

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE.

"A bump of destructiveness, like a soft voice, is an excellent thing in a woman," remarked the housekeeper. "In a place where the faculty of getting rid of useless possessions, is a sine qua non of physical comfort and mental repose. But some women cannot bear to part with anything if there is the slightest possibility of its ever being of any use, and if about once in five years some of the treasured rubbish does come in handy they shout triumphantly, 'I told you so!' And sometimes things are hoarded without even the possibility of usefulness as an excuse, merely because one cannot bear to part with them. Old toys, old articles of clothing, once worn by children, old furniture, all come under this category. The bump of destructiveness is much needed here. It is bad enough to be encumbered with the infinity of necessary things that one has to have without hoarding those that are useless or only remotely so. But of course it does not do to let the bump of destructiveness run away with one. The faculty, like all others, must be exercised with discretion.

A DAINY TOILET.

The value of the toilet must not be underestimated by the woman who would charm. The ordinary, everyday good looking girl, who finds life a serious thing and cannot command the lovely garments that make pretty women wondrously beautiful, often wistfully wonders why she, too, should not at least look fresh, well groomed and fair. So she may, but she must be persuaded to give a little more thought and time to her daily toilet, and then, in spite of her plain attire, the woman of ordinary good looks may be quite transformed and the plain girl really pretty.

The girl who puts on her clothes "anyhow," who brushes her hair but perfunctorily, and who is careless as to the little details of attire will never look anything else but dowdy and unattractive. She should remember that the woman who looks "so beautifully" dressed does not owe all her daintiness to picturesque clothes—she bestows time and care on her daily toilet. The busiest girl should try and find time to be neat and fresh.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Chloral as a sleeping draft is dangerous for old people. Use ipecacuanha as an emetic in sudden attacks of croup, bronchitis or whooping cough. Slight bleeding from the lungs may be treated by giving twenty drops of liquid extract of witch hazel every two hours. To cure warts dissolve as much sal ammoniac as will be taken up in an ounce of rain water and apply three times a day until the warts disappear. When anything gets into the eye it is a good plan to dip a clean feather in sweet almond oil, raise the lid and brush the feather across the eye surface toward the nose.

A sore throat should never be neglected, especially in the time of epidemics. A cleansing gargle is made by dissolving a heaped teaspoonful of salt and carbonate of soda, mixed in equal quantities, in half a tumbler of water.

THE VENERABLE EUGENIE.

The rumor as to the grave indisposition of the ex-Empress Eugenie happily proves to have been unfounded, but it must be remembered, all the same, that her majesty is now nearly an octogenarian, having been born in 1826, only seven years later than Queen Victoria. It argues marvelous vitality that she has been able for so long to resist the sorrows which began to fall on her so thickly just five and thirty years ago, when she and her consort lost their empire, and the heavier blow of nine years later, when her only son fell under the assegais of the Zulus. But then, the ex-Empress has always shown herself to be possessed of a certain amount of iron in her composition, derived no doubt from her Scottish grandfather, a Kirkpatrick, of Clovenstone, who settled at Malaga as a wine merchant.—London Chronicle.

A NURSERY SCHEME.

A very beguiling nursery plan for a professional lady had the walls covered with a stout, plain green ma-

terial with was both dust and germ proof. The dado was of a darker shade than the walls above and was bounded at the top by two shelves running all around the room, and not too high for the children to keep their books and toys upon. Just under the shelf a frieze of bright blue Mother Goose prints, framed, were set into the wall all the way round as a finish to the dado. These prints had been varnished with white shellac making them waterproof. The floor was covered with a green filling, with a green druggist in the centre. All the woodwork and furniture were white enamel, and there were no curtains or upholstery in the room.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP A DARK CORNER.

A dreary corner and one which is difficult to handle from an artistic point of view is a dark angle of the wall in any room. The best remedy for it is a twofold screen made out of an ordinary clotheshorse, which costs but little. The framework should be stained walnut, and a length of bamboo should be fitted into each "fold" just under the top bar and quite down at the bottom, close to the ground. Before gluing and nailing these bamboos in a position slip a dozen small brass curtain rings in all. They take a handsome piece of brocade, satin or tapestry, half as wide again as the screen, and gather it up top and bottom with a two inch heading, sewing an equal number of hooks on it to match the rings. If this screen is made in daffodil yellow brocade, for instance, it is evident what a bright patch of color it will make. On the floor before it put a jardiniere in pale green or deep yellow china and let it hold a very tall fern or palm.

TIMELY HINTS.

On removing a jardiniere and plant from a table the other day, I discovered a broad white circle on the table, which was of highly polished oak, said a provident housewife. I knew of nothing to take it off, and had nothing in the house but smelling salts and a bottle of peppermint. I tried peppermint as an experiment and was surprised that the mark came off the table as easily as dust without even dimming the polish. For brilliant windows take a pad of cotton rag soaked in glycerin and rub the glass all over inside. Then take a piece of clean dry rag and lightly polish the glass until the glycerin is invisible, but not entirely rubbed away. Do this when the glass is fairly warm and dry, and you will get brilliant windows no condensation and a great saving in the amount of cleaning.

Have a short piece of hose fitted to the faucet in the kitchen. It should be of sufficient length to reach to the range and will save you backaches and useless steps. Put a few grains of rice in the salt cellars to keep the salt from caking. As the cellar is shaken the rice will keep the salt moving. An old bookcase set on the kitchen table, back to the wall, makes a very respectable imitation of a kitchen cabinet and saves many steps.

Thick sour milk will polish silver without the trouble of rubbing. Put the silver into a pan, cover with the sour milk and let stand for half an hour. Wash and rinse as usual. Every little crevice will be found bright and shining.

Varnish paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly done by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flax seed and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

RECIPES.

How to Spice Onions.—Peel and cut into slices, some good, sound onions. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and place them in a stone jar put into a pan one quart of good vinegar, half a pound of moist sugar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and pepper. Place the pan on the fire, and when it is scalding hot pour the vinegar over the onions. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain off the vinegar, and heat in a pan as before, pouring it over the onions when scalding hot. They will be ready for use in three or four days, and will be found very delightful to eat with cold meat of any kind.

Casserole Kidneys.—Casserole kidneys make a very good luncheon or supper dish. Slice a small onion and fry it in butter until a golden brown. Add a generous spoonful of chopped parsley and fry the kidneys for several minutes. Add a cupful of stock, a little sherry and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Season with salt and tabasco sauce, cover the casserole tightly and cook in a very moderate oven for two hours. Mushrooms may be added if liked. This greatly improves the dish.

Escaloped Cheese.—Escaloped cheese is a great favorite in one family. Cut slices of bread from a stale loaf, trim the crusts, and, if desired, halve the slices; butter a baking dish and lay the slices in, alternating them with layers of grated cheese mixed with salt and paprika; pour a cupful of milk over all, dot with bits of butter and bake for twenty minutes or half an hour in a moderate oven. A richer dish is secured by beating one or two eggs and adding to the milk before pouring it over the slices.

Scalloped Cauliflower with Cheese.—For a cooked cauliflower of medium size make a sauce of three level tablespoonful each of butter and flour, a scant half teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, and a cup and a half of rich milk. Butter an au gratin dish, and in it arrange the cauliflower separated into florets and each stem trimmed to a point. Dissolve half cup of cheese in the sauce; then pour the sauce over the cauliflower and sprinkle the whole thickly with cracker crumbs mixed with melted butter. Set in the oven to brown the crumbs.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A miserly man engaged the artist Hogarth to paint for half-price a representation of the "Destruction of Pharaoh's Host in the Red Sea." Hogarth sent the miser a canvas painted red all over. "Why, where are the Israelites?" asked the surprised purchaser. "They are all gone over," retorted Hogarth. "Where are the Egyptians?" was then demanded. "They are all drowned."

A "FOR LET" SIGN AND THE RESULT. Jacob Schaefer, aged seven, had been out of school, and his absence was being inquired into.

"I was out walking," he explained.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disrupting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other potent herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. G. M. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the result."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

"I was out walking with my mamma and papa." "Oh, were you?" returned the teacher. Then, fixing stern eyes on the culprit, she continued: "I thought you told me your father was dead?" Here she paused and waited for Jacob to wilt. Jacob did nothing of the sort; instead, bristling with importance, he answered: "An' so he is dead, but my mamma put a 'for let' sign in our parlor window last month, an' now I got a new papa."—New York Sun.

HIS "NEWS" PAPERS. A man who was travelling through the Ozark Mountains on horseback stopped before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. "What's the news?" asked the mountaineer as he leaned his lank frame against the fence and pulled his long beard thoughtfully.

On finding what had become a part of history was news to him, the traveller asked why he did not take some weekly or even monthly periodical, that he might keep in touch with the world at large. "Wal," said the old man, "when my pa died, ten years ago, he left me a stack of newspapers that high"—indicating a height of about three feet—"and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet."

A PUZZLING "CATCH." As William Morris was an Englishman, it may not seem remarkable to Americans that he did not always get his jokes right and first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the case with which he reversed them. They had all been asking conundrums. "Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones. Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted. "Later in the day he came in laughing. 'I trapped the parson, by jove!' he exclaimed. 'I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?' 'Cain,' he said at once. 'Ha!' I said. 'I knew you'd say that. Every one does.' I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the matter was."

DEVOTION. If I were dying, you would come, I know, Through avenues of pleasure as one blind But footed like the wind; the stream show In you no lofterer would find.

The music and the laughter and the thrill Running along the pave like fairy hordes Would not one instant reach you: for too shrill Were silence slanting on the heart's tense cord.

Nothing would stay you till you gained a room Haunted by sleepless watch and ticking train. It you would enter though it were a tomb: O love, how deep, how splendid, and how vain.

—W. H. Channing, in London Outlook.

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE IV.

He Was Legally Wedded to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

London, Nov. 11.—By permission of King Edward, the Daily Chronicle asserts, a package of papers consigned to the care of Coutts' Bank by Mrs. Fitzherbert (Marie Ann Smyth) under the stipulation that it was not to be opened for a long period, has now after seventy years been opened and proved to contain the marriage certificate and other indisputable proofs that George IV. was actually married to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mrs. Fitzherbert became the wife of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in December, 1785. The marriage of the Prince was invalid under English law, though it was sanctioned by the Catholic Church, of which Mrs. Fitzherbert was a member. It was expected that the papers in Coutts' Bank would settle a question which agitated the British public for over a century as to whether there was issue from the marriage, but there is nothing in the foregoing despatch to indicate that the question has been solved. It has long been reported that there actually was a male child, and that this child emigrated to the United States and settled in Washington, where he died some years ago, after having quietly, but in good circumstances.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

A HANDCAR MISSIONARY.

For five years Father Basilius, of the Capuchin Order of Monks of the Church of St. Joseph, has journeyed once a month from Appleton, Wis., to Norris, Marathon county, to preach to a small congregation. It has been found necessary for the priest to travel by handcar most of the time alone. During the cold days of last winter when the thermometer registered far below zero the priest made his trips regularly. The distance covered by handcar is 60 miles.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Will Find a Certain Cure in the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism is a disease of the blood. Every doctor now admits this to be a fact. Doctors used to think that rheumatism was brought on by colds in the joints and muscles. Now they know that cold never started the disease—cold only sets the pains going. Rheumatism can only be cured by curing the bad blood which causes it. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure rheumatism, because they actually make new, rich, red blood, which drives out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened aching joints and muscles and restores the rheumatic sufferer to health and happiness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands and thousands of rheumatic sufferers, some of them when they were almost hopeless cripples. Mr. T. H. Smith, Caledonia, Ont., says:—"For a number of years I was badly troubled with rheumatism and was so crippled I could scarcely do any work. I tried quite a number of medicines, but they did not help me. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for this trouble, and got a supply. After I had taken a few boxes I saw they were helping me, and I continued taking the pills throughout the winter, and am now completely cured. I have since worked out of doors in cold weather without a coat, and did not feel even a twinge of the trouble."

If you are suffering from any disease due to bad blood or disordered nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you, because they make new rich blood, which goes right to the root of the disease and drives it from the system. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such troubles as anemia, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, neuritis, headache and backache, kidney and liver troubles, St. Vitus Dance, paralysis, and the special secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. But only the genuine pills can do this, and these always have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Lowell, Mass.

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO DIE IN THE LORD. Blessed are they who die in Him, Who sleep Death's tranquil sleep; And yet our longing eyes are dim, Our hearts with sorrow deep Grow faint and weary by the way. As, one by one, they go, Blessed are those He calleth, yeal, His best beloved, we now.

Blessed are they who die in Christ! He is their Judge—but His Who for their dear souls sacrificed Himself on Calvary Will, like a loving parent, greet And gather to His breast Earth's children who, with woe'sy feet, Have sought in vain for rest.

Blessed are they who in Him die! Life's troublous journey o'er, Within their Father's arms to lie In peace forevermore. Our human hearts ne'er understand His mercy, so we weep When leading loved ones by the hand He giveth them sweet sleep.

Blessed are they who die in Thee! We strive to pierce the veil Which shrouds death's deep mystery. Thy hidden alleys fold To learn the secret, God most just, Of that which will that we should never trust.

The Poet's Corner.

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race; Not to the strong, the fight; Not to the righteous, perfect grace; Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet Come surest to the goal, And they who walk in darkness meet The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night The Syrian hosts have died; A thousand times the vanquished right Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought Was spoken by a Child; The alabaster box was brought In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam, But from the stars above; Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream, But from the depths of Love.

—Henry Van Dyke.

NATURE'S MAGNIFICAT.

Through dusky clefts the sunlight shines, Where brine from ocean waves comes; With living fragrance of the pines.

I stand as in a minister aisle, Hearing the voice of God the while— Catching the radiance of His smile.

Our hearts are slow to understand; But here the lights on sea and land Seem like the stretching of His hand.

Four, voices of these woodland ways, Your full Magnificat of praise, Your triumph song of night and days.

Four, marvelous embracing sea, Your grand "Te Deum" ceaselessly, Your "Gloria tibi, Domine."

One hymn that shall its notes prolong, Thy every voice of sin and wrong Be lost in love's eternal song.

—Arthur L. Selmon.

SO MUCH—SO LITTLE!

Is there no debt that thou dost owe To lighten others' care and woe? Is there no comfort thou canst give To help another creature live? Hast thou no peace thou canst bestow And let a sadder being know?

Oh, Fellow Pilgrim, stop a while To give a helpful, loving smile, Thy life is not thine own to live, As, thou hast gained, so must thou give!

But give not only of the wealth, Give, too, a little of thyself. Oh, do not answer thus to me—"I've greater cares that first must be."

Thou canst not live this way, for, Friend, What wilt confront thee at the end, Since there is little comfort stored For those who live to merely—hoard, Oh, Soul, so stultified and mean, What bit of love canst thou then glean?

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys

Well, we are getting mas. I know all you made up as to what Claus to bring you, to bring your dearest girls and boys must placing their orders; that there are some will not have any them and no pleasure ward to at Christmas, it would be so nice friends would look up the children (they are even if they have to pleasure very dear to so make at least one happy at the season only good will and p sure this little suggestion. Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Although I have not for a long time, I do read the letters and little corner. I have sleigh ride yet, but Papa and I were in M day last; we went in for about my leg. I would have liked to you, but I did not have dry and remember to when I get up. Love, cousins and a good sh Aunt Becky.

Granby Que.

(So sorry that you will valid. Hope you will Christmas. I thought little friends when I birds.—Ed.)

THE ELEPHANT'S LI

When Anita started the morning she found the with flaming posters w little folio of Riverb "really" circus was com

It seemed almost too true; but there were their gaudy pictures of scarlet and gold. M saved her pennies to buy the elephant! For this poor little country circ one huge beast in it to countenance.

When she longed-for dawned Anita came dast breakfast so excited the hardly pour the cream meal. She popped a s her mouth, and the top seemed as if the top started to come off, and down again with an "A" her sharp cry of pain her in her arms and, father, said:

"I was afraid she would "Poor little mumps! ther, trying to scare up his little daughter's w "Will her face puff out she had an orange in es so that everybody will some fat woman the ch behind?"

At the mere mention of a began to cry again, a very clear idea of what mumps was that all the having; but she knew it her little friends home fr "But I won't have to from the circus, mother I may go this afternoon How mother hated to die girl off from the tr she had been counting s Anita was told that sh be well for many a long a brave little child. As disappointed cry she di or fret, and even offered Tom all the bags of pe she had bought for the night before.

While the rest were o poor Anita, who was str anything for fear of th the sharp pain, sat dol broad window-seat, w rippling river. Sudden a shout from the moun down to the water's ed front of the house, cam twenty, thirty horses— a circus owned to be w night. Anita was so t them that she had mumps; and when the key came trotting down