

## Around the Hearth.

### The Death of the Old Horse.

Strong to the last, and he's dead. The mainstay of the farm: There was common blood in his veins; in his heart it was true and warm. We raised him up from a colt; he was full of promise then, And though he was only a brute, had some of the sense of men.

The children were crying around, but Tom lies ever so still. He knew each voice and would answer, though he was over the hill. No one but could stroke his name; with his head bent kindly near: And the little cheek pressed to his had never a reason to fear.

True to the last and he's dead. We will miss him here on the place. No matter how strong the strain, he never slackened a trace. There was something about him human, he knew what was to be done, And a furrow straight as a line it seemed his pleasure to run.

He always stopped at a word, and at a word he would start, And never needed a whip, a lash would have broken his heart: And I have n't that to regret, as a father by his dead child, When every former correction comes back to set him wild.

The money was never minted that could have bought him away: Every foot of the farm he knew, so long has been his stay: The burden was never too great, and the pull was never too strong: As long as the harness held he was bound to take it along.

Faithful down to the last, steady unto the end: The farm has lost a helper, and the family loses a friend. Poor Tom! in pastures green may his spirit for ever stay. There's a shadow over the homestead; there's a funeral here to-day.

### Early Rising.

More nonsense is talked about getting up early than probably on any other subject. The proper time to get up is when the sleeper is rested—neither before nor after.

There is no more virtue in the air between six and eight, than between eight and 10 A. M. Of course, if any one goes to bed at half-past nine at night he does want to rise so late as half-past nine the next day. Eight hours' sleep is, as a rule, sufficient even for the hardest worker.

If people went to bed at shortly after sunset they would naturally get up early; but it is a great question whether they would feel any better for the feat of commencing the toil of the day before, as Lamb says, the world is really warmed.

Wise people tell us that as much sleep before midnight is worth double the quantity afterwards, yet this maxim is merely due to the fact that to the ordinary man sitting up till twelve means over-fatigue, more rest next day.

The safest sleeping rules are to leave the bedroom window open two inches at the top in mild weather, for the purpose of ventilation, and get up as soon as the first good wake comes.

After from six to eight hours' rest the average man and woman becomes restless. The brain regains its energy, sleep is broken, and for all practical purposes the night's rest is over. This is the time to rise, and for a man to take, if he can stand it, a cold bath, commencing the work of the world again with the finest and healthiest stimulant which he can enjoy.

### Notes for the Dress Season.

New York fashion says that the veil whether of plain or dotted net, shall fall almost to the lips this winter, but shall not cover any part of the bonnet except the velvet binding.

Bunches of flowers in sets for the bonnet and muff are seen at the milliners, and also clusters of ferns and mosses in dull shades, brightened by the plumage of a tropical bird perched among them.

Pieces of velvet shaped like a yoke in the back, and imitating two scarfs sewed together at the end, are shown in the trimming shops. They are put on over the head and trim a dress waist at once, being especially useful to ladies who wear jerseys.

The waistcoats of the velvet polonaises imported from Paris are often covered with the same embroidery which borders the skirt panels. It is curved gracefully at the sides and makes a pretty connection between the skirt and waist.

Ladies who do not find the bonnet with the point above the centre of the forehead becoming, wear it with the point on one side, and on the other a dent, in which is set a feather, so that the general outline makes a curve at the top.

The striped brocade satins in gold and bright colors are considered pretty this season for young girls, who, at other times, wear white or soft, plain colors. The satins are as pretty as if embroidered, and the girls are fortunate.

Black is the ground color in nearly all the newest stockings. It may be dotted or striped, or plaid with white or color, but it is there in all, except some very fine stockings in soft color which have lace stripes in the same tint.

The new woollen lace embroidered in chenille is used in the same way as the lighter lace for trimming. It is sometimes arranged in straight flounces, and sometimes in curved rows, with velvet between each row to form apertures.

The little jet balls which are thickly scattered on satin and silk to make side panels for skirts are very pretty in themselves, each one as carefully finished as if it were to be submitted to a separate examination. Looking at them and at the light, hollow bead on the laces and trimmings, one acquires new ideas of the resources of glass manufacture.

The Princess of Wales has set the fashion of wearing black velvet bonnets brightened by a cluster of small ostrich feathers in crushed strawberry or pink.

The blouse waist is used even for silk frocks and looks very pretty with a velvet waistcoat. The belt worn with such costumes may be of velvet or may be embroidered with beads.

### Pantry Points.

COMPRESSED YEAST.—An ounce cake is considered equal to a gill of liquid yeast; half a cake is sufficient to "rais" three large loaves; half a medium-sized cup of liquid yeast will also accomplish this.

HAM FOR BREAKFAST.—Fried ham for breakfast is particularly nice when the slices are cut the night before and are allowed to soak all night in a cup of water to which a tablespoonful of sugar has been added. This softens the meat and takes out the oppressively salt taste.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—Graham puffs for breakfast are rich and a great deal nicer than the plain ones. Take one pint of sweet milk, one pint of graham flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one egg; beat the egg, then add the milk, and then the flour gradually; beat it very briskly for four or five minutes, then pour into buttered gem pans; bake in a hot oven.

ROLLED BEEFSTEAK. Rolled beefsteak is a very good way to of cooking an inferior steak. Take a round steak, beat it and spread with a dressing, such as is used for poultry. Begin at one end and roll it neatly, tying it to keep it in shape. Put it in a bake pan with a little water, and bake until the meat is tender, basting it frequently. Thicken the gravy in the pan with a little flour wet with cold water, and season it nicely, adding a little catsup or sauce of some kind. Pour it around the meat. Cut it as you would a berry-roll, slicing off the ends neatly.

### FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

When the tramp asks for bread do not give him a stone. Set the dog on him.

One of the problems which puzzle a musician is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demi-semi-quaver.

"Pa," asked Walter, "what is a Buddhist?" "A Buddhist, my son," replied pa, "is a well a sort of horticultural chap—you've heard of budding fruits, you know."

No, Laura, no. They do not "open the campaign with a can-opener." They do it with a cork screw. How little, alas! do women know about politics.

Said a lady to the famous actor Garrick: "I wish you were taller." "Madame," replied the wit, "how happy I should be to stand higher in your estimation."

"So you call that well water?" remarked the stranger, spurring the offending liquid from his mouth. "Great Scott! how must it have tasted when it was ill!"

In putting up your screen doors and windows be very particular to have a little hole in one corner so that the flies can go out of doors when they get tired of being inside.

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office-boy, "suppose you go for the mail." "Yes, sir; an' what kind of mail wud ye be wantin, sir—Indian mail or oat mail?"

Twenty-one freshmen were lately suspended from an English college because a professor could not find who placed a tack in his chair.

"You look as if you had been kissed by a breeze from Northland," said a poetic young lady to a pretty friend, whose cheeks were glowing with color. "Oh, no," was the laughing reply, "It was only a soft heir from Baltimore."

"Mr Jones," said little Johnnie to that gentleman, who was making an afternoon call, "can whisky talk?" "No, my child; however can you ask such a question?" "Oh, nothing; only ma said whiskey was beginning to tell on you."

She danced with me,  
And certainly  
She seemed the fairest, sweetest born;  
Until she stopped upon my corn.  
Oh, jinniny!  
She danced with me!

Patient—Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me. Doctor (after feeling of her pulse)—There is nothing the matter, madam. All you need is rest. Patient—Now, aren't you mistaken, doctor? Please study my case carefully. Just look at my tongue. Doctor—That needs rest, too.

When a Philadelphia father chided his daughter for allowing a young gentleman visitor to kiss her, she replied, with some spirit: "I couldn't help it, pa. After he kissed me the first time I told him to stop it, and he didn't mind at all." And the next day, when her father brought home a baseball-catcher's mask and told her to wear it when her young gentleman friend called, she was mean enough to call him a luteful old thing and to declare that if it wasn't for the fact that it would make a good bustle she'd smash it to atoms.

### "Sleeping Love."

A fine steel engraving of Perault's charming picture, "Sleeping Love," has been offered by the publishers of Godey's Lady's Book to every new subscriber to the magazine for the year 1885. The plate is a very artistic one, beautifully printed on thick paper of a size suitable for handsome framing. The subject, a little dimpled Love, adorned with nothing but his baby charms, is lying on a soft grassy couch, fast asleep among the wild flowers, his round, white limbs approaching the cool umbrage of a pond of water lilies. One little chubby hand rests lightly on his unstrung bow, which is lying under him, while the other hand is softly pressed upon his cheek, the plump fingers threading the wavy masses of his floating hair. Under the right arm and shoulder one little downy wing is snugly tucked away, while the other peeps up from the back with pretty suggestiveness. Overhead are drooping, shadowy boughs covered with rich foliage, and the background reveals a deep perspective of cool forest shade. The picture is one of striking simplicity, yet admirable composition, and the figure of the "Sleeping Love" himself, with drooping eyelids and softly parted lips that offset the rounded beauty of babyhood, is one of the prettiest you could well conceive of. Messrs. J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., proprietors of Godey's Lady's Book, have produced this charming picture most successfully. It is much admired by some of the most fastidious connoisseurs.

In addition to the stories in the Christmas Harper's Magazine, Mr. W. D. Howells will contribute another amusing farce, similar to "The Register" of last year. "The Elevator" is the title, and the subject is the adventures of a party of guests invited to a Christmas dinner, who are caged in an elevator suspended like Mohammed's coffin between heaven and earth, by its refusal to go up higher. Mr. Reinhart furnishes some capital pen-and-ink illustrations.