always wears a beard, is said to have more "you be damned" about him than any other nobleman in England. But Lord Salisbury runs him close. He is the very type of the strong-minded, bull-headed, good tempered English aristocrat; and he shows it in his appearance as much as in his words and acts.

The origin of Lord Salisbury's beard, however, is to be found in an incident of his career which is not generally known, or rather, which is generally forgotten, but which has had a good deal to do with the formation of his character.

He was a younger son of the second Marquis of Salisbury, and though his father was the lord of many acres, and married to a great heiress, the present head of the house started in life with but a moderate income and a splendid education. Lord Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil was not the man to live on his father's or to idly away the best of his years among dogs and horses. He determined to be independent and, having an Oxford fellowship to support him, he set out for Australia and New Zealand with the serious intention of becoming a colonist and building up his own fortune by enterprise and hard work. That was when he grew his beard, for in those days a razor was almost an unknown article in the colonies, and having got into the habit of it, he had worn it ever since.

Lord Robert's plans of life were entirely changed by the death of his elder brother, Lord Cranborne, to whose courtesy, title, and magnificent prospects he succeeded. He had already made a great name for himself in the House of Commons, and been a member of Lord Derby's Cabinet, when, five years later, the death of his father made him Marquis of Salisbury and one of the great landed magnates of England. He was then just thirty-eight and in the prime of his powers, and his accession to the House of Lords proved a most fortunate thing for the Conservative party. Lord Derby—the great Lord Derby, as he is commonly called—was a Tory of the old school and an unfortunate politician in every way. He was a man of splendid presence and most chivalrous character, and his princely munificence and ardent love of sport made him personally popular. But he was never in touch with the English people or in harmony with the spirit of the age. He seemed to be a feudal nobleman of the middle ages dropped into the nineteenth century. Under his leadership the Conservatives really had no prospects at all. They never got into power except through some temporary crisis, and they never held it for more than a few months. All idea of a Conservative administration as a permanent thing seemed to have passed away.

Just a year after Lord Salisbury's accession to the family honors, Lord Derby died. Mr. Disraeli, as he had succeeded to the leadership of the party, and Lord Salisbury took charge of their interests in the House of Lords. He was immediately elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford in succession to Lord Derby—a very high honor for so young a man—and was marked out for the future Prime Minister.

Two more different men than Disraeli and Lord Salisbury could not well be imagined. Disraeli was a big actor, a mystery, a dreamer, an adventurer. He possessed nothing and he did not want to possess anything. He never really owned an acre of land in his life, and if he had just enough money for current expenses he was thankful not to be troubled with more. He had no children, and his wife was more an English in his ideas as he was in appearance. Lord Salisbury is exactly the opposite. He is, perhaps, the most English Englishman in England. He is a wealthy landowner, and the inheritor of titles and estates 300 years old; essentially a family man, and the very pink of social grandeur and high style. Yet the two men got on excellently together, because they both had brains. Lord Salisbury was wise enough to discern that Disraeli, with all his flimsiness and all his charlatanism, had really big ideas and a big enough heart to carry them out. He was bold enough, too, to trust Disraeli; and nobody who ever trusted him found him false. Disraeli had that strange insight into men's characters which enabled him to find out sooner than anybody else, not excepting themselves, what they were and what they would do.

Lord Salisbury had devoted himself mainly to home affairs and especially to church questions; but Disraeli discerned in him a great foreign minister. By way of testing his capacity in this respect, he sent him to the conference of the powers at Constantinople, without any previous training, as minister plenipotentiary at an extremely critical period. He acquitted himself so well that he acquired at one stroke the most equal rank with Disraeli as a master of foreign politics—a position which he has never forfeited since. From that time until Disraeli's death in 1881, the two statesmen were David and Jonathan; and when the author of the policy of "peace with honor"

was laid to his rest under the pyramid of primroses at Hughenden, Lord Salisbury was unanimously acclaimed his successor in the leadership of the Conservative party. How well he has succeeded in that position is attested by the fact that out of the eleven years elapsed since Disraeli's death, the Conservatives have been in office seven; they have never been defeated on a government question in the House of Commons, nor on any question in the House of Lords; and they have lost fewer seats than either party ever lost before in an equal length of time.

The contrast between their condition today and their condition twenty years ago is one of the most remarkable things in the modern history of English politics. Undoubtedly, Disraeli had a great deal to do with that. It was he who galvanized the prestige of the Conservative party into a brilliant semblance of renewed vitality. But it is Lord Salisbury who really inspired it with fresh life, and maintained it over a long period of eventful years in ever increasing vigor.

A British Foreign Minister needs to be much more than a mere diplomatist. The ablest and most prominent diplomatists in the Queen's service are, in fact, but instruments in his hands. If only the British Isles were to be considered, his post would be comparatively a sinecure. But what he has to understand and bear collectively interests of all the diverse and widely scattered parts of the empire. Often, when he is conducting some tedious negotiation or settling a controversial question upon an apparently trivial question, the object which he really has in view is connected with the future safety or welfare of some distant dependency. Practically, he controls all the outside affairs of the empire, and the Minister of War, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and even the First Lord of the Admiralty, are but coadjutors of his. That is why Lord Salisbury has always contended that the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs ought to be held by the head of the government. Before his time it was customary for the Premier to be First Lord of the Treasury, on the theory that he ought to hold the purse strings. But Lord Salisbury has always taken the ground that the most important office in the Cabinet, in the modern position in the British Empire is that of the Foreign Minister; and that he is very well able to control the purse strings through a trusted colleague as he would be if he himself administered the treasury.

History affords abundant evidence of the correctness of this view. All the recent trouble between Great Britain and France about the North American fisheries—and a very serious trouble it is—arose from gross ignorance of colonial affairs on the part of the Foreign Minister more than 100 years ago. In one of his best known essays, Macaulay makes great fun of the Duke of Newcastle not knowing that Cape Breton was an island. But at a much later period Java, the gem of the Indian Ocean, was lost to Great Britain by a similar blunder on the part of a Foreign Minister, who, in concluding a treaty of peace, said he supposed "one island was pretty much the same as another."

We need not go so far back as that, indeed, to see the results of the system of divided councils in imperial affairs, against which Lord Salisbury has steadfastly set his face. All through Mr. Gladstone's long administration, the empire was involved in costly and disastrous little wars, and in angry altercations with the colonies, simply because the Premier gave all his attention to the treasury, while the Foreign Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary for the Colonies, each pulled his own way. There has been nothing of that kind during the last seven years, and it is safe to say there never will be as long as Lord Salisbury remains where he is. The rule of his foreign policy is, to use his own words, "to treat all other powers as a gentleman would treat his neighbors, that is to say, like gentlemen;" and in every case, if possible, to come to a friendly settlement, beneficial to all concerned; and the underlying principle of it all is to keep good faith, promising nothing which he does not intend to fulfill, and threatening nothing which he does not mean to inflict.

Bismarck, who is an unequalled judge of such matters, used to say it was impossible to cultivate the friendship of Great Britain under Gladstone, because it was impossible to depend on British policy from week to week; whereas, under Lord Salisbury's regime, Germany has become warmly attached to Great Britain without offending French susceptibilities.

At home, while Lord Salisbury's great merits as a foreign minister are very generally acknowledged, he has never gained popularity in the ordinary sense. The aristocracy swear by him, and the great masses of the working men have a genuine admiration of him. But the lower middle class, small tradesmen, and the mere mob do not like him at all. As for him, he despises them too heartily to have any resentment against them, and he is far too proud to make any effort to conciliate them. He never shrinks from expressing his contempt for them and their views of public life, and he is at any time ready to retire rather than to be indebted to them for a single vote. He is not at all an eloquent speaker, but he is so bold and clear, and in dealing with his opponents he has such a cutting wit that his speeches are always eagerly listened to and read. He is not uncommonly charged with bad taste in his epigrams, as for instance when he said, apropos of William O'Brien and Dillon's fight from ball and Parnell's catastrophe: "It is a curious thing about Irish national leaders that they are always escaping. Sometimes they escape by water and sometimes by the fire escape." But he cares nothing for such accusations. He says whatever he pleases and if his foes don't like it so much the worse for them.

In private life Lord Salisbury is a princely noble in all respects, magnificent host, and excellent landlord, and a firm and cordial friend. He has entertained Queen Victoria at Hatfield House, his splendid seat at Hertfordshire, as his ancestors entertained Queen Elizabeth under the same roof; and last year he entertained the German Emperor there. But to see him at "home" parties which he surrounds himself with his neighbors and friends from all parts of the country, and comes out strong in his true character of "a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time." He loves good eating and drinking, puts away a bottle of old port after dinner in defiance of his hereditary gout, and is not at all ashamed to oblige his friends with his never departs from it. For years past his health has compelled him to live in the south of France in winter, and the Villa Cecil is becoming almost as well known in connection with his name as Hatfield.

It speaks volumes for his bonhomie that he is, next to the Prince of Wales, the most popular Englishman in France. EDWARD WAKEFIELD. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—[Lovers.]

Row "There is a Happy Land" Was Written.

A short time ago, in the course of my work as a reporter, I found myself in a low saloon waiting for the proprietor. I had noticed as I came in three men and a boy playing cards in a corner. Dirty and unkempt, coarse and loud voiced, their hands came down on the table with a bang each time a card was played, while through the game a running fire of profanity was kept up, punctuated by the sound of the tobacco juice as it splattered on the dirty floor. I turned my back on them and was thinking of other things, when I was brought back to my surroundings by the strains of a hymn, the first I ever learned so long ago in such a different place. The boy was softly singing to himself:

There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright as the morning sun; Oh, how they glory sing, Worshippers of our Saviour King, Lord let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

My mind flew back to the night when I heard these words sung by a little band of Jamaicans in the swamps of Aspinwall, and further back still to the time when in Edinburgh I heard them in their author's class-room.

The music coming from the cradle of the race, the words telling of the far-away goal, this hymn seems peculiarly fitted for the world-wide fame it has won. Of the millions who have sung it there are perhaps few who know how it came to be written. I have the story from the author, whose Bible class I attended.

In 1838 or '43, the date I am not sure of, Andrew Young was a young man—a teacher in St. Andrew's school—and much interested in Sunday school work. It happened that, spending an evening with a family recently from India, he heard one of the ladies play something which struck him very much. "What is that?" he said. "Why," she answered, "that is a Hindustani air called 'The Happy Land.' The water carriers sing it." He asked her to play it again, which she did, and again, five or six times. The idea had occurred to him that the air would be suitable for a Sunday school hymn. The next day he wrote "The Happy Land." His scholars took to it at once, visitors heard it, and it spread and was translated into many languages and sung in every clime, and thus out of the eater has come forth meat and out of the strong sweetness, and the water carrier's song has brought many to the ever-living streams.

—[Wm. C. Thackwell.]

A Man-Eating Leopard.

The Calcutta Englishman contains a blood-curdling account of the doings of a man-eating leopard lately shot in the Rajshahi District, in Bengal. The monster had destroyed 154 persons before he was shot down. His appetite for flesh, his ferocity, his cunning, and his audacity were unexampled in the leopard tribe, and they would have done credit to a tiger. He depopulated whole villages, for the mere terror of his name sent the inhabitants flying as soon as he had seized a solitary victim in their midst.

For miles around the people never ventured to leave their houses after nightfall until they heard he was dead. But this was no great hindrance to him. He would seize them from the verandas when they were smoking the evening pipe, and sometimes he penetrated the very houses in the dead of night and carried away children—often without giving the slightest alarm to the other inmates.

As a rule, he killed only one person at a time; but sometimes he killed two, and, on one occasion, three in one day. Children and old women were his favorite food. Among his victims there were six men. He was impelled by a sheer hankering for human flesh, for he never touched the cattle.

The villagers came to think the scourge was a demon incarnate, and it was impossible to organize them for the pursuit. At length, some twenty elephants were brought together for the expedition, and a flying column of British planters set forth in quest of the destroyer. They searched for some time in vain, until an old man, whose wife had been eaten, came to report that their quarry had taken refuge in a tamarind tree.

It was as he had stated, only the man-eater had by this time hidden himself in the jungle at the foot of the tree, and for the moment could not be found. The place was surrounded, and the elephants advanced in close order to trample the fugitive out of his hiding place. This maneuver succeeded after frequent repetition; the beast was driven out of cover, and at once riddled with balls. He will become a legend in the district, and perhaps a deity.

How to Use the Gooseberry.

The gooseberry is not as highly esteemed in this country as it is in England. It is difficult to get a variety which will grow in our dry climate and attain that perfection which it obtains in the moist climate of England. Our common variety of gooseberry is so susceptible to mould that it has prejudiced fruit-raisers against the entire species. Nevertheless a gooseberry pudding is a very good dessert, and a sauce of green gooseberries an excellent accompaniment of broiled lamb or almost any June dinner. The gooseberry is a fruit that is generally used just before it becomes ripe, and while it still possesses the acid of the immature berry. A ripe gooseberry is an insipid fruit, of no special value for cooking, except in the time-honored recipe for "gooseberry fool," which calls for ripe gooseberries stewed to a pulp and beaten with whipped cream. An English batter-pudding with green gooseberries is made as follows: Pour a pint of milk over a slice of bread, crumbed. Stir in ten even table-spoonfuls of flour. Add the yolks of four eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, and finally, the whites of four eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Beat this batter carefully and stir into it a quart of green gooseberries. Put the pudding in a greased mould or tie it up in a thick cloth which has been thoroughly greased and floured. Let it boil two hours. Serve it with an English brandy-sauce or an old-fashion hard sauce. To make a gooseberry sauce, top and tail a sufficient number of green gooseberries. Add about half a pint of water to a quart of berries and let them stew in an earthen pipkin till they are thoroughly tender. Add sugar enough to make them palatable, but still leave them a pleasant acid. Serve the sauce with meats as cranberry or apple sauce are served. Green gooseberries also make a very nice pie, either baked like a rhubarb pie in a crust, or first stewed, baked without an upper crust, and then covered with a meringue, like a lemon or apple meringue pie. The name of this fruit is a curious example of the transmutation of language. It is not the berry of the familiar fowl which saved Rome, as the name would seem to indicate, but it is literally the prickly berry or gooseberry, "called in allusion to its thorny stem."

Fame, Wealth, Life, Death.

What is fame? 'Tis the sunlight on the mountains, Spreading brightly ere it flies; 'Tis the bubble on the fountain, Rising lightly ere it dies; Or, if here and there a hero, Be remembered through the years, Yet to him the gain is less; Death hath still his hopes and fears, Yet when a man will dare, If but only in his name, May he heard some eulogistic strain; Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth? 'Tis a rainbow, still receding, As the panting fool pursues, Or a toy, that, youth unhooding, Seeks the readiest way to lose; But the wise man keeps due measure, He but holds in trust his treasure, For the welfare of the race. Yet what crimes some men will dare, But to gain their slender share In some profit, though with loss of name and health.

What is life? 'Tis the earthly hour of trial, For a life that's but a dream; When the prize of self-denial May be quickly lost or won; 'Tis the hour when love may bourgeon To an everlasting flower; Or when just its victims urge us To defy immortal power. Yet how lightly we ignore All the future holds in store, Spending brief but golden moments all in strife; Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death? Past its dark, mysterious portal Human eye may never roam; Yet we hope still springing immortal That it leads the wanderer home. O, the bliss that lies before us, When the secret shall be known, And the vast angelic chorus Sings the hymn before the throne! What a fame, or wealth, or health, All but those that lives for ever, cast beneath, When the true and faithful servant takes the wreath. —[W. W. Skoat.]

The Mother's Hour.

In every real sense all hours are the mother's own, from the time of her child's babyhood to the twilight of his later life. No human tie is so close as the mystic band which unites a mother to her children. Their lives, once identical with hers in every heart-beat and every thought, are never altogether discovered while life lasts, and the mass is indeed an ingrate who, under any provocation, speaks slightingly of the mother who cradled him in her young arms, and who remains, through all chance and change, all loss and gain, his friend, his champion, his defender.

"This world never felt so cold before," said a man, middle-aged, prosperous and self-reliant. "My Mother died last week; I realize that I must henceforth breast the storms alone."

Yet there are hours and hours. The wise mother, appreciating her opportunity and the preciousness of the gift of God which enables her to take part in carrying forward the race, is chary of certain times and seasons, which are peculiarly hers for impression and for delight. One of these seasons comes toward the sunset, when it is time for the nursery supper, and the frolic before the children go to bed. Then, if she can, the mother secures a blessed half hour with her darlings, talking over the day and it problems, petting, cuddling, receiving confidence, and sending the children to their nightly rest happy and tranquil. The mother is more than mistaken—she is cruel if at this time she withholds a caress or speaks in reproach or criticism, except that which is most gentle and loving. No shadow should be suffered to fall on a little heart at bed time, however important the occasion may appear for discipline. Above all, if the mother prize her privileges aright she will herself hear her children say their nightly prayers and hymns. Too sacred a duty to be left even to the most trustworthy of nurses at this rite the mother officiates, associating her own presence and influence with the devotional habit, which, if formed at all, must be formed early in a child's life. And after the little ones have grown to girlhood and boyhood, to a certain independence of care and the development of their own individualities, who but the mother has still the freedom of their rooms, and who else, excusing herself for a little while from the drawing-room and the society of friends, can glide softly in for a few moments' chat and a good-night kiss upon the unfurrowed forehead and the rounded cheeks so softly resting on the thornless pillows of youth and health? The mother's hour is worth watching for, lest it evade her in the absorption of her intensely occupied day, or under the pressure of her social obligations.

The Spirit of Unselfishness.

One of the earliest lessons in training children to be unselfish is to teach them to rejoice in the happiness of others. It is a natural impulse when some rare pleasure is offered to one child in the family for those who cannot share the enjoyment to be a trifle envious. If the sister is singled out to take a delightful journey the brother grumbles because he is not included in the invitation. If a favorite uncle makes Jack a present of a bicycle, Mary pouts because no gift is bestowed upon her. All such causes offer an opportunity for parents to develop in the children that highest form of unselfishness which finds its joy in the happiness of others. Few adults, however, possess this grace in its fulness.

They are far readier to weep with those who weep than to rejoice with those who rejoice. But nothing wins friends more easily than the habit of entering heartily into the plans of others and expressing pleasure at their success or good fortune. "Your letter this morning," writes one who has always cultivated this gift of "loving kindness," "brought a great happiness into my day because of the pleasure in store for you which it chronicled." Were this spirit more prevalent how much sunshine would be added to our lives.

Might Hurt.

Little Dot—"My new doll has a dreadful dirty face." Little Dick—"Why don't you wash it?" Little Dot—"Mamma won't let me. I deem she's afraid I'll get soap in her eyes."

Soapuds are good for most garden plants.

In France it has been demonstrated that vaccination is beneficial to horses suffering from glanders.

Among the wealthy classes of Japan it is considered undignified to ride a horse going faster than a walk. The man who lives right and is right has more power in his silence than another has in his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally resound with sweet music.