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DEVOTED TO THE IMPROVEMENT AND
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No. 1.

Labor.

F. S. OSGOOD.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill;
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Drop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to the blue heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy day'sness, a clod.
Work—for some good, let it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

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Soldiers of Liberty.

By EMILY WEAVER,
Author of "My Lady Nell," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"A deafening clamor in the slippery clouds."

"I am confident that we shall win at last, Albrecht. We have the right on our side. We cannot be finally conquered. Life would not be worth living, if I could think that. How can you believe that oppression is to last forever? We are not slaves to be trampled under foot with impunity; we are men—free men and soldiers—and we will *not* submit."

"We may be conquered, though we do not voluntarily submit."

"Never, Albrecht!—if we are but true to ourselves. I will not believe it. What! can you think of the slavery in which they would bind us, the mockery which they would force on us, in the name of religion!—can you think of our ruined homes, murdered friends, and dishonored country, and still believe that Spain will have power to crush us down forever? As there is a God above, I do not believe it for a moment."

"If it is to be, He will strengthen us to bear it, Bertrand. I know no more than that!"

"That we shall be strengthened, I do not doubt; but, please God, it shall be to throw off the yoke of these accursed Spaniards. It madens me to hear you talk of submission. Think of Maestricht, and Naarden, and Harlem! I tell you, Albrecht, that if we should submit, every town, every village in the country would be condemned to suffer the same horrors. We cannot draw back; we must

fight until we conquer or die! If we submit, it will be to the Council of Blood, the rack, and the stake. It was not our wish to take up arms (we endured much before we did so), but now it would be madness to throw them down until our freedom is secured!"

"How can we hope to secure it, Bertrand? The strife is unequal; we are matched against the whole power of the greatest and richest empire that this world has ever seen, and we are not even united amongst ourselves. Our Prince is almost without money and without resources. If this last venture fails, nothing can save either him or us; we shall be ruined irretrievably."

"But it will not fail! Don't be so faint-hearted, Albrecht!"

"We must face our position, Bertrand. It would be no help to us to delude ourselves with false hopes."

"If I had given up hope, as you have," replied Bertrand, rather impatiently, "I would thank the first Spaniard I met to put a bullet through me."

"If it were not for Marie and Helène, I should be glad to die," said Albrecht; "even with them, life is almost unendurable. I would to God it were His will to call us home together. What is there left to live for? Our country is a reeking shambles. Our homes are foul with blood. Robbery and murder, Spain and the "Holy Office," are turning Holland into a veritable hell on earth. Bertrand, I have cried to Heaven for help, and I am still unanswered! Nay! my prayers are mocked—they bring back nought but greater misery. Now, Leyden (our own beloved city) is surrounded by the foe; it is doomed to be the next victim! Soon my own home will be in ashes—my wife, my child, will be at the mercy of those who have less mercy than the lost spirits of Satan!"

"Oh, Albrecht! how could you leave her? It was wrong to leave her alone in Leyden. What if Valdez should force his way into the city? What if he—"

"Bertrand, I have thought of all! Cost what it may, I have done right to come. Not even for Marie will I forget the duty I owe to my country."

"Forgive me, Albrecht. I ought not to have spoken so; but it is such an awful risk and—and—I could not help fearing that you were growing careless of your life. Heaven send you a safe journey home!"

"I have no fear for that," he replied, calmly;

"I shall live until my time has come to die, and I think that that will not be yet. I wish my errand had been successful, but I can do nothing more; and unless I get a special message from the Count, I shall start from Utrecht the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, Albrecht, I do hope you will get home safely. I cannot bear to think of what may happen if you are taken."

"I am not afraid," said Albrecht; "with care, I hope I shall pass the Spanish lines with as little difficulty as I had in coming."

"Nevertheless, I shall be glad when I know that you are safe in Leyden again."

"I wish," replied Albrecht, thinking of his wife and child, "that to be in Leyden *was* to be safe."

"Things might be much worse. We are sure to bring relief. Trust in God and Count Louis. Leyden will never be taken!"

They walked on in silence for some minutes after this, until Bertrand exclaimed, suddenly, "Look how the clouds are gathering, Albrecht. I am afraid that we shall have an awful storm."

It was almost midnight, but the brothers were still pacing the silent and deserted streets. It was their last night together; for Bertrand was to leave Utrecht before noon on the following day, and neither knew what lay before him. They were only certain that danger and difficulty were in store for both.

They were Netherlanders of good family, and were firm supporters of the Prince of Orange in his brave attempts to save his unhappy country. Like him, they had lost much in the cause of freedom, but had refused with contempt Philip's offer of pardon and reward on the condition of their return to his service.

Albrecht van Hessfeldt was now about thirty years of age; his brother was some five or six years younger. Both were tall and dark; Albrecht was unquestionably the handsomer of the two, but Bertrand was much more generally liked and admired. The misery of his surroundings had been too much for Albrecht; his face was set stern and melancholy—no jest could move his dark eyes to laughter, no light or careless words were heard from his lips. If he had not been a good man, he would have been an utterly repellent one; as it was, he was feared more generally than loved, for the gentler side of his nature was warped by the intense hatred he bore to his foes, and crushed down by the weight of his despair.

Bertrand was different. An ideal soldier, he won all hearts by his impetuous courage, his

frank generosity, and his careless gaiety. In his philosophy there was no place for despair.

When they left the house, the sky had been clear; but now black clouds were drifting across the blue, starlit vault above them. There was no wind in the streets, but, above, a gale was blowing, to judge by the flying clouds. Their homeward way lay for some little distance along the wall of the city; and, as they gained the top of the steps that led up to it, both turned, with one consent, to look at the signs of the strange tempest raging overhead. But, as they gazed, the wind was stilled, and the clouds gathered themselves into dark and heavy masses, surrounding on every side a single space of blue, directly overhead. Longer and broader it grew, as the heavy clouds rolled back into banks of more than thunderous blackness. The space within took shape, until it hung, a gigantic oblong, over the whole length of the city. The stars faded out of sight, the blue grew pale, clear, and bright as the colors of a summer sunset—yet the clouds were dark as ever, and the city below was still wrapped in the hush and gloom of midnight.

The brothers stood spell-bound, with the sleeping town at their feet, waiting and watching in awestruck silence. Suddenly the sound of trumpets burst on their astonished ears, for it was not from the silent city, nor from the misty fields beyond the wall—no mortal lips blew those unearthly notes—their weird music called not the sons of men to war—yet warriors gathered at the call; whether they were denizens of heaven or hell, or phantoms less substantial, the watchers could not tell. They only knew that far above them in the "blue depth of ether" the semblance of an army was gathering to war. Its lances flashed in seeming sunlight, its banners waved as in a breeze. On it marched, a mighty host!—footmen and horsemen, spearmen and musketeers—accompanied by trains of heavy artillery. They marched in haste, but, before they had crossed the blue, another army came slowly forward from the south-east, from what appeared to be a camp, entrenched and strongly fortified.

Another moment and they met. The shock of the encounter shook the heavens. The cannon roared, the combatants shouted as they closed. Down went horse and rider, knight and general, in the fierce hand-to-hand fight that followed. Heavy smoke obscured the view, and when it cleared the attacking force was in full retreat—the other, triumphant and victorious.

And still the brothers stood below, waiting in breathless anxiety for the end.

It came. The retreating army rallied and advanced once more across the azure battlefield. The other formed into a solid square and waited the attack. Faster and faster rushed the advancing host, fiercer and louder grew the shouts, but the south eastern wind waited, as silent and still as stone. Once more the heavens thrilled with the shock of the encounter—once more the battle raged, but only once. The serried square went down before the onslaught of the foe. The shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished mingled hideously. Then, suddenly and without warning, the combatants vanished, the sounds of the conflict died away, and on the unsullied blue not a trace of the struggle was left.

For several minutes neither Albrecht nor Bertrand uttered one word. They stood pondering in silence the fearful scene their eyes had witnessed, and gazing in awestruck wonder on the cloud framed space above, now fair, and blue, and silent, as the calm of a summer sea. But once again its peaceful aspect was dispelled. Across it, flowing swiftly, there appeared broad streams of blood—deepest and darkest where the phantom battle had raged most fiercely. Bertrand, shuddering and sickened, turned away, but Albrecht did not move. Suddenly, the crimson faded out of sight, the strange, unnatural brightness died away, the stars reappeared, and the heavy masses of cloud broke up and passed away. Nothing remained to tell of the strange vision they had seen; and when some minutes had gone by without further apparitions, they roused themselves and went on their way, half doubting the evidence of their senses, but still deeply impressed with vague forebodings of coming evil.

That night they said little, even to each other, of what they had seen, but morning brought strange tidings. Others besides themselves had seen the sights and heard the sounds of that dread battle in the sky. They had seen, and before the grave magistrates of Utrecht they told their story, swearing to its truth, and it was entered in the records of the town, attested solemnly by five independent witnesses. So Albrecht and his brother could no longer doubt that what they thought they saw, they really had seen. Why should they doubt? The story travelled fast; the noble and the learned of the land agreed in giving it credence, and in attaching to it a prophetic import. Only *what* did it mean? Who could interpret the vision? Not *one* Daniel, but many, came forward to display their magic lore. Not one, but many, asserted that it foretold disaster to the arms of Holland and danger to her liberty. Some went further, among them Albrecht van Hesselveldt. He held that the prediction was of some final and irretrievable catastrophe, which would end, at once and forever, the struggle with Spain.

Even Bertrand was depressed; he realized at last that victory was uncertain, and he feared that defeat was imminent.

"If only we had not seen the Spanish banners and heard their war-cries, I could hope," he said to Albrecht.

"But we *have* heard them," he returned. "All that remains for us is to sell our lives as dearly as we can!"

"By Heaven, we will!" cried Bertrand. "If we are doomed to die, we will die like men!"

"Yes! Fate has given us one little hour; let us make the most of it. Heaven but grant us

vengeance, if it be but for a moment, and then let us die. I can die *now*, Bertrand."

"I fancied that you, too, thought that the battle went against us," said Bertrand, sadly.

"Yes, in the end; but first, don't you remember? the victory is to be ours. They will go down before us! Think of that, Bertrand! We shall not die dishonored, after all. We are to be avenged on Spain, and then we can die!"

But the thought of vengeance did not completely reconcile Bertrand to the fate in store for Holland. Hitherto he had not despaired of the final triumph of liberty; now he did despair, and he could not sustain himself with the fierce comfort that supported his brother. The vision had been too clear, too explicit, to be disbelieved, and it was with a heavy heart that he said "Good-bye."

Not so, Albrecht. He had long anticipated the complete overthrow of the Dutch armies, but the previous gleam of success was an unlooked for merry. In fierce elation of spirit he went on his homeward way, willing to wait and to suffer for the coming hour of triumph, and after that to die. Vengeance was all that earth had now to offer, and, thank Heaven, it was not to be entirely withheld.

So they parted, both firmly believing in the reality of that strange nocturnal strife among the clouds, and agreeing as to its interpretation; but, to the one it came as a message of hope, to the other, as a sentence of despair.

Perhaps they erred in thinking that they saw it? Perhaps the phantoms merely mocked the ways of men in playful sport? Perhaps all had a meaning and they read it wrongly? Reader, you must form your own conclusions; but I beg you to remember that my tale is of a time, three hundred years ago, when the thoughts of men and (for aught I know) the ways of demons ran in different grooves from those of the nineteenth century.

"But," some critical reader may say, "do you actually ask us to believe in visions and omens and apparitions? Are not credulity and superstition the attributes of the vulgar? We cannot accept such a tissue of extravagance as you have set down for our perusal."

I didn't say you could, reader. All I assert is, that the truth of the story above recorded was not doubted in the days of the Van Hesselveldts. Nay, so far was it from being doubted, that the fulfilment of the vision was anxiously looked for, and in course of time was universally believed to have occurred.

(To be Continued.)

For The Household Companion.

Makers of Our History.

Few of the men whose lives I propose to sketch in these columns were Canadians by birth; but as their discoveries and labors, mistakes and successes, have largely contributed to make Canada what she is, their histories ought to possess some interest for every inhabitant of this country. Taking them in chronological order, I will begin with

I. JACQUES CARTIER.

Little is known either of Cartier's earlier or of his later life; indeed, it is but for a brief period of less than ten years that his figure in any way stands out from amongst the crowd of bold, hardy mariners who played so important a part in the history of the sixteenth century.

He was born in the year 1494, at St. Malo, a seaport town on the coast of Brittany. Like many of his townspeople, he became a sailor, and must have gained considerable reputation in his profession, for when Philippe de Brion-

Chabot (a courtier, and the Admiral of France) persuaded the king to send an expedition to explore the northern part of the New World, the command was offered to Jacques Cartier.

He accepted the appointment, and two ships were fitted out accordingly. They sailed from St. Malo in April, 1534, steered for Newfoundland, passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, and crossed to the mainland of Canada, which Cartier claimed for his sovereign, by planting a cross in the soil, with the loyal inscription upon it: "Vive le Roy de France."

He imagined that he was on the highway to China, a delusion in which he did not stand alone, for, many years later, La Salle named the rapids of the St. Lawrence "à la Chine," fancying that they formed a direct communication by water with the rich empires of the East. Cartier dared not linger to pursue his discoveries, however, for the autumnal storms were gathering, and he returned to France without having accomplished anything remarkable. The next year three small vessels were placed under his command, and a number of gentlemen volunteers joined his little band. Before setting out they all confessed and heard mass in the Cathedral of St. Malo, and their enterprise was solemnly blessed by the bishop.

Cartier's first object was to explore the estuary of the St. Lawrence; and with no better pilots than two young Indians, whom he had treacherously kidnapped the year before, he made his way safely up the river past the Isle of Orleans to the Indian village of Stadaconé, at the foot of the huge rock now crowned by the fortifications of Quebec.

The savages were filled with wonder at their strange guests, but gave them a hearty welcome. The French captain and the chief, Donnacona, exchanged presents and visits of ceremony. But the Indians talked of another town higher up the river, so much larger and more important than their own that it gave its name, Hochelaga, to the great stream itself and to all the country round; and after hearing of it, Cartier would not be prevailed upon to remain longer with his kind entertainers.

Taking with him fifty sailors in a small galleon and two open boats, he sailed slowly up the river till his larger vessel grounded; and he was obliged to leave her, Travelling first in the boats, and for the last few miles on foot, he and his followers pressed on till they reached the Indian town, not far from the spot where Montreal now stands.

It was early in October, and fields of ripe maize surrounded Hochelaga, with its strange, oblong, bark-covered houses, each large enough to shelter many families, and its triple palisade of crossed tree-trunks, which enclosed and defended the whole town.

The Frenchmen were received here with no less enthusiasm than had been displayed at Stadaconé. The Indians brought out their sick that Cartier might touch and heal them. His character, like that of so many others of his time, seems to have been a strange compound of unscrupulousness and superstition, mingled with a genuine anxiety for the conversion of the heathen. To make amends for his want of medical skill, he read over the poor invalids a portion of the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the cross, uttered a prayer for the welfare of their souls as well as of their bodies, and finally read, in his own tongue, the account of the death of the Saviour. The Indians listened with grave attention; then followed a distribution of presents, which they better understood; and, soon afterwards, the French bade them farewell and returned by land to Stadaconé, where in the meanwhile their comrades had built a fort of palisades.

In this poor defence against the severity of the climate they spent the winter. At first the Indians came to them daily, but gradually their friendship lessened, and by the beginning of December their visits had ceased entirely. The intruders now began to fear their active enmity, but another foe was at hand: A terrible outbreak of scurvy was brought on by their poor and scanty food, and at one time there were not more than three or four healthy men in the whole community.

In vain Cartier appealed to the saints, and ordered processions in honor of the Virgin; the disease did not abate, and many died in misery. They took great pains to conceal their condition from the Indians, lest they should take advantage of their weakness to destroy them; but perhaps if they had been more frank some lives might have been spared, for it was an Indian, at last, who told them of a remedy. "A decoction of the leaves of a certain evergreen would cure them," he said, and following his directions the survivors began to recover.

Cartier seems to have had very little gratitude in his nature; for when spring opened and he prepared to return to his native land, he basely requited the kindness and hospitality which had been shown him by treacherously luring several of the Indian chiefs on board his vessel and carrying them with him to France. There they were "converted" and baptized, but all, without exception, died within a year or two.

Nearly five years passed before Jacques Cartier made his third voyage to New France, under the auspices of a new patron, the Sieur de Roberval, to whom the king had given the high-sounding but empty titles of Viceroy and Lieutenant-General over all the newly-discovered regions where the sovereignty of France was but a name.

From the first, this third expedition was unfortunate. There was delay in providing sufficient stores and ammunition, and Cartier was ordered to sail alone. Roberval engaged to follow as soon as possible, but eleven months passed before he was able to do so. Meanwhile Cartier had no sooner reached his destination than he was beset by Indians inquiring for their absent chiefs. He admitted that Donnacona was dead, but declared that the others had married in France and were living there "like great lords"; but this falsehood did not satisfy their tribesmen, and they looked on the French with distrust.

It was already late in August, and Cartier continued his explorations till November. At Cap Rouge, where he built two forts, he found a valueless yellow mineral which he took for gold; but gained nothing more from his explorations except a little further knowledge of the country.

At Charlesbourg-Royal, as they called their two forts, the Frenchmen passed the winter, miserably and hopelessly, as we may guess, for as soon as spring opened they decided to return to France. On their way they met Roberval with two hundred colonists and the long-delayed supplies. He commanded them to return, but they escaped under cover of night, leaving the viceroy to make an attempt at colonization as ill-fated as their own.

Jacques Cartier was rewarded for his discoveries with a patent of nobility, but he appears to have retained to the last the simple habits of his earlier life, for his seigniorial mansion in the suburbs of St. Malo contained but four rooms, a kitchen and hall below, and two rooms above. In this unassuming luxury he probably lived for many years, but the actual date of his death is uncertain, though he is known to have been alive in 1552.

Perhaps it may be thought that this rough sailor and unsuccessful adventurer hardly deserves a place among the "makers of our history." His efforts to plant a colony on the St. Lawrence were defeated, and for over half a century longer the Red-men still retained possession of their woods and hunting-grounds. But Cartier had done his work in helping to rouse the interest of his countrymen in the western world, and in after years France made good her claim to the sovereignty he had asserted when he planted his cross at Gaspé and proclaimed Francis I. king of the great unknown land now called Canada.

SMITH POYNTON.

Good-by.

HARRIET MCBWEN KIMBALL.

Bid me good-by! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim,
Nor yet can any language, any nation,
A sweeter frame.

It is not final, it forebodes no sorrow,
As some declare
Who, born to fretting, are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

"Good-by" is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere,
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

"Good-by!" Yes, "God be with you!"—prayer and
In simplest phrase, [blessing
Alike our need and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me good-by!

A Woman's Adventure.

By GERTRUDE WIMANS.

The dinner dishes were done; the bread moulded and set to rise for the last time. Baby had been fed, and then, as Martha Wadsworth cuddled the sleepy little-head against her bosom, she pressed a rapturous kiss on the chubby hand clinging to her kerchief, saying: "Bless his little heart! Mamma would like to rock him all day. She wishes there was nothing else to do." But as this reminded her of her work, she stopped fondling him, and, crooning softly, swayed back and forth in the creaky rocking chair. Baby popped his thumb into his mouth, sucked it vigorously for a moment, then grew quieter and quieter. Mother rocked more and more slowly, and at last, sure that his majesty was sound asleep, rose and laid him carefully down in the rough oaken cradle. She tucked up the blanket and stood for a moment patting him and gently jogging the cradle. Bruno came from his place by the fire and poked his black nose inquiringly into baby's rosy face. With a lifted, warning finger, Mrs. Wadsworth bade him: "No, no, sir! Go lie down!" Then she built up the big fire, gave a knowing little poke to the fat loaves, took her knitting, and, with one foot on the rocker, settled herself for a quiet afternoon.

She glanced around her cosy kitchen with a smile of approval. To be sure, the frontier home in the wilds of the west was not like their old home in the long-settled east, but then it was snug and cheery. "I know mother has no better fire than this, at any rate," she said, gazing musingly into the ruddy coals. "They said a pioneer life would be so hard, but it isn't—very; and then I have Jack to myself in a way I couldn't have at home," and the dimples crept around the loving mouth. But with something very like a sigh the girl-

mother whispered to baby: "If it only wasn't quite so far away, so that your grandma could see you once before you are a big boy."

Pausing in her meditations, she listened a moment and then glanced from the winter sunshine on the floor to the little Dutch clock on the shelf, saying aloud: "Why! only three o'clock and the cows coming home already! Jack said he had put their fodder in the little pasture where they would be sheltered from the wind."

She rose and went to the window, murmuring: "Perhaps a wolf has frightened them. Well, the gates are open and they've gone into the yard."

Baby, roused by her exclamation, uttered a sleepy protest at being waked from his nap for even the most astonishing cause; so, sitting down, she hushed him to sleep again and then went on with her knitting, saying sagely: "I need not worry, if it is anything; it won't come into the clearing by daylight, and Jack will be home before it is dark."

Meanwhile the sunlight slipped quietly away from the little window, the firelight grew redder and redder, and the shadows darkened as the early winter twilight came on. Mrs. Wadsworth rolled up her knitting and put the bread in the oven. Baby had waked and was growing restless, so she took him up, pausing in her plans for Jack's supper to assure her "little man" that he should have his dinner—"yes, he should." Glancing at the frost gathering on the window, she added: "It's cold, and he'll be terribly hungry, but the biscuits will be hot and I'll just cook up some eggs to eat with them. Now I wonder what I did with those I found this morning. Yes, I left them in the barn. Dear me, they'll be frozen. I must run right out and get them."

She put baby down hastily, hung a string of spoons from the cradle top, then set it rocking, and while he struggled with sturdy, ineffectual clutches to grasp the swing wonder, she caught up the little red blanket, threw it over her head, and started for the barn.

The trees stretched a lace-work of bare branches against the golden-tinted sky, the crescent moon was a silver thread, all tempting her to linger, but the frosty air hurried her on down the snow-trodden path to the barn. She heard Bruno's step pit-a-pat, pit-a-patting at her heels, and put out her hand, saying cheerily: "Nice old fellow!" but instead of responding with a touch of his cold nose, he seemed to pause and draw back. Yet Martha, without looking behind her, stepped briskly on toward the barn. As she neared it she again spoke to her four-footed escort: "I forgot about the cattle, Bruno. I am just as well pleased that you came. Let's hurry!"

She half paused at the door; then, with an uneasy laugh, forced herself to go on.

It was as dark as a pocket inside, but she remembered just where she had left the eggs, on the meal-bin in the corner. Feeling for them her hand struck the basket, and picking it up she hurried out, feeling a vague sense of danger.

She walked with a rapid footstep, for it was pretty dark and—but then she heard Bruno's steps behind her, and with him she was safe. However, she was glad to reach the house, and running up the steps swung open the door and turned back with a joyful, "Come in, Bru—"

But the words died on her lips, for it was not Bruno that she saw, but a long crouching figure with flaming eyes! The real Bruno sprang growling from the fire.

Quick as a flash, she shut the door and dropped the heavy bar; then slammed and

barred the massive window shutters; and stood with set teeth listening to Bruno's savage baying and for something else. What was it that had been following her so steadily, so stealthily in the dim light? What should she do? Were they safe now?

She looked at Baby. He was kicking up his heels, happy as a kitten. Bruno had stopped barking and only went from window to door, growling deep in his throat, as if from the memory of an enemy. Should she let him out? No, if he should be killed there would be no protection for herself—and then her husband! She ordered Bruno to lie down and he obeyed, but with watchful eyes and deep growls.

Taking down the shotgun she loaded it with buck-shot, trying to keep under this terrible fear at her heart by saying: "He has his rifle and must see it—it isn't very dark yet."

She had hardly finished loading her gun when there rose a sudden bawling among the cattle. Bruno sprang baying to the door. Should she let him go? He might be able to protect the cattle or he might be killed, and then, how could she give the alarm to Jack?

These thoughts had hardly passed through her mind when a rifle shot rang out above the other sounds. Her husband!

Quickly opening the door she let Bruno out; then stood trembling and sick with her hand on the bar. Minutes, (they seemed hours) passed, and then a firm step came creaking over the snow. In a moment the door flew open and Jack burst in full of excitement, but instead of paying attention to his joyous exclamation: "O, Mattie, come and see what I've shot," she dropped on the floor and cried. All the answer that her bewildered husband got to kisses and petting protestations, that "It's all right, little woman. Why, there is nothing to cry for," was, "I thought it was Bruno—and—oh, dear! I'll never go out to the barn again!"

But she did, the next morning, just to see her escort of the previous evening, and it was the biggest panther ever killed in those parts. "There," said Jack, "as I came down the road, I heard the cows making a great racket. So I ran across the field, and there I could see him sitting on the yard fence, showing black against the sky, and I dropped him at the first shot."

The great, glossy, tawny skin made a splendid rug for Baby to play on before the fire, but it always gave his mother the "creeps" to see it, for said she: "To think of my putting my hand back and almost on that panther's nose! I know if I had happened to stop or started to run he would have sprung. Ugh! I never see the old skin but I hear his cushioned paws pit-a-pat, pit-a-patting after me!"—*American Agriculturist.*

For The Household Companion.

Answering a Letter.

Answering a letter!—but alas! nine people out of ten never answer a letter. They read it when they receive it, of course; then they put it into their pockets and forget where it is, or lose it, or burn it, as the case may be, and at last they sit down to answer it! If there were any questions asked, they don't know what they were. If anything startling was narrated, they may perhaps remember enough about it to write down a few words of comment or condolence; but, as a rule, the so-called answer is an original essay on an entirely independent line of thought. This matters very little when the questions asked had been merely thrown in to fill too large a blank; but

sometimes the questioner (perhaps a sister or father far from home) may really wish to know what he asks, and then there must be something a little disappointing in the closely written pages that yet give no hint on the subject of his anxieties.

Around the Lamp.

For The Household Companion.

A New-Old Game.

I am going to tell you how to make and to play a game that is at least thirty or forty years old, though I have never seen it played in this country except at our own house. It is called "Schimmel" or "Bell and Hammer."

You will need five blank cards, a little larger than ladies' visiting cards. On the first draw a horse; on the second, an inn or hotel; on the third, a bell; on the fourth, a hammer; and, on the fifth, both a bell and a hammer. If you cannot draw, write on the cards instead the words, "White Horse," "Inn," "Bell," "Hammer," and "Bell and Hammer."

Next take a piece of hard wood and cut off it eight cubes, each side to be about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length. Cut them very accurately, and rub them smooth with sandpaper. On one side of one of them mark with ink a little bell; on the second cube mark a hammer; and on the remaining six, the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, respectively.

The next thing you will need is a dice-box. If you play backgammon, one belonging to that game will do very well; if not, you might either get one turned or make a substitute for it. If you decide to make it, use good, firm pasteboard, and begin by cutting out a round piece about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, then take another piece large enough to form a tube three inches long and fit it neatly to the round piece. I think it would be strongest if you took a coarse needle and thread and sewed the parts together, taking care not to make the stitches too large, or, if you preferred, you might use strong glue; but in either case, it would greatly improve its appearance to gum some bright-colored paper smoothly over the outside.

Lastly get some cards of any two colors, and cut out a number of counters in two sizes. An easy way to make them is to take a large-sized button, or a cent, and to mark round it with a lead pencil. You will need about 50 large counters (counting ten each) and 100 small ones (counting one each); or if you do not care to cut out so many, you may use beans instead of the small ones.

I think we are now ready to begin our game. Any number may play, but it is the best game with seven or eight. One player must be chosen to be auctioneer and banker; and he should give to each person a certain number of counters. Three large and five small ones is a good number. All that are left over remain in the bank.

The next proceeding is to put up the cards for auction to the highest bidder. I had better mention here, perhaps, that there is considerable difference in the value of the cards. The White Horse is usually the favorite; the Inn is a very uncertain card; the Bell, and the Hammer are about equal in value; and the Bell-and-Hammer is worth the least; but you will see the principles that govern their value directly.

When buying the cards, the players are allowed to go into debt; but the banker, to whom the counters are paid, must keep a strict account. It is best for all players, except the

purchaser of the White Horse, to reserve their small counters, as they will be needed in the course of the game. It is allowable, but not advisable, for one player to buy two cards.

The auction being over, the player to the right of the banker takes the dice-box and throws the cubes out upon the table. If (as occasionally happens) they come out heaped upon one another, it does not count, and the same player must throw again. The dice must lie upon the table with their upper surfaces level, so that there can be no mistake as to what has turned up.

We will now suppose that "even persons are playing, and when we have played a round with them we shall see better how the game goes.

No. 1 throws, and the numbers 6 and 2 turn up. Banker pays 8 to number 1.

No. 2 throws; 3, 4, and the Hammer turn up. Banker pays 7 to the Hammer (not to number 2).

No. 3 throws, and, as frequently happens, all the cubes are blank. Each player pays 1 to the White Horse.

No. 4 throws. Bell-and-Hammer and 5 turn up. Banker pays Bell-and-Hammer 5.

No. 5 turns up Bell by itself. Bell pays 1 to the White Horse.

No. 6 turns Bell again, and 5, 6, 3, and 4. Banker pays 18 to the owner of the Bell.

No. 7 turns 6, 2, and 1, and receives 9 from the Bank.

Any player not having a card receives only what he turns up for himself, but of course, he has the advantage of retaining his original fortune.

The players must pay their debts as speedily as possible; and if the sum in the bank gets low before any one can do so, he must borrow from another player. If he does not succeed in paying him back before the end of the game, the amount of the debt is counted with the amount that the lender has in possession at the last, as the player having the highest number of counters wins.

You will remember that there was a fifth card, the Inn. We will now suppose that the sum in the bank is reduced to, (say) 10.

Player No. 1 turns up 13 for himself, and, instead of receiving anything, pays to the Inn the amount by which the number he turns up exceeds that in the bank—in this case, 3.

No. 2 turns blanks, and the Inn having "come in," the White Horse pays 1 to the Inn for every player at the table except himself; in the present instance, 6.

No. 3 turns Bell 14. Bell pays 4 to Inn.

No. 4 turns 6 for the Hammer. Bank pays Hammer 6.

No. 5 turns 16 for himself; and the sum in the bank being now reduced to 4, he has to pay 12 to the Inn.

No. 6 turns 4 for himself, and, as it is exactly the number in the bank, the game is finished.

Frequently, however, it goes on for many rounds after the Inn has come in.

Now, after this long explanation, I think you will find no difficulty in making and playing this game; but if I have not made it sufficiently clear, you can write and ask me about anything you don't understand, and I will answer in the next number of THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION.

COUSIN DORA.

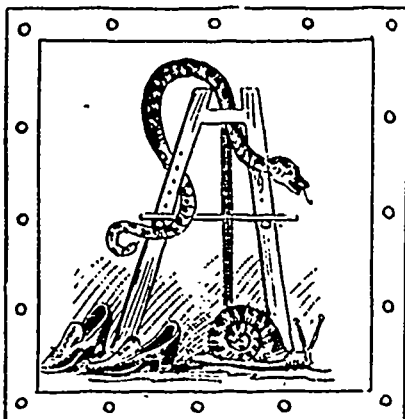
LITTLE BERTIE two and a half years old, was looking out of a window one evening at the stars. He had never observed them carefully before. After looking at one very intently for a few moments, he cried out, "Mamma come quick, and see him wiggle."—*E. A.*

Cousin Dora's Puzzle Box.

ORNING WORDS

Some of these puzzles and riddles will be found in each number of THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION; and to the boy or girl (whether young or old) who correctly answers the largest number of those published from now until December will be given as a prize a bound volume of *The Boys' Own Paper* or *The Girls' Own Paper* for the present year. This is a very handsome prize and well worth competing for. Now my young friends to receive credit you must send in your answers before the twentieth day of the month in which the puzzles are published. The names of those who send correct answers will be published each month in THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION, so that you will be able to tell how you are getting on.

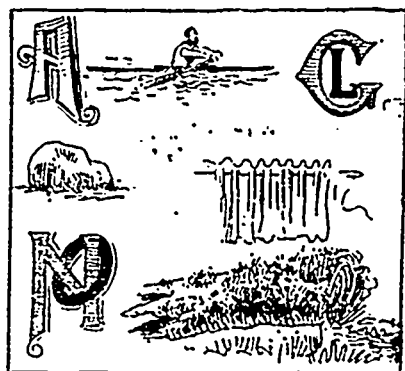
HOLLOW SQUARE.



When the names of the four central objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters composing them arranged like the black dots in the picture (the letters at each corner being used twice) a hollow square will be formed.

REBUS.

By a careful study of the sketches below, the words forming a well-known proverb may be discovered.



SQUARE WORD.

For those who are not accustomed to solving puzzles, I will explain that the letters in a "square word" are arranged to read in two directions, across and downwards; for instance, here is a square word of three letters:

L A D
A P E
D E N

Now the words I wish you to find out contain four letters. 1 is a kind of earth; 2 is a continent; 3 is a place of amusement; 4 is a piece of water.

BURIED WORDS.

The fruit, *pear*, is buried in this sentence: "When did your new *cap* arrive?" In each of the six sentences below you will find letters, following each other consecutively, forming the name of an animal:

1. Do good whenever you can.
2. Eli only sat and waited.
3. Please bring me a lath, or send Amaziah with it.
4. Tostig erred greatly in coming to England to fight against Harold.
5. The rolling sea leaped o'er the deck.
6. His sword was naked in his hand.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In this puzzle I have given you the meanings of seven words, the first letters of which form the Christian name, and the last letters the surname of a man famous in Canadian history:

- 1 is an adjective often referring to the press;
- 2 is a country in Europe;
- 3 is a singer;
- 4 is a measure;
- 5 is a canton in Switzerland;
- 6 is another word for anger;
- 7 is a title of respect.

RIDDLES.

(1) I am a mighty monarch, whose vast empire extends over all things in which is the breath of life. I lengthen the lives of my subjects by shortening their days, and although my reign never ceases its power is not always felt. To the young and happy I am a constant friend; on the old and wretched my favors are more sparingly bestowed. I am never accused of injustice, often of caprice. I fly from those who woo me, and pursue those who would drive me away.

(2) I am a word of four letters; read me forwards, I am a snare; read me backwards, I am less than the whole.

(3) There is a room with eight corners, and a cat in each corner, seven cats before each cat, and a cat on every cat's tail. How many cats are there in the room?

(4) Why did the accession of Queen Victoria cast a greater damp over England than the death of William IV.?

TO TELL YOUR AGE.

Put down the day of the month of your birth; double it; add 7; multiply by 50; add one to your age and then add that; subtract 366; multiply by 100; add the number of the month in which you were born; add 1500. The first two figures of the result will give the day of the month birth, the next two give age, and the last two the number of the month.

Children's Corner.

A Prince of Newfoundland.

The shower had ceased, but the city street Was flooded still with the drenching rain, Though men and horses with hurrying feet Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep; By the clean-washed pavement fast it rushed, As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink; With many a wistful, plaintive mew, She seemed at the edge to shudder and shrink.

And there she stood while her heedless throng Were all unheard by the heedless throng, Looking across with such longing eyes; But the torrent was all too swift and strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavement wide, Wandered our Prince from Newfoundland, Stately, and careless, and dignified, Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat, And his beautiful eyes, so soft and brown, With quiet, observant glance took note Of all that was passing him, up and down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed, Stopped to look and investigate, The whole situation understood, And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he, Up to the poor little trembling wail, Lifted her gently and carefully, And carried her over the water safe,

And set her soft on the longed-for shore, Licked her down coat with a kind caress, Left her and went on his way once more, The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and a cat, you say? Could a human being understand And be more kind in a human way Than this fine old Prince from Newfoundland?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet; If a poor dumb dog so wise can be, We should be gentle enough to treat All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one Who such an example could withstand; Who would wish in goodness to be undone By a princely Jog from Newfoundland?

—Harper's Young People.

Jack's Repentance.

BY R. LEIGH.

Jack and Millie Grant were brother and sister; and there was only a year between them in age. Generally they were the fastest of

friends, but to-day, though the ice was said to be splendid, and it was a clear frosty morning—just the kind a skater likes—Jack was in a very bad humor. He had spoken unpleasantly to Millie, she had said he was rude, and then he had spoken very rudely indeed.

Jack had examined the ice very early in the morning, and had found it in very good condition for skating, except that it was thin in one place over a deep hole.

After breakfast the two children walked down to the ice without speaking. Jack was determined to say nothing to Millie, but to let her make the first advances. He did once think of telling her about the hole, but he felt so ill-humored he didn't like even to do that. In his anger he thought it would be her own fault if she did get in, and that most likely she would be all right anyway. He left her to put on her own skates, though he generally helped her, while he skated about the pond whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

After getting very cold and making a great many mistakes, Millie managed to get her skates on. She skated as quickly as she could across the centre of the pond and was very soon on the thin ice over the deep hole. Jack, whose back had been turned, gave a cry when he saw where she was, but it came too late. There was a loud crack, the ice broke, and Millie disappeared.

Two men hearing Jack's shouts came to him; and after a great deal of trouble drew Millie on to the firm ice. At the first glance Jack felt sure that she was dead. Her face was white, her eyes were nearly closed, her mouth was partly open, and she didn't seem to breathe.

He felt as if he were a murderer. He could think of no one but himself, so he ran at the top of his speed to the house where Mrs. Grant lay ill. He burst into her room, saying, "Mother, Millie's dead, and I have killed her." Mrs. Grant gave a low cry, and Jack was frightened at the change that came over her; she sank back upon the pillows, her face as pale as death, and her eyes fixed in a dreadful stare.

Jack, under a horrible dread that, by his carelessness, he had killed his mother as well as Millie, now searched for his father and told him everything. Mr. Grant hastened to his wife, and told his son to run to the pond, and ask the men to bring poor Millie to the house.

Jack ran as if his own life depended upon it; but, when half way, he met the men who were bringing Millie home. She looked very pale and ill, but was able to walk, and even to speak to the man who had rescued her, and on whose arm she was leaning. Jack felt just as if his little sister had returned to him from the dead; but, without stopping to speak to her, he ran back to the house to tell the good news; and when Mrs. Grant was able to understand that Millie really was not dead, she very soon recovered from her faintness.

As for Jack, he is still the same boy in most ways, but he never treats Millie unkindly now; and he often says he hopes no other boy will ever have to undergo such a dreadful punishment as his for quarrelling with a little sister.

The pilgrim o'er a desert wild Should ne'er let want confound him, For he at any time can eat The sand which is around him. It might seem odd that he could find Such palatable fare, Did we not know the sons of Ham Were bred and mustered there.

A boy, kept in after school for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spellbound.

THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION

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58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

Our Greeting.

THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION aims, as its name suggests, to supply useful information on all the varied employments that occupy a Canadian household. Each month it will contain illustrated notes on the fashions, which, it is hoped, may prove useful to the home dress-maker. There will also be articles on fancy-work, and on the arrangement and decoration of the different rooms in the house. The very important arts of washing, cleaning, and cooking, will not be forgotten; and in each number useful and seasonable recipes will be given, of which some, at least, shall be instructions for making dishes that will be economical as well as tasty. From time to time there will also be articles on the prevention of diseases, and the treatment to be followed in cases of accident or in the earlier stages of illness before a doctor can be fetched; for the health of each member of the family affects its happiness more nearly than any luxury or convenience. This month we begin these articles with the first of a series of letters on the care of little children, written by a lady who has had very considerable experience in the matter.

The outdoor interests of the family will also receive due attention. Articles from the pens of able contributors will appear on the raising of fruit and vegetables, the care of flowering plants and ornamental trees, and the rearing of chickens, ducks, turkeys, and all kinds of poultry. Neither will the important subject of pets be forgotten, but, as space will permit,

there will be papers on the treatment of rabbits, dogs, canaries, etc., etc.

THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION, however, does not intend to confine its attention solely to the practical side of life. A friend is all the better if he can, occasionally, be amusing and entertaining as well as instructive; and indeed, most of us would weary of a companion who never had a word or thought beyond the prosaic details of his everyday work. So THE COMPANION will bring you stories and poems, articles on art and music, historical sketches, papers on indoor games and outdoor amusements, puzzles and riddles for the young folk, and natural history anecdotes and tales for the little ones. It will contain something for every one in the house, and will soon, we hope, earn for itself the honored place of a friend of the family.

A Word as to Personal Adornment.

Come down to breakfast neat and tidy, girls. If you have work to do, by all means let your dress be plain (and even old, if necessary), but never allow it to be either dirty, wanting in buttons, or out at elbows. A clean linen collar is perhaps the most suitable finish for a morning gown, and it costs little trouble in the getting up; but, if you object to collars, sew a bit of narrow lace or edging in the neck of your dress, unless it is made in such a way that anything extra is unnecessary. And when you are invited out for the evening, don't give way to the temptation of appearing during the earlier hours of the day with your hair in curl-papers. It is better to sacrifice the little additional adornment than to appear so rude and disrespectful to your family.

Spoiling Children.

There are many ways of spoiling children; but one is very common in this country whatever it may be elsewhere. If Johnnie "doesn't like this," or says something surprisingly clever, or even is only unusually naughty, somebody is always sure to tell the tale in his hearing. Naturally he feels himself a hero, and, fancying that the eyes of the world are upon him, makes tremendous efforts to eclipse himself; and then mamma laments aloud (Johnnie still there), "Really, that boy is getting quite beyond me—he won't mind a word I say!"

Beauty.

In the following extract from a recently published essay, an old truth is somewhat freshly stated, and I print it here as it may be of comfort to some one, among whose crosses is that of a plain face and an ungraceful figure:

We hear so much about physical culture, and read so many articles telling how plain women may become beautiful, that in spite of the old saws we almost think that beauty is more than skin deep. But while every one cannot be born beautiful, every thinking woman knows that she may gain by culture that which will give her greater happiness and her friends more pleasure than mere physical beauty ever could do.

The secret is simple. Make the most of every opportunity which comes in your way; and if they do not come, make them. There is no beauty like that of a beautiful mind; and no matter how great our physical beauty, no matter how much money we have, or how

many maids we keep, or how many pretty gowns we wear, if we do not let our souls shine in our faces, and kindness in our eyes, we shall miss the greatest qualities that constitute true beauty.

A certain Sunday-school teacher labored long and lovingly with her little charges to fix in their minds the words, "Keep your body under." Many times they repeated it, and one small boy seemed much improved by her explanation of it. On his return home his father said, "Well, did your teacher tell you about to-day?"

"Oh, papa, she talked so beautifully to us," he said, "about giving up things. And we all learned to say—Well, papa, I can't just remember it, but—something like 'keep your soul on top.'"

Do not the child's quaint words just express the way for us "children of a larger growth" to direct our lives? Just as sure as a woman thinks good thoughts, reads good books, and does good deeds, her face will show to all the world that she "keeps her soul on top."

Aunt Mary's Letters.

I.

THE CARE OF A BABY.

It is not necessary to explain how the following letters came into my possession. They were written, not very long ago, by an old lady to her newly-married niece, and as they contain much sensible advice on the care of young children, which is likely to be of general interest, I intend making a series of extracts from them for the benefit of my readers. The earliest which I shall make use of was written soon after the birth of the first child.

"In the first place," she says, "I should like to impress upon you very earnestly the great importance of regularity in the management of your baby. Have set times, as far as possible, for everything. Do not wash and dress it some mornings at one hour and some at another; and, above all things, do not feed it irregularly. Many mothers act as if every time a child cried it must be hungry; whereas if a time for feeding is fixed and rigidly adhered to, there will be very little crying comparatively, because, other things being equal, the baby does not suffer nearly so much from indigestion as one would do whose small digestive apparatus had no intervals of rest.

"Feed your little child once in two hours for the first two months, and after that very gradually increase the time between meals till you get it to three hours, which interval may be kept to until the baby is five months old. After that get to three and a half hours, which, in my opinion, is long enough for any infant to be without food.

"Whilst I am speaking of food, let me strongly advise you, if it is needful to use a bottle at all, to use two. Half the misery very little children have to go through arises from bottles that are apparently washed clean, but are not thoroughly sweet. To be quite sure they are all right, rinse out the bottle well, clean the pipe with the brush for the purpose, and then put bottles, pipes, and everything belonging to them, into a pan containing clean cold water, set it on the stove and let the water boil. Leave the bottles in the pan until cool, and then put them again into cold water, in which it is best to keep them whenever they are not in use. If you do this every day, at any rate the bottles will not be to blame for any little ailment. There is no fear of breaking the bottles if they are carefully boiled. If you need to use a bottle partially, I think you

would find it best to use condensed milk (if you can get it good) and water; it will probably agree with the child better than fresh cow's milk and water. If your baby has, unfortunately, to be brought up entirely with the bottle, use the milk of one special cow, with water and sugar, carefully proportioned according to age. A little lime-water added to each meal will be found beneficial. Never save food from one time to another, but always use a fresh bottle and newly-mixed food.

"I spoke of regularity in washing and dressing as well as feeding as being very important. It is so principally because then baby is ready for his long morning sleep about the same time each day. I would advise you to find out which time will be most convenient for you to bathe your little pet yourself, and try to let nothing interfere with it. Probably directly after breakfast will suit best, that is unless you are a very early riser. Have a bowl or something else large enough to allow you to put the child bodily into the water (I used to use a small tin foot-bath), and envelop yourself in a large, soft flannel apron. This not only keeps you dry yourself, but is nice to wrap round the little one when he comes out of the water. Have the water lukewarm, but not hot, as hot water has a weakening effect. Some people advocate cold baths for all children, even very young ones; but I must confess I should feel it almost cruel to plunge a tender little baby into cold water, even on a warm summer morning; such little ones are so much more easily chilled than older folk. If the washing is done carefully, tenderly, and with loving looks and words, baby will soon come to enjoy the performance thoroughly. Use plenty of violet powder, and, if his skin gets rubbed or cracked, put a little damp Fuller's earth on the tender places. You can buy the Fuller's earth powdered as fine as flour.

"After the washing, dressing, and feeding is over, your little boy should take a good, long sleep, and leave mamma to attend to other matters. He will do so if he is well and comfortable, and it is a great point to form the habit. He should have another good nap in the afternoon; and early in the evening, at some fixed time, should be made ready for night."

Wash the little face, and hands, and neck; see that all bands are flat and nice; if not, undo them and put them on afresh; tuck the little feet up in the long flannel, which should be worn under the night dress, and put your "sweet precious gift" into his cradle for a long night's rest. Babies are even more the creatures of habit than we are ourselves; and with a healthy child, it is quite easy to get it into good ways when it is young. Not to speak of the saving of trouble to all concerned, the comfort to the child itself is immense.

I must not forget to advise you, never, on any consideration, to use common pins in dressing baby. Use large safety pins, and stitch the flannel and linen binders; it is the safest way of all, and is not much trouble if you have a needle and cotton ready.

Be very careful of your baby's back; do not let him sit up without support for some months. Many poor children have had years of suffering through careless nurses letting them jump backwards and hurt themselves."

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sorry and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for its living;
While the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonnie, and good and gay.

Fashion Notes.

Skirts are now made with many gores, and are usually plain, though a few new ones are



YOUNG LADY'S WALKING DRESS.
adorned with draperies, caught up at the sides. Braidwork, tinsel trimming, or frills are



GIRL'S SCHOOL DRESS.
frequently used on the front widths at the bottom of the skirt. Frills of the same

material as the dress are made in varying widths, and either one, two, or three are used, according to the fancy of the wearer. Lace frills are usually eight or ten inches deep. Sometimes a plaiting goes completely round the skirt; and occasionally it is put on across the front and carried up the sides of the back widths, giving an effect not unlike the old apron-fronts of fourteen or fifteen years ago. The old fashion of adorning the skirt with panniers also shows signs of reviving, but they are unbecoming to most figures. I forgot to mention that the new "bell-skirt" is often decorated with gold or fancy braid along all its seams from waist to hem. The back breadths of skirts are still arranged either in gathers or in fan-shaped folds, the latter meeting with most general favor perhaps.

Possibly it is to make up for this simplicity in the skirts that basques have just now more than their fair share of decoration. Some of them have the material shirred on a close-fitting



LADY'S VISITING COSTUME.

lining in the middle of the back and at each side of the front, and are finished with a narrow belt. Others have loose folds crossing from the right shoulder to the left side, and in this case the left side of the waist is frequently of a material different from the other, as shown in the figure entitled, "Young Lady's Walking Dress," or is trimmed with many rows of narrow braid or velvet. In one pattern a yoke of velvet is used, to which the material is gathered; and in another, a frill passes over each shoulder and terminates at the waist in points, both at the back and front. Many bodices have a deep frill or plaiting sewn on immediately below the waist, whilst others are cut into deep slashes. Sometimes a Zouave or Figaro jacket is worn over a blouse-waist of spotted or figured material contrasting with the rest of the dress. This jacket is shown in the "Girl's School Dress" of our illustrations.

Sleeves are still made high and full on the shoulders, and close-fitting from elbow to

wrist. A slightly new variety shown in our first plate rejoices in the unpromising name of the "Corkscrew," and is so called from its twisted appearance.

Collars, especially on garments for outdoor wear, are high and slightly rolled back, though a good many turned-down coat collars are also to be seen.

Outdoor capes are made with a yoke, cut either round or square, with high shoulders and stand-up collars. The skirt of the cape is full and deep, reaching some inches below the waist of the wearer. It is shown in our third costume picture.

Sailor and pinafore costumes, more or less elaborate in construction, are much worn by little girls, while for very small boys kilted skirts with sailor or blouse waists are in as great favor as ever.

Most shapes of both hats and bonnets are still trimmed chiefly at the back or on the top. The sailor-hat, with an excessively low crown, is seen everywhere, but a new shape promises to rival it in the favor of young ladies who like to wear something that is suitable for all weathers or employments. This is a shape made both in straw and felt. It is trimmed with a band of rather broad ribbon of the same shade as the hat, and has a silk bow or two on one side, which may be either inside the narrow brim, or outside as in the second illustration already referred to.

A new bonnet for young ladies has a pointed crown, and is trimmed with high loops of ribbon at the back and bows and ends in front. (See the third of our costume sketches.)

Home Dressmaking.

If you have never made a dress at all, begin with a print wrapper and make it very simply with a blouse waist, which will not require lining, and a plain skirt with one or two narrow frills across the front. Be careful to have all your measurements accurate, and don't be afraid of using the tape measure a good deal; you will find that it saves time in the end. Be careful, also, not to cut on the bias when you should cut lengthwise of the goods, and mind, in a figured piece of stuff especially, that you cut nothing upside down or wrong-side out.

But we will suppose that you have already served your apprenticeship on such simple cotton garments and are now prepared for a more ambitious effort. In the first place, don't be tempted by false considerations of economy to buy too little stuff—you will lose in time and effect what you gain in money. This is one of the besetting sins of amateurs, though I must confess that professional dressmakers often err on the other side. Secondly, buy a good paper pattern, follow the printed directions that accompany it, and get some other person to fit the waist for you.

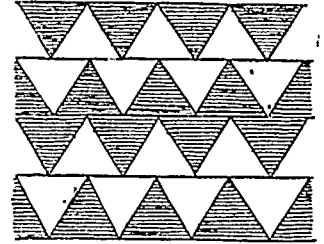
After both waist and skirt are stitched up, you must, if you wish to have your dress very nice, overcast the seams and press them open, all except the curved seams in the back of the waist. Some dressmakers press these also, but it is difficult for an amateur to do so, without doing more harm than good. For pressing the sleeves, wrap a piece of flannel round a smooth board or stick (a rolling-pin will do), turn the sleeve inside out over it, and press half at a time.

Lastly, be sure to put your buttons close enough together; if they are too far apart, it will spoil the fit. I have heard it said that a home-made dress can often be recognized immediately by its deficiencies in this respect.

If you can afford the luxury of having a dress made by professional hands occasionally, you will find that it will give you many ideas for your own work afterwards, as there is much in the craft and mystery of dressmaking that must be seen to be understood.

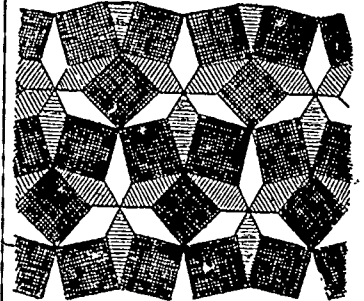
Patterns for Patchwork.

The zigzag is a simple and useful pattern for quilts. Two colors are used; and all the pieces are cut exactly the same size and shape. They are arranged as in the diagram.



ZIGZAG PATCHWORK.

A more complex pattern is called the Queen of Beauty Star. Either two or three colors



"QUEEN OF BEAUTY STAR" PATTERN.

may be used. In the illustration there are three, but for a quilt I think two would be prettier. A pink or blue star on a white ground would be effective. For this pattern the print is cut in two shapes as shown in the little diagram.



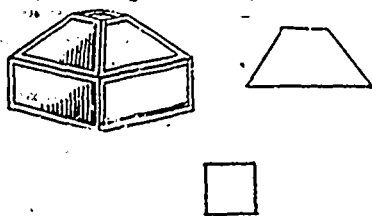
Pretty Toilet Boxes.

Glass jewel-boxes have again become fashionable as ornaments for the toilet-table. They may be made in any shape—square, diamond-shaped, triangular, or octagonal; and of colored, ground, or plain glass.

A very pretty one was made in a triangular shape, with puffed satin at the bottom. Three long, narrow pieces of plain glass formed the sides; the lid was made of a single-piece (an equilateral triangle in shape), and the bottom was made of a piece of pasteboard of exactly the same size and shape as the top. The pasteboard was first covered with yellow satin, puffed on a lining and brought round the edges of the under-side, where it was fastened by sewing with long stitches from side to side. To hide these stitches, it was then lined with a bit of glazed yellow calico. The pieces of glass were bound with narrow yellow ribbon. This was done by drawing the ribbon tightly round the edge of the glass, and fastening the ends securely together with silk

of the same shade. Care was taken to keep the edge of the glass in the centre of the breadth of the ribbon. It was fastened down by taking a pleat at the corners large enough to draw the edges of the ribbon tightly against the glass. All the pieces being bound, they were then sewn neatly together on the outside, the lid being left free on two sides.

Often the bottom is made of glass also, and the box is then ornamented with bows of ribbon, according to the fancy of the maker.



If preferred the top may be raised (as in fig. 1), but in that case nine pieces of glass will be required for a square box, exclusive of the bottom: Four pieces will be needed for the sides, which should not be much more than half as wide as they are long; and for the top, one small square piece, and four pieces cut in the shape of fig. 2. You may see how to put them together by the diagram.

In making any of the more complicated boxes, it is well to cut patterns in cardboard of the shapes you want, and to see that they fit together accurately before sending them to the glass cutter.

For The Household Companion.

Two Bedrooms.

When people are busy and not very rich, they are tempted, if they cannot have their surroundings exactly as they would like them to be, to give up trying to improve them. Now this is a great mistake; for even if the materials are old and shabby, a little careful arrangement will work wonders.

I think I can explain better what I mean by telling you about two bedrooms I saw lately.

The first was very well-furnished, in the sense of having a large, handsome bedstead, a marble-topped bureau and washstand, and comfortable, cushioned chairs; but in spite of its grandeur, it did not look really well. The wall-paper was of a dull lilac, with a variegated border. The comforter on the bed was of greenish cretonne, pretty enough in itself, but not suitable for the purpose. The window-curtains were of a cheerful pink, and would have been very useful in giving brightness to a dull room. The china was covered with a blue pattern of a very good design, and the mats and pincushion were blue to match, while the various little knickknacks scattered round were of all the colors of the rainbow. I noticed a scarlet match-box side by side with a blue velvet picture-frame, while a crimson pillow-sham holder took up one side of the wall, and by contrast enhanced the brilliancy of a yellow satin banner. Altogether one felt overwhelmed with abundance, or rather superabundance, of color, and longed for a quiet neutral tint to rest one's tired eyes.

The other bedroom was very different. The walls were covered with a paper having a white ground, with small light-blue figures dotted over it, and a blue border. The room was quite plainly furnished (a few dollars would have paid for everything in it) but the whole effect was restful and pleasing because the furniture and hangings all harmonized.

The bedstead, bureau, washstand, and chairs were of plain yellow maple. The inexpensive white lace curtains were tied back with bows of pale blue ribbon. The com-

forter was of blue sateen, and over the washstand was a splasher of crash-towelling with a blue design in outline crewel-work. The mats were of oatmeal cloth worked with silk of the same shade of blue, and in every little detail the same idea was carried out. Match-holders, toilet-tidies, tidies, fancy bags and frames were all either blue or yellow, and you would have been surprised to see how nice the room looked!

Perhaps you may not be able or willing to have a blue bedroom in your house, but you may like to have a purple or red or yellow one. Any color will do, so long as you keep to one prevailing tint.

Sometimes two or even more colors have a good effect, but this requires a good deal more knowledge and skill in the arrangement, and it is better not to attempt too much at first. If your colors are quiet and soft, you will find them easier to manage. Pale yellow will do with almost any color, and pale pink will combine prettily with a deeper shade of red.

As you study the subject, you will notice other good combinations, and will be able to make them to suit your own taste; but at least be careful in furnishing always to have some plan of color, and to keep to it as strictly as your means will allow.

GRACE GORDON.

Bedroom Splashes.

Simple muslin and linen splashes, decorated with ribbon or outline embroidery, are perhaps as pretty as any; but here are two new ideas for these useful protectors to the walls.

The first was made of white oilcloth, bound round the edge with braid. Upon it was painted, in a rather bold style, with one dark color of oilpaint, a little scene, consisting of a cottage, a group of trees, and a pool of water in the foreground. As the painting was well done, the splasher was an ornament to the room, whilst it had the advantage of being easily cleaned by simply wiping it over with a damp cloth.

The other one was made of small, oddly-shaped bits of bright-colored and much-gilded wallpaper, pasted upon a sheet of strong brown paper. They were arranged crazy-work fashion, and the splasher was finished with a narrow but handsome border.

Buttermilk for Freckles.

There is nothing that equals fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn, or moth spots, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but renders it soft like a little child's. Take a soft cloth or sponge and bathe the face, neck and arms thoroughly before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash it thoroughly with buttermilk and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three such baths will take off all the tan and freckles. It will keep the hands soft and smooth.

To Remove Stains from Clothes.

Fresh fruit stains may often be removed from a garment by rubbing ammonia upon the spot. Spirits of camphor, or green tomato juice and salt, are said to be useful for the same purpose.

Tea and coffee stains will usually come out if boiling water is poured upon them.

Rubbing with lard will remove tar, turpentine is the best for paint, salts of lemon for iron-mould, and ammonia for machine oil.

Soap has a tendency to set most stains, so it should not be used until they have been removed.

Washing Colored Cottons.

Black and white cotton or linen dresses, and, indeed, most colored dresses, may be safely washed by just dipping them in salt and water, and hanging them in a shady place to dry. Two large cups of salt to ten quarts of cold water is the proper proportion. When dry after this dipping, put them into light suds, not very hot, and wash as usual. A little salt in the rinsing water is thought to be good. Many persons think it is not necessary to use salt when the goods are washed a second time. No colored goods should be allowed to soak at all, either in suds or rinsing water. Wash and dry dress goods as quickly as may be. Some persons put black pepper into the suds when hot, let it stand till the water is cool enough to wash colored goods and then put them in and wash as usual, rinse in one water and hang in a shady place to dry. Two tablespoons of pepper to a pail of water is the amount used.

Others prefer to use wheat bran. These mix two large cupfuls of bran in cold water till a smooth paste is made and then stir it into one quart of soft, boiling water. Let it boil half an hour and then add five more quarts of soft, warm water to wash the dress in. As bran answers the cleaning purposes of soap, no soap need be used. The water should be clean and only warm when used. It is well to add a tablespoonful of salt to it.—*Home and Farm*.

A Kitchen Towel-Rack.

A convenient rack for drying dish towels, etc., is described in the *Farm Journal*. Nail to the wall near the kitchen stove a small piece of moderately thin board, shaped according to the fancy of the maker, and attach to it, by hinges, three or four wooden rods, one above the other. Being movable, they can be opened at any angle or folded against the wall out of the way.

A Simple Method of Making Coffee.

Take a common tin coffee-pot, make a ring of wire sufficiently large not to fall into the pot, and sew on it a bag of muslin or cheese-cloth. The bag must not be long enough to touch the bottom of the tin, but it must hang well down. Put the coffee into the bag, fill the pot with hot water, and set it on the fire to boil. Let it stand a minute after boiling, then pour off, and the coffee will be found to be clear and ready for use, without the necessity of using eggs or anything else to clear it.

Recipes.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVE.—For 1 lb. of tomatoes, take 1 lemon, 1 lb. sugar, and 1 oz. whole ginger. Wash the tomatoes, but don't try to skin them; cut them into large pieces, scatter the sugar over them, and let them stand all night. Slice the lemons as thin as possible, and cut the ginger into small pieces. Boil for about an hour, or until the tomatoes turn to a dark-green color.

VEGETABLE MARROW PRESERVE.—1 lb. marrow, 1 lb. brown sugar, 2 lemons, 1 oz. whole ginger. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the sugar into a pint of boiling water, pour it over the marrow, which should be cut into small pieces, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Then cut the rind of the lemons and boil it with the juice of the lemons, the ginger (which should be

bruised), 1 teacupful of water, and the remainder of the sugar. When it boils put in the marrow, and continue to boil till it is quite transparent. Pumpkin may be used instead of the marrow.

RED PLUM CHEESE.—Take the small dark plums, stew them in a slow oven, till they can be rubbed through a hair sieve. Take out the stones, crack them, pour a little boiling water over the kernels, and remove their skins. To every pound of pulp add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar, put in the kernels, and boil an hour. Keep the jam in moulds or glasses from which it will turn out nicely.

RHUBARB WINE.—To every gallon of cut rhubarb put one gallon of boiling water. Let it stand six days covered up, then strain. To every gallon of juice add $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of the coarsest brown sugar, let it ferment, and bottle.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 pint of tomatoes well cooked in a quart of boiling water put 1 teacupful of soda. When they stop foaming add 1 pint of sweet milk and season, as for oysters, with butter, pepper, salt, and a little rolled cracker. Canned tomatoes can be used instead of fresh if desirable.

TOMATO CHUTNEY.—1 lb. each of tomatoes, apples, onions, raisins, salt, and sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ginger (ground), and 2 teaspoonfuls of Cayenne pepper. Pare the apples and onions, stone the raisins, and chop them and the tomatoes fine. Put the mixture into a crock, add the ginger and pepper, and sufficient vinegar to cover. Keep in a moderately warm place for three weeks and stir occasionally; then put it into stone jars or bottles and it will be ready for use.

TOMATO MUSTARD.—Boil 1 peck of ripe tomatoes for one hour with six red peppers. Strain through a colander to take out the seeds and skins, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt, 3 tablespoonfuls of black pepper, 1 oz. ginger, 1 oz. allspice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cloves (all ground). Put in two onions, and boil for another hour; add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mustard, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of vinegar—then bottle.

TOMATO PICKLE.—7 large onions, 14 ripe tomatoes. Cut up and boil the onions in a teacupful of vinegar before mixing with the tomatoes. Then cut up the tomatoes and put them on the onions with 1 teacupful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of ground cloves, 1 teaspoonful of allspice, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, and boil for twenty minutes, when it will be ready for bottling.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—1 peck tomatoes (sliced), $\frac{3}{4}$ peck onions. Sprinkle salt on the tomatoes, soak for 24 hours, and throw away juice. Take one teacupful grated horse-radish, 1 quart vinegar, 2 lbs. of coarse sugar, 1 oz. mized spice. Chop fine and boil for twenty minutes. Horse-radish (grated) at the top of the jars will prevent mould.

HUNTER SAUCE.—Take 1 peck green tomatoes and 6 or 8 large onions. Slice and put in layers with one cupful of salt. Let them stand all night, then drain off the juice. Add 1 teacupful sugar, 1 cupful grated horse-radish, 1 tablespoonful cloves, 1 tablespoonful allspice, 2 tablespoonfuls cinnamon, 1 desertspoonful mace, 12 red peppers sliced thin and vinegar enough to cover. Boil for three hours.

QUAKER CAKE.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white sugar (sifted), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 5 eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, afterwards the eggs by degrees. Beat them twenty minutes, and lightly stir in the flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants, which must have been well washed and dried. Bake in a rather warm oven. Candied peel, cut finely, can be added if preferred.

Orchard, Garden and Yard

Keep the Garden Clean.

The value of such advice as is given in the headline of this article is so apparent that the wonder is that it should to so great an extent be practically ignored. The true remedy for weeds in the garden or out of it is found in giving them no quarter. Many persons keep the portions of the garden quite clean so long as the crop is growing, after which their care of that particular piece of land altogether ceases. From this neglect very many of the sorrows of the gardener arise. So long as weeds are allowed to mature their seeds, just so long will they continue to multiply and to increase the labor of removing them.

It should be remembered that after a crop of onions has matured, there is still ample time left to mature a splendid crop of weeds on the same piece of land; and unless preventive measures are applied, they will take care to avail themselves of the inviting opportunity. It is not enough to keep tufts of grass away from the roots of currant bushes during the growing season. A little watchfulness later in the season will prevent much trouble the next spring.

The argument is not valid that after the crop is reaped it does not matter in what condition the land is kept. It does matter. In one season sufficient weed seeds may be matured to infest the ground for several seasons afterwards. It is very much easier to destroy them while growing and yet immature than after they have ripened and fallen again to earth.

It is difficult sometimes for farmers, with their pressing cares, to give the garden sufficient attention, especially in the late summer and early autumn months, but where the earnest desire exists the way of doing it will be found. If the young people of the household could be interested, it would be fine work for them. If they could be got to feel a pride in having a clean garden, it would be well. The garden would then be kept clean.

The work of cleaning will be much facilitated if the weeds are never allowed to get ahead. It can then always be done at a minimum expenditure of labor. When it gets covered with weeds, the labor of cleaning is not only greatly increased, but the work of cleaning it is a most discouraging one. We cannot well imagine a more discouraging work for young people than to get them removing weeds which are growing in a solid mat.

Strawberries for the Gardens.

This delicious fruit is not found in very many of the gardens of the farm. Indeed the same is too true of nearly every variety of small fruit. It arises in part from the busy life of the farmer and the large amount of time spent by him in the wider sphere of the farm. Yet it should not be so, for if there is any man in the country whose family may have an abundance of the finest fruits it is the farmer.

A very small space, indeed, will suffice to grow strawberries for one family; more than this the average farmer does not want. The form of the bed will depend upon the way in which the garden is laid out. For ease in cultivation, whatever is grown in it should be kept in rows, so that the work may be done to the greatest possible extent with the aid of horses. But where horses cannot be used, the strawberry bed may assume any desired shape.

A plot 20 feet square, or at the most 20 feet by

30 feet, will usually be found sufficient for an ordinary family where the soil is good. The ground may be well manured in autumn. In most soils the manure should be kept near the surface. Heavy soils may be trenched in autumn. The planting should be done quite early in the spring. Where hoed by hand, the rows need not be more than 18 inches apart and the plants 12 inches in the row. Keep the ground clean for one season with the hoe, being careful not to disturb the young vines which root from the runners. In late autumn cover with a moderate mulch of coarse litter. Straw will do, but is easily blown away. In spring remove this with the rake or by fire, and keep the plot clean by hoe and hand-weeding until the berries are formed. Another plot of the same size may be planted the following spring, and the old one may then be turned under. If the old plot is to be kept fruiting for two years, the weeds and runners must receive careful attention after the first crop has been secured. Taking all things into consideration, where land is plentiful it is better to be satisfied with one crop and have a fresh one come on every year. Now, young people, get the ground ready this fall and grow lots of strawberries for yourselves.

The Habit of Growth in Small Fruits.

In practice there is a difference in the way in which small fruits, as the currant and the gooseberry, are allowed to grow. Some confine the growth to a single stem and turn the bush into a miniature tree. Others allow young stems to come up around the parent stem, and so form a bush in the true sense of the term. With all the varieties of the currant and gooseberry we decidedly favor the latter mode of growth.

When the growth is confined to a single stem with a spreading top, it is much more easily swayed with the wind. Indeed a violent wind will often snap off the stem when heavily laden with fruit. This may be prevented by tying to a stake. But tying thus means labor and trouble which are unnecessary when there is a better way. When there is but one stem the growth of new wood is always restricted, hence the quality of fruit produced becomes inferior as the shrub becomes older. On the other hand, where strong and vigorous sprouts are allowed to come up, the old ones may be cut away. Where this practice is followed up, the quality of the fruit should always be good in favorable seasons. Weak sprouts should also be cut away, as they draw sustenance from the plant and give little or no fruit in return.

The chief objection to the method of growing shrubs by thus allowing them to send up suckers is found in the increased difficulty in keeping them clean. Grass, in one form or another, is liable to grow between and around the stems composing the shrub. There will be no difficulty here, however, if constant watchfulness is exercised. This is wise policy in any kind of culture. It is when the plant or shrub is neglected for a time that the seeds of evil are sown.

The life of the shrub will also be prolonged by allowing it to send up stems from year to year. In fact, it would not be easy to say how long a shrub would continue to grow if thus treated. They should be renewed occasionally notwithstanding. When they become old there is more difficulty in pruning them, and the subsoil is more and more exhausted of the elements of growth, hence the desirability of occasional renewal.

Morning Glories.

The love of flowers is implanted in mankind; and although in some cases the feeling lies dormant, yet there are few that do not feel pleasure in gazing on a well-kept flower garden or experience a desire to cull one or other of the brilliant and fragrant blossoms. Horticulture is more often appreciated by the dweller in cities than by his brother in the country, and he often wonders that his country brother, with such opportunities at his command, neglects to avail himself of them, and that he does not attempt to improve the bare-looking verandah which often surrounds his home by planting some of the hardy creepers and climbing plants that are so easily grown, and thus form a shady arbor where he can take his noonday siesta.

In our climate the Virginia creeper, or the common hop, make a lovely bower; while the clematis Jackmani, with its glorious purple flower, and the more easily cultivated morning glory, with its numerous and many-hued blossoms, from white to crimson down to the darkest purple, make a brilliant contrast to the more sombre green of the foliage. To turn a verandah into a cool, shady retreat by means of the morning glory is simple in the extreme, and an easy method is thus described by a writer in *Vick's Magazine*:—"Spade a narrow trench the whole length of the verandah, make the soil rich, sow morning glory seeds thickly in the prepared trench, and string twine from the top of the verandah to the ground, six inches apart. Secure one end of the twine to the verandah by small nails, allowing string enough to reach the ground, and make the other end fast to wooden pins, which can be driven into the ground. Or, if the expense is no object, a much neater, more satisfactory trellis can be made by stretching wire-fencing (such as is used for poultry yards) along the side of the verandah in place of twine. After they are a foot or more high, a good mulch of leaf mould or chip dirt will be of great benefit to them. If well mulched and given plenty of water, the leaves and blossoms will be 'im-mense.'

"Nothing is more dainty and sweet for a winter window-climber than the morning glory. Make an arch of two feet wide wire-fencing over a window and at the two ends set pots of morning glories. If you make the soil rich and give plenty of water, it will soon be a bower of green, and you will have to be an exceedingly early riser to get up ahead of the 'glories.' In the house their beauty does not fade in an hour or two, but they remain open all day. Florists now offer morning glory seed especially for winter flowering, but the seed saved from the glories that have made the summer's mornings glorious will grow and blossom in the house."

For The Household Companion.

The Sitting Hen.

Sitting hens do best if each can have a pen entirely to herself, but this is not always practicable; still in any event they should have an apartment where they will be free from the intrusion of other fowls. As to the best kind of nest, no two poultry-keepers will agree, and the new beginner is often bewildered by the advice which is tendered him on the subject. Natural instinct, however, is usually unerring, and close observation will often place one on the right track. The satisfaction with which hens steal away and make their nests in concealed places indicate the attraction that privacy has for the hen. The nest made by

these in such places is usually a slight hollow in the ground with a little grass or a few leaves which have fallen or been blown thither, and the results, except in the case of accidents are usually a larger number and stronger brood of chickens than are produced in the best constructed nests in the hen house, notwithstanding that in such places the hen and nest are exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather. It is altogether probable that the earth has a beneficial effect by preserving an equable temperature, and also in communicating a certain amount of moisture to the eggs. Following the instinct of the hen, the nest should be always on the ground. It is a good plan to place a good thick sod as a foundation for the nest, and after making a slight depression in the centre, so as to keep the eggs from rolling off, to line it with a little straw or dried leaves. The sod should be kept moist, not wet, by pouring water around the base of it; and provided the water is not cold, we should have little fear of it injuring the eggs even if a little was sprayed over them; indeed one of the most successful broods we ever hatched was during the warm weather when, as the date of hatching approached, we sprayed eggs and nest through the use of a watering-pot. In cold weather, however, it is not advisable, as the eggs are easily chilled, and it is safer to merely keep sufficient moisture in the sod. One of the simplest nests either for laying or sitting hens is made out of a box with the top and one side removed. The box is set bottom upward over a sod and with the open side placed about eighteen inches or two feet from the wall of the room. It is readily cleaned or removed; the sod laid under it forms a raised floor, and the entrance to the nest being at the back pleases the secretive nature of the hen and encourages her to lay there instead of seeking parts unknown.

The sitting hen should be supplied with good nourishing food and pure water; and if she will not leave the nest to come out and feed, she should once a day be lifted up gently by the wings, but care must be taken that none of her eggs are tucked up by them and drawn along with her. Some hens will not come off the nest at all if left alone, but such a course is not only injurious to the hen herself, but also to the eggs, as the absence of the hen from the nest permits an ingress of fresh air to the eggs and is beneficial to the embryo chicks. The sitting hen should have access to a dust bath, which will help to keep her free from lice; and if practicable, she should have an opportunity of a run in a grass lot, which will materially conduce to her health.

Night time is the best to set a hen, especially if she is to incubate in a place to which she is unaccustomed. The nest should be prepared beforehand and at least two nest eggs provided; she should then be brought in by lamplight and put down in front where she can see the eggs and be allowed to walk in herself; then shut her in securely. The next morning after her food is prepared she should be let out and allowed to come off herself and to find her way back, but not until she has found her way back twice should the eggs be trusted to her, after which there will hardly ever be a failure. Good sitters seldom leave their nests more than once a day and their period of absence rarely exceeds from a quarter to half an hour; in time of frost even twenty minutes will frequently spoil the eggs unless set in a warm place.

At the end of a week the eggs should be examined by candlelight, when the infertile eggs can be detected and removed. This is accomplished by a piece of cardboard with an oval hole cut in the centre, not sufficiently large to allow the egg to pass through. The cardboard is held to the light and the egg is placed against the oval opening, when the fertile eggs will have a dark shadow in the centre, shading off to more transparency at the edges, except at the large ends where the air vesicle exists, while the sterile eggs will appear clear and translucent. It will be found advantageous to set two hens on the same day; and if on examining both nests at the expiration of a week many sterile eggs are discovered, the whole of the fertile eggs may be placed under one of them and a fresh setting given to the other.

"Cocoin."