

About the House.

THE SOUND OF LITTLE FEET.

I listen in the morning
For the sound of little feet
That pattered along in the sunshine,
Over the quiet street;
For the tones of the sweet voice singing
Some quaint love's strain of old,
As I saw the wee hands full of flowers,
And the sunny head crown'd with gold.
I watch'd when the noon was over,
And the clock in the tower struck four,
As the children came slowly homeward,
The hour of schooltime o'er;
And I heard 'mid the ripple of voices,
The one that my heart lov'd best,
And I saw a smile like a sunbeam
Stray'd out of the glowing west.

And now, in the hush of gloaming,
I watch and I list again;
But the little feet come no longer,
No more do I hear that strain;
For the flower and the bird's little
child-heart
Are hushed into slumber sweet,
Tho' I know that in Heaven the angels
Hear the sound of the little feet.

CARING FOR BABY.

Young mothers are usually anxious to get all the information possible on this subject, so I will tell you a few things that I have learned from experience and observation, writes Clara Hammond.

It is well to send the baby out for an airing every day if he is confined to competent hands. See that the little body is not harried and wearied by being rattled over a rough road, until he receives more harm than good from his outing. Almost every one knows what a difference there is in drivers, how one man will take you to your journey's end, feeling that you are bruised all over from jolting about, while another will avoid the rocks and moderate his speed over the rough places. Be sure that babies suffer quite as much as their elders from unskillful driving.

If a mother cannot nurse her baby, or if her milk is lacking in nutrition, which is often the case, she will find an excellent substitute in lactated food. Cow's milk is almost sure to disagree with a young baby, as cows eat all kinds of weeds, and drink water that is far from being pure, and when the baby's life is at stake, it is safer to provide other food for him.

Feed the child at regular intervals, and the same amount each time. Under two months, he should be fed every two or three hours during the day, and not quite so often at night. At six months of age, five or six times during the twenty-four hours will be sufficient. Of course the bottles and rubber nipples should be kept sweet and clean. Give him a drink of fresh water several times during the day, especially in warm weather. If care is used in feeding him, his bowels will usually give no trouble, but if he has diarrhea have a medicine prepared as follows: Aromatic powder of chalk and opium, 10 grains, oil of dill 5 drops, simple syrup 3 drams, water 9 drams, one-half teaspoonful to be given to an infant of six months or under, and a teaspoonful to a child above that age every four hours until the bowels are checked.

Teach the baby to take his sleep regularly, and remember that a great deal of sleep is necessary for children. Have all garments loose enough for comfort. Use no starch in his clothing, and keep his bibs dry, if you have to change them every hour. A bath in water that has been left in the sunshine until one or two o'clock in the afternoon, will often prevent the cross spell so common to babies in the evening.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE SANDWICH.

Among the various branches of cooking which have been vastly improved the sandwich is prominent. The invalid, the traveller, the athlete and the fashionable caller all welcome it eagerly, and it is, too, an important feature of the home table, and often a bit of pleasant economy.

Sandwiches may be classed under five main divisions, meat, green, salad, cheese and the sweet varieties, with many delightful combinations.

Perfumed butter, after the French, is especially dainty to use in making them—orange blossoms, violets, Japanese honeysuckles, roses, rose geraniums, etc., only one kind at a time. The butter is wrapped in a bit of muslin or cheesecloth and placed in a small jar, the flowers lavishly scattered over the butter, closely covered. Graham, white and whole wheat breads are all desirable, and "should be twelve hours old." Two kinds of bread are often used together. They may be round, square, triangular, heart-shaped and oblong, the latter flat or rolled.

Cold chicken, finely chopped and moistened with a little mayonnaise, forms a popular filling. Slice the bread very thin, and always trim the edges neatly; butter lightly. Place the chicken on one piece of bread and press another one on it, and cut into whatever form you wish.

Lamb sandwiches are new and d.

licious. The lamb is sliced thin, and has a seasoning of cinnamon and cloves.

Tongue—Butter lightly thin slices of graham bread, and spread generously with cold boiled tongue, chopped fine. Proceed in the same way in making ham sandwiches, using boiled or devilled ham and white bread preferably.

Game sandwiches are very appetizing, especially duck, made with graham bread. Sandwiches made of cold calves' liver, highly seasoned and chopped, have found much favor with men, rye or graham bread being chosen. Minced fish mixed with a little mustard, pepper, salt and lemon juice, or with a mayonnaise, have been frequently seen during Lent, and are suitable for the spring months. One of the combinations has sardines with chopped hard boiled eggs and stoned olives.

Oysters, always delicious, are now found between tiny squares of brown bread. They are either broiled or fried, then chopped and mixed with salad oil. Crabs are also used.

Refreshing are the sandwiches formed of dainty white bread and a bit of fresh, crisp green—watercress, lettuce, nasturtiums or mint, dressed with mayonnaise. The watercress, etc., must always be fresh.

Celery Sandwiches—Chop fine several stalks of celery, adding a salad dressing to make a thick paste. Use either white or graham bread. A summer dainty is a thin slice of food cucumber with an oil dressing.

Among the salad sandwiches are the olive—the latter are stoned and chopped fine, adding a little salad oil; the tomato—a slice is seasoned with salt, pepper and a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice, and placed between two rounds of bread.

Parisian Sandwiches—Chop two hard-boiled eggs fine, add mayonnaise, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and two cupfuls of salmon. Just before placing the upper piece of bread add a little minced lettuce or celery. Another variety has mustard, horseradish and olive oil.

Of course eggs find their own sphere here; one way is to slice the hard-boiled eggs into rings and dip in vinegar, add salt, a little mustard and a few drops of onion juice; in another style the eggs are mixed with butter to a paste, seasoned with pepper and celery salt.

Cheese sandwiches are popular. The cheese is grated and then much improved by the addition of cayenne pepper. The cheese is sometimes mixed with oyster liquid; again cheese and the yolks of hard-boiled eggs with a mayonnaise, finished with chopped celery. A New York delicacy has a filling of cottage cheese and chopped olives.

Mrs. Saunders, a cooking school lecturer, gives this excellent receipt: "One-half pound of cheese, one-fourth pound of English walnut meats, quarter teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper, run through a meat cutter. Mix with a little mayonnaise dressing until soft enough to spread; put between thinly sliced bread, cut one and one-half inches wide; serve with salad."

Sweet sandwiches have a field of their own, which they fill creditably. Chopped dates with whole wheat bread are especially fine, and jelly or orange marmalade with any kind of good bread. A novelty is maple sugar, shaved, sandwiches, an idealized form of the bread and sugar of our childhood. All the people who like chocolate welcome the new sandwiches made of their favorite. The directions are to whip thoroughly a cup of sweet cream; add grated and sweetened chocolate; cocoanut may be substituted for the chocolate. Candied cherries are also used.

Nuts—perhaps the most pleasing of all the varieties. One received much praise, and, on inquiry, it was found to be composed of almonds and grated celery, with a dash of cheese. Another had chopped almonds, salted and sprinkled with orange juice. "Blanched almonds, pounded into a paste with a little orange juice, are mixed either with whipped sweet cream or the white of eggs, adding a little sugar." English walnuts or roasted peanuts may be chopped very fine and a mayonnaise added.

TO-CLEAN DECANTERS.

Many things are recommended for cleaning decanters, carafes and other narrow-necked glass-vessels—tea leaves, soda, gravel, etc.—but if vinegar and salt are at once tried their use will be continued thereafter. Fill a pint jug with common cider vinegar and in it put two large tablespoonfuls of salt. This will clean half a dozen bottles. Divide the mixture among them, put the palm of your hand on top of the bottle and shake the vinegar up to the mouth over and over again. After shaking each bottle let the vinegar remain in it for about ten or fifteen minutes. Have a pan full of strong soda and water for the outsides, and pour warm water, without soda, inside two or three times to rinse out the salt and vinegar, then finish off both inside and outside with clean cold water. Dry well with a clean, soft towel, then stand them bottom upward, and if possible place them in the sunshine. This mode of cleansing makes decanters very clean and bright. For vinegar-jugs, on the contrary, the best cleansing medium is a little concentrated lye, left standing in the flask for several hours. The action of the alkali removes the sediment left by the acid.

A FALSE FRONT.

Alice fell in love with Claude because he was so pensive and thoughtful. Well! Then she broke the engagement because she found out that when he looked that way he wasn't thinking at all.

Young Folks.

MAGGY—FISH.

One day we had a letter from our big boy out West, saying:

"I've just started off a beast in a box by express. Do adopt the poor little wretch."

Mother groaned and father said: "Be prepared, my dear, for he's equal to sending anything from a rattlesnake to an Indian baby."

And a few days later, when the expressman brought in a big box with a lattice front, which he held very gingerly by the closed top and bottom, we decided it was the Indian baby, for out of the box came a little laughing baby voice:

"Come Maggy, come on, come wash your face."

We hurried the man into the kitchen, planted the box on the table, and then looked in, and lo! a very weary, worn, old feather duster, on two cunning little black feet, with a fuzzy black head and the brightest of black eyes.

"It's a magpie," groaned father.

"Now for bedlam!"

But the sweet baby laugh, just like that of a happy little child, was anything but bedlam.

"Let him out," said mother, "See how he begs."

The little fellow was picking at the door of his box and so evidently begging to come out, that we couldn't resist him. After taking a good look all round the room, he jumped with a little, two-footed jump, like a child's from the table to the floor, and started pattering down the room for the sink, with his wings in a wild state of flutter, and every little downy feather on head standing up, and calling to us over his shoulder:

"Come on; come on, Maggy, wash 'e face!"

He simply danced with delight as the cook put a tin basin of water on the floor and into it he jumped, throwing the water in every direction before she could get out of the way.

Such a happy thing you never saw. We stood round him, laughing and clapping our hands, as he laughed with us, putting in a little "Oh, my! Oh, my, Maggy!" each time he went under water.

After he had soaked up or thrown out every drop he trotted across the floor, jumped up in a chair that stood in the sun and proceeded to dry and dress himself. Every feather was gone carefully over again, and again and by the time he was satisfied we were more than that. His breast was pure white, the feathers very thick and fully two inches long, while his head, back and feet were jet black. His tail was his pride and joy, and it was a very funny tail; it showed all his feelings. When he was happy or angry he spread it out like a great fan, but if he was sulky, he would make it just the width of one feather, and then we kept out of the way of that strong, sharp beak.

He was a pet we never grew tired of watching. He would amuse himself with a rubber band and a few buttons for an hour at a time, talking to them in low, soft tones, telling them to "Come on, wash your face," and all sorts of little half-learned things, until one rolled out of his reach, when he would call after it, "I'll tell, Marmer!" and burst out crying, a real baby's disappointed cry, and you may be sure the button was picked up for him.

There was something very pitiful about that cry; you never could resist it; and if we forgot to bring him down at meal-time, even father would drop his knife and fork, and trot obediently upstairs at the call of that little mournful voice.

The delight of Maggy's soul was a grasshopper hunt in the back yard. I would carry out the cage, a tin basin of water, and my school books and prepare for a quiet morning—which I never had—Maggy was too much fun. He would come tiptoeing out of the cage, with his long tail spread, take a good look around, give a long sigh of "Oh, my! Oh, Maggy!" and then dive into the basin, and take a good bath. After a hard shake he would start out on his hunt, and woe to the grasshoppers that day, for there was no peace for them in air or on earth, certainly not in that basin of water into which they were carefully soured before being tucked into the cracks of the roof and under the floor of Maggy's cage. There were several spoils kept between the wires, in which he kept his nicest, fattest grasshoppers; and the funny part was he would put them in alive and take them out alive and apparently unhurt.

One day he found a toad. That was something new, and, therefore, to Maggy, deeply interesting. He followed it down the yard at a respectful distance, but its slow pace didn't suit him; so, with one little black foot braced away ahead of him, he gave it a gentle poke. That bettered matters, so he tried it again.

It was a nice plaything. Maggy wanted it. So he turned it toward his cage and ran ahead calling, "Come on, come on!" But the toad didn't care to come. It wanted to go just the other way. Maggy was troubled and came to me for help. "Gatie, come on," he begged, pulling at my dress, but I wanted to watch the fun, so I said: "No, go settle it with Mr. Toad yourself, Maggy Fish." I forgot to say he had added Fish to his name, nobody knows why.

He hurried off to his toad with a cross little shrug of his shoulders, and after looking at it for a moment, deliberately picked it up. On taste was enough. Down dropped the toad, and

away rushed Maggy for his basin. He took about seven baths that day, and couldn't be induced to look at a toad again.

Like come children, he was the best of company, while having his own way, but tell him to keep out of your water pitcher, or away from that dear, delightful button-box, and he was the crossiest little person you ever saw.

But he could love much, and I don't think we shall soon forget the pattering, patter of those busy little black feet and the happy baby voice, calling, "Come on, come on!"

ROUND GARDENS.

The girl who yearns after rosy cheeks has just discovered that one of the methods of securing the desired healthy place of the circle of elastic she now uses a smart ribbed stocking that has not only an elastic top, but gathers snugly about the leg, just above the knee, without injuriously compressing the flesh. Into the top of the stocking two ribbon ends are caught, and these, when tied, have all the ornamental effect of the colored garter, without any of its injurious results. Still another hygienic contrivance for the woman who is fearful that constant use of the round garter will bestow on her a red nose in later life, is an attachment for making fast the top of the stocking to the bottom of the drawers or leg. Two buttons on the drawers and two loops on the stockings make a neat attachment, and great comfort is thereby insured.

ART AND SCIENCE.

Prof. Huxley and Old Alexander the Porter.

An article in Cornhill, on the simplicity and ignorance of great men, says that Professor Huxley delivered a lecture at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for which numerous diagrams were required. Old Alexander, the porter of the institution, and a favorite among the members of the society, was helping the professor to hang the diagrams, but the screen was not large enough, and the blank corner of one would overlap the illustration of another.

The professor declared that he would cut off the margins, and asked Alexander to bring him a pair of scissors; but alas! they would not work, and the learned man threw them down in disgust.

"Vera guid shears, professor," said Alexander.

"I tell you they won't cut," exclaimed Huxley.

"Try again," said Alexander. "They will cut."

The professor tried again, and called, angrily:

"Bring me another pair of scissors."

Sir William Armstrong stepped forward, at that point, and ordered Alexander to go out and buy a new pair. "Vera guid shears, Sir William," persisted Alexander, and he took them up, and asked Huxley how he wanted the paper cut. Cut it there, said the professor, somewhat tartly, indicating the place with his forefinger.

Alexander took the paper, inserted the scissors, and cut off the required portion with the utmost neatness. Then he turned to the professor with a significant leer and twinkle of the eye.

"Seance an' air dinna ay gang the together, professor," said he.

Huxley gave way to laughter, and so did everybody present, and of course the scientist paid the fine of his stupidity a sovereign.

Some one expressed amazement to Alexander that he should dare make free with Huxley.

"Why, mon," said Alexander, with great emphasis, "they bits o' professor bodies ken naething at a' except their buiks."

PET MICE A NEW FAD.

The mouse—think of it, ye timid fair ones—is now, according to a London authority, established as a society pet in England, and a very beautiful little pet, you would admit, says this writer, if you could see him in his coat of many colours, for the society mouse has many pleasing shades, from white pure as snow to glossy black, gleaming like coal. At the meeting of the Medway Fanciers' Association, held in the ancient city of Rochester recently, this new pet reached his highest popularity and met with universal admiration. There were 117 of the pretty little creatures on exhibition, and the favorite and chief prize winner, pure white all over, excepting its eyes, which were two little beads of brilliant black, and the property of a lady, Mrs. George Atlee, of Royston, Herts.

Exhibitions came from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and all parts of England. The colors of the pretty little animals—the mouse can no longer be classified as vermin—were black, fawn, chocolate, white, cream, Dutch-marked, variegated, tortoise and white, tri-color, sable, golden, agouti, silver gray, black and tan, and blue. In form, appearance and manners, they resembled a collection of diminutive fancy tame rabbits.

One of the originators of the British National Mouse Club was Miss Cockburn Dickenson, the "Missing Heiress," whose mysterious disappearance was a nine days' sensation for the papers a year or so back. The whereabouts of Miss Dickenson was never traced, and the club has preserved, stuffed in a glass case, her mouse "Champion Queenie," with which she was the first winner of the club championship cup.

THE WIDOW SHARP'S MISTAKE.

He was a big, unwieldy fellow with a German cast of features and a big German name, Fritz something—untranslatable. He came along one April day when the widow was making her garden, and to use her own words, was "jest drove in a thousand pieces," and asked for something to eat.

"There's a pile of wood," said the widow, who was in a most unamiable mood, "if you want to split it up I'll give you your dinner. Them as don't work don't need to eat. I have to work for my rations."

"Well, sir," the widow would say with a vicious snap of her false teeth, "he was the first tramp that didn't march away lively to that tune; but he set to an' cut that wood, an' I gave him his dinner, and somehow he's stayed on. Yes," confidentially, "he's very well, as such tools go, but he's got his habits, an' there's things he won't understand, an' his appetite is jest awful."

Among the things the stolid Fritz wouldn't understand were the widow's repeated assurances that berrying on Sunday did not come under the ban of the fourth commandment, and her daily dissertations on the sin of gluttony. When, in plain words, she told him that there was no need of eating so much, and added example to precept, he only grinned at her tantalizingly over the square of pie he was hoisting to his mouth on the blade of his knife. The widow's pies had a reputation for excellence, as, unfortunately, had everything eatable the widow prepared. In the widow's cellar, there was a large, green cupboard partitioned off in apartments, in which she kept her "cooked things" under lock and key, and the key of which she always carried in her pocket. "Not," she would explain, "that she cared a mite for the victuals, but 'twas flyin' in the face o' Providence to put temptation under the nose of hired help. 'Twas the principle she cared for."

Very often when invited out to tea she would fail to remember the main thing for Fritz, his rations.

Betsy Jane Frink, that was, had come on a visit to her brother Si's, and Si's wife made a tea party for her. Betsy Jane, or Elizabeth, as she called herself now, and the widow Sharp had been great chums till Betsy moved away to the city, where 'twas said her husband made "a pile o' money." Notwithstanding that the "heft" of the harvest was on an' the widow had the chores to do, she made time to "smart up," to put new ruching in the neck and sleeves of her old standby black silk dress, and a bit of new green ribbon in the button-hole.

The tea party was a success. Si's wife threw open the parlor blinds and let her best haircloth chairs be carried out on the piazza, unprecedented concessions, which were subjects of comment among the guests while the hostess was getting tea. The widow, in spite of herself, got interested in Betsy Jane's—she couldn't call her anything else—account of her trip to the fair and the big things she saw there. She even forgot to grumble about the drouth and the low prices.

"What's that coming up the road?" asked Sarah Vosler, whose quick eyes focused everything. "Taint a pack peddler?"

"It—it looks—like my cupboard," gasped the widow Sharp.

It was. The imperturbable Fritz went directly to his mistress and setting the cupboard down on the piazza, by signs and gestures and imperfect English, made her understand that he wanted the key to get his supper.

"Take it home this minute!" snapped the widow, in anything but mild accents, and very red in the face. She alluded to the incident but once, and then she declared that the only mistake she ever made was to hire one of "them tramp furners, who would not understand anything."

This really happened.

RUSSIAN ROAST PIG.

On Christmas day the Russians adhere to their strictly national dishes. In the morning their breakfast consists of borsch, the national soup, or broth, composed of the fermented juice of beet root, sour cream, boiled cabbage and meat bouillon. This extraordinary mixture tastes much better than it reads, and after the quantity necessary to appease the appetite is consumed in the morning an enormous punch bowl is filled with the soup and stands upon a side table during the day. In all well regulated Russian households there is also found upon the same table a roasted pig, dressed with boiled buckwheat, or kasha, as it is called, mingled with the liver, heart and other edible adjuncts of the animal. This pig is especially raised and killed for Christmas day. It weighs never more than seven or eight pounds.

Accompanying these there is the pasca, a mixture of wine cheese, cream, butter, sugar and raisins, which are all placed together in a wooden bowl and allowed to stand for 24 hours. There is also the koulische, a cake plentifully filled with raisins, and then, as a little side dish, are the varicolored eggs that all good Russians are expected to eat with salt that has been purified by roasting. The evening meal is composed of great dishes of savages and immense joints of roasted veal, which, together with the black bread peculiar to the country, is eagerly devoured and washed down with plentiful libations of koumiss and vodka.