

**TWO SCHOOLS.**  
I put my heart to school  
In the world where men grow wild.  
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;  
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again.  
"And where is the prize?" I cried.  
"The rule was false, and the prize  
was pain,  
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school  
In the woods where wild birds sing  
In the fields where flowers spring.  
Where brooks run cool and clear,  
And the blue of heaven bends near.  
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,  
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,  
My heart, and where do you roam?"  
The answer came with a laugh and  
a song,  
"I find this school is home."  
—Henry van Dyke in Atlantic Monthly.

## GRANDFATHER'S PANTHER STORY.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

Grandfather used to tell us the following story of an adventure he had with a panther when a boy.

He never speaks of a panther, though. Catamount is his name for the creature; though sometimes, when he is talking with any of the old hunters and trappers, they speak of it as the "Indian devil." That was the name the first settlers here gave it, because the Indians used to have such a dread of it. But it's all the same thing. Catamount, "Indian devil," cougar, and puma, all mean panther, and a still more general name for it in this country is the North American tiger.

I suppose one reason why it has so many names is because it differs in color and size through different latitudes of the continent. Along the northern portions of the United States and in Canada it is of a mottled gray, fading into white upon the under parts of the body. But farther south the fur takes a sunny tawny tawny in the Southern States. While still farther down, in Mexico and South America, it becomes spotted and mottled, like the tiger and leopard, and the people here call it the jaguar. In California they have named it "the Californian lion." And up in Oregon and Washington they have "a purple panther," at least they say so.

"It was in the year 1812," as grandfather tells it, "I was nothing but a boy at that time, and the country was all new around here. My father had moved up two years before, and had got a clearing of some fifty acres made, and a frame house up. There was but one family nearer than the settlement in the lower part of the township, where the village is now. Jeremy Edwards had come up the year before father, and felled the trees across the stream there, where Edwardses live now.

"In 1812 was Jim Madison's war—with England. They didn't volunteer then; troops had to be raised by draft. Father and Edwards were both drafted. I well remember the night they were summoned. Terrible time among the homefolks! Mother and Mrs. Edwards and the girls cried all night. But there was no help for it. There was no such things as substitutes then. They had to go the next morning, and leave us to take care of ourselves the best we could up here in the wilderness.

"Little Johnny Edwards—old Uncle Jack, as they call him now—was just about my age—let's see we were fourteen then—and the men away, everything depended on us. Those were tough times; we had something to do, I tell you. But we used to change works, as we called it, so as to be together as much as we could for it was rather lonesome planting and hoeing off in the stumps, sprouted clearings. Ah! that was a long, anxious summer. He was somewhere on Lake Champlain. But the weeks dragged by, and cold weather came on.

"We were getting things fixed up to pass the winter as well as we could, when one night about the first of November, Johnny came running over to ask if we had seen anything of Brindle, the cow. It had been a bright Indian summer day, and they had turned her out to browse, but she hadn't come up as usual, and was nowhere in sight. It was already dusk, but taking the old gun we started together, and hunted both clearings well over. Brindle was certainly not in the cleared land.

"Have to give her up tonight, Johnny," said I. "But I'll go with you in the morning. She's lost in the woods, or hedged up somewhere, among windfalls. We heard the lucifers crying, and as we went back along saw a bear digging ground-nuts under a rock. Although these were common enough sounds and sights in those days, still we didn't care to go off into the forest at night.

"It snowed during the night, several inches. But Johnny was over early. Brindle hadn't come in. He hid brought his gun and taken Gub along (Gub was Johnny's dog), and we now started off for a thorough hunt in the woods.

"How queer everything looked that

morning—so thick and white and ghostly! The snow had lodged upon all the trees, especially the evergreens, bending down the branches, and every stump and bush was wreathed in blinding white. As the cows used frequently to follow up the valley to northward, we entered it and kept on to where it opens out upon the Sachem's Pond, at the foot of the Great Crag, which rises right up from the water's edge some two hundred feet, a sheer precipice, naked and rocky, with just a footway between it and the pond which is very deep off there. About the pond and the crag the trees are mostly low black spruces. This morning they looked like white tents lined with black, in infinite multitudes. And this appearance, with the ground all white, and the not yet frozen water looking black as ink, made everything appear so strange that, although we had several times been there before, we now scarcely knew the place.

"As yet we had seen no trace of Brindle. But just as we came out on the pond at the foot of the crag we heard a fox bark, quite near at first, then at a distance; we had started him suddenly. Gub sprang ahead among the snowy spruces, but came back in a few moments, and looking up into our faces, whined and ran on again. 'He's found something!' exclaimed Johnny.

"We hurried in on his track, and a few rods farther up saw him standing still sniffing at something, and there, under a thin covering of snow, near the water, lay old Brindle torn and mangled and partially eaten. A feeling of awe crept over us at the sight.

"'Dead!' whispered Johnny.  
"'Something's killed her!' I whispered back.

"There were fresh fox-tracks all around, and the carcass had been recently gnawed in several places. Some transient little Reynard had been improving the chance to steal a breakfast. But what savage beast had throttled old Brindle and torn her to pieces? No bear nor lucyvie had done it. It was not their work, we well knew—some stronger and fiercer unknown animal.

"Not a sound, not a breath of air to stir the loaded boughs, and the wild gray face of the precipice towering above us seemed to grow more terrible in the stillness.  
"But looking more closely, we now discerned, partially obscured by the more recent snowfall, some broad heavy footprints, larger than old Brindle's hoof, going off along the narrow path between the crag and the pond. With a sort of fascinated curiosity we began stealing on tiptoes, from one to another of these, Gub keeping close to us and glancing up beseechingly in our faces. At the distance of a few rods the tracks stopped all at once. Beyond a certain point there were no footmarks. Gub whined, almost getting under our feet in his efforts to keep near us. Instinctively our eyes wandered up the rock beside us. But ere we had seen the spectacle there, a cry—a shrill, piercing screech—broke the stillness, and lo! on a jutting rock, fell twenty feet above us and in the very attitude of springing, crouched a large gray creature, its claws working on the bare rock, its ears laid back and its long tail switching to and fro with a restless, dangerous motion. One momentary glance! Then came another scream; and we felt, rather than saw, that the fierce creature had sprung—and was in the air. In that second we also sprang backward, frenziedly, falling over each other and sprawling on the snowy rocks. There was a heavy pounce down in the path before us, a yell of agony from Gub and a loud growl, with a noise of grappling.

"Poor Gub had been the victim. Scrambling to our feet, we saw the animal leap upward, back to the top of the rock at one spring; where again grappling and gathering up the dog in his mouth it bounded up to another rock. Then, going up the crag, it leaped upon a projecting ledge, along which it ran to a great cleft or cavern, a hundred feet above the path in the mouth of which it disappeared with its prey. It had all been so sudden and so appalling that for some moments we stood bewildered and staring at the spot. Then remembering our danger, caught up our unused guns and turned to run from the fearful place, when another wild scream rooted us to the path, and looking up we beheld the catamount glaring down at us from the mouth of its den, and running along the ledge to the point where it had sprung up.

"Frightened as we were, we still had sense enough to know that it was of no use to run. From his lofty perch the panther crouched, switching his tail and eyeing us much as a cat might watch a couple of mice. For some moments we stood perfectly motionless. As long as we kept still the monster remained watching, but the moment we started, he would rise and poise himself to spring down, growling fretfully at the least movement. If we ran, he would bound down and overtake us in no time. If we fired our old guns at him he would spring instantly, and unless fatally wounded make short work of us.

"'Oh, what can we do?' whispered Johnny, as we shrank, shivered there beneath those savage eyes, which never for a moment left us.

"'We had but one hope, if we didn't move, he might go back to eat Gub, in his den.

"But no, he liked the looks of us too well for that. One or both of us he was bound to have, and like all cat creatures, he loved to watch his

prey. I don't know how long we stood there, but it seemed hours, and we grew desperate and fairly reckless in our terror.

"I am going to fire—may as well," muttered Johnny at last. I was coming to think so too. Slowly we raised our rusty old flint-shot. They were well charged with buck-shot—if they would only go off. The panther growled, seeing the movement, and started up, but we pulled the triggers. They both went off. There was a loud scream of pain or rage. We sprang away down the path, but glancing over our shoulders, beheld him struggling and clinging to a lower rock, upon which he had jumped or fallen from the ledge above.

"He is hit! we did hit him!" exclaimed Johnny, and pausing in our headlong flight we turned to watch him. For a long time he clung there, writhing up and falling back, and tearing at his wounds. Shriek after shriek echoed on the black mountain across the pond, and we could see the blood trickling down over the edge of the rock. Oh! it was a fearful sight. But he grew weaker at length, and by and by fell down to another rock, where, after fainter struggles and cries, he finally stretched out—dead, no doubt. But we leaped again and gave him another round. The fur flew up from the carcass, but there was no further movement. Gub and Brindle were avenged—as much as they could be, though it was a long time before the Edwardses ceased to lament the slaughter made by the catamount.

"We were up at the crag several times during the winter. A mass of gray fur was still lying on the rock, fifty or sixty feet above the path. And for years after we used to see the white skeleton up there, a reminder of our narrow escape."—Our Young Folks.

**DELICATE FLOWERS AS FOODS.**  
Made into Salads, Jellies, Curries—Cloves and Capers.

Though the fact is well known that flowers are used extensively as medicine, it may come as a surprise to many that tons of delicate flowers are regularly used as food, says the South China Post.

In many parts of India the flowers of a saponaceous tree, *Bassia latifolia*, or mahwah, form a really important article of diet. These blossoms, which are succulent and very nourishing and nutritious, fall at night in large quantities from the trees and are gathered early in the morning and eaten raw. They have a sweet, but sickly taste and odor. They are likewise dried in sun and sold in the bazaars. The Beeches dry them and store them as a staple article of food.

An ardent spirit like whisky is distilled from these flowers and is consumed in large quantities by the natives of Guzerat, etc.; sweetmeats are also made of them. A single tree affords from two to four hundred pounds of blossoms. In Malabar and Mysore another species of the tree abounds, the flowers of which are used in a similar manner by the natives.

The flowers of the Judas tree have an agreeable acid taste and are sometimes mixed with salads or made into fritters with batter, and the flower buds are pickled with vinegar. The flowers of the American species are used by the French Canadians in salads and pickles. The flowers of the *Abutilon vesiculatum* are used in Brazil as boiled vegetables. The flowers of the horseradish tree are eaten by the natives of India in their curries.

The young calices of *Dillenia scabellata* and *D. speciosa*, which are swollen and fleshy, have a pleasantly acid taste, and are used by the inhabitants of Chittagong and Bengal in their curries and also for making jellies. The large, showy flowers of the nasturtium are frequently used along with the young leaves in salad. They have a warm taste, not unlike that of the common cress, and it is from this similarity that the plant has gained the name of nasturtium.

The hill people of India are fond of the flowers of the rhododendron arboreum, and even Anglo-Europeans use them for making jelly. Yet poisonous properties are ascribed to the species of this genus, and it has been said that the *R. ponticum* was the plant from whose flowers the bees of Pontus gathered the honey which produced the extraordinary symptoms of poisoning described as having attacked the Greek soldiers in the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand.

The flower clusters of the cauliflower, which form themselves into a firm cluster or head, varying from four to eight or more inches across, become the edible portion of one of the greatest of vegetable delicacies. In this it differs greatly from all other members of the cabbage family, whose leaves and stalks are used for culinary purposes.

The flower buds of the *Capparis spinosa*, a plant which grows on the walls in southern Europe, are commonly known as capers. These are chiefly imported from Sicily, though the plant is largely cultivated in some parts of France. The cloves of commerce are the unexpanded buds of *Caryophyllus aromaticus*, a small evergreen, native of the Moluccas, but cultivated in many parts of the East and West Indies.

The most interesting thing about a Russian cruiser's stopping a British ship in the Red Sea is that there is a Russian cruiser left, thinks the New York World.



## PRETTY MERMAIDS' ENTERTAINMENT.

At a mermaids' carnival, the walls of the rooms were of a delicate shaded green with a dado of sea grasses and mosses, while the ceiling was a dream of sea shell tints. Sea mosses were fastened on flimsy lace curtains.

Hanging from the chandeliers were dozens of tiny scallop shells in pairs, suspended by narrow sea-green ribbon. Other groups of shells were fastened with loops of ribbons to the draperies.

The rambling studio was given over to fancy articles which were offered for sale. There were pin trays fashioned from handsome shells, with a shirring of ribbon around the edge; pin balls which were made by inserting a little cushion of pink velvet between a pair of small scallops and shell jewel cases. There were pen wipers of chamolix skin and needle-books with shell covers.

Several pairs of large shells were utilized as covers for dainty home-made cook books, continues the Indianapolis News. One novelty consisted of a number of quotations from Scripture and poetry lettered on creamy linen paper inserted between a pair of shells, all the quotations bearing on the sea. There were other shells with blank pages within arranged for addresses, visits, records of books read, entertainments attended and memoranda.

Small silken bags were arranged in some of the shells. These were to be utilized for a variety of purposes. Some fine views taken by an amateur photographer were neatly mounted and fashioned by a pair of shells.

The menu was served in shells and consisted of:  
Clam bouillon, fish soufflé baked in scallop shells, cream sandwiches, olives, salted nuts, fish salad, salted wafers, ices in the form of sea shells, cakes iced in green, coffee.

The dining room was a symphony of silver and green. Asparagus ferns and feathery grasses were festooned from the corners and sides to the center of the room, where they culminated in a graceful mass of greens. There was a miniature lake in the center of the table, banked with moss and feathery brasses. Green candles in silver sticks with silver and green shade shed a soft light over the table.

The receiving hostesses were veritable sea nymphs in their pale green tulle or mull frocks and delicate coral and silver girdles and necklaces.

**HOUSE GOWNS.**  
Among the luxuries of this season says the Rochester Post-Express, are the house gowns of lace and muslin—lingerie gown so-called—that have made their appearance in such quantities this year. Dotted Swiss, embroidery batiste, English open work embroidery, and all-over lace form the basis of these gowns, which are most exquisite in appearance and extremely costly. The lace entreeux is used on all the different materials, while the rows of hemstitching taken in connection with the lace give a light and airy appearance. The batiste in its natural color—which is a paler tint than pongee, but of the same hue—seems especially in demand. It is trimmed with lace, either wide or of the same coloring, and then ribbons of some becoming color are seen in the girdle or sash; for sashes are much in fashion and both plain and figured ribbons are used.

Such gowns require further expense on account of the petticoats to be worn with them. These must needs be made up with falls and ruffles of embroidery and lace, and yet the whole effect is so satisfactory and the gown so useful that most women think it best to economize in some other direction and to have this gown the principle one of the wardrobe.

Tea gowns are indescribably attractive, and while those intended for winter can be made of heavier fabric and more elaborately trimmed, they are not more expensive nor smarter than are those for summer. Again, lace and embroidery must needs be used, and the amount that can be used is almost incalculable. A long loose coat fitted in at the back and with straight front is the effect given at first glance at many of the newest models. The gown itself is made of flounces and ruffles of lace or muslin, as the case may be, so that the coat opens over a front of the lace.

**THE EXTRA STITCHES.**  
Two young girls were engaged in stitching flannel dresses for the poor of the parish.  
"Now we have completed our garments, our work is finished for this season at least," said one of the two girls, with a sigh of relief.  
"No, no; wait a moment; just a few moments more," replied the other; and going into an inner room, she returned with some skeins of crimson silk, and a few knots of ribbon and lace.

"Why, what are you doing?" asked her companion with surprise, as the deft fingers swiftly fashioned a dainty edging of crimson silk, frilled in the soft lace at neck and sleeves, and fastened on the bright ribbons here and there.  
"These extra stitches take just a

moment," was the answer, given with a blush, "and I want to make the dress pretty for some mother's baby."

As the great pile of dresses was distributed to the needy that cold winter one hard-visaged woman burst into tears and hid her face in the folds of a little dress trimmed with lace and ribbons. "Oh, to think of some one doing this for my poor baby! I didn't think anybody cared!" she sobbed.

"God cares for you and your baby," said the reverent voice of the pastor who had long sought an opportunity to reach this hardened heart, and for the first time the woman was willing to listen to the sweet, old story. Does this not teach us to perform beyond the rigid call of simple duty? The extra stitches are surely the threads of gold that beautify and enrich the dull, dark fabric of our too often careless and indifferent charity.—New York Observer.

## PLAIN ECRU LACE BLOUSE.

Although public sentiment run high regarding the separate waist, it is not yet to be discarded. For every possible occasion, excepting, of course, the formal affairs, they are worn with grace and becomingness. Much has been done and said to oust the blouse from its present position, but so far nothing real serious has happened in that direction. For informal luncheons, teas, etc., there is nothing prettier than a fancy blouse of lace or chiffon. Women who wear suits of coat and skirt must wear a waist, and they generally choose those of entirely different material than that of which the suit is made. The lace blouses this year are what could be desired, and the workmanship displayed on them is quite beyond description.

All-over lace of a deep ecru shade is made over a white satin, and is generally trimmed with a delicate color of panne velvet. All sorts of buttons are used as a decoration, and those which are hand-painted are among the prettiest of the season. A majority are made perfectly plain and are completely minus plaits, shirrs, tucks, etc. Some women prefer them over colors. In that case handsome effects are achieved with the new dark shades of lace over a faint pink and blue lining, which are trimmed with strappings of the same color of satin velvet or ribbon.

Some chiffon blouses are created so deftly that one actually wonders if this is modern or ancient times, when the fairies made robes of spun gold in a single night. Marvelous handiwork is executed on some of these separate waists, and although they are not quite so popular as they might be, many fashionable women are retaining these "comforts" as they term them. Black waists of net, heavily spangled, are also popular, and for evening wear nothing prettier could be worn than these, which are very plain excepting the spangled design. In some of these the lining only extends to the shoulder and the sleeves are unlined. In that way an extremely becoming waist is accomplished, and one which is appropriate for almost any occasion.

## WOMEN AS BREADWINNERS.

There is a woman who is a successful jockey.

Another who is an intrepid deep-sea diver.

Another who is a successful gold-pro prospector.

Another who is a railway constructor and President of the road.

Another who, though but nineteen years old, is a marine observer on an island off Cape Cod.

Another who is harbor mistress of Tacoma.

Another who is keeper of Point Pinos lighthouse at Monterey, Cal.

Another who farms a Texas ranch 2,000 square miles in area.

Another who farms frogs in Jersey and clears \$1,500 a year by the enterprise.

Another who is a capable gravedigger.

Another who is a professional nutcracker.—Boston Traveler.

## REAL ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Contentment is the real elixir of life. It is the real fountain from which flow the waters of perennial youth. Sometimes it costs an effort, a tremendous effort, to say it is all right, but the man or woman who can say it is much better off for thus looking at the sunny side of the world than the person who harbors a grudge against all mankind and walks through the world burdened with the somber thoughts of his disappointments. The discontented perhaps never stop to think how much worse off they could be; that no matter how few their pleasures there are those in the world who have fewer or none at all. That, given health and strength and the full possession of the senses, they are advantaged and blessed in the race of existence.—Indianapolis News.

Boston reports that a fisherman found a valuable diamond ring in a flounder. One must have some excuse for fishing for flounders.

Horse ambulances are still a "crying need" in London.



## TO CLEAN BRASS.

To clean very dirty brass, scrub with a nailbrush, dipped in powdered bath-brick dust and paraffin. Even the most tarnished brass can be cleaned in this way. Polish with the dry dust and a soft duster.

## FURNISHING THE KITCHEN.

In furnishing a kitchen one may make the mistake of having too many utensils and too many patented contrivances. The average servant girl, who is only used to the simplest and most ordinary utensils at home, will invariably leave the patented things on the shelf and use any common makeshift.

## THE BEDROOM.

Now that all wash goods are offered for sale, the shopper is tempted to purchase lengths of flowered organdie or dimity for bedroom curtains. A charming cottage bedroom, hung with a wallpaper all huge yellow roses, was made still more charming by curtains of organdie in which the yellow rose design was repeated, but in much paler tones. In fact, the effect was as if the roses on the walls cast their shadows on the sheer white curtains. The idea is worth studying and adapting to other flower-oms.

## REMOVING INK STAINS.

Ink stains may be removed from white goods with lemon and salt. Cover the stain with fine salt, squeeze the lemon juice on it, and rub between the hands. A second application will be necessary when the ink is obstinate. Ink may be removed successfully from colored clothes by soaking them in sweet milk. Milk-dew will usually disappear if soaked in sour milk, and then washed in the usual manner. Chloride of lime will also remove mildew stains, but it must be well diluted and carefully used.—The Pilgrim.

## GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Good housekeeping is surely an art, for besides seeing that every room in the house is perfection in every detail, window curtains always fresh and clean, floors spotless, not a fleck of dust anywhere, everything at hand for the toilet—the service must be faultless, your maid in a neat black gown, white apron, stiff white collar and cuffs, her manner deferential when she opens the door for you or waits upon you at the table.

The cooking of course, has to be delicious, the kind that melts in your mouth, the washing must be unquestionable, and the ironing a picture in itself. All these things and many more are simply parts of good housekeeping, and if a woman is able to carry on and control a house of her own in the right kind of way, her work is inferior to no man's and she deserves just as much credit and oftentimes a great deal more.—American Cultivator.

## RECIPES.

**Chicken Rolls.**—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add a pinch of salt, a little pepper and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix with this one cupful of minced chicken; add one-third cupful of milk and thicken with a little flour. Mould into rolls or croquettes and fry in hot fat. Serve with a white sauce seasoned with lemon juice.

**An Excellent Ice.**—Here is, an excellent ices. Slice bananas and sprinkle the slices with lemon juice. Place on the ice for an hour, then mash with a wooden spoon, and stir into the mixture three-quarters of a cup of powdered sugar and the beaten whites of two eggs. Freeze for five minutes, and add a pint, more or less, of whipped cream, and a cupful of chopped English walnuts, from which the skins have been removed.

**A Tomato Dish.**—An Italian dish of tomatoes is described in Good Housekeeping. Select not too ripe tomatoes and cut off about a quarter of an inch from the blossom end, using a very sharp knife. Scoop out part of the pulp and fill the tomato cup with well-washed and soaked rice, in which has been mixed a little chopped parsley, a pinch of several pungent herbs, salt, red pepper and a good portion of olive oil. Bake the tomatoes in a deep baking dish in seasoned olive oil, two-thirds of a cup to nine tomatoes. Cook in a moderate oven until the rice is quite tender, and the skins of the tomatoes begin to wrinkle. Serve hot with a little of the oil in which they were baked.

**Rich Sago Pudding.**—Here is a recipe for the favorite pudding of a housekeeper of the last generation, who served it to her family after the simple Sunday dinner customary in her day: Soak six heaping teaspoonfuls of sago in a quart of sweet milk for five hours. Then add a quart of boiling milk. Cook till soft. Beat the yolks of six eggs in a pudding dish with a teaspoonful of sugar and a little nutmeg. Then when the sago is soft stir it into the eggs and sugar. Bake twenty minutes. After the pudding has been set away to cool beat up the whites of the six eggs until they are a stiff froth and fold into them three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread this meringue over the top of the pudding and brown it in the oven. A little jelly is sometimes spread over the pudding before adding the meringue.