

A PERFECT DAY.

White roses are swaying,
And meekly displaying
Their shell-fashioned petals
So fragile and cold.

Oh, meadows the brightest
Drift cloudlets the whitest
Down softest and bluest
Of summery skies.

The crystal brook gushes,
The wild flower blushes,
The trailing arbutus
In pink on the slope;

Oh, hours serene!
The rosiest, greenest,
The fairest, and gracesful
As swans on a stream!

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

Oh, when I see what
I see in the air sparkling
Like blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.

another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

So it was with an unclouded face that she re-entered the sitting-room.
"See here, mother, this lovely mull! It will make a nice graduating dress, and I'm going to have it; and now you can have yours."

"But you wanted a cashmere."
"Well, this will do, and we'll have it as pretty as we can. That mull will get your dress and my little things, too."

Once formed, her decision was final. It was a cheerful giving. No one likes a made-over dress for her graduating gown, and visions of the clinging cashmere she had renounced would sometimes dance before her eyes, but she resolutely turned away. It was hard not to go with the girls on their delightful shopping expedition on Saturday; but she drove her mother down town in the old carriage, and forgot her disappointment in the pleasure of choosing her mother's dress of soft, fine wool, a dark gray, with silk enough to trim it and make a little bonnet; and then, after her little fancies had been chosen and paid for, there remained money enough for a pair of gray kids, to offset her own white ones, and some dainty ruching to match her own laces, she felt herself well paid.

The mull gave no hint of previous service when its fresh, snowy folds were draped about Jennie's slender form. All her flowers were real ones, and she had nothing to regret or sigh for, when she looked over to where the little mother sat, Commencement Day, in her pretty gray dress, with such tender pride in her kind eyes. And the mother was thinking, as I do, that such an act of thoughtful, cheerful self-denial, was not an inauspicious commencement of whatever graver and grander tasks lie beyond Commencement Day.—Golden Rule.

Don't Kiss My Baby.
The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice, says T. P. Wilson M. D. in the Old Homestead.

We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Do you remember calling on your dear friend, Mrs. Brown, the other day, with a strip of flannel around your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer-meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic.

Your carelessness was fatal. Two or three days after the little pet began to complain of a sore throat too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming, and when the doctor came the simple word diphtheria explained them all. To-day a little mull is the sole memento of your visit. Of course the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious providence. The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion—that would be impolitic if not cruel—but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due directly to your stupidity. Those who resist his words, and who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable?

It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent illness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold, and as a cold is not contagious, they think not of exposing others to their breath or the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well established fact that diphtheria is usually, if not always, communicated by direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the kissing of children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic.

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria in about the same relation that promiscuous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch. It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go unloved, and their friends ought for their sake to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family, and the most careful may be in a condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware then of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.

A Strange Incident Occurred in Bombay Recently.
A monster meeting of Hindoo barbers was held for the purpose of considering the question of the propriety of shaving the heads of Hindoo widows, and thereby disfiguring them for life. About 400 barbers having assembled, one of them, named Babajee More, read a pamphlet in Marathi, in which he stated that the barbers of old were happy and contented, but latterly, as though a curse had descended on their heads, trade had fallen off and they had become poor. The curse could only be accounted for by the fact that they were committing a great sin in shaving the heads of poor, innocent widows, thus depriving them of their best ornament. It was against the Hindoo Scriptures to deprive a widow of her hair, and doubtless it was the curses of widows that had lowered their calling. The meeting thereupon unanimously resolved that no barber should shave a widow's head, and that if he did he should be excommunicated.

It is when afflictions come that the promises of God shine like the stars.

Without a revelation of what God is, no man can know what he himself is.

Immovable men, like Job, make the devil uneasy.

History of the Umbrella.

Though as a shade the umbrella is of great antiquity, yet it was not used as a protection against rain till about two hundred years ago in France, and later in England. Layard, in his discoveries at ancient Nineveh, found that the umbrellas carried to shield the king against the sun were similar to those now in vogue in form and were highly ornamented. It was also a luxury of Greece and Rome.

Thomas Coryat, the famous traveler, who introduced forks from Italy into England, after describing the fans of the Italians, says: "Many of them do carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at least a ducat (5s. 6d.) which they import only call in the Italian tongue umbrellas; that is things that minister shadow unto them, for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the form of a little canopy and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops, that extend the umbrella into a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs; and they import so long a shadow as them that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies."

Ben Johnson mentions the umbrella in a comedy of 1616, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rale a Wife and have a Wife."

Alta says: "Are you at ease? Now is your heart at rest? Now you have got a shadow, or umbrella, To keep the scorching, world's opinion From your fair credit!"

Swift, in the Tatler, October, 1710, mentions the umbrella in "The City Shower."

"The tucked up seamstress walks with hasty strides, While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

Gay says: "Good housewives all the winter's rage despise, Defended by the riding-hood's disguise; Or underneath the name, not otherwise, Safe through the wet on clinking patters tread."

General Wolf, writing from Paris in 1752, says: "The people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to save them from the snow and rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced in England."

It was about that time that Jonas Hanway, lately returned from Persia, used an umbrella in the streets of London and was hooted at for it. It was considered so effeminate and was so much ridiculed that for a long time no one else would use one.

In 1770, one John Macdonald, a footman, appeared in public with a fine silk umbrella that he had brought from Spain, and was saluted with the cry of, "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?" Yet there is mention made of umbrellas being kept at coffee-houses at an earlier period. We read that in the Edinburgh Tatler, December 12th, 1790, there appeared the following announcement: "The young gentleman belonging to the Custom House who, in the fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella at Well's Coffee-house, in Cornhill, of the mistress, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's patters." By this it would seem that the custom of borrowing this useful article and not returning it, dates back to its early introduction.

We read of one Dr. Shebbare, who for some political distaste gave offence to the government, was tried and sentenced to stand one hour in the pillory and be imprisoned for three years. This was December, 1758. The sheriff, Beardmore by name, was of the same political principles and so he had the culprit conveyed to the pillory in one of the state coaches, and a servant in livery was engaged for a guinea to hold an umbrella over the Doctor's head to protect him from the rain. He did not have his head and hands enclosed in the holes made for that purpose, but, unconfined stood at his ease.

Churhill, an infamous man and would-be poet, thus refers to the matter: "Where is Shebbare? O let not foul reproach Travelling thither in a city-coach. The pillory dare to name; the whole intent Of unparliamentary conduct, stand And out old staunch widge, Beardmore, standing by. Can't call count give that reproach the lie." The sheriff was tried by the King's Bench for his failure to do his duty in the case and sentenced to pay a fine of £50 and suffer two months' imprisonment.

It is related by Dr. Cleland that about the year of 1781 or '82, Mr. John Jameson, a surgeon, brought with him from Paris to Glasgow, an umbrella, which attracted universal attention. It was made of heavy mixed cloth with cane ribs, and was a very ponderous affair.

It is authoritatively stated that there are more than 7,000,000 umbrellas made every year in the United States alone, and these, if placed in single file, allowing three feet space for each, would make a column more than 3,000 miles long.—Housekeeper.

COOL DELICACIES.

How to make a really very nice ice-cream should be one of the accomplishments of every good housewife. As a rule this cannot be bought, because people are not willing to pay the high price charged by first class caterers, and it really is not very much trouble if one knows how, to make a delicious cream that is worthy of putting on the dinner table. A plate of ordinary ice-cream such as we get at any restaurateur's is very nice in its way, but is not what one expects from a nice family table. Strawberry cream, if made properly, is a great delicacy. Put in a vessel, half a pound of powdered sugar and six egg-yolks. Mix well with a spatula for ten minutes, then add one pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole in a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and with the spatula, stir gently at the bottom until well heated, but it must not boil. Take from the fire, set it on the table, then immediately add a pint of sweet cream, mixing again for two minutes. Add a half a pint of well-picked and clean strawberries. Mix well with the spatula for two minutes, then strain through a fine sieve into the freezer, pressing the strawberries through with a wooden spoon. Remove the sieve, cover the freezer and proceed to freeze.

Peaches and apricots from the South make a delightful cream. Put in a vessel half a pound of powdered sugar with six egg-yolks, then mix well with a spatula for ten minutes. Add a pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole into a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and heat it thoroughly, stirring it continually, but not letting it boil. Remove, lay it on the table and mix in immediately one pint of sweet cream; then leave it to cool for thirty minutes. Have six ripe, fine, sound peaches, wipe them nicely, cut them in two, remove the stones, then mash into the cream, mixing thoroughly for three minutes. Strain through a fine sieve into a freezer, pressing the peaches through with a wooden spoon; then proceed to freeze.

Pineapple water-ice is one of the most delicious delicacies, and it can be made nearly all the year round, as good pineapples can most always be gotten in market. Cut a small, ripe pineapple in two. Nearly all of the pineapples are fine for this purpose excepting the Porto Rico pines. Pare and peel one-half neatly, then cut it into small pulp. Place these pieces in the mortar and pound them thoroughly to a pulp. Ten minutes will suffice for this, add half pound of powdered sugar and pound again for ten minutes. Transfer the whole into a vessel. Squeeze in the juice of three sound lemons, then pour in a quart of cold water and mix well with a spatula for two minutes. Strain through a fine sieve into the freezer, adding two egg-whites beaten to a stiff froth, then beat well for one minute more. Cover with the lid and freeze.

The housewife will find these ice-creams and ices easily made, but they should always be made by her, because servants, no matter how good, are not likely to measure exactly, which must be done if the result is to be a success.

The most important thing to have right in the household is milk, and the housewife should give to the milk-pitcher her attention. About the last of June and from that time onward, when the grass grows "fat," is the time for fine milk. Six cents a quart is charged for milk sold in the store or dairy, and 7 cents is charged for fine milk left at the house. Milkmen pay three and a half cents a quart. Twenty five cents a quart is charged for cream and 13 cents for a pint. Butter-milk is three cents a quart. Twenty-two cents is charged for butter, and it is now lower than at any time since the war. Milk has been for the last year one cent a quart cheaper than it was formerly. City Inspectors go about weekly at odd times and are very strict in their examinations of the milk and cans.

Perfumes and Spices.
"At every breath were balmy odors shed Which smell sweeter as they wider spread. Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales Or spices breathing in Arabian gales."

"Nard and saffron and calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense, pure myrrh with lign aloes and all kind of spices." TARGUM.

From time immemorial the sense of smell has been the source of great pleasure and satisfaction. The nose, that unappreciated member, warns us from poison and malaria, assists the appetite by its keen perception of savory odors, and affords us sensations of delight in the exhalations of sweet-scented flowers and delicate perfumes.

The half-starved street gamine in the hummer picture, who stood by the area railing announcing the various dishes as they were sent steaming to the table with, "Now they're sending the roast chicken, Jimmie," and—"Come 'ere if you wants to smell the plum-pudding," was enjoying an unalloyed pleasure in his way as the fastidious epicure, over his highly-seasoned dishes.

Milton, in "Paradise Lost," represents Eve as decking her breast with "flowers, garlands and sweet-smelling herbs, preparing for her table, 'fruits with savory odors, grateful to appetite' and 'burnished with golden rind.'"

She was but a type of our modern housewives with their stores of linen, fragrant with lavender and rose and delicate sachets, their rooms sweet with pure air and aromatic vinegar and jars of pot-pourri.

They tempt our appetites with the sight and smell of fresh-gathered flowers, spicy salads and "fruits of fairest colors mixed, ruddy and gold."

In earliest times people pacified their gods with burnt-offerings and the smell of balmy sacrifice. They embalmed their dead with aromatic gums and spices and every morning "burnt sweet incense in holy places." They anointed themselves with scented oils and spent weeks in purification for all important occasions.

When Queen Esther and other maidens were being prepared to find favor in the sight of Ahasuerus, the king, they were given a year for special preparation. "Six months with oil of myrrh and six months with sweet odors."

What Shall We do With the Children.

In the current number of the Business Woman's Journal, Madame F. De Hart, M. D., concludes an article entitled "What Shall we do with the Children," as follows:

"The essentials for the healthy development of children are plain, nutritious food, eaten regularly, suitable clothing, free and unrestrained exercises of all the muscles, and abundance of fresh air and sunlight, and all the undisturbed sleep which these will induce. If any one of these is lacking, the health will soon deteriorate. There will be a lack of vitality which may be shown in many ways, even before pronounced symptoms of disease appear. These signs are so small at first that they are liable to be unnoticed, except by an intelligent and vigilant observer; for all there is to attract attention is a slight loss of appetite, an indisposition to play, or an inability to sleep as well as usual. When one of these appears, other soon follow if some remedial measures are not commenced, because there is such an intimate sympathetic connection between all the parts of this most wonderful human machine that one cannot suffer without involving all the others; therefore we should notice the first deviation from health before the situation becomes complicated, when diagnosis is easy and cure almost certain. The physician is rarely called in for such cases, and they are entirely neglected or, what is worse, domestic remedies are administered indiscriminately without regard to their fitness for the case, and the mother is disappointed when, as many times happens, many other disturbances are added as a result of the medicine; then she loses her confidence and sends for a physician."

"The stomach is the most frequently out-raged organ, and improper food and irregularity in eating, the most frequent causes of sickness in children. Indigestion makes them wakeful, fretful, and ill-tempered and accounts for much of the depravity not only in them but in their mothers, teachers, and nurses; for ill-health and ill-temper are contagious and multiply rapidly."

"We are too apt to forget that children need room to play and run about, and that making a noise and soiling one's clothes are not sins per se, but accidents peculiar to healthy young life; and if severe penalties are attached to these, what shall we do when other delicacies which show real defects of character present themselves? I remember hearing of an old man who remonstrated with a young father about his son, who was in great discredit, always being soiled. Says he: 'Your son is not a bad boy, but you are trying to bring him up on one hundred-foot lot, when what he requires is as much room as a coil-a-ten-acre field.' And I once heard a father who was trying to read in the room with his young son who was playing horse, after reproving him several times for being noisy, exclaim at last, as the real situation dawned on him, 'Oh, Rob! why can't you feel like a man of forty years?' If the natural outlets for pent-up enthusiasm and exuberant animal spirits are prohibited, these expansive forces are liable to break forth in other ways, or, which is infinitely worse, be really killed by this unwise repression."

"Let the children play and make a noise and tear their clothes and run and jump and sing, and let us not try to impose on them the conservatism and philosophy of old age, for if we should succeed, most of the joy of the world would be destroyed for us both. Let us not hasten the time when 'Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy,' but let us try to learn the lesson which he can teach."

"For trailing clouds of glory, do we come From God, who is our home."

"Children need a great deal of judiciousness in their parents. Over-zealous parents forget that much which they deplore is immaturity and will be outgrown just as quick y and much more happily by being ignored than by being everlastingly corrected. How many children are injured in health and disposition by this unreasoning irritation, and made to dread the presence of those who love them best and who love them best and who would willingly make any sacrifice for their good except to let them alone. Many parents are so impatient that they cannot wait for the natural development, making the mistake of those who try to pick open the leaves of the rose, instead of allowing it to unfold according to nature's slow process."

Bright Green Roses.
"Green roses are not a rarity in California," said a florist to a San Francisco Call reporter the other day. "I remember the first one that I ever saw in San Francisco. That was thirty-five years ago. It was at Walker's Golden Gate nursery. But before that date I had seen a green rose in Europe. I think that it was in 1850 that one was exhibited in Germany at a grand exposition."

"A green rose is nothing but a hybrid, and like all hybrid roses it grows hardy, healthy and tall. Some specimens are larger than others but they are about the same. None of them have any perfume. Its petals resemble green leaves. By skillful cultivation a green rose was produced from a rose whose sepals had the leaf characteristics."

"How are the green roses propagated, by cuttings?" asked the reporter. "Yes," was the reply, "by cuttings, layering and suckering, but chiefly by seeds. They are green rose in stem and petals. They are a delicate greenish pink, and if you were to separate the crumpled, crowded green petals from each other, in the centre, you would see these organs. But there is no market for them. Who wants a green rose? Not one because of its beauty. It's not even pretty; it's odd, that's all."

Miss Kate Marston, who has been investigating leprosy in Russia, had an interview with M. Pasteur in Paris the other day, with the view of ascertaining whether inoculation could be resorted to. M. Pasteur, however, could hold out no hope of dealing with leprosy in that way.

If you haven't anything but your troubles to talk about don't say much. Our duty toward God is measured by our ability. Six in its own clothes is never given house room.

E. S. CRANBON.

Without a revelation of what God is, no man can know what he himself is. Immovable men, like Job, make the devil uneasy.