

## HOUSEHOLD.

### If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,  
She would fry an that fadged gown,  
She would wash the table with a hot  
And sometimes a trip to town,  
And it should be all for the children.  
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;  
With the patient brood on the third month,  
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,  
When you were her babies three,  
And she slipped about the farm and the house,  
As busy as ever a bee,  
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,  
And sent you all to school,  
And won herself and did without,  
And lived with the Golden Rule.

And so, your turn has come, dears,  
Her hair is growing white,  
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look  
That peers beyond the night,  
One of these days in the morning,  
Mother will not be here,  
She will fade away into silence,  
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,  
And what in the gloaming dim?  
And father, tired and lonesome then,  
Pray what will you do then,  
If you want to keep your mother,  
You must make her rest to day;  
Must give her rest and the quiet,  
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,  
She'd buy a gown of silk,  
With buttons of royal velvet,  
And she'd let you do the trotting,  
While she sat still in her chair;  
That mother should have it hard all through,  
It strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### How to Cook Veal.

The season when veal is at its cheapest  
and at its best will soon be here, and with it  
the season of new spinach from the home  
gardens and veal potpie. This farmers' stew  
is one of the simplest of savory dishes.  
There is no possible excuse for the leaden  
crust so often saved with this dish in these  
days when good baking powder or excellent  
cream of tartar and soda may be had. To  
make a good potpie choose pieces from the  
neck or shoulder of the veal. These pieces  
are full of rich juices and make an especially  
nice potpie, while they cost less than al-  
most any other part of the animal. Separate  
the bones from the lean and remove any  
superfluous fat. Take the pieces of lean  
meat and season them thoroughly with salt  
and pepper. They should be cut in uniform  
slices. There should be about two pounds  
for a small family. Cover the bones with a  
cold water and allow them to simmer at the  
back of the fire for about an hour. This  
will make a sufficient stock to cook the pot-  
pie in, though, if there are no bones with  
the veal, you can use water instead and  
omit this part of the process. Melt a table-  
spoonful of butter in the bottom of a Scotch  
kettle or any other saucepan. Dredge flour  
over the pieces of meat and throw them in  
this butter to brown a little. Stir them con-  
tinually for they should burn in the pot  
the dish is ruined. Pour over the browned  
pieces of veal the stock obtained  
from the bones, or, if this part  
of the work was omitted, boiling hot stock  
of any kind or boiling water. There should  
be just enough liquid to cook the meat,  
but not enough to cover it. Put a  
cover over the pot and set it where  
its contents will simmer very slowly for  
three-quarters of an hour. At the end of  
this time the crust should be prepared.  
This should always be made from soda  
and cream of tartar or from baking powder.  
No other method gives such a light, puffy  
crust. To two cups of flour use a heaping  
teaspoonful of baking powder, or a teaspoonful  
of cream of tartar and a scant half tea-  
spoonful of soda. Add also a saltspoonful  
of salt and the same amount of sugar. Sift  
these ingredients thoroughly together and  
stir in the scant cupful of rich milk, if you  
use new process flour. Pastry flour requires  
somewhat less liquid. At all events, the  
dough should not be hard, but about as  
stiff as you can stir it. Drop a tablespoon-  
ful of this mixture over the top of your  
boiling stew. Do this as rapidly as you can  
and replace the cover on the stew the mo-  
ment it is accomplished. Set the pot for-  
ward where its contents will boil a little  
more rapidly than they have. In ten or  
twelve minutes remove the cover, take out  
the pieces of veal which shall be thoroughly  
done, arrange them in a circle on a platter  
and lay the pieces of veal in the center.  
There should be about a cup of liquid left  
in the pot, and there should have been  
enough flour used in flouring the veal to  
give this the consistency of gravy. If it  
seems to be too thin, however, stir in a tea-  
spoonful of flour mixed with a little cold  
water, and let it boil up till it thickens.  
Pour this gravy over the veal in the center  
of the circle of crust and serve it at once.  
The more rapid your movements are when  
the crust is taken up, the better it will be.

### Hygienic Pies and Bread—Some Nutri-

I believe that dyspepsia is caused often by  
overcrowding the stomach than it is by  
eating over-rich food and that a small  
amount of pickles, mustard, vinegar, cay-  
enne and spices may be used with no harm-  
ful results. I know a case where a person  
was greatly troubled with indigestion  
and after every meal he took from one-fourth  
to one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper  
in water. He followed this practice for  
years with good results. I am quite sure  
that cayenne pepper can be taken often with  
beneficial results.

### BROWN BREAD AND BAKED BEANS.—My

rule for brown bread is one pint of lukewarm  
water, one-fourth cup of molasses, one  
teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful  
of soda, dip in two large tablespoonfuls of  
rye meal and one of Indian meal and stir,  
using the rye and Indian in that proportion;  
make it much thicker than griddle cake  
batter. If the meat is coarse it will not  
need to be so thick, as the meal will swell  
and cook in an iron dish if possible. A bread  
tin made with slightly slanting sides 12  
inches long by 4 inches wide and 6 inches  
thick is in good proportions for brown bread  
as it slices off so much better if the loaf is  
narrow. Have the oven quite warm and  
let it increase in heat a little until the bread  
is done.

### "I think 'L.D.'s" baked beans must be

very unhealthful; one pound of pork to one  
pint of beans is too much meat for the quan-  
tity of beans; they would be filled with  
grease. I pick over and wash my beans  
thoroughly and to one quart of beans add  
soda the size of a small pea or less. Boil  
all the skins are tender, pour them in a col-  
ander and rinse, and then break in the ket-  
tle, put in one pound of nice fat salt pork,  
two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tea-  
spoonful of salt. Scrape the rind of the pork  
and boil till the beans are quite soft, then  
set them in a moderately hot oven and bake  
three or four hours. Pour in the water en-  
ough to keep it up to the rind until the last  
hour when the beans may dry off. Brown  
read baked with beans is better as the  
steam keeps the bread from drying up with  
a hard crust.

### BEAN STEW IS EXCELLENT AND CHEAP.—

Wash a handful of beans clean and boil four

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### Why He Failed.

"Want a boy?"  
"Yes, I advertised for one! Are you  
looking for a situation?"  
"That's what I am! What do you pay?"  
"You will not do for us at any price, so  
there is no need of entering into any partic-  
ulars."  
"Won't do? How do you know? I don't  
askin' any questions? I'm older'n I look, an'  
strong an' smart—smart as a steel trap, if I  
do say it myself, an' if you want to know  
more—"  
"Never mind any reference. You are  
not the sort of a boy we require."  
The young applicant was sorely disap-  
pointed, and would have pressed his plea  
still further but the gentleman turned from  
him so decidedly that he knew the interview  
was closed and went slowly out of the door,  
where a companion was waiting to hear of  
his success.

FOR APPLE PIE.—I take four table-  
spoonfuls of pastry flour, half the size of an  
egg, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, cut the  
lard into the flour with spoon or knife, new  
milk enough to make a stiff dough, rub a  
medium-sized pie plate with a very slight  
amount of butter, take half the dough and  
roll out for the lower crust. Pare, quarter,  
core and slice sour apples, put half a cup  
of sugar on the bottom crust, then fill mod-  
erately full with the apple, put on any spice  
to suit and a pinch of salt, I prefer allspice  
or nutmeg, wet the edges of the crust with  
water, roll out the other half of the dough  
and press lightly around the edge of the  
plate, bake in a moderately hot oven. Pies  
made of new milk are nice and tender;  
skimmed milk may be used, but is not as  
good; some milk and soda may also be used,  
but is not as good or healthful as sweet milk.  
We sometimes use.

RISE PUDDING.—Made after this rule  
which makes a very good dessert: Wash  
four tablespoonfuls of best rice thoroughly,  
put into a pudding dish, add pinch of salt  
and one quart of new milk, sweeten to taste  
and cook in a moderately hot oven. Stir  
often. The rice will swell and thicken  
the milk. It is good for invalids. I some-  
times make.

PORK STEW.—Which, if rightly made  
is delicious. Cut in strips three small slices  
of salt pork, have the kettle perfectly clean,  
put in two quarts of water, and add the  
pork; let it boil half an hour, then add  
potatoes pared and sliced, boil till done,  
then dip out the potatoes and thicken the  
gravy with a little flour rubbed in a small  
piece of butter, adding salt and pepper. If  
it is cold weather add a little cayenne pep-  
per or pepper pot.

WHITE BREAD.—Scald one quart of new  
milk, add a piece of lard as large as half a  
nutmeg, one dessert spoonful of sugar.  
When the milk cools, add one-fourth of a  
cup of butter, stir till dissolved, then  
stir in flour enough to make a dough, this  
is nearly thick enough to mould and keep stir-  
ring until it is smooth and light like cake;  
let it rise where it will keep warm but  
not hot, as much heat will spoil the bread.  
When it has risen light and spongy mould  
and put into two tins. When the loaf be-  
comes spongy and full of little holes  
next to the tin, put in a moderately hot  
oven; bake three-quarters of an hour.  
I cannot believe that pigs' feet and legs  
made into a "chicken pie" can be healthful.  
We always salt pigs' legs and cook with  
boiled dinners. Our men like them but I  
do not like them, knowing that they have  
stood and waded in filth while piggy was  
alive. Will the editor explain what the  
place in the pigs' legs where a waxy sub-  
stance discharges is for?

I think food and drinks should be warm  
when taken into the stomach. A cup of hot  
water, added will often help indigestion, be-  
cause it helps food to digest; it is excellent  
for a cold taken in connection with a hot  
foot-bath.

Eat slow; chew the food well, take as  
little liquid as possible while eating.  
Bathe often, and keep clean; air your  
sleeping and living rooms.  
Be gentle and kind to all, and especially  
so to the sad one whom you meet. Be kind  
and pleasant to the home circle, and do not  
be afraid to say to them "I love you." Help  
tired father and mother, and be helpful to  
brother or sister; by-and-bye it will be a  
great comfort to you to think that you tried  
to do right.

### Old Time Dishes.

RELIABLE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one  
and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of  
milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter,  
one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking  
powder. Flavor to suit the taste. Beat  
eggs, sugar, and butter together, then add  
rest of the ingredients.

A BEAN STEW.—He is something we al-  
ways like. Take a good beef bone and boil  
until tender. Have some beans well par-  
boiled, and to five pounds of beef take two  
quarts of beans, and salt and pepper to  
taste, and put in enough potatoes for din-  
ner. Thicken with three tablespoonfuls of  
Indian meal. My mother used to make  
dumplings of meal and boil, then eat with  
maple syrup. This bean stew or porridge  
is kept as long as you wish, according  
to the old rhyme.

### Had this Dog any Instinct?

A gentleman in Connecticut took not long  
ago a collie from the Lotian Kennels at  
Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of his  
kind, soon made himself one of the family,  
and assumed special responsibilities in con-  
nection with the youngest child, a girl  
three years of age. It has poned one day in  
November that the father was returning  
from a drive, and, as he neared his house,  
he noticed the dog in a pasture which was  
separated by a stone wall from the road.  
From behind this wall the collie would  
spring up, bark, and then jump down again,  
constantly repeating it. Leaving his horse  
and going to the spot, he found his little  
girl seated on a stone, with the collie wag-  
ging his tail and keeping guard beside her.  
In the light snow their path could be plain-  
ly seen, and, as he traced it back, he saw  
where the little one had walked several times  
around an open well in the pasture.  
Very close to the brink were the prints of  
the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge  
of the well were the tracks of the collie,  
who had evidently kept between her and  
the well. I need not tell you the feelings of  
the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb  
creature, walking between the child and  
what might otherwise have been a terrible  
death.—Our Dumb Animals.

### Gambler.—"Have a game of poker, sir?"

Traveler.—"Thank you. I beg to be ex-  
cused."  
Gambler.—"Perhaps you object to games  
of chance?"  
Traveler.—"Not at all. What I object to  
is playing a game in which I have no  
chance."

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### Why He Failed.

"Want a boy?"  
"Yes, I advertised for one! Are you  
looking for a situation?"  
"That's what I am! What do you pay?"  
"You will not do for us at any price, so  
there is no need of entering into any partic-  
ulars."  
"Won't do? How do you know? I don't  
askin' any questions? I'm older'n I look, an'  
strong an' smart—smart as a steel trap, if I  
do say it myself, an' if you want to know  
more—"  
"Never mind any reference. You are  
not the sort of a boy we require."  
The young applicant was sorely disap-  
pointed, and would have pressed his plea  
still further but the gentleman turned from  
him so decidedly that he knew the interview  
was closed and went slowly out of the door,  
where a companion was waiting to hear of  
his success.

FOR APPLE PIE.—I take four table-  
spoonfuls of pastry flour, half the size of an  
egg, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, cut the  
lard into the flour with spoon or knife, new  
milk enough to make a stiff dough, rub a  
medium-sized pie plate with a very slight  
amount of butter, take half the dough and  
roll out for the lower crust. Pare, quarter,  
core and slice sour apples, put half a cup  
of sugar on the bottom crust, then fill mod-  
erately full with the apple, put on any spice  
to suit and a pinch of salt, I prefer allspice  
or nutmeg, wet the edges of the crust with  
water, roll out the other half of the dough  
and press lightly around the edge of the  
plate, bake in a moderately hot oven. Pies  
made of new milk are nice and tender;  
skimmed milk may be used, but is not as  
good; some milk and soda may also be used,  
but is not as good or healthful as sweet milk.  
We sometimes use.

RISE PUDDING.—Made after this rule  
which makes a very good dessert: Wash  
four tablespoonfuls of best rice thoroughly,  
put into a pudding dish, add pinch of salt  
and one quart of new milk, sweeten to taste  
and cook in a moderately hot oven. Stir  
often. The rice will swell and thicken  
the milk. It is good for invalids. I some-  
times make.

PORK STEW.—Which, if rightly made  
is delicious. Cut in strips three small slices  
of salt pork, have the kettle perfectly clean,  
put in two quarts of water, and add the  
pork; let it boil half an hour, then add  
potatoes pared and sliced, boil till done,  
then dip out the potatoes and thicken the  
gravy with a little flour rubbed in a small  
piece of butter, adding salt and pepper. If  
it is cold weather add a little cayenne pep-  
per or pepper pot.

WHITE BREAD.—Scald one quart of new  
milk, add a piece of lard as large as half a  
nutmeg, one dessert spoonful of sugar.  
When the milk cools, add one-fourth of a  
cup of butter, stir till dissolved, then  
stir in flour enough to make a dough, this  
is nearly thick enough to mould and keep stir-  
ring until it is smooth and light like cake;  
let it rise where it will keep warm but  
not hot, as much heat will spoil the bread.  
When it has risen light and spongy mould  
and put into two tins. When the loaf be-  
comes spongy and full of little holes  
next to the tin, put in a moderately hot  
oven; bake three-quarters of an hour.  
I cannot believe that pigs' feet and legs  
made into a "chicken pie" can be healthful.  
We always salt pigs' legs and cook with  
boiled dinners. Our men like them but I  
do not like them, knowing that they have  
stood and waded in filth while piggy was  
alive. Will the editor explain what the  
place in the pigs' legs where a waxy sub-  
stance discharges is for?

I think food and drinks should be warm  
when taken into the stomach. A cup of hot  
water, added will often help indigestion, be-  
cause it helps food to digest; it is excellent  
for a cold taken in connection with a hot  
foot-bath.

Eat slow; chew the food well, take as  
little liquid as possible while eating.  
Bathe often, and keep clean; air your  
sleeping and living rooms.  
Be gentle and kind to all, and especially  
so to the sad one whom you meet. Be kind  
and pleasant to the home circle, and do not  
be afraid to say to them "I love you." Help  
tired father and mother, and be helpful to  
brother or sister; by-and-bye it will be a  
great comfort to you to think that you tried  
to do right.

### Old Time Dishes.

RELIABLE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one  
and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of  
milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter,  
one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking  
powder. Flavor to suit the taste. Beat  
eggs, sugar, and butter together, then add  
rest of the ingredients.

A BEAN STEW.—He is something we al-  
ways like. Take a good beef bone and boil  
until tender. Have some beans well par-  
boiled, and to five pounds of beef take two  
quarts of beans, and salt and pepper to  
taste, and put in enough potatoes for din-  
ner. Thicken with three tablespoonfuls of  
Indian meal. My mother used to make  
dumplings of meal and boil, then eat with  
maple syrup. This bean stew or porridge  
is kept as long as you wish, according  
to the old rhyme.

### Had this Dog any Instinct?

A gentleman in Connecticut took not long  
ago a collie from the Lotian Kennels at  
Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of his  
kind, soon made himself one of the family,  
and assumed special responsibilities in con-  
nection with the youngest child, a girl  
three years of age. It has poned one day in  
November that the father was returning  
from a drive, and, as he neared his house,  
he noticed the dog in a pasture which was  
separated by a stone wall from the road.  
From behind this wall the collie would  
spring up, bark, and then jump down again,  
constantly repeating it. Leaving his horse  
and going to the spot, he found his little  
girl seated on a stone, with the collie wag-  
ging his tail and keeping guard beside her.  
In the light snow their path could be plain-  
ly seen, and, as he traced it back, he saw  
where the little one had walked several times  
around an open well in the pasture.  
Very close to the brink were the prints of  
the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge  
of the well were the tracks of the collie,  
who had evidently kept between her and  
the well. I need not tell you the feelings of  
the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb  
creature, walking between the child and  
what might otherwise have been a terrible  
death.—Our Dumb Animals.

### Gambler.—"Have a game of poker, sir?"

Traveler.—"Thank you. I beg to be ex-  
cused."  
Gambler.—"Perhaps you object to games  
of chance?"  
Traveler.—"Not at all. What I object to  
is playing a game in which I have no  
chance."

## TO TELL THE AGE OF HORSES.

To tell the age of a horse,  
Inspect the lower jaw, of course;  
The sixth front tooth the tale will tell,  
And every doubt and fear dispel.  
Two middle "nippers" you behold  
Before the colts are two weeks old;  
Before eight weeks two more will come;  
Before eight months the "corners" cut the  
gum.  
The outer grooves will disappear  
In two months from the middle two;  
In two years from the second pair;  
In three the corners, too, are bare,  
From middle "nippers" upper jaw  
At nine the black spots will withdraw;  
The second pair at ten are white;  
Eleven finds the "corners" light.  
The oval teeth three sided grow;  
They longer get, perfect before;  
Till twenty, when we know no more.

The Progress of Three Rivers.  
Mr. Nicholas Smith, who married a  
daughter of the late Horace Greeley, is  
United States Consul at Three Rivers, Que-  
bec, and he has sent to the State Department  
at Washington an interesting report on the  
trade and industries of that city. The docu-  
ment describes the efforts to boom the town  
as a site for manufactures. It was a very  
conservative place until it awoke to the  
necessity of preserving itself from stagna-  
tion. Sites for factories, financial aid, free  
of cost and taxation, were offered, and several  
establishments located in pursuance  
thereof. In the report Mr. Smith says:  
"Upon a pledge of 100 acres of land with-  
in the city limits, \$75,000, free harbor-  
age, and exempt from taxation for  
ninety-nine years, an English syndicate  
was formed to build an abattoir and meat-  
canning establishment in the city for the  
benefit of the European market. But a  
rumor adverse to the local conditions reach-  
ing London, a committee was sent out by  
the local authorities to ascertain the facts,  
and when, unexpectantly, they had been  
promoted had, inadvertently, somewhat  
glossed the advantages of the place by  
representing the province of Quebec  
as groaning beneath the tread of cattle  
aching to be converted into English bread  
and muscle, and that these patriotic ideas  
were then actually being carried to Chicago  
by the steamer and shipped indignantly  
as American beef to Liverpool and London.  
As the committee reached Canada in mid-  
winter, when snowdrifts and not short  
horns were rampant upon her thousand  
hills and no cattle were to be seen, their  
indignation knew no bounds, and long be-  
fore the snow melted the company was dis-  
solved. However, the project, nothing  
detracted by his disfigurement, hid him to  
New York, and it is now reported, has  
succeeded in organizing a new company  
upon the terms of the old.  
The outlook for Three Rivers was dark  
indeed, but it was the darkness that pre-  
cedes the breaking of the dawn. Mr. Smith  
adds:  
In shaping the destiny of a town, human  
intelligence is often mocked by blind chance.  
While the municipal authorities were tax-  
ing their wits and their real estate in a hope-  
less endeavor to boom their charge, the  
paper manufacturers of the United States  
were anxiously looking around for supplies,  
and in less than twelve months from the  
time their attention was called to the St.  
Maure forest, lying within the district and  
iron which only the cedar and pine had  
been called, 2,500 square miles of its timber  
passed into their possession.  
The Laurentide Pulp Company, a New  
York Association, with 324 miles of these  
"limits," has started a mill, the plant of  
which is said to have cost \$900,000; and in  
1890, the first year of its existence, all un-  
known and unadvertised as it was, it shipped  
to the United States alone 6,426,460 pounds  
of pulp. The Glen Falls and Ticon-  
deroga pulp companies, both of New York  
and have just acquired 537 square miles of these  
woodlands, and will, it is understood, pro-  
ceed at once to the erection of mills at this  
point to prepare wood for their factories at  
home. Two large Michigan firms have  
holdings of 1,683 square miles, and another  
New York Company is now negotiating for  
1,100,000 acres.

## Children of the Prince of Wales.

A writer in Harper's Young People says:  
I well remember seeing two lads, on a  
journey from Devonshire to London many  
years ago, eating their luncheon in the rail-  
way carriage at the station. The luncheon  
was spread out on a damask cloth laid on a  
seat between the two boys, and Prince  
George was busy cutting up a dainty bit of  
game for his elder brother, who had not  
peasant or a squire's son in the merry laugh  
and witty, kindly speech. The three Prin-  
cesses, Louise, Victoria and Maude, have  
been taught every housewife accomplish-  
ment. They can "bake and brew," like  
the girl in the old ballad, "make well a  
feather bed," and few Belgravian dress-  
makers can fit and fashion a gown as well  
as these sisters. Apart from these homely ac-  
quirements, they have, of course, had mas-  
ters in various branches; music and  
languages being specially considered, since  
of course, the society they have in court life  
is home or abroad, is cosmopolitan.  
Princess Maude, the youngest sister, is  
not only the prettiest of the trio, but is  
said to be the cleverest. But she has for  
some years been very delicate, and great  
care has to be taken of her.  
The Duchess of Fife is a woman of sound  
common sense and exquisite taste, in her  
home this quality has been most apparent,  
for she has been obliged to cast aside some  
of the state in which she was born and bred,  
and yet to hold her own as the Prince's  
daughter.

Victoria is an ardent lover of outdoor  
sports, fond of the country, never so happy  
as when at Sandringham. At the house of  
one of the few intimate friends of the young  
Princesses I remember seeing charming  
photographs, amateur work, of this Prin-  
cess with her dogs about her. She had evi-  
dently been out for a long ramble or scam-  
per, as her dress was rather rough and  
tumbled, her jacket buttoned crooked and  
her sailor hat somewhat awry, but the  
bright sweet face was very pleasant to look  
upon, just as the girl herself is when one  
sees her in the park during the sunny Lon-  
don season.

All three are plain likenesses of their still  
beautiful mother; yet they are bonny look-  
ing, fresh and clear eyed, with upright fig-  
ures, well poised heads and a graceful car-  
riage. They have not what are called  
"households" of their own. Since school-  
room days are over each has a lady com-  
panion and a "dresser" or maid, each her  
own special apartments in Marlborough  
house and at Sandringham, while a special  
"major domo" and a page are on duty for  
the two Princesses now at home. They are  
their mother's almost constant companions  
and are very young for their years, as might  
be expected from the sheltered lives they  
have lived.

## Forest Otis.

The "forest of Paris" or the "forest of  
London" would be regarded as a singular  
and contradictory expression, but, thanks  
to the modern fondness for seeing trees even  
in the crowded city, the great cities of the  
world have come to contain more trees than  
many forests of very respectable dimen-  
sions.  
For instance, a census of the trees of the  
city of Paris reveals the fact that within  
the limits of the capital there are growing  
upward of one hundred and twenty thou-  
sand trees, and about three hundred thou-  
sand shrubs. Of the trees, about twenty  
thousand are in the parks, and the others  
are planted along the streets.  
If these trees were planted all together,  
in the fashion in which trees grow in the  
forest, and at an average of twenty feet  
apart, they would make a wood more than  
one thousand acres in extent.  
Many American cities are as lavishly pro-  
vided with trees as Paris. In the United  
States, the city of Washington is remark-  
able for the great number and beauty of its  
trees.  
The planting of trees has undoubtedly  
exercised, on the whole, a favorable effect  
upon the health and upon the aesthetic sense  
of the people of our cities. Many other  
virtues spring up with the love of natural  
beauty which encourages the tree-planting.  
Communities which encourage tree-plant-  
ing do an excellent thing; but to plant trees  
which are sure to be unthrifty and unhealth-  
ful in certain situations is not a good means  
to develop the sense of beauty and the love  
of nature, but rather the reverse.  
It is desirable, therefore, to plant with  
understanding, and to take advantage of  
the knowledge and experience of experts.  
It is a point of wisdom to choose trees for  
city planting which grow spontaneously in  
the neighborhood, or which have been prov-  
ed thrifty there.

## The Editor Will Have his Little Joke.

A young man at the risk of his life saved  
a beautiful girl from drowning. Her grate-  
ful father seized the rescuer of his daugh-  
ter by the hand, and in a voice trembling  
with emotion said:  
"Noble youth, to you I am indebted for  
everything that makes life dear to me,  
which reward will you take—\$200,000, or  
the hand of my daughter?"  
"I'll take the daughter," replied the  
heroic rescuer, thinking thereby to get both  
the girl and the money.  
You have well chosen," replied the grate-  
ful father. "I could not have given you the  
\$200,000 just yet, anyhow, as I have not  
laid up that amount, being only a poor edit-  
or, but my daughter is yours for life. Take  
her and be happy. God bless you my child-  
ren."

## TO TELL THE AGE OF HORSES.

To tell the age of a horse,  
Inspect the lower jaw, of course;  
The sixth front tooth the tale will tell,  
And every doubt and fear dispel.  
Two middle "nippers" you behold  
Before the colts are two weeks old;  
Before eight weeks two more will come;  
Before eight months the "corners" cut the  
gum.  
The outer grooves will disappear  
In two months from the middle two;  
In two years from the second pair;  
In three the corners, too, are bare,  
From middle "nippers" upper jaw  
At nine the black spots will withdraw;  
The second pair at ten are white;  
Eleven finds the "corners" light.  
The oval teeth three sided grow;  
They longer get, perfect before;  
Till twenty, when we know no more.

The Progress of Three Rivers.  
Mr. Nicholas Smith, who married a  
daughter of the late Horace Greeley, is  
United States Consul at Three Rivers, Que-  
bec, and he has sent to the State Department  
at Washington an interesting report on the  
trade and industries of that city. The docu-  
ment describes the efforts to boom the town  
as a site for manufactures. It was a very  
conservative place until it awoke to the  
necessity of preserving itself from stagna-  
tion. Sites for factories, financial aid, free  
of cost and taxation, were offered, and several  
establishments located in pursuance  
thereof. In the report Mr. Smith says:  
"Upon a pledge of 100 acres of land with-  
in the city limits, \$75,000, free harbor-  
age, and exempt from taxation for  
ninety-nine years, an English syndicate  
was formed to build an abattoir and meat-  
canning establishment in the city for the  
benefit of the European market. But a  
rumor adverse to the local conditions reach-  
ing London, a committee was sent out by  
the local authorities to ascertain the facts,  
and when, unexpectantly, they had been  
promoted had, inadvertently, somewhat  
glossed the advantages of the place by  
representing the province of Quebec  
as groaning beneath the tread of cattle  
aching to be converted into English bread  
and muscle, and that these patriotic ideas  
were then actually being carried to Chicago  
by the steamer and shipped indignantly  
as American beef to Liverpool and London.  
As the committee reached Canada in mid-  
winter, when snowdrifts and not short  
horns were rampant upon her thousand  
hills and no cattle were to be seen, their  
indignation knew no bounds, and long be-  
fore the snow melted the company was dis-  
solved. However, the project, nothing  
detracted by his disfigurement, hid him to  
New York, and it is now reported, has  
succeeded in organizing a new company  
upon the terms of the old.  
The outlook for Three Rivers was dark  
indeed, but it was the darkness that pre-  
cedes the breaking of the dawn. Mr. Smith  
adds:  
In shaping the destiny of a town, human  
intelligence is often mocked by blind chance.  
While the municipal authorities were tax-  
ing their wits and their real estate in a hope-  
less endeavor to boom their charge, the  
paper manufacturers of the United States  
were anxiously looking around for supplies,  
and in less than twelve months from the  
time their attention was called to the St.  
Maure forest, lying within the district and  
iron which only the cedar and pine had  
been called, 2,500 square miles of its timber  
passed into their possession.  
The Laurentide Pulp Company, a New  
York Association, with 324 miles of these  
"limits," has started a mill, the plant of  
which is said to have cost \$900,000; and in  
1890, the first year of its existence, all un-  
known and unadvertised as it was, it shipped  
to the United States alone 6,426,460 pounds  
of pulp. The Glen Falls and Ticon-  
deroga pulp companies, both of New York  
and have just acquired 537 square miles of these  
woodlands, and will, it is understood, pro-  
ceed at once to the erection of mills at this  
point to prepare wood for their factories at  
home. Two large Michigan firms have  
holdings of 1,683 square miles, and another  
New York Company is now negotiating for  
1,100,000 acres.

## Children of the Prince of Wales.

A writer in Harper's Young People says:  
I well remember seeing two lads, on a  
journey from Devonshire to London many  
years ago, eating their luncheon in the rail-  
way carriage at the station. The luncheon  
was spread out on a damask cloth laid on a  
seat between the two boys, and Prince  
George was busy cutting up a dainty bit of  
game for his elder brother, who had not  
peasant or a squire's son in the merry laugh  
and witty, kindly speech. The three Prin-  
cesses, Louise, Victoria and Maude, have  
been taught every housewife accomplish-  
ment. They can "bake and brew," like  
the girl in the old ballad, "make well a  
feather bed," and few Belgravian dress-  
makers can fit and fashion a gown as well  
as these sisters. Apart from these homely ac-  
quirements, they have, of course, had mas-  
ters in various branches; music and  
languages being specially considered, since  
of course, the society they have in court life  
is home or abroad, is cosmopolitan.  
Princess Maude, the youngest sister, is  
not only the prettiest of the trio, but is  
said to be the cleverest. But she has for  
some years been very delicate, and great  
care has to be taken of her.  
The Duchess of Fife is a woman of sound  
common sense and exquisite taste, in her  
home this quality has been most apparent,  
for she has been obliged to cast aside some  
of the state in which she was born and bred,  
and yet to hold her own as the Prince's  
daughter.

Victoria is an ardent lover of outdoor  
sports, fond of the country, never so happy  
as when at Sandringham. At the house of  
one of the few intimate friends of the young  
Princesses I remember seeing charming  
photographs, amateur work, of this Prin-  
cess with her dogs about her. She had evi-  
dently been out for a long ramble or scam-  
per, as her dress was rather rough and  
tumbled, her jacket buttoned crooked and  
her sailor hat somewhat awry, but the  
bright sweet face was very pleasant to look  
upon, just as the girl herself is when one  
sees her in the park during the sunny Lon-  
don season.

All three are plain likenesses of their still  
beautiful mother; yet they are bonny look-  
ing, fresh and clear eyed, with upright fig-  
ures, well poised heads and a graceful car-  
riage. They have not what are called  
"households" of their own. Since school-  
room days are over each has a lady com-  
panion and a "dresser" or maid, each her  
own special apartments in Marlborough  
house and at Sandringham, while a special  
"major domo" and a page are on duty for  
the two Princesses now at home. They are  
their mother's almost constant companions  
and are very young for their years, as might  
be expected from the sheltered lives they  
have lived.

## Forest Otis.

The "forest of Paris" or the "forest of  
London" would be regarded as a singular  
and contradictory expression, but, thanks