

smells. I had to fish out the bottle of smelling salts, which a friend in need had told me would be necessary, and it was. We also visited the Joss House, and had the rather weird services performed in Chinese for us, then wandered into some of the shops where curios are sold, after which we looked into a barber shop from outside, where Chinese get shaved once a week, and have their pig-tails braided. Their meats are nearly all dried, such as chicken, hams, cut and dried, and such queer vegetables. Then we went up narrow staircases, black darkness, and to my mind, creeping, full of hideousness. One lady of our party ran into a Chinaman on the stairs, and she said he felt so soft she thought at first he was a bag of feathers, never dreamt of his being a 'chink.' We went to another little alley, where dwells Annie, the pioneer Chinawoman, who is old and blind, and has sixteen cats! "The druggists put up such funny prescriptions, dried bugs and dried toads, etc., and yet their people live to be fifty and seventy years of age. Still, the opium habit creates great havoc among the men."

Now, my dear nieces, I hope to hear from very many of you, and that letters from far and near may be piled upon my desk.

MINNIE MAY.

A Mother's Devotion.

All the way through a man's life, be it consumed like a beautiful fabric in unholy passion, or held aloft like St. George's banner, undefiled in the battle of life, his mother stands by him to the last. If he is successful, she is proud; if he is often cast down, she is pitiful; if he is wicked, she excuses him; if he dies young, her hopes are buried in his grave, and she never ceases to dream of what her darling might have been. Others may love him well, but their love never discounts hers. Others may be proud of him, but she always sits in the front row with those who applaud, and catches the splendor of his achievements before it is more to other eyes than a light reflected from afar, or the noise of wings that tarry in their coming. She anticipates his triumphs and antedates his victories. There is an "I told you so" in her proud eyes long before men hand in the verdict of his greatness, and all his achievements are but the prophecies of her loving dreams.

And when she dies, when the fluttering breath has expended itself in the last kiss, when the soft old hands have loosened their clasp, never before removed since his helpless baby days, when the patient, yearning eyes have withdrawn their gaze to look their first on God, what loss can overtake a man's life like this? The dove that brooded above the household nest, and kept every nursing in the shadow of her wings, has winged her flight to Heaven. The everlasting love, that no unfaith, nor sin, nor ingratitude could chill or destroy, has vanished like the sun from out the sky, leaving only a few faint stars and a wan and chilly moon to fill its place.—Chicago Journal.

Laugh.

There is absolutely nothing that will help you bear the ills of life so well as a good laugh. Laugh all you can. If the clothes-line breaks, if the cat tips over the milk and the dog elopes with the roast, if the children fall into the mud simultaneously with the advent of clean aprons, if the new girl quits in the middle of housecleaning, and though you search the earth with candles, you find none other to take her place; if a neighbor in whom you have trusted goes back on you and keeps chickens, if the chariot wheels of the uninvited guest draw near when you are out of provender, and the gaping of an empty purse is like the unfilled mouth of a young robin, take courage, if you have enough sunshine in your heart to keep a laugh on your lips.

The Birds' Lullaby.

I.
Sing to us, cedars: the twilight is creeping,
With shadowy garments, the wilderness through;
All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping,
So echo the anthems we warble to you;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

II.
Sing to us, cedars: the night wind is sighing,
Is wooing, is pleading to hear your reply;
And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
And longing to dream to your soft lullaby;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

III.
Sing to us, cedars: your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so strong;
Our little nest-cradles are swaying so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song;
And we swing, swing,
While your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

—E. Pauline Johnson.

Two Letters From Her.

BY TOM HALL.

I wrote her a letter. It took her quite two
To answer it after she'd read it.
My letter contained what perhaps even you
Have written—at least, you have said it.

My letter contained the old tale of a heart
That longed to be linked to another;
And I told her to think on each separate part,
And ask the advice of her mother.

She apparently did, for the very next mail
Brought me a message of woe.
It took her two letters; they made me turn pale;
For they were the letters "N" "O."

Genuine Gems.

No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after a longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on nature's reality, and be presented there for payment with the answer, "No effects."

—Carlyle.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime:
Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

—Milton.

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God.

—Cowper.

I feel my immortality oversweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals
Into my ears this truth, "Thou livest forever."

—Byron.



THE CAT FEIGNING DEATH.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

—Cowper.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—Pope.

The chain of destiny leads him who obeys, but drags him
who resists it.

—Madame de Sevigne.

Nothing is impossible. There are ways which lead to
everything, and if we had sufficient will we should always
have sufficient means.

—Rochefoucauld.

Then gently scan thy brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though both may go a kennei wrang,
To step aside is human.

—Robert Burns.

Somewhere.

'Tis always morning somewhere, little heart;
Somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue;
No night can wrap in darkness all the world,
Some rift the sun is ever shining through.

There's always happiness somewhere, sad heart;
Somewhere is always love and hope and cheer;
No sorrow can forever hide God's smile,
No life is toil and grief from birth to bier.

Look up and bide with patience, then, dear heart;
The sacred promise of the dawn is true;
Beyond the cloud a grand new day shall rise,
And what of joy is yours will come to you.

The Cat Feigning Death.

Gempt's painting of "The Cat Feigning Death," taking its subject from La Fontaine's well-known fable, shows the waste of intelligence of the most acute of all rat-kind, in the presence of a superior brain. All the experience and cunning of the brightest wits among the wary rodents will avail nothing against the strategy of Tabby, born to be monarch of rat-land. The big, gray rat in front has already lost his tail in the steel-trap; this must have been some minutes since, for he has now regained his composure, and returns with the others, to regard his lost appendage, now no longer a part of his entity. A white and lady-like mother-rat, with her six daughters, is lecturing her brood and engaging them to put not their trust in the princes—of "St. Kits." Two courageous old diplomatists stretched upon their hind-quarters, actually venture to touch the enemy, convincing themselves according to all the rules of war that the oppressor is really dead. At the right, a white rat has already met his fate in a cage, and is learnedly examined by a couple of his fellows, who bemoan his imprudence, themselves being, in private and personal opinion, notoriously invincible. The cat sees and hears all this—as the cat is alive, and is painted so as to look alive, for there never was such a healthy skin on a dead cat.

The etcher, Mr. P. Moran, of Philadelphia, has admirably succeeded in rendering the downy texture of the animals, the crisp, rich grit of the rough-cast wall, and the cellar gloom just broken by shooting and glancing lights.

Recipes.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Eight lbs. stoned raisins, 2 lbs. currants, 3 lbs. blanched almonds, 4 lbs. butter, 3½ lbs. sugar, 3 doz. eggs, 2 lbs. mixed peels, ½ pt. black molasses, 1 cup whisky, 1 cup sour cream, 1 dessertspoon soda, 1 oz. mixed spice, 2 nutmegs; flour to stiffen. This recipe can be recommended, and will be found excellent.

BROWN BREAD.

One egg, 1 pint sour milk, ½ cup molasses, 1 small teaspoonful of soda, 1 quart Graham flour.

LUCY'S TEA CAKE.

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

COOKIES.

One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup sweet milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder; flour, enough to roll out, but not to make a stiff dough; bake in a hot oven.

APPLE TAPIOCA.

Pare and core 6 apples, fully ripe; set these in a pudding dish. Fill the hollow of each apple with powdered sugar and stick into the pulp 3 cloves. Sprinkle around the fruit 6 tablespoonfuls of large pearl tapioca; squeeze a little lemon juice on each apple, and pour 2 cups of cold water into the dish. If this is baked very slowly for an hour and a-half, the tapioca will form a delicate jelly all about the apples; and, served lukewarm (not hot) with cream, will be found very good.

A Good World, After All.

Some say this world is an old, old world,
But it's always been new to me;
With its boundless range of ceaseless change,
And hope of things to be,
A new friend takes my hand,
When the old ones pass away;
The old days die, but the light in the sky
Is the dawn of another day.

Some say this world is a cold, cold world,
But it's always been bright to me;
With its hearthstone fires and warm desires,
For the things that are yet to be,
And if I must labor, I wait,
And trust to the fields I have sown;
For I know there is truth in the promise of youth
I will sometime come to my own.

Some say this world is a sad, sad world,
But it's always been glad to me;
For the brook never laughs like my soul when it quaffs,
And feasts on the things to be,
The night comes on with its rest;
The morning comes on with its song;
The hours of grief are few and brief,
But joy is a whole life long.

Some say this world is a bad, bad world,
But it's always been good to me;
With its errors there live dear hearts that forgive,
And hope for the things to be,
This world is not old nor cold;
This world is not sad or bad;
If you look to the right, forgetting the night,
And say to your soul: "Be glad."

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate, either of his virtues or his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

Johnson.