

How Grandmother Kept Her Home.

Grandmother Smith was a very remarkable woman, to be sure, but everybody thought it very foolish for her to insist on keeping her old home.

Grandfather Smith had gone on to make a new home in the Undiscovered Country, which was a fine and beautiful place, and all the children were married except "Babe," and settled in homes of their own—one in Boston, one in Jersey City, and one at the Junction, a noisy little railroad centre, thirty miles distant from the Smith farm.

And now Babe himself—whose real name was Frederick Arthur, and who could reasonably be called Baby no longer—was about to marry and join an enthusiastic colony for southern Kansas.

The question among children and grandchildren who had come home for the wedding was, "Now, what will be the best thing for mother to do?"

Prompt answers arose on all sides. William of Boston, whose wife had an uncertain temperament, said: "Mother, you must sell the farm of course, and take a suite of rooms near us. I would like to have you live with us, but Annie's health is so delicate, and she already has so many cares and so—"

Mary, of Jersey City, said: "Mother, I want you to live with me. That spare chamber of mine, with east and south windows, and a big clothes-press, I've always hoped you'd come and occupy some day. There's a nice, cheerful view toward the east, and we're a lively family, and you wouldn't be lonesome. The children would enjoy having grandma in the house, wouldn't they, dear?" and the dears responded in a joyous chorus of affirmatives.

Daniel, of the Junction, said that the sensible thing was for mother to stay with him. The Junction was near her old home. She could sometimes visit her old neighbors and have them visit her. It wouldn't be such a big break up for her. And she would be a blessing to the twins, who were always ailing.

Babe, of the Colony, was the most enthusiastic and tenacious of all. The climate of Kansas—so mild and genial—was what mother stood in urgent need of. With the money the farm would bring, she could buy an immense ranch in that beautiful region, and enjoy a serene and wealthy old age after all this slow grubbing (he spoke with scornful emphasis) among the Hampshire hills. Mother must really go with him to Kansas. It was her regular manifest destiny. And he needed her. No matter how delightful everything might be, it wasn't going to seem exactly like home to him unless mother was somewhere around.

The old lady smiled tenderly on these suggestions. Very gently she declined the suite of rooms in Boston. Gratefully she waived the pleasant prospect of her own home in Jersey City, and she laid her hand on Babe's shoulder with a wistful caress when she said "no" to his glittering proposal. She was mild, but, like her own granite rocks, firm and "set."

"The place that Jonathan lived and died in is a good enough place for me," she said over and over again, during that day of besieging, "and it is possible some of you may want the old home to run to some time."

"But, mother!" and then would come an answering volley of objections and remonstrances, rattling like small and ineffectual shots against the rock of her resolution.

"Children, I am not helpless," she laughed. "I can't do very hard work any more, but I guess I've got head enough left to oversee these old acres awhile longer. I can't bear to think of strangers in this house. I'd have liked one of you to stay with me, and here the brave volleys faltered a little—but the Lord has arranged things otherwise, and I'll just stay where He's left me."

So, after the wedding, and Grandmother Smith was left alone. Alone! Ah, not alone! The old house was peopled with a world of memories and tender associations that crowded about her all the closer for the silence and the solitude.

All the stock except a gentle young cow, a dozen hens, and Bruce, the shepherd dog, had been disposed of, and the proceeds given to Babe for his Kansas start. The great pasture was let to a neighboring dairyman. The wood lot kindly promised to take care of itself. A garden, containing a few apple and cherry trees, and rows of currants and beds of sage and balm, Grandmother Smith reserved for her own needs. A pleasant bit of meadow, with a brook running through it, was fenced off for "comfort." In her bonnet box, her receptacle for important things, were four addressed envelopes, each containing a few fond words of farewell and a neat little curl of silver-gray hair.

Spring came, the fervid summer followed, and again it was the gray and cold November. Grandmother Smith's hand grew more tremulous in her letter-writing, as all her children could see. One day a neighbor wrote to Mary that her mother was not exactly ailing, but was "a little queer." Two or three times she had spoken of her children as if they were merely away at school, and of her husband as if he were still living.

Daughter Mary immediately wrote to her mother. "I am coming to see you next week and I'm going to take you home with me, just for the winter, you know. I shall bring a cashmere dress I am making for you, and a real beauty of a traveling cloak, and when you are once on the cars the journey will be as easy as rocking in a chair. Every day is coming to our house for Thanksgiving this year—all except Babe, and the reunion will be quite complete if we have you."

Grandmother Smith cried a little over this letter. She must really never herself go to go. Mary was giving herself so much trouble it would hardly be worth her while to see her, and yet—it was the beginning of the end! At last she must give up her home.

Mary, bustling and resolute, arrived in due time. The gown fitted nicely, and the soft fur-trimmed coat and rich black bonnet transformed Grandmother Smith into quite a stylish dame. The astonished hens were at once transferred to the Willea's at Bruce—already suspicious of foul play—was to be coaxed to the dairyman's after the departure should be effected. The old house was

to be well fastened up and left to itself. Everything was in readiness for the next day's leave-taking, except a little packing which Grandmother wished to attend to. Daughter Mary, wearied by her journey and other exertions, went to bed at an early hour, resolved to rise at the first hint of day.

And now a feeling of great depression came over Grandmother Smith. How could she leave the dear old home, now so warm and bright, to its chilly days and long, lonesome nights? How would the old clock feel when it should find itself run down in the cold, silent kitchen after all these years? What would faithful Bruce think of his cruel desertion? And what if the dairyman should ever kick him? And Jonathan—if he did sometimes draw near his old home in the twilight, as she dreamed he did, wouldn't he feel hurt to find her empty chair and the dead fire? Would he understand that she hated to go away?

Ah, yes; she was a foolish old woman, but these thoughts came to her. She talked about the kitchen, moving a little the things that were already in place. She laid her hand caressingly on the glossy side of the iron tea kettle that had almost sung itself to sleep. She patted the heads of the pinks and chrysanthemums, and whispered them good-night. She went to the pantry, and gently sent him out to his kennel in the woodshed. From the partly open door of the bed room came a good, sound, comfortable snore. "For child," sighed Grandmother Smith, "I am glad she can sleep—she don't know how hard it is—"

And then she sank down on her rocking chair and cried—cried as softly as possible, and yet the grief of the old is very painful.

Along the frozen country highway jolted a wagon. Instead of passing by, it turned into the seldom used lane. Old Bruce met it with a furious outcry. He walked about the kitchen, moving a little the things that were already in place. She laid her hand caressingly on the glossy side of the iron tea kettle that had almost sung itself to sleep.

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HEALTH NOTES.

For a cough, roast a lemon without burning, and when hot enough cut it and squeeze out the juice, which can be sweetened to taste. Dose, a dessertspoonful when a cough is troublesome.

Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours sleep, and until the twentieth year nine hours. After that age everyone finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous arrangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent; and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life cut short at an early age.

Eat all cold food slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to ninety-eight degrees. Hence the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication, the better. The precipitation of a large quantity of cold food into the stomach by fast eating may, and often does, cause discomfort and indigestion, and every occasion of the kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive function. Ice-water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief. Hot drinks—hot water, weak tea, coffee, chocolate, etc.—will, on the contrary, help to prevent it. But eat slowly, any way.

Eczema—accent on the first syllable—is one of the many eruptive diseases of the skin. The blood-vessels of the parts affected are in a state of congestion, accompanied by itching, smarting, and exudation of serum, or watery portion of the blood. The disease varies greatly in severity and extent, as well as in its course and character. Its simplest form is the redness, perhaps on the eyelids or behind the ears, or near the joints. Sometimes there are pimples, either on the affected spots, or around them, or more or less diffused over the body. Sometimes vesicles—water-blisters—are formed by the exudation of serum beneath the skin, the special seat being the back of the hand, the front and sides of the fingers. In a few days the serum may be absorbed; the swelling subsides, the cuticle dries up and comes off, and the skin either returns to its normal condition, or the cuticle is thrown off in scales. In another variety there is intense redness, profuse exudation, and the formation of a thick crust, through which the pus oozes out. The final period of eczema, when chronic, may be characterized by a coming off of the cuticle in thin, fine scales, or by a tendency of the skin to chaps and cracks; sometimes the mere stretching of the fingers will cause it to break. In some cases the skin becomes as hard and tough as leather, with a inclination to itch and throw off dry and scaly scurf; more rarely it is rough like an old wart, in which case the itching is generally very severe. As a rule, the eczema occurs in limited patches, but occasionally it spreads over a large part of the trunk or limb. There is hardly any part of the body which is not liable to be irritated by it. The disease may result from a condition of the body, from constitutional debility, or temporary derangement of the nervous or digestive organs, or even from unsuitable or insufficient food—or it may have an external exciting cause—cold heat or heat, insufficient clothing, or contact with irritating substances. The treatment must be first directed against that which causes the condition of which the eczema is only a symptom. At the same time careful local treatment will be necessary. But no general directions can be given suited to so variable a disease. A skilled physician should have charge of the case.

For the restoration of faded and gray hair to its original color and freshness, Ayer's Hair Vigor remains unequalled. This is the most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world; all who use it are perfectly satisfied that it is the best.

Do not scowl. A great many earnest thinkers of a nervous temperament fall into a habit of scowling when they read, write or talk seriously. This causes two little perpendicular wrinkles to form between the eyes, and ages the face ten years.

It is a habit almost impossible to correct, once formed, as it is done unconsciously by a great many young people. Even in sleep their brows will be drawn together in this malicious little frown that is the aid and abettor of age.

A bright, studious young woman, still in her early twenties, found herself the victim of this scowl, which had already made two fine hair lines in her white brow. She set herself to work to cure the habit by setting her mirror before her face when she read, wrote or studied. But, as this distracted her attention from her work, she finally placed a ribbon band tightly across her brow, tying it in a knot at the back of her head, and at night she slept in the band.

After several months the little hair lines disappeared from her pretty forehead, and she is quite cured of the disfiguring habit. A smooth, white, uncorrugated brow is one of the greatest attractions in a woman's face, while a prematurely furrowed and wrinkled brow mars the beauty and youth of the fairest features.

Don't swear. When you break some fancy article prized by your wife, don't swear, but go to your druggist, get a bottle of Stryx, mend it and make it almost equal to new.

Lord Provost Stewart opened a bar at Aberdeen in aid of the erection of a church-hall at Gidcomston. The district in 1771 received the first chapel of ease in Scotland. The parish is of interest in connection with the ministry of the celebrated Dr. Kidd, and as having produced Dr. Bain, Professor Masson, Robertson, the antiquary; Philip, the painter; Thom, the poet, and other notable men.

Worms cause serious sickness. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup destroys and expels all kinds of worms quickly and surely.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Leather, paper or wood may be firmly fastened to metal by a cement made by adding a teaspoonful of glycerine to a gill of glue. It can also be used for fastening labels on tin.

Cream Biscuits.—Two cupsful of sour cream, one cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough to roll out; cut with butter and bake quickly.

Here are two things to remember when cooking veal or pork; they should be cooked so thoroughly that the lean part will be white and firm, and they should never be boiled unless first well salted. With pork there should be served some kind of farinaceous vegetable, like rice, potatoes or hominy.

Herb Soup.—Put four ounces of butter in a saucepan, with a handful each of chopped onions, celery, turnips and carrots; add a little salt and pepper, and let them steam for half an hour, but be careful that they do not burn; pour in a quart of clear soup or the water in which meat has been boiled; cook gently until the vegetables are soft, thicken a little with flour, and serve with toasted bread.

Fanned Oysters.—Wash and wipe the oyster shells, without opening them; place them in a pan, the round side down; set the pan in a very hot oven for three minutes. Take from the oven and remove the top shell with a sharp knife; take out some of the oysters and put three in each deep shell that is to go to the table; sprinkle with salt, pepper, bits of butter, and cracker crumbs, and bake for a minute or two until they are brown.

Chocolate Tart.—Put one half cup of milk and one-half cup of water over the fire in a bright saucepan; add one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, pinch of soda, one-half cake grated chocolate; then, when it boils, add one third cup of whole milk, in which has been dissolved one tablespoonful of cornstarch; let the whole boil for a few moments and take from the stove; when cool add a teaspoonful extract of vanilla. This will make about a dozen tarts. Line patty pans with good flaky pie crust and bake; when done put in this mixture, ice the tops, and let the frosting harden in the open air.

Chronic Coughs and Colds. And all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Mearns, M.D., L.R.C.P., etc., Truro, N. S., says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion the very best in the market. Very excellent in Throat affections." Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

Ismael and His Irish Flame. Ismael, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, while in London some time ago, settling his affairs with the British Government, was smitten by the charms of a young Irish girl of a good middle-class family. She accompanied Ismael to Turkey, where she became head of his harem and lived in Oriental luxury.

Later she had been making herself obnoxious to the other ladies, and most unseemly scenes occurred. Ismael, upon which she went to the British Embassy, showed various severe bruises, complaining bitterly of the practices which she averred were of daily occurrence in the seraglio, and revealed some political intrigues to which she was privy.

At the request of the Embassy the Sultan ordered Ismael to be kept in honorable confinement in his palace pending enquiry into the affair.

The Caudle Truth. I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil this winter for the first time for croup and I must say I find no better remedy for it. MINNIE REED, Listowel, Ont. Yellow Oil is a specific for croup and sore throat; it never fails.

A Dozen Good Rules. We were struck lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children particularly at the table. We spoke of it to their father; and he pointed to a paper pinned to the wall, on which were some excellent rules. We got a copy for the benefit of our readers. Here it is:

- 1. Shut every door after you, without slamming it.
2. Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping or running in the house.
3. Never call to persons up-stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud and snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the sitting room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last and best conduct be your mother.

A Cure for Deafness. There have been many remarkable cures of deafness made by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great household remedy for pain, inflammation and soreness. Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, sore throat and croup, and is useful internally and externally for all pains and injuries.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

We Yielded to Perseverance. "For years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose, friends persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after using five bottles I was completely cured. NEIL McNEIL, Leith, Ont. 2

1890. Harper's Magazine

ILLUSTRATED. A new Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of Edwin A. Abbey—will be presented in Harper's Magazine for 1890, with comments by Andrew Lang. HARPER'S MAGAZINE has also made special arrangements with Alphonse Daudet, the greatest of living French novelists, for the exclusive publication, in serial form, of a humorous story, to be entitled "The Colonel's Travels; or, The Last Adventures of the Famous Tartarin." The story will be translated by Henry James, and illustrated by Frost and W. H. Bennett.

W. D. Howells will contribute a novelette in three parts, and Lafcadio Hearn a serial, etc. in two parts, entitled "Yuma," handsomely illustrated. In illustrated papers, touching subjects of current interest, and in its short stories, poems, and timely articles, the MAGAZINE will maintain its well-known standard.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year: HARPER'S MAGAZINE \$4 00 HARPER'S BAZAR 4 00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE 4 00 Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June, and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight is not excluded one dollar per volume), for \$12.00 per volume.

1890. Harper's Weekly

ILLUSTRATED. HARPER'S WEEKLY has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics and events, its respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, have earned for it a wide and short career by the best and most popular writers. It is for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. The WEEKLY supplements are of remarkable variety, interest and value. Its expenses are spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the choicest phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romance, from the pen of Thomas A. Janvier, will appear in the WEEKLY in 1890.

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Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$1 each. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

1890. Harper's Young People

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