

syrup; simmer gently for one hour. Stand aside to cool. Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream; add one cupful of granulated sugar. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of water and add it to half a cupful of buttermilk or sour milk; add this to the batter; add two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and one egg well beaten. Sift two cupfuls of flour; add a little flour, a little of the dried apple mixture, and a little more flour until you have the whole well mixed. The batter must be the thickness of ordinary cake batter. Pour this into a well-greased cake pan, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Humorous.

Every one notes that the passage of time seems now swift and now slow; but it is not given to every one to express his cognizance of this fact in Mrs. Herlihy's bewildering language.

"Sure, an' yisterday the hours was dragging at me heels as if they'd stoned tied to thim," remarked the good woman as she bent over the scrubbing-board, wrestling with Mr. Herlihy's one white shirt: "an' here's to-day they're galloping that fast it's mesilf can't even catch the tails av thim."

"Yisterday at this toime," she continued, after one fearful glance at the clock in the corner, "yisterday at this toime it was nowheres near half past tin, an' to-day it's all but twilve!"

Pope Leo X. Taking His Last Farewell of Raphael.

Very partial was Mother Nature to the "Prince of Painters." To his comprehensive and almost peerless genius was added a rare grace of person; a face almost feminine in its pensive beauty; a winning sweetness of manner; and, above all, the impulses of a large and noble heart, to which resentment and envy were strangers. When the works, in the Vatican, of several well-known artists were ordered to be removed in order to make room for his own, Raphael, with respectful love for his old master, besought that those of Perugino might be spared. Ignoring the hostility of Michael Angelo, Raphael expressed gratitude to Heaven that he was the contemporary of so great a man. We are told that "whenever any other painter, whether known to him or not, requested any design or assistance, of whatever kind, at his hands, he would invariably leave his work to do him service. He continually kept a large number of artists employed, all of whom he assisted and instructed, with an affection which was rather that of a father to his children than of an artist to artists. From these things it followed that he was never seen to go to court but surrounded and accompanied, as he left his

A Pharisee Rebuked.

In his latest book, "John Bull & Co." (Charles Webster & Co.), Max O'Rell tells this story about himself: I had just returned to the hotel after having given a lecture to the Scotch at the town hall. I was half undressed, when there came a knock at my bedroom door. It was a waiter bearing a card; one of the Christian ministers of the town wished to see me at once on a very urgent matter. I bid the waiter show the reverend gentleman up. A man of about fifty, in the usual black ecclesiastical coat and white cravat, and holding a soft felt hat, appeared in the doorway, wearing a sad face. I recognized him as one of my audience that evening.

"Excuse my costume," I began, "but you wished to speak to me on urgent business, and I thought best not to make you wait."

"There is nothing wrong with your dress," he broke in; "this is not any affair of the body, but of the soul. I have come to pray for you."

I was taken a little by surprise and felt a trifle discountenanced, but I quickly regained my composure. "Why, certainly," I said; "with the greatest of pleasure, if it can make you happy."

He knelt, put his elbows on the bed, buried his head in his hands, and began, "Lord, this man whom Thou seest near me is not a sinful man; he is suffering from the evil of the century; he has not been touched by Thy grace; he is a

stranger, come from a country where religion is turned to ridicule. Grant that his travels through our godly lands may bring him into the narrow way that leads to everlasting life."

The prayer, most of which I spare you, lasted at least ten minutes. When he had finished, my visitor rose and held out his hand. I shook it.

"And now," said I, "allow me to pray for you."

He signified consent by a movement of the hand. I did not go on my knees, but with all the fervor that is in me, I cried, "Lord, this man whom thou seest beside me, is not a sinful man. Have mercy upon him, for he is a Pharisee, who doubts not for one moment, and that without knowing me, that he is better than I. Thou who hath sent in vain Thy Son on earth to cast out the Pharisees, let thy grace descend upon this one; teach him that the foremost Christian virtue is charity, and that the greatest charity is that which teaches us that we are no better than our brethren. This man is blinded by pride; convince him, open his eyes, pity him, and forgive him, as I forgive him. Amen."

I looked at the good clergyman. He was rooted to the floor, amazement written on his face. I once more took his hand and shook it. "And now," said I, "we are quits. Good

night." He went away somewhat abashed, pocketing the mild reproof.

Young Old Women

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth, says Modes and Fabrics. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things. She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

How little it costs if we give it a thought.

To make happy some heart each day;

Just one kind word, or a sunny smile,

As we go on our daily way.

Perchance a look will suffice to clear

The cloud from a neighbor's face.

And the touch of a hand in sympathy

Removes the tear's sad trace.

—Mary D. Brine



(From the original painting by Pietro Michis.)

POPE LEO X. TAKING HIS LAST FAREWELL OF RAPHAEL.

"Did you see a man and a woman driving past here in a buggy about an hour ago?" asked a detective known to the Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.

"Ah," said the detective, "now we are getting on the right track! What kind of a horse was it?"

"They were driving so fast I didn't notice that," replied Mrs. Blank. "But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style, with stitched seams, a white pique skirt with deep circular flounce, a satin straw hat, tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see."

The Duke of Argyll was once travelling in a railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland. At one of the stations a little commercial drummer entered. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction.

Here the Duke of Northumberland went out and was met by a train of flunkies and servants.

"That must be some great swell," remarked the drummer to his unknown companion.

"Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the drummer. "And to think he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

It was hailing one day, and a little girl looked out of the window, and exclaimed: "O mamma, it is raining tiny little moth-balls!"

house, by some fifty painters, all men of ability and distinction, who attended him to give evidence of the honor in which they held him." So we see that Raphael was a prince of men, as well as a prince of artists; his heart, even more than his genius, commanded the homage of his fellows. Among his attached friends were popes, cardinals and nobles, as well as those in the lower walks of life. Popes Julius II. and Leo X. in turn betrayed for him an affection truly paternal. Stricken down after a brief illness, at the early age of thirty-seven, when his unrivalled powers seemed scarce yet to have attained their utmost reach, Raphael's death brought poignant grief to countless hearts, and was regarded as a calamity to his country and to art; and certainly none have risen equal to him, nor is there yet reason to hope that any ever will.

The last picture that he painted, and upon which he had not yet laid the finishing touches—"The Transfiguration"—is esteemed his greatest work, and, likewise, all things considered, the greatest of all paintings. The lamented artist was laid in state in the chamber in the Vatican in which he was accustomed to work, and beside him was placed his last and noblest creation. As he thus lies in the peaceful beauty of death, his venerable friend, Leo, comes to take his last adieu, and, truly, the Sovereign Pontiff never appeared more worthy of reverence than in the expression of his grief at the decease of his cherished young friend.

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