Our Boys and Girls

ANATOMY IN RHYME.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they are all in place.
How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.
How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four like a clustering vine.
How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs and two of the rest.
How many bones in the shoulder bind?
Two in each; one before, one behind.
How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm, one; two in each fore-arm.
How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none is missed.
How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each of every one's hand.
How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bent.
How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.
How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each and deep they lie.
How many bones in the human knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.
How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each but none is long.
How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.
How many bones in toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
And now, if you reckon the bones on a slate,
They count, in a body, two hundred and eight.
Then we have in the human mouth, too,
Teeth, upper and under, thirty and two.
And now and then there's a bone, I think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink,
A sesamoid bone, or wormain, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

A BRAVE GIRL.—Boys and girls, no less than men and women, in the troublous times when America was first settled, held themselves ready at any time to face sudden danger without flinching. The story of Madeleine Jarret is still preserved in the records of French Canada to show what has been done by a young girl's quick wit and courage.

On the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, just below the Island of Montreal, lies the little Canadian County of Vercheres. The town of Verchères, the capital of the county, is now a commonplace manufacturing community, but two hundred years ago, after the outbreak of the bitter struggle between the French and the Iroquois, it was a fortified settlement, of great importance as well as of great danger. The only highway from the Indian haunts in the forests of New York to the Canadian settlements lay along the water course of Lake George and Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River, Verchères, which was midway between Montreal and Sorel, and at the junction of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence, guarded the immediate approach by water to Montreal, and was at the same time within easy reach of the marauding bands of savages that swooped down on the ripe fields of the Canadians. These attacks became so frequent that men at last dared not till their lands alone, and either abandoned their farms or worked in companies, going first to one farm, then to another, to gain the added security of numbers.

According to this custom, twenty farmers had assembled at Vercheres in October, 1692. It was late in the afternoon of the 22nd. The men were hastening to finish their task in the fields, half a mile or more from the little fort which crowned the river bank. The day was bleak and gloomy. Great clouds hung gray and lowering in the sky, sending a chill of foreboding into the stoutest heart among the workers. Yet two persons in the little settlement on that dreary afternoon paid no heed to the threatening weather. These were Louis and Alexander Jarret, sons of the commander of the fort, who were watching Laviolette, the aged boat builder, as he put the finishing touches to a new bark canoe. Madeleine, their sister, fourteen years old, had joined them, but an anxious look stole into her face as she glanced now and then toward the distant fields. M. Jarret, the commander, had been called away with his garrison by Governor Frontenac, on the rumor that 10,000 Bostonians were on their way to destroy the Canadian capital. Only the old carpenter and two broken down, half witted fellows were left to guard the fort. Upon Madeleine then came the care of her two younger brothers, and, in fact, she felt responsibility for the fort itself in the absence of any suitable defenders. But no trouble was expected, since all had been quiet for several weeks.

The little group about the boat builder were absorbed in admiration of the beautiful canoe, when suddenly a distant yell, shrill and piercing, burst upon their ears, blanching their faces and freezing them with terror.

"Run, mademoiselle, run! The Iroquois!" gasped Laviolette, regaining his voice. Seizing a boy with each hand he fairly leaped up the bank toward the gate of the fort.

The Indians were seen in full view, hurrying along the open country between the fort and the fields where the farmers were at work. They must have come from the wooded edge of the river below Vercheres, for as the stream made a slight bend at that point they could not be observed from the landing where Laviolette and the children had been. Had a proper watch been kept at the fort, however, the farmers might perhaps have been warned in time. Madeleine knew at once that there could be no help for the workmen among so many savages. Her only hope was to save herself and the few who might be in the fort. Pressing closely behind her three companions she threw herself inside the gate of the palisade.

"To arms. To arms!" she shouted, breathlessly. "Gachet! La Bonte! To arms! To arms!" There was no response. Only two terrified women came rushing from their cabins in the inclosure to meet her, and clung to her skirts with tears and sobs. Their husbands were in the fields, and that very moment perhaps would prove their last. The firing and yelling outside grew louder, mingled with cries of distress. Madeleine rushed about in search of the two men. As she entered the covered passage leading to the blockhouse she saw one of them in the further corner, and before she could reach him the second appeared with a lighted taper in his hand.

"What are you doing with that torch, Gachet?" she called out sharply as the fellow turned toward the store of powder near him.

"There is no chance for us, mademoiselle," he said, his pale face growing more ghastly in the flaring light. "You do not know the Iroquois. Better to die here together than roast over the campfires of those devils. We must blow up the blockhouse."

"You are a miserable coward!" cried the girl, "and you, too, Pierre La Bonte. Give me the torch. Shall we fling away our lives without shedding one drop of their miserable blood? Let us fight to the last breath." Madeleine seized a musket as she spoke, and her resolute tones roused the men. They armed themselves, and, taking muskets for each of the two boys—for very young children in those days of terror knew how to handle firearms—the five placed themselves in readiness at the loopholes. Laviolette was already busy repairing a breach in the palisade.

For some time the Indians were too much occupied with their easy prey in the fields to turn their attention to the fort, which was some distance from them, and the little company were able to lay their plans of defence. From time to time they fired the single cannon, the pride of the fort. As night drew on a strong north wind began to blow, and soon a cold, driving sleet was upon them. Not one of the men had made his escape to the fort, so cunningly had the savages arranged themselves between the farmers and a place of safety. Since her encounter with the two half-witted fellows in the blockhouse, Madeleine had assumed command of the situation quite naturally, her first feeling of bewilderment and terror passing away. Although Indian warfare was usually one of stealth, and an ordinary occasions the savages showed the utmost reluctance to attack a fortified place, Madeleine was well aware that in the darkness of the storm they could easily scale the palisade without detection, and would undoubtedly try to make the best of so favorable an opportunity. Her only hope was that they might be deceived as to the strength of the garrison. If they believed the fort well defended they would never allow themselves to be caught in a trap. She must strain every nerve, to keep up the appearance of numbers.

Laviolette took his place on one of the bastions. Little Alexander was placed at another, armed with a drum in addition to his musket. Louis, who was two years older, took his place also with a gun. La Bonte was to keep guard at the entrance of the blockhouse, with a horn slung over his shoulder, ready to sound an alarm. The young commander stationed herself at the remaining outermost bastion, urging her sentinels to call back and forth at frequent intervals.

The hours dragged on slowly in the cold and wet, but the watchers stood well to their duty. Just after midnight, Madeleine, peering earnestly through the darkness, descried a moving something outlined against the now softly falling snow, and soon two stealthy figures were distinctly visible close to the fort. Without waiting to discover their purpose, Madeleine boldly fired her musket, the prearranged signal, whereat the drum instantly beat a loud tattoo, Louis and Laviolette discharged their guns, and the trumpet from the blockhouse responded with a loud blast. The clatter was continued for some moments, then the sentinels ceased their din to watch and wait. All was quiet, and no sign appeared of the shadowy figures. The night wore on and another day and night of anxious watching followed. On the third day La Monnerie, who had heard of the attack at Vercheres, and was anxious not to lose so important a post arrived with forty men.

Madeleine, at first sight of her countrymen, sprang from the bastion and ran joyously to meet them, not forgetting, even in her assurance of safety, to leave sentinels at the gate. "Monsieur, I surrender my arms," she said, saluting La Monnerie, and then dropping a courtesy as she smiled up into his face. "They are in good hands. I accept no surrender, Mademoiselle," replied the officer, returning her courtesy with a salute given in as grand a manner as if she had been punctilious old Count Frontenac himself.

The soldiers found no words to express their admiration as they saw the young sentinels at the gates, and perfect order everywhere. Later they learned that on the night of the 22nd the Iroquois had planned an attack on the fort, but had desisted because their scouts had found it full of soldiers. La Monnerie laughed heartily at the story of Madeleine's mode of defence.

A LOVELY HOME.—One of life's greatest blessings is to have a good and charming home. Too many of the young never think enough about their home, and consequently, take no interest in it. It is only when the chief and loving member of the household—mother, whose fight is finished, and she lies cold in death, that then the home that was once so beautiful, seems now to lose its attraction and grandeur. Boys and girls, take an interest in your homes, love them, and let that love never grow weary or cold. Help mother all you can, remembering that you can never do enough for her in order to try and show gratitude for all she has done for you.

Out in the schoolyard some children were boasting, as children love to do, and one little girl said she had a lovely home. The others eyed her distrustfully, for she was poorly clad and it didn't seem likely that she could have anything very nice. She repeated that it was such a lovely home. Curiosity burned her companions and they dared her to show them her home. Nothing daunted the child told them to follow her. Past fine houses into a narrow street she led them, and paused before a small house whose neatness could not disguise its poverty. What glances of contempt the merciless critics cast on the poor dwelling. How they cried out that she didn't tell the truth—that it wasn't a fine house at all. Above their clamor the little girl's voice could be heard, "Ah, it is. It is a lovely home because my mamma lives here."

SPEAK IN CHEERY TONES. — We cannot estimate the influence of a pleasant voice and a smile. A large number of our young are too fond of being snarlish and snappish in their manner of speaking and acting. You always like to visit a place where the persons receive you politely, act gently towards you, and are always in the best of humor, their countenances beaming with a happy and cheery smile. You will bestow an immense amount of good with kindness while, on the contrary, harshness destroys rather than builds up. A few years ago, in a large city, a gentleman was approached by a poor boy. "What can I do for you?" said the gentleman. "Nothing," he answered, "except speak a kind word to me. You see I have no mother like the rest of boys, but a kind word will suffice." Do you see in this little example the great benefit of a kind word. Try and follow its counsels, and many will be the hearts which will be made lighter.

"There is no room for sadness,
When you see a cheery smile.
It always has the same good look
It is never out of style."

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

APPLE SEASON. —The time for fresh apples is always hailed with pleasure by housewives, for with them no end of delicious dishes may be prepared. Apple sauce, appreciated by nearly every one, is too often poorly made. Not long ago, in a house where better judgment might have been expected, the dish came to the table thickened with cornstarch.

Many people think sauce made of summer apples and tender skinned winter ones is improved in flavor if the apples are not peeled before cooking. In this case the pulp is pushed through a colander while it is hot. By this method, however, the sauce becomes more or less "salvy." In the long run the usual method of cooking is most satisfactory to the majority of persons. Pare, quarter and core the fruit; put it into a saucepan with just enough boiling water to cover, and simmer it gently until it is done. Sweeten to taste while hot, stirring until the sugar is distributed.

If the apple sections are wanted unbroken, make a syrup of one cupful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of water and a section of lemon peel. When this boils, add pared and cored quarters of seven or eight sour apples. Cook them slowly until they are tender, but not broken. Then remove the apples carefully with a wooden spoon, boil the syrup for five minutes or so, and strain it over the apples. A tin or iron dish is never, of course, employed to cook any fruit. A teaspoonful of butter added to apple sauce softens the flavor, and the juice of a lemon and additional sugar add to its richness. A sliced lemon (not peeled) may be put into the syrup in which apples are cooked. This gives a more decided flavor. A bit of orange peel boiled in the syrup also gives a pleasant taste. True apple lovers, however, object to anything that detracts from the pure apple savor.

The old fashioned way of cooking the apples slowly until they turned a rich mahogany red makes a pleasant variety in the bill of fare. To accomplish this, pare, quarter and core the apples and cover them with cold water, to which a tablespoonful of Porto Rico molasses or of dark brown sugar and a piece of lemon peel have been added. Cover them and cook very slowly, hardly at a simmer, for several hours. The sections should remain whole. Pears cooked in this way are especially delicious.

Bits of butter sprinkled over the top of the apple pie after the sugar and cinnamon have been put in and before the top crust is on is a great improvement, as is also the juice of a lemon and an additional quantity of sugar.

For the baked apple of time honored memory there is a variety of methods. The simplest of all is liked best by many who claim that from the core and seeds a certain flavor is given to the pulp. Perfect apples are selected, sweet or tart, with no suggestion of worm depredations. After washing them they are placed in a pan, with just enough water to cover the bottom, and are baked slowly until tender. To serve for dessert it is best to cover them, the cavities being filled with sugar, with or without an additional flavoring. A tiny piece of lemon peel is sometimes put into each with the sugar. Some housekeepers use a sprinkling of cinnamon or a piece of butter the size of a cherry.

One housekeeper always uses pound sweets for baking. She removes the core, and packs them in a large pudding dish with a cupful of hot water in the bottom. The dish is covered closely and set in a moderate oven, where the fruit is allowed to steam slowly until it is tender. Then the apples are placed in an earthen dish and the juice is poured over them with a big wooden spoon until they are cool, when they are transferred to a glass dish, again covered with the juice and placed on the ice. Baked in this way, apples are said to be better flavored than when cooked in an open dish.

A sort of baked apple sauce is made by paring and coring tart apples, putting them in a deep pudding dish with just enough water to cover them, covering the dish closely and baking or steaming in a moderate oven until they are tender. Then the apples are removed without breaking and half a cupful of sugar is added to the juice for every six apples, and the syrup is boiled for about half an hour. Ten minutes before removing from the fire, a piece of ginger root, a piece of stick cinnamon, a blade of mace or a few whole cloves are put in. At the end of the time, remove the spice and turn the liquid over the fruit, which has been kept hot. Cover closely and stand away to cool. This dish is delicious served with cream.

A compote of apples makes an attractive dessert. Make a syrup with a cup of sugar, a cup of water and an inch of stick cinnamon. Boil it slowly for twelve minutes. Meanwhile, pare and core ten tart apples, and cook them in the syrup until they are nearly tender. Drain them and put in the oven for a few minutes. Arrange the apples when cold on a dish and fill the spaces left by the cores with currant jelly. Cool the syrup and pour it over the apples. When very cold, arrange whipped cream around the base and garnish it with the currant jelly.

If apples are to be served uncooked, each should be washed in cold water, wiped carefully and then polished with a piece of flannel.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS. — This subject is one which has been the cause of much comment in recent years. The "Catholic Transcript" says:—

Saying grace before meals is fast becoming a lost art in England and America. Early in the past century the custom of invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the repast was almost universal. It was so much in use and so frequently followed up with a disgusting manifestation of the "gluttonous proclivities of the good livers of the day," that Charles Lamb grew very tired of the practice and stormed against it as a mockery and an insult flung in the face of the Almighty. He wrote:—"I hear somebody exclaim—'Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—No.—I would have them sit down as Christians, remember the Giver, and less like hogs." Mr. Lamb would not have to complain of trifling with the Lord. Grace is not said. The decline of the beautiful and most Christian custom is thus traced out by the Springfield "Republican":—"The general weakening of religious bonds in the past fifty years must be accounted a fundamental cause. When it has grown so difficult to fill the churches at the Sunday services no one can be surprised that this minor religious rite is passing rapidly into desuetude. Is it to pass away forever? Possibly we moderns, with our evolutionary philosophy and higher criticism, have outgrown it, yet, despite all that may be said by wits and critics of society to its detriment, was it not in its gentle way a civilizing force? The comparative hush, the reverent bowing of heads, the possible uplift here and there to worldly souls as the spirit of the divine is appealed to, the momentary detachment from the purely animal phase of existence—is not this something beautiful in conception and worthy of preservation in our social life?"

PERIL IN SAUSAGES.—The British "Medical Journal" in a recent issue observes that a certain Dr. Schilling is to be credited with a discovery of a new mystery in sausage. He had often noticed moulds lodged in the inequalities of the inner surface of the skin. He examined pieces of dried gut such as are found in the market, and was surprised to find adhering to them a considerable amount of the composition of that already sufficiently mysterious article of diet—the debris of straw and fragments of grain. He argued that if such remains were fairly abundant after drying, they must be still more so in the fresh guts used by pork butchers. He had some difficulty in procuring samples, as only enough is prepared for the needs of the makers and they are not willingly sold. After repeated examinations, he satisfied himself that these intestines of oxen or pigs contained an amount of excremental matter which may be estimated at from 2 to 2½ grammes per metre of small gut, and 5 per metre of large. If the skin of sausages is carefully removed, only a small part of this filth is swallowed, but if they are eaten with the skin, a considerable quantity must be swallowed. Dr. Schilling estimates that a German workman consuming 10 to 15 centimetres of sausage daily swallows 4 to 5 grammes of excrement in the week, or 20 grammes per month. One needs only, he says, to see the butcher prepare the guts by washing in a little dirty water to know in what state they must be in regard to cleanliness.

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SHOWS THAT THE BLOOD AND NERVES NEED TONING UP.

This Condition Causes More Genuine Suffering Than One Can Imagine—How a Well Known Exeter Lady Obtained a Cure After She Had Begun to Regard Her Condition as Hopeless.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

"A run down system!" What a world of misery those few words imply, and yet there are thousands throughout this country who are suffering from this condition. Their blood is poor and watery; they suffer almost continuously from headaches; are unable to obtain restful sleep and the least exertion greatly fatigues them. What is needed to put the system right is a tonic, and experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the only never-failing tonic and health restorer.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, a respected resident of Exeter, Ont., is one of the many who have tested and proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For many months she was a great sufferer from what is commonly termed "a run down system." To a reporter of the "Advocate" she gave the following story in the hope that other sufferers might benefit from her experience:—"For many months my health was in a bad state, my constitution being greatly run down. I was troubled with continual headaches, my appetite was poor and the least exertion greatly fatigued me. I consulted a physician but his treatment did not appear to benefit me, and I gradually became worse, so that I could hardly attend to my household duties. I then tried several advertised remedies, but without result, and I began to regard my condition as hopeless. A neighbor called to see me one day, and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having tried so many medicines without receiving benefit, I was not easily persuaded, but finally I consented to give the pills a trial. To my surprise and great joy I noticed an improvement in my condition before I had finished the first box, and by the time I had taken four boxes of the pills I was fully restored to health. I no longer suffer from those severe headaches, my appetite is good, I can go about my household duties without the least trouble; in fact, I feel like a new woman. All this I owe to that best of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge other sufferers to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized the world over as the best blood and nerve tonic, and it is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves which enable these pills to cure such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CORRECT BOTH TIMES.

A young fellow who was looking for a clerkship was recently recommended to a city merchant by a Glasgow gentleman. When the two friends met some time thereafter the Glasgow man ventured to hope that his recommendation had been productive of good results.

"On the contrary," replied the merchant.

"You astonish me," said his friend. "I thought he would suit you exactly; he was so full of go."

"And so he was. He has gone off with a thousand pounds of my money."

"Is it possible? And I thought he was the very man you were looking for."

"You are right there. He is the very man I am looking for."—From the Youth's Companion.

SCHOLARSHIPS. — Mr. William R. Grace, ex-Mayor of New York, has recently endowed six scholarships at St. John's College, Fordham, N.Y.

A SCALE OF TIPS.— Pullman porters are discussing a scale of tips to be posted in their cars, so that they may make a living.

POTATOES form the world's greatest single crop, 4,000 million bushels being produced annually, equal in bulk to the entire wheat and corn crop.

SONG WRITERS.—Among songs that have produced the greatest amount of money is Sullivan's world famous "Lost Chord." This song was substantially composed (under sad conditions) in less than an hour, and for that hour's work the composer received in royalties quite $50,000—probably the largest sum any man has ever earned in an hour by his brain.

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