

THE HIGHWAYS

When Nature held our woods in fee,
When from the tangled thickets rose
The fawn, new-born, and every glade
Did her sweet citizens disclose.

Then were her highways beautiful;
For where her growths were over-
thrown
She sowed fresh life, and many a bud
Did for those deaths atone.

Now all her artless plans are mocked,
Through every byway, road and lane
We tell incessantly and spoil,
But do not build again.

And tired eyes grow wearier still
Where stripped and stark the road-
sides lie—
God's pity that their robes of green
Man should to them deny!
—Clinton Dangerfield in the Century.

TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

"I don't want to go to school any more, father." Mr. Palmer raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his first-born, a lad about fifteen.

And a bright, intelligent face it was, though it was a little clouded now by a feeling of dubiousness as to how his words would be taken.

"Why don't you want to go to school any more?"

"Well, sir, I'm tired of studying, and—I don't see any use of it."

"Think you know enough, that you don't need to learn any more?"

The boy colored a little at that quizical look and tone.

"I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that 'he ain't going to drudge away at school when his father has got plenty of money.'"

Mr. Palmer turned upon his son's face a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Lyman say that, Walter? His father is a poorer man than I thought him."

"You are richer than Mr. Lyman is, ain't you, father?" cried the boy, eagerly.

"I hoped I was, but that remains to be seen."

"Mr. Lyman is rich, too, father; everybody says that he is."

"That remains to be seen also. So you have quite made up your mind that you don't want to go to school any more, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't then."

"Oh, thank you, father!" cried Walter, his face brightening.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Palmer, as the boy caught up his hat preparatory to making a dive through the open door. "Come back; I have something more to say to you. You have nothing to thank me for—except, perhaps, my good intentions. Considering it as the best gift I could bestow, it was my intention to give you a thorough education. But there is a homely but true saying: 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten cannot make him drink.' So though I have by no means changed my opinion as to the value of an education, I consent to your leaving school, because if you feel as you say you do, it will be only time and money thrown away. But I want you to understand clearly one thing: that if you don't go to school you will have to go to work. I can't afford to have you idle."

Walter's countenance underwent a very perceptible change.

"Do you mean that I must go out at day's work like Dan Baker and Sam Blake?"

"I mean that you must have some daily employment, some trade or business, which will give you just so many hours' work, as sure as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Lyman and Will Bromley don't have to work; and they say they don't mean to, either. George told me that he heard his father say that you were the richest man in the county."

"I might be the richest man in two counties, and yet not be rich enough to afford to have my boy idle." Mr. Palmer smiled as he saw Walter's puzzled look. "This is a hard thing for you to understand, my son; and I might talk to you from this time until sunset and not make it any more clear to you. Tomorrow is Saturday, and you know I always take you somewhere that day. This time it shall be to Plainfield, where an old schoolmate of mine is living. A visit to him, and the place where he lives, will better explain my meaning than anything I can say."

The next morning Walter and his father started out, bright and early, in the open phaeton, drawn by a pair of well-matched, nattering bays, which bore them along the smooth, hard road. Plainfield was fifteen miles distant, and the way thither through such a beautiful country, and so entirely new to Walter, that he had forgotten all about what his father had said the day before, until the carriage stopped in front of a gloomy stone building.

"Are you going to stop here, father? What, it looks like a prison!"

"It is a prison," said Mr. Palmer, who had been unusually grave and silent during their ride, as Walter remembered afterwards.

"But I thought you were going to see an old schoolmate of yours?"

"Here is where he lives."

Walter followed his father silently up the steps which led to the heavy,

massive door of the main entrance.

"Did you ever think any one of your schoolmates might find a home in some such place as this?—or that even you might?" said Mr. Palmer, as he pulled the bell, whose clangor broke harshly upon the strange silence that reigned around.

Before Walter could reply the heavy door swung back, and they were ushered into the warden's office. He was a heavily bearded man, with a stern, almost forbidding, countenance; but he shook hands with Mr. Palmer, whom he had met before, bestowing on Walter a pleasant word and smile, the latter giving his face quite another aspect.

"I came to inquire about John Jackson, the forger," said Mr. Palmer, after a few preliminary words. "He is an old schoolmate of mine. I remember him as a high-spirited boy, rather headstrong, and fonder of play than study, but with many genial and pleasant traits of character. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. Had he been competent I should have given him a place as bookkeeper, made vacant by a convict whose time was up. As it was, I had to put him in the shoe-shop. He is quiet, but he takes it pretty hard, as such chaps are apt to who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. It is not in strict accordance with the rules, but if you would like to see him, I'll have him sent out."

Mr. Palmer assented, and in a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered, whose closely-cut hair and peculiar dress gave him a very strange look to Walter, who had never seen anything like it before.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Palmer, though there was a visible constraint in his manner which showed that he felt keenly his changed position and surroundings.

Of the two, Mr. Palmer seemed the most affected. His voice broke a little, as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Jackson; but sorry, very sorry, to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man with a forced smile. Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Walter. "I need not ask whose boy this is?"

"It is my oldest son, Walter. He is just about the same age that we were when we used to go to school together in dear old Bridgeville. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

Whether it was these words, or the sight of that fresh, innocent face, that caused it, could not be told, but for a few moments Jackson struggled silently with the tender and subduing recollections that rushed over him; then breaking down utterly he covered his face with his hands.

Walter had never seen a man weep before, and his moans were something he never forgot.

"I wish I could!" said the wretched man, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget what I once was, and what I am! I sometimes think that it is a horrible dream; that I shall some day awake and find it so!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Palmer, as soon as his companion was calmer. "When I last saw you, your prospects were bright—apparently brighter than mine."

"It can be summed up in two words," was the gloomy response: "Idleness and bad company. If my father had trained me to habits of industry and self-reliance, I had not come to this. But he loved me; and glad am I that the grave has hid from him all knowledge of the shame and misery of the son, whom his ill-judged, short-sighted kindness ruined. As you know, I would not study; I thought there was no need for me—a rich man's son—to do that. I can remember how I despised the dull, plodding fellows, who are honored men to-day. My father's death put me into the possession of wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly knew; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the establishment that my father built up with so much care and labor, and which had now passed into the hands of strangers. My fair-weather friends, who had helped spend my money, urging me to every conceivable folly and extravagance, left as soon as they found that there was no more to spend. I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must have; so I turned my attention to the various ways of getting money without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here the warden entered; and with his heart somewhat cheered and strengthened by Mr. Palmer's whispered words of encouragement and sympathy, Jackson returned to his dreary task.

The warden now took them around through the various workshops, cells, et cetera, kindly explaining to Walter all that he did not understand.

When they visited the workshop, Walter saw Jackson, sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men, not one of whom dared to lift his eyes as they passed by.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr. Palmer, as they returned to the office, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

The spritid boys, in their glittering harness, were champing their bits and tossing their heads impatiently outside the high walls; and Walter experienced a feeling of relief as he found himself once more out in the pure, sweet air and bright sunshine.

"How dreadful it must be to have

to live in such a place as that!" he said, as reaching an eminence he gave a backward glance at the building which looked so grim and solitary, in the distance.

"It is the necessity that is dreadful, my son. Miserable as these men are, they are happier there, where they are obliged to be orderly and industrious, though only through the fear of punishment, than if they were allowed to follow, unrestrainedly, the devices of their foolish and evil hearts." There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Palmer said, "You asked me a question, yesterday, Walter, and this is my answer—a better answer than words can frame. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to afford you many advantages, all the opportunity you can ask for moral and mental culture, but I am not, I shall never be, rich enough to afford to have you idle. Strange as it may seem, I am too rich to afford it. I have a mill, filled with industrious operatives, whose living, from week to week, depends on its skillful and prudent management. I have houses full of tenants, whose health and comfort depend largely upon whether their landlord is a just and faithful man. These and other interests may some day be entrusted to you. Many a father has learned, to his sorrow, that to have his boys idle is something that a rich man cannot afford to do."

"I think I will go to school Monday, father," was Walter's only response to this.—Waverley Magazine.

CARTOONS 3,000 YEARS OLD.

War Caricatures Dating Back to a Period 1,000 Years Before Christ.

Now, when the continent is flooded with cartoons and caricatures relative to the Russo-Japanese War, it may not be out of place to present readers with reproductions of portions of a war cartoon drawn at least 3,000 years ago.

The drawing is found upon a satirical papyrus now in the museum at Turin, and is clearly an artistic parody of the scenes sculptured upon so many of the Theban temple walls, representing the wars and personal heroism of Ramesses II, against the Kheta. The cartoon belongs to the period of the twentieth dynasty, about B. C. 1000, when the military spirit was declining in Egypt, and when the upper and middle classes became indolent with luxury, and looked down upon the once noble military profession. In the British museum are two satires written on papyrus, which depict the wretched life in the ranks.

Of the soldier's life it says: "His victuals and supply of water are tied round his neck like an ass, and his neck and throat are like those of an ass. He is perpetually kept on guard, drinking only putrid water, and when he does return to Egypt his face is like a piece of worm-eaten wood." In the second papyrus, which relates to the charioteers, we have a very modern tone. It says:

"He, doubtless, in a moment of vainglory and flattered vanity, is supplied according to regulations with a chariot and two horses, which he drives at full gallop before his parents and fellow villagers, but having once more rejoined the ranks of his regiment, he is worse off than the foot soldier, and when kit inspection comes his misery is complete. No sooner has it been noticed that his arms are in bad condition and dirty, or that some article is missing, than he is thrown upon the ground, and beaten with a stick."

It was during this period that the caricature we reproduce was drawn and it is manifestly founded on one of the scenes sculptured on the walls of some Theban temple. Here we see the Pharaoh of all the rats standing in his chariot drawn by dogs charging an army of cats. Standing in his chariot and drawing his bow, he pierces the face with his arrows, while the dogs tread them under foot. His rat army advances before him to storm a city defended by cats, in the same manner that the Egyptian army is depicted storming a Hittite fortress. A single combat between a rat and cat, each armed with clubs, is very graphically depicted, and the whole is grotesquely burlesque of the real warfare of the time.

Another cartoon from a papyrus in the British museum represents a lion and an ass playing at draughts, the "war game" of the period. This idea is continually used by cartoonists, and it is surprising to find it to be 3,000 years old. It has been suggested that there are only five humorous stories, upon which all others are based. It would seem as if the ideas for cartoons were also strictly limited, and that the cartoonists of the days of the Pharaohs had much the same ideas as those who to-day are dealing with modern warfare and modern political situations.—London Chronicle.

Fob Pocket Handkerchiefs.

An importing house on White street has introduced a novelty handkerchief adapted to fit the fob pocket. It is a composition of silk and linen and retails from half a dollar upward. Heretofore men's handkerchiefs have been made of comparatively bulky fabric and for midsummer wear especially tend to make pockets bulge. This silky fibre kerchief may be readily compressed into small compass and wrinkles or creases do not show to any extent.

A favorite design for lanterns used in the processions to celebrate the Japanese victories is one having on its four sides the Rising Sun, the Union Jack, the Italian flag, and the Stars and Stripes.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LADY ABERDEEN AN L.L.D.

Lady Aberdeen, wife of the former Governor General of Canada, made herself much beloved during her residence there. In acknowledgment of her services Queen's University at Kingston conferred on her the honorary degree of L.L.D. She is the new president of the International Council of Women.

TO WASH SILK RIBBONS.

Silk ribbons may be washed in suds made of lukewarm water and good soap, but they must not be wrung, or they will be badly creased. Wash in a second pot of suds and rinse in clear cold water. Then lay on a table or board and with rather a stiff nail-brush brush sideways till all the creases are removed. A marble mantlepiece is an excellent drying place for ribbons.

SHAWLS.

The shawl, as it is worn to-day, is an affair that sets perfectly about the neck and shoulders by means of a narrow embroidered neck emplacement. Or it may be folded at the back of the shoulders into a great loop that suggests a hood, its point tasseled a broad band of embroidery or gurgule outlining the front, the neck and this hook-like loop, as well as the bottom edge.—Vogue.

A MILLINER'S ADVICE.

A milliner's advice to her patrons is to observe the effect of a hat sitting as well as standing. Sometimes a hat is too large for a seated figure while it does very well while the wearer is standing. No one wants to lose in effect by a change of posture, any more than she wants to wear a hat that is becoming in front and hideous in the back.

A NEW FAD.

A recent fad is the collecting of purses. To gratify this fad one must have a purse from all over the world. There is a quaint purse of all gold threads from Central America. There is the Indian bead purse. There are handsome leather purses, with a jewel set in the front, and there are the leather purses of Japan, all bright colored and exquisitely carved, with a chain attached, with a jewel, which is carried in the hand.

EMBROIDERED LINEN.

So much embroidery is done on linen, both for table use and for personal wear in collars, cuffs and shirt waist fronts, that it becomes a necessity for many women to know how to launder it well.

In the first place, never rub soap on embroidery. Prepare a suds of some good white soap and lukewarm water, adding a tablespoonful of turpentine to every quart of water. This prevents the colors from fading. Squeeze the linen gently in the hands without rubbing, then rinse in clean water, and prepare a last water with a little bluing in it and a teaspoonful of borax to a quart of water. The borax renders the linen beautifully white and stiffens it a trifle. Do not wring, but press out the water, and lay them on a clean cloth, roll up tightly and let remain half an hour. Smooth out carefully on a thick blanket covered by a white cloth laying the pieces wrong side uppermost, pulling out the scallops carefully. Press with moderately warm iron until perfectly dry. A hot iron will not only scratch the linen, but fade the colors likewise. Thus laundered the linens will retain their pristine freshness. In the case of a blouse the balance of the waist would need to be dried and ironed in the ordinary manner.

THE CHILD'S MOUTH.

Until the child is of sufficient age to use a tooth-brush, the mouth should be carefully washed with a little absorbent cotton, wrapped around the little finger or around a smooth stick. Care should be taken that the cotton only touches the mouth. This should be moistened in boiled luke-warm water and used gently, and repeated three or four times a day, especially after feeding, a fresh piece of cotton being used on each occasion. Washing the mouth should be continued until the earliest teeth are cut; then the teeth can be thoroughly rubbed with a moistened cloth morning and evening. Later a small tooth-brush with soft bristles of badger hair, or of especially softened pig bristles, is to be preferred. Tartar upon the teeth is usually the cause of inflammation and receding of the gums. Only constant watching will prevent it. A small stick, such as a match stick, sharpened at a chisel point and then moistened and dipped in finely-powdered pumice stone, should be rubbed upon the spots until they are removed. Great care, however, must be taken to avoid injuring the gums with the stick.

When the child is older it should be taught to use the tooth-brush and powder twice daily, and each night draw wax floss between the teeth.—American Queen.

THE ADMIRER WIFE.

Elderly people—particularly elderly women—have an exasperating way of talking as if housewifely skill were the one thing above all others which a man admires in a woman," said a

woman the other day. "In their scheme of a happy home it seems to be the glorified kitchenmaid who plays the supreme role, and reinforced by the German Emperor and his exaltation of the cleaning, cooking woman, they are fond of tracing marital infelicity wherever it exists to the lack of domestic ability on the part of the wife. A similar opinion finds expression in the familiar adages to the effect that if you want a man to love you, you must feed him well; that the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach, etc.

"But, like many of the things which people go on cheerfully taking for granted, this appears to be a fallacy. In other words, 'tain't so.' Thousands of marriages are happy marriages, in which the feminine partner is but an indifferent washer and ironer and no cook. Girls who have never done a stroke of housework in their lives marry with the same celerity as girls who are born to the broomhandle and rolling pin.

"Truth to tell, there are a great many things more essential to a man's happiness than the cooking and cleaning that go on in his house—and he knows it. Men are not half so material as women seem to think, and the majority of them want more than the best housewife who ever lived to make them happy.

"At bottom most men are hopelessly, irretrievably romantic, and the consideration that they cannot make good bread does not carry a feather's weight of influence in the adoration which they pour at the feet of their sweethearts or wives. The fact of the matter seems to be that what a man requires of his wife is companionship. The ready sympathy of a lovable, charming woman is a thousand times more to him than a carefully dusted parlor or a five course dinner.

"Wholesome food, properly cooked and served punctually, and a clean, comfortable home are certainly necessities of life, without which a man cannot keep well or do his work to advantage, but there is no doubt at all that the run of men are ignorant of and indifference to a great many of the refinements of housekeeping which are placed on their shrine by their domestic saints of wives. Indeed, most men care so little for housewifely skill that they would far rather sit down to a plate of cold beef and a cup of coffee for dinner with a charming, well dressed woman opposite than to an unimpeachable three course dinner in company with an untidy, tired woman.

"And a great many of the domestic tragedies where middle aged husbands neglect their middle aged wives for ally, pretty, young women are due entirely to the inability or the unwillingness of the middle aged wives to see this. They can't seem to understand how it is, after they have spent years in darning their husband's socks so beautifully, and giving him his favorite dishes to eat, that he prefers the society of a girl who can't tell an egg-beater from an icepick. Ungrateful wretch!

"But the man is not necessarily ungrateful nor a wretch. He is simply expressing in unmistakable terms the longing of his soul for something more than the housewifely virtues which he is supposed to prize above everything else in a woman."



CABBAGE AND ONIONS.

To avoid disagreeable odor caused by cooking cabbage, chop or shred as for slaw and let stand in cold water for fifteen minutes. Drain, cover with boiling water and cook ten or fifteen minutes, when it should be tender. Drain, add milk, thicken with a little flour or cornstarch, season to taste with salt pepper and butter. This gives a delicate flavor, and the odor is scarcely perceptible. Onions prepared in this way, after boiling, may be creamed, or browned in butter or cooking-oil.

HOUSEWIFE HINTS.

It will be found a good plan to keep peas, beans, rice, barley, coffee, and, in fact, all "dry groceries" in glass jars. By this means a moment's glance will acquaint the housewife with the necessity for replenishing her stores.

Most of the high grade pressed glass now on the market is so nicely got up that it can be given the brilliancy of cut-glass with a trifling exertion. A weekly cleaning with castile soap suds, followed with powder, then a daily rubbing with chamolis, is all that is necessary.

A bolt of cheese cloth should be as essential a feature of the young housekeeper's menage as the bolt of some spun linen was of grandmother's. Nothing makes better dusters; it serves as glass and china toweling, and is an ideal fabric for the dish cloth.

The woman who either from choice or necessity is her own "maid" can make dishwashing as beneficial to her hands as a manicure treatment. None but the very best toilet soap should be used and the water but lukewarm. The scalding which the dishes after ward require can be done without proximity of her hands, as this is the only thing that makes them red.

A pointed brush is the only one with which tufted furniture can be properly cared for. To attempt to do without it is the most extravagant economy, since moths delight in taking up their abode in the little nests of dust which can not be dislodged by a round end brush or whisk broom.

An "emergency bag" is in reality a collection of compartments which the mother of a young family will do well to keep where it can be got at readily. In one all the soft worn-out linen handkerchiefs should be tucked. Another may contain absorbent cotton

RECIPES.

Banana Shortcake—Make a rich biscuit crust, bake in jelly cake tins not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust, adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly, well mixed with sugar, so as to form a sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Huckleberry Loaf Cake—Sift two cupsful of flour with two heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Cream a cupful of butter with two cupsful of powdered sugar, stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs, a half pint of sweet milk, a half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg and cinnamon, and the stiffened whites of the four eggs added alternately with the sifted flour. Last of all stir in lightly a quart of huckleberries thickly dredged with flour. Turn into a greased mould with a funnel in the center and bake.

Chow Chow.—Half a peck green tomatoes, two large heads of cabbage, fifteen good-sized onions, twenty-five cucumbers, one pint horse-radish, half a pound mustard seed (white), one ounce celery seed, one ounce turmeric, half a tea-cupful ground black pepper. Cut the tomatoes, cucumbers, onions and cabbage small, and pack them in salt for one night. In the morning drain the salt off, and lay them in vinegar and water for a day or two, then drain them again. Boil the spices in half a gallon of vinegar, with three pounds brown sugar, and pour it over while hot. Repeat this for three days, then mix five ounces mustard and half a pint of the best salad oil. Add two quarts more of vinegar when the pickle is cold. This is good to eat in two months.

Chocolate Ice Cream.—One quarter square of chocolate, one table-spoonful of sugar, one table-spoonful of boiling water, one-third cupful of thin cream, a few grains of salt and two drops of vanilla. Melt chocolate in small saucepan placed over hot water, add sugar and boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Pour on slowly the cream, add salt and vanilla, then freeze.

Raspberry Ice.—Three table-spoonful of sugar, one cupful of raspberries, one-third cupful of water, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Sprinkle raspberries with sugar, cover and let stand one hour; then mash and squeeze through cheesecloth to express as much juice as possible. Add lemon juice and freeze. Strawberry ice is made in the same way as raspberry ice, the quantity of sugar depending upon the acidity of the fruit.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The Greek key design in braiding or embroidery is much favored by French dressmakers.

Dove gray chiffon made over silver gauze combines beauty and service in a frock.

Mits are not universally worn, but many fashionable women have taken them up for wear with elbow sleeves.

Sleeves frills have lost caste because of excessive popularity, and turned-back cuffs of directoire suggestion are having great vogue as a sleeve finish.

The bird of paradise waves upon a majority of the handsomest directoire hats worn by Parisiennes. It will probably be adopted here in the autumn.

The new coaching parasols are of very heavy silk in plain color, with exceedingly long wooden handles matching the silk in color and tied with a big bow of silk like the cover.

The indications are that the new shades called mulberry will be popular colorings in the autumn and that the warm browns and russet greens will renew their last season's success.

One of the latest innovations in ombre or shaded effects is shown in the shaded sashes, which are of faintest hue about the waist, but gradually deepen to a dark shade of the same color at the ends.

"Cretes" are one of the latest developments of 1830 trimmings. They are merely narrow scalloped frills of silk shirred and set on upside down, so that they stand up like exaggerated headings.

The high-crowned hat has undeniably found pronounced favor in France, and the fad will doubtless reach us later, although American women have not, so far, taken kindly to the innovation.

The extremely high corselet, much like a bodice without sleeves or shoulder straps, has been launched by certain Parisian autocrats, and is worn with a full chemise and sleeves of embroidered muslin or batiste.

Sir Norman Lockyer has been elected president of a new society for the popularizing of science called the British Science Guild.

A new seed potato, called the Pearl, is being sold in England at the rate of \$35,440 a ton.