

ONLY THE SUNNY HOURS.

Only the sunny hours
Are numbered here—
Not winter time that lowers,
Not twilight dear,
But from a golden sky
Where sunbeams fall,
Though the bright moments fly—
They're counted all.
My heart its transient woe
Remembers not;
The hills of long ago
Are half forgot;
But childhood's round of bliss,
Youth's tender thrill,
Hope's whisper, love's first kiss—
They haunt me still.
Sorrows are every where,
Joys—all too few!
Have we not had our share
Of pleasure, too?
No part the glad heart covers,
No memories dark;
Only the sunny hours
The dial mark.

Mr. Chaloner's Housekeeper.

Midwinter, and bright seasonable weather. Snow lying, shining, well-packed on all the roads, and a sharp, frosty air and a sparkling blue sky—a morning to make one feel their blood flow joyously in their veins, and their eyes glow with exercise in the open air.
Juliet Elton, in a warm sash and a dainty blue zephyr fascinator tied over her golden hair, her little blue-mittened hands thrust in her sash pockets, ran down the steps of the grand entrance at Chaloner Hall—off for a twenty minutes' constitutional before settling down to the duties of the day, for pretty little Juliet was resident governess to the three little Chaloners, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year.

And, standing at his library window, overcoated and hatted, in readiness for the sleigh to take him to the 8.18 train, city bound, Mr. Hubert Chaloner looked at the rapidly retreating figure, so slender and petite and graceful.

Mr. Hubert Chaloner—thirty-eight, owner of Chaloner Hall, the father of three little tormentors who had been entrusted to Miss Elton's care—was a graceful, gentlemanly man, dressed in perfect taste, and decidedly good looking, with his close-cut brown hair, his clear, pale skin, and foxy blue eyes—a face a woman would instinctively trust out of a thousand faces.

Now he looked after pretty, golden-haired Juliet, as he stood thoughtfully drawing on his gloves, thinking how fortunate he had been in finding a governess with whom Maude, and Madge, and Clyde were so satisfied—a woman who was pleasant to look at, who knew how to dress, who was lady-like, cheerful, and never transcended her position.

Then Peter drove up with the big, two-seated sleigh—a marvel of luxury and elegance, with its velvet-cushioned seats and Brussels-carpeted floor, its warm fur robes, prancing bay horses, and solemn coachman in quiet livery.

And Mr. Chaloner jumped in, and went flying over the frozen snow, passing Juliet with a bow and a smile, just at the big bronze gates at the entrance to the grounds.

And, as he took the train, and consulted his memorandum for the day, Mr. Chaloner wished that, in the accomplishment of his special business to the city, he might be as successful as he had been the day he found Juliet Elton.

A cheery room into which the morning sun shone brightly through the wide shelfful of luxurious plants that were the chief ornaments of the plain, pleasant little place.
There were no signs of actual poverty in the pretty, well-worn Persian carpet, and the cozy, roomy yet faded damask easy-chairs and couch, nor in the tiny little cooking stove, on which the kettle was singing contentedly.

There were cheap curtains at the windows, a few pictures—cheap and unpicturesque—on the wall; there were some books, that looked as though they had been well and often read; there was a red-covered pine table between the windows, and a canary, in its cage, singing its very heart away.

Altogether a cheerful home-room, which, though it bore no traces of want, yet was unmistakably the abode of people who had gathered these few things together—some remnants of a previous wreck, and some new, cheap necessities—and gone on again, cheerily and bravely.

"It is only two rooms, to be sure, mamma," Viva had said to Mrs. Elton, a year previously, when she described the newly-rented premises. "But we can do very nicely, I think, by your having your sofa in the best, biggest room—parlor, dining-room, and kitchen in one, you see—now that Juliet has gone to Chaloner Hall. You shall have your plants, mamma, and your books, and lie on the sofa and be comfortable as you can, dear?—so sympathetically—and I will—what is that Mrs. Whitney's Rosamond could never quite decide, whether they dined in the kitchen, or 'kitched in the dining-room? Anyhow, we'll make just the very best of it, won't we?"

And brave sweet Viva had made more than the best of it, all that dreary year that her mother was an invalid, and there was no money coming in except what

Juliet sent them out of her generous salary.

"We shall have to do something, mamma," Viva had said that morning, as she bustled about, tidying up the room. "It's not fair for us—me—to be living off Juliet. She will be wanting to get married, some day, and she ought to save her salary, and besides—mamma, now don't look reproachful, if you can help it; but it just galls me a little to be so beholden. Therefore, Mrs. Laurence Elton, by your royal permission, I shall look for a position where I can earn my own money, and help to take care of my blessed little mother."

Mrs. Elton smiled in Viva's saucy face, a grave, loving little smile.
"No mother ever had such dear children as I," she said, her pale lips trembling. "If you feel that way, dear, it must be right."

"Of course it's right," she returned, gaily. "And I am all ready to start on a tour of discovery this morning. While you were dozing, I ran out and bought a *Herald*, and I've cut out this advertisement that suits me, and that I might suit. Two are for governesses—day governesses—for I'd not leave you alone at night, mamma. Two are for salesladies, and the last—mamma, what do you think?"

She looked mischievously at her mother; but Mrs. Elton's glance in return was particularly touching and tender.

"My little girl, somehow it seems to hurt me to think of your going out into the world alone. Are you sure it is best?"

"Best? Of course it is best; and if it wasn't that I am afraid it would mortally offend Juliet—Juliet is awfully proud and unreasonable, mamma—I'd prefer this last situation best, because I am quite sure, I could have you with me after awhile. And first off, you know, Aunt Chloe could come and stay nights with you."

Viva's cheeks were glowing with excitement.
"You haven't told me yet what it is," Mrs. Elton said gently, wistfully.
"Haven't I? Well, *cherie*, it is a housekeeper's position, at a gentleman's country establishment. A pleasant home and good salary guaranteed, in return for intelligent services, and the applicants are to attend, in person, at Parlor B, Clytie House, to-day between eleven and two. Mamma, may I go? Please may I go?"

"You—a housekeeper! My daughter—"
"Yes, I know I am young, but I know all about a house, mamma—you know I do. May I go?"
"But what will Juliet think? She will be very angry. She will think herself disgraced by your accepting a menial!"

"Mamma, dear, ought we to let Juliet's foolish pride stand between us and duty? Mamma, do say yes! Please—please say yes, or I shall surely explode!"
And there was no use in further resisting Viva's impetuous persuasions.
"Oh, if such a catastrophe as that happens!" Mrs. Elton said, with an affectionate little smile.

And then Viva rushed off to get her things, and only stopped to kiss the pale, sick mother by-by before she set out in quest of her fortune.
Poor little Viva! Sitting in a room adjoining "Parlor B," in the Clytie House, awaiting her turn among a half-score of other aspirants to the position of housekeeper at a gentleman's country seat, her courage and spirits were momentarily sinking to their lowest ebb; and, as female after female was dismissed from the adjoining room—Irish, German, American, old and young, tidy and slovenly, each and every countenance expressive of their supreme pity for those who had the ordeal to pass—Viva was wildly tempted to fly, so positive was she she would share a mutual fate.

But she fought down the cowardly inclination, and waited until the solemn-faced servant beckoned her to her turn, and then, with delicious rose flushes surging in and out on her cheeks, her lovely, dusky eyes full of mingled apprehension and eagerness, she went in, bowing to the tall, aristocratic gentleman, who looked undeniably and completely surprised at such girlish loveliness and girlish dignity.
"I am come in answer to your advertisement, sir," she said, quietly, her voice quivering just the least.

He motioned her to a chair, a little, kindly smile in his handsome brown eyes.
"Can it be possible you want a situation as housekeeper? Why you are a child yourself."
"I am not so very young, sir, I am over eighteen; and I thoroughly understand the duties required of a housekeeper, and—indeed, I do very much want the position, for we are poor, and mamma is an invalid. And I am used to work, indeed, sir."

"Used to work!" Mr. Chaloner's eyes wandered over the graceful little figure, the pure, girlish face, so dignified yet so entreating.
"But, my dear child, it does not seem possible that you could order a large household. True, there would be no menial labor, but, with a family of ten servants, the resident governess for my three children, myself, and almost continual company, you will understand that the position is no sinecure."
"I know it, sir," and the brave, dark eyes lifted to his; "but I think I could manage. We used to be rich, sir, and mamma was always delicate, and my sister was very gay, so that I really was given charge of everything, and mamma's housekeeper taught me many things. I do feel sure I can suit you, sir, if only I might try."
He smiled so kindly.
"Could you go with me to-day?"
"Yes, sir; I am ready."
"Very well, then. As to the salary, it will be forty dollars a month. Does that suit you?"

The tears rushed to her eyes.
"Suit me! Oh, sir, I feel rich already! What will mamma say?"
He smiled at her girlish delight.
"I am afraid she will say her daughter has undertaken a great responsibility," he said, frankly. "Well, I will intrust Simon to send the rest of the applicants home and will you be back here at three o'clock this afternoon? I wish to take the 3.20 train out."
"I will be here, sure," she said, eagerly. "And, sir, I am so thankful you have consented to try me!"

Her little gray-lisle-thread-gloved hand was on the door-handle, and Mr. Chaloner had arisen courteously, when she saw him smiling broadly, showing the very handsomest teeth and a dimple in his chin.

"Has it occurred to you that neither of us knows the name of the other? Allow me to introduce myself—Hubert Chaloner, of Chaloner Hall, a hundred miles or so up the Hudson. And you?"
A vivid flush deepened on her cheeks, and her eyes glanced eagerly.
"Why, sir, is it possible! Chaloner Hall! My sister Juliet lives there as governess! I am Viva—Viva Elton, and I have often read about you in her letters."

Then she blushed again, and Mr. Chaloner laughed a low, musical, little laugh.
"It is rather a coincidence," he said, and in his own heart, thought how very unlike the sisters were.
One, haughty as a duchess, with her cold, fair beauty—the other, like some little tropical flower, with the dew fresh on its petals.

At home, Viva related her wonderful news, while she hastily made her preparations for departure.
"Of course, Juliet will be furious, mamma," she said, half apprehensively. "But I can't help it. I shall go all the same. And only think of all the money I shall have—ten dollars a week! Oh, mamma, do pray that Mr. Chaloner may be suited with me and keep me! And after a while, in the spring—Aunt Chloe will stay with you till May, you know, and you must try to be lonesome. In May I'll find some place near me, where you can live, and I can see you every day. Mamma, I'm going to be very happy."

And her mother had not the heart to crush her bright, young dream, when she kissed her good-bye, and realized she had let her go out into the world to seek her fate.

"Hark! I hear the sleigh-bells. It is papa coming from the train."
And little Clyde Chaloner rushed to the window and parted the ruby satin-and-velvet curtains, and pressed his nose against the French plate-glass, to see the prancing bays dash up to the door in grand style.

And he brought the new housekeeper. Maude said, quietly, peeping over Clyde's shoulder, "Oh, what a tiny little thing she is! Not as tall as you, Miss Elton."
Juliet Elton sat, in a low, gray damask chair, before the glowing grate, holding a screen before her fair face, charmingly dressed in snobtrusive black silk, and dainty, creamy lace frills at neck and wrist—such a sweet, gracious vision to welcome the widowed father of her three charges; and Juliet Elton had made up her mind that Hubert Chaloner should never miss that welcome until the time came when both the welcome and the welcome should be indispensable to him for the rest of his life.

"No?" she returned, pleasantly.
"Madge, dear, you are straining your eyes, so far from the light. Clyde, turn up the gas, will you?"
And, just as the bright flame was turned brilliantly on, Mr. Chaloner entered the room.

"I have brought my new housekeeper to see you, Miss Elton," he said.

For one little instant, Juliet's heart throbbled at what the thought was peculiarly suggestive on Mr. Chaloner's part. Her lips parted in a condescending yet gracious smile, as she half arose as some duchess might do.
And Viva removed her blue veil, and smiled as she extended her hand.
"You are surprised, sister Juliet?"
"While such a change swept over Ju-

liet's face—such shame and bewilderment, and consternation, and fury.
"Why, Viva Elton!"
And Mr. Chaloner, deeply engrossed, to all appearances, in the children's caresses, took note of Viva's pleading sweetness and Juliet's well-bred rage.

"I dare say you will want to see each other," he said, kindly. "Miss Juliet, if you will show your sister to her room—the housekeeper's room—please."
And once inside of the "housekeeper's room"—such a cosy, bonny suite of three rooms, sitting-room, bed-room and bath-room—Juliet poured all the vials of her rage on Viva's head.

"You have disgraced me—you have ruined everything, everything!" she said, fiercely. "You shall not stay here another night! How dare you so insult me? Coming here—here, where I am—as a housekeeper!"
In vain Viva explained and protested, and it was only when Juliet had expended all her rage, and left Viva to cry herself to sleep, that she left her.

Ten o'clock in the morning, of a lovely winter day, bright and clear; and Mr. Chaloner, standing beside his study-table, looking at Viva Elton's beautiful, rippling golden hair, as she stood, with drooped head, before him, in obedience to his summons to his library to receive her orders.

"You really mean you have offended your sister so deeply?"
"She is very much hurt, and—and ashamed," Viva said sorrowfully.
"She says I had better not remain. If I do, she will leave; and, sir, it will be easier for you to get another housekeeper than a governess for the children. Juliet is used to them, and they love her."

He looked eagerly at her.
"But so far as you are personally concerned, Miss Viva—have you no choice? Do you wish to go?"
"—Juliet has a better right than I," she said, softly.

And Mr. Chaloner stepped up nearer, a new tender light in his grave eyes.
"Perhaps I am the best judge of that," he said, quietly. "Miss Juliet objects to remaining with me because you are my housekeeper—is that it? Or, rather, insists upon your leaving me because she is governess?"
Viva nodded.

"I can easily settle the difficulty, if you will allow me," he said, and suddenly there came into his tones something that made every nerve in her thrill. "Will you let me, little girl? It may seem too sudden, to you, but that day before you left the room in the hotel, I think I loved you better than I ever loved before! Viva—dear little Viva, will you let me love you? Will you? Nay, don't you love me?"

And she raised her shy, sweet eyes so frankly to his that he caught her in his arms, and nestled her to his heart.
"You will stay? You will let me discharge my housekeeper and engage my darling little wife? Viva, dear, yes?"

And although it was very sudden, and altogether unheard of in the annals of every-day love making, it was never,theless a blessed thing for them both and haughty Juliet had the satisfaction of knowing that her sister was not such a menial, after all, in the household at Chaloner Hall.
And dear little Mrs. Elton has a home there—a beautiful, happy home, and her son-in-law loves her as well almost as he does Viva.

While Viva, so bright, and happy, and thankful, declares he married the whole family to get a housekeeper.

LADY-FINGERS made after this receipt are very nice for tea; they should be eaten while fresh: Rub half a pound of butter into a pound of flour; to this add half a pound of sugar, the juice and grated rind of one large lemon, and lastly, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and the whites stirred in after all the other ingredients are well mixed together. This dough, if properly made, will be stiff enough to make rolls about the size of a lady's finger; it will spread when in the oven so that it will be of the right size and shape. If you wish them to be especially inviting dip them in chocolate icing after they are baked. Take pains to see that the icing is so hard that it will not run, and set the cakes on a platter in a cool room until the icing is firm.

The daily sales of natural flowers in Paris equal \$20,000. Of those now most in fashion the gardenia sells at five francs each flower; the lily of the valley, ten francs the pot; the queen rose and the purple rose, the Spanish carnation and the violet. Of the latter a large number come from Nice; but they have not the perfume of those grown around Paris. The camellia, at one time so much prized, is now quite out of fashion.

Material Apparitions.

Envelopes were first used in 1830.
Anesthesia was discovered in 1844.
The first steel pen was made in 1836.
The first air-pump was made in 1654.
The first lucifer match was made in 1798.
Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.
Coches were first used in England in 1669.
The first steel-plate was discovered in 1830.
The first horse-railroad was built in 1826-27.
The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.
Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.
Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.
The first telescope was used in England in 1608.
Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.
The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.
First saw-maker's anvil brought to America in 1819.

First almanac printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.
The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1752.
Percussion arms were used in the United States Army in 1830.
The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.
Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.
Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.
The first glass factory in the United States was built in 1780.
The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.
Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighteenth century.
The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1763.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.
The first Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was organized in 1698.
The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the year of 1812.
The first prayer book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of Parliament on Whit-Sunday, 1549.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.
The first coach in Scotland was brought thither in 1561, when Queen Mary came from France. It belonged to Alexander Lord Seaton.
The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on September 25, 1790.

The manufacture of porcelain was introduced into the province of Hezin, Japan, from China, in 1513, and Hezin ware still bears Chinese marks.
The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.
When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.—*Phila. Record.*

The Cat in Egypt.

The domestic cat, so far as Europe is concerned, is generally supposed to be somewhat of an upstart. In Egypt its cultus has existed for ages before our ancestors dreamed of paying it that species of worship which at present appears to connect it with the tutelary genius of the hearth. We have the authority of Herodotus for the fact that when a cat died in an Egyptian home the members of the bereaved family shaved off their eyebrows, and that of Diodorus for the touching statement that although Egyptians have been known to eat their fellow-creatures during famines no instance of cat-eating was ever heard of. If an Egyptian happened to find a dead cat, says the Sicilian historian, he was careful not to approach it closely, for fear of being suspected of its murder. Standing at a distance, he made the sad loss known by cries of distress. During conflagrations,

according to Herodotus, the Egyptian spectators allowed the flames to rage unchecked, devoting their attention to saving the cats belonging to the burning houses. A Roman happened one day to kill a cat by accident. The melancholy event took place at a time when the Egyptian Government was very anxious to conciliate Rome. But in spite of the exertions of the King and his Ministers the mob broke into the Roman's dwelling and intentionally did to him what he had accidentally done to the cat. Of this act of popular vengeance Diodorus says that he was a spectator.

According to Lenorm, the cat does not appear on Egyptian sculptures earlier than the twelfth dynasty (2020 B. C.), and therefore the credit of its domestication is due to the inhabitants of the Upper Nile. That process, remarks Hehn, must have taken a long time, but it was thoroughly successful in the end. The domestic cat very rarely deserts civilization in favor of savage freedom, its character offering in this respect a strong contrast to that of its fellow Oriental, the gypsy. How the tame cat made its way into Europe remains uncertain although it is reported to have traveled from Egypt by the way of Cyprus. The period of its arrival also is shrouded in mystery. It does not seem to have been known in classic times, and the early centuries of our era appear to have been unaware of its existence. In so catless a period the arrival of such a beneficent beast as that which has kept Whittington's memory green might well be hailed with acclamation. It is easy to believe that the progress of the cat was rapid when it had once shown itself. Silently but irresistibly it seems to have subjugated the European hearth. It is terrible to think of how much pleasure as well as profit the world would have been deprived if the cat's career had been cut prematurely short. Most fortunate was it, as Hehn remarks, that its introduction preceded these epochs in which its associations with idolatry might have caused it to fall a victim to the fanaticism of Islam or the asceticism of Christianity.

Household Economy.

The housewife who is on the lookout for little ways to economize will find it to her advantage if she has seamless sheets which have been used for several years to tear or cut them in two in the centre and sew the outside edges together; lap them and stitch with a machine. Or they may be sewed over and over. Hem the raw edges. Sheets turned in this way will last for a long time.

A handsome curtain or lambrequin, to be fastened to the bottom of the lowest shelf on a hanging ebony-cabinet, is made of olive satin. It is about ten inches deep, a vine is painted on it of bright but small flowers, the edge is trimmed with a velvet band, it is straight at the lower edge, but scolloped at the upper. It should be run on at the bottom, then turned, and the scolloped part blind-stitched on. The scollops may be ornamented by putting several rows of yellow silk around them. Catch the silk at short distances with black or scarlet silk.

Nurses' aprons, to be worn when washing and dressing the baby, are made of soft flannel. Very pretty ones are made of white flannel, with a deep hem, which may be fastened with leather or cross-stitch, but useful ones of drab flannel are also much worn. These aprons should be made very long, and if a door is suddenly opened in the nursery the apron can be thrown over the baby. Aprons made of Canton flannel, with the soft side for the right side, are inexpensive, and may be used in place of the flannel, although that is preferred if the expense is not too great.

I saw an old-fashioned, high-backed, cane-seated chair, covered in serviceable fashion the other day. A sort of bag was made which exactly fitted over the chair. It was securely fastened at the bottom, the edges being turned in and sewed "over and over." The covering was made of Canton flannel of old gold color, and inserted in it were two stripes of cretonne. The cretonne had a black ground-work, with gay birds and flowers on it. For anything so simple and so easily made, this chair covering was very effective, redeeming as it did an old and much-used chair from positive ugliness.

Everybody who cares for the sick knows how difficult it is to remove or to put on the knit wrapper; it seems as if the invalid needs to assume attitudes that would be almost impossible to one in robust health. A half hour's work with needle and thread will suffice to change a pair of these garments and make them more comfortable. Cut them open their entire length; then put on a facing on one side and a plait on the other, at proper intervals sew on small porcelain buttons and make the buttonholes, and you will be surprised when this is accomplished that you never thought of doing so before.