

Modern Tea Parties.

In olden times a tea party was the occasion of a house cleaning as thorough as the spring and fall upheaval, and for that reason was an event of rare occurrence with our grandmothers.

Now-a-days we take the stranger within our gates with far less disturbance of the household machinery, the modern tea party enabling the conscientious housekeeper to take "company" a little easier, hence to exercise sociability and true hospitality more frequently. The young housekeeper, especially in small towns, is often too fearful of being criticised by her seniors, or perhaps by her contemporaries, if she attempts any form of hospitality which has not the old time lavishness, say prodigality, which made it impossible for housekeepers of moderate purses to entertain more than once a year.

To such the tea party about to be described will come like a boon, having the fashion to commend it, and no one will be disposed to quarrel with a fashion which had so much to commend it. This modern tea party tastefully and gracefully served achieves its end of bringing friends together quite as well as the old-time party with its lavish and costly display. I know a well-bred little lady, a clergyman's wife, who instituted in a small country town a successful series of afternoon teas, whereby she entertained the whole parish in the course of a few weeks for a sum of money which would have been barely sufficient to provide for an old time tea party of ten guests.

Nothing is easier than the giving of an afternoon tea, provided the hostess observes the simplicity which she should, in her bill of fare, and does not ask more guests than she can readily entertain, say ten, twelve or more ladies. The hours are from three until six, or from four until six.

A table is placed in the room where the hostess receives her guests, and on this a white tablecloth, a brass kettle for hot water, or a silver urn such as one finds on a breakfast table, a tea pot with plenty of fresh tea leaves, such a number of cups and saucers as the hostess may think necessary, a small pitcher of cream, a sugar bowl, a plate of thin ham sandwiches cut in three-cornered pieces without crust, on another similar plate sponge, lady fingers, sugar wafers or macaroons, any form of cake small and dainty to handle.

The hostess wears a simple afternoon dress, and her guests do not remove their bonnets or gloves; frequently this mistake occurs at a first party, and a lady is embarrassed by finding herself the only guest uncovered.

As it does not often happen when a number of ladies are invited for a movable hour that all arrive at once, the hostess has no difficulty in pouring the tea and handing the sandwiches and cake herself to the first arrivals, who should assist her by cordially adapting themselves to the circumstances. Toward the close of the afternoon the room may be quite full, and the hostess will need the aid of some deft hands. Usually in households where the maid of all work is not trained to wait, one or two little girls, children of the house or an intimate neighbor, can be of more real service in passing cups and cake, renewing the hot water, etc., than a clumsy adult.

In large cities where ladies have a number of such teas to attend in one afternoon, they remain only a short time; but in smaller towns, where the purpose is more to draw a number of pleasant

people together for a few hours, the earliest guests often linger with the latest although the tea drinking is not observed by them more than once, sometimes twice.

Compensation.

Through our lives mysterious changes,
Through the sorrow haunted years
Runs a law of compensation
For our sufferings and our tears;
And the soul that reasons rightly,
All its sad complaining stills,
Till it gains that calm condition,
Where it wishes not, and wills.

Give Him a Lift.

Give him a lift! don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help, not prayer and creed.

'Tis time when the wounds are washed and
healed—

That the inward motive be revealed;
But now, whate'er the spirit be,
Mere words are but mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore;
Pray, if you must in your heart,
But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice—
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds:
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown,
Who gives them a lift when they are down!

Helpful Hints.

The following hints are from two well-known authorities on hygiene:

Kiss the children good-night, and let them go to bed in a pleasant, happy frame of mind, as that condition conduces to refreshing slumber. Never scold or deliver lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings, as it goes to bed.

Children should never wear the ordinary elastic garter, as it causes obstruction of the circulation. At the bend of the knee the superficial veins of the leg unite and pass up deeply in the under part of the thigh; thus a garter worn beneath the knee acts as a ligature, and prevents free circulation of the blood.

A warm bath early in the day followed by a simple douche of cold water, is far preferable to the cold bath for young children, or a warm bath at night for the sake of cleanliness, and none at all in the morning. It may be taken as a rule that, in the case of children, sudden changes of temperature are dangerous, and that fifty-eight to sixty degrees may be taken as the average temperature in which they should be constantly kept.

Parents should not allow their children to be waked up in the morning; let nature wake them; she will not do it prematurely. Have a care, however, that they go to bed at an early hour. Let the hour be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake naturally in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up suddenly and early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any study late before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever.

The Mother-in-Law.

Daisy Dean in the Detroit Free Press:—It is a mystery which no one has yet solved why so many sad jokes are constantly being perpetrated about a man's mother-in-law. What dreadful crime has the unfortunate woman committed in providing the man with his wife that he should bear such an undying grudge against her?

Now if it was a woman's mother-in-law who was made the butt of these jokes there might be a grain of sense in them; for it is the man's mother who has it in her power to make life a burden to the young wife and not half try.

As a matter of fact, a woman is usually proud and fond of her son-in-law if he only gives her the ghost of a chance.

When the young couple first go to housekeeping who is it that comes in and with her good sense and practical experience tides them over the rough places?

A man's mother-in-law.

It is the woman's mother-in-law who is most apt to criticise, and who exasperates the young wife by quoting, all too frequently:—"My son is used to having things thus and so." "My son must have this or that for his meals." "My son, with his small income, should have married a prudent, economical woman," etc.

When the first baby makes its appearance, as well as the successive ones, who is it that steps in and relieves the husband of his weary vigils and takes the load of care and worry off the wife's feeble shoulders and keeps the household machinery running smoothly?

The man's mother-in-law.

When he and his wife plan to take a little trip together, who is it that comes in and takes charge of the house and the children, so that they can peacefully enjoy their holiday, with the restful thought, "Mother is there, and it will be all right?"

The man's mother-in-law.

When there is sickness or trouble in the house, who is the faithful nurse, the wise counselor, the sympathizing friend?

The man's mother-in-law.

And if, in the course of events, the wife dies, who is it that usually comes and takes care of the children and keeps up the home till the bereaved husband has time to look around and find another wife?

A man's mother-in-law.

And how does he reward her for all this devotion?

By making heartless jokes at her expense, and publishing them for other men to snicker over!
Ingratitude, thy name is Man!

An Ancient Cemetery on the Nile.

An ancient Egyptian necropolis has been discovered in the Lybian desert, opposite Assuan, on the left bank of the Nile. Among the tombs already opened are several which date apparently from the twelfth dynasty (B. C. 3000). They consist of two or more halls or chambers, connected by corridors, the roofs being supported by columns and the walls decorated with colored bas-reliefs in brilliant preservation. Several of the tombs appear to belong to members of a noble, if not royal, family. The cemetery is apparently of great extent. It was discovered by General Grenfell, who is busily clearing out the tombs with the help of English soldiers. The largest tomb, usurped by later comers, was found piled to the ceiling with mummies, mummy cases, and funeral furniture of Roman times.