

HONEY.

When bees went forth in black continuous stream, And steadily return unto the hive, When all the air with humming is alive...

THE YOUNGEST CLERK.

By Helen Forrest Graves.



"Please, ma'am," said Jane, "there ain't so much as a drop of milk left, and you gave the last of the cold beef to old Gideon Gallup. And besides, ma'am, I don't think it is a tramp at all. It's quite a respectable young man, in a brown linen duster, and a carpet bag."

"And your salary will go on just the same?" "And my salary will continue just the same." "That is what I call real generosity," said Barbara. "Oh, I should like to thank Messrs. Browne, Brownson & Brownie! Well, come in. Our little cottage is full of boarders, but my mother and I will contrive to make room for you somewhere."

fessed Mr. Browne, while Barbara raised her soft eyes in amazement. "I am not the youngest clerk in the firm at all the youngest clerk went out to Bermuda, at the expense of the firm. I hope he is doing well in that climate. This man was Ferdinand Brown. I am Augustus Browne, the youngest partner."

THE BIBLE'S HOME.

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NOT far from the busy whirl of Broadway and with the Third Avenue Elevated trains running close behind it stands, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Astor place, one of the most famous buildings in this country, if not in the world. Nothing in its architectural appearance, its history or its cost contribute to its fame, for it is modestly constructed of red brick, has been the scene of no great event, and, as buildings are considered now, was built very cheap. Nevertheless, its name is known in every land beneath the sun and spoken in nearly a hundred dialects and languages.

Kind, simple-hearted Mrs. Troop! If she had been a student of the great "novel" of Human Nature, she would have known that we are all of us living romances at one time or another. And why not? Is not the world always full of Love and Youth.—Saturday Night.

What the Chinese Eat. A member of the English Parliament, Florence O'Driscoll, has a lively paper in the Century describing life and street scenes in Canton. Mr. O'Driscoll says: The food purveyors make a most striking display: the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter beautiful to the sight but hard and tasteless), together with many Chinese fruits whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two-pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them; they picked ginger roots out of the water, and laying them on the table, pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were then put into another tub, where they were boiled in syrup. The ginger went through various minor processes, until eventually it was packed in the earthen jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our English loaf; solid-looking yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones, or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter, and great flakes of milk-white, slippery-looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick—to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver-shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, sodden and bilious.

The Lion of Belgium. The most lionized man in Europe just now is the Baron d'Hanis, commander of the Belgium troops in the Congo Free States, who has just arrived at Antwerp from a three-years' bloody and victorious campaign against the slave traders of that district. Before the steamer reached port she was boarded by a special messenger from the King of the Belgians, bearing his Majesty's congratulations to the general on his safe return, and on the success of his work. Great crowds of people gathered at the wharf to greet the Baron, and he landed amid boisterous demonstrations of welcome. A series of entertainments in honor of the Baron were inaugurated the same day. He brings with him three converted Arab chiefs, with their wives and children.—New Orleans Picayune.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

SAVE THIS TABLE. Four teaspoonfuls of liquid equals one tablespoonful. One pint of liquid equals one pound. Two gills of liquid equal one cup or one-half a pint. Two round tablespoonfuls of flour equal one ounce. Four cups of bread flour equal one quart, or one pound. One cup of butter equals one-half pound. One pint of butter equals one pound. One tablespoonful of butter equals one ounce. Butter size of an egg equals two ounces. Ten eggs equal one pound. Two cups of granulated sugar equal one pound. Two and a half cups of powdered sugar equal one pound.—New York Journal.

SYSTEM IN THE STORE-ROOM. Some housekeepers keep a supply board on which is a list of the groceries which are usually kept in store; opposite to each is a small hole with a long wooden peg to fit it. The girl who takes charge of the store-room puts a peg in the hole opposite to all groceries that are nearly gone, so the housekeeper, who does the marketing, can easily see what is needed. A memorandum book should hang in the store-room and the quantity and date of buying should be kept. Where there is no store-room a want-book or slate should hang in the kitchen and the cook be instructed to write down every morning the names of groceries that are needed. A store-room should be light and cool and well aired.—American Agriculturist.

SOME PRESERVING STATISTICS. A preserving and canning authority, Mrs. Redford, says in the Philadelphia Ledger: "For pineapples, blue plums and grapes I use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one of fruit, and water in the same proportion as for the others, except in the pineapples. They require no water to make a syrup, as they have sufficient juice without it. Pineapples should stand in sugar at least twenty minutes before heating, to start the flow of juice, and should steam forty-five minutes, or until they look clear. They should be shredded with a silver fork, as the large slices of pineapples that look so tempting in cans are awkward when served at the table, it being almost impossible to cut them with the spoon without soiling the tablecloth. Damson plums require five pounds of fruit to three of sugar. Quinces should first be steamed before putting them in a syrup. Fruit should be measured by the scales; as sugar does not vary, it may be measured in a pint or half-pint measure. Fruit juice that remains after filling the cans may be canned and used to flavor sauces and ices."

Tattooed on a Snake. Very few readers ever dream that there is any single piece of reading matter in the world which lives, breathes and circulates on its own individual account. But any one who will take the trouble to walk into a certain shop in Piccadilly, not far from the Egyptian Hall, will be rewarded by seeing a species of snake, known as the lemon box, with the whole of the third chapter of Genesis tattooed on its body. The reptile is only lent for exhibition, but the gentleman who purchased it states that on board the South American sailing vessel, the scene of this remarkable tattooing, it is a common diversion among the sailors to capture live snakes, extract their fangs and cover the body with any number of inscriptions, legends and devices, and then dispose of the reptiles at the first port.

Few of the purchasers, however, care to have charge of live snakes—be they ever so harmless—so it is customary to either stuff these latter with fine straw and putty, or else immerse them in alcohol, although this process commonly has the effect of taking all the brilliancy out of the pigments employed. In the case of the above-mentioned fine inscriptions, alcohol, however, shows up and preserves them to great advantage. A sailor who spent six months in tattooing one of the "Sketches by Boz," containing 4520 words, upon the skin of a rattlesnake, which he afterwards sold to a gentleman for eight guineas.—London Answers.

A High Honor. Charles Schartow, of Omaha, Neb., has had a great honor conferred upon him by Kaiser Wilhelm. The Kaiser has sent him an official letter inviting him to visit Germany at the imperial expense. The letter recalls to Schartow's memory a day, August 16, 1870, when the Prussian army was battling with the French at Mars la Tour, and a mitrailleuse stationed on a hill was decimating the German ranks. Nearly 150 men had fallen under its deadly fire, and it was necessary that the gun should be captured, or the Germans could not hold their position. To charge the battery meant almost certain death, and volunteers were called for. Fifteen men went up the hill. The gun was captured and silenced, but only three men came back from the deadly assault, and one of them was Schartow.—New Orleans Picayune.

To Extract the Essence From Flowers. Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen, and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers, and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oiled silk, or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.—New York Dispatch.

Exercising the Frost. In some of the wine districts of France frost bells are tolled when there is likely to be a severe frost, and immediately on hearing the warning the inhabitants hurry out of their houses and place quantities of tar between the rows of vines. Then a signal is given to light the tar, and in a few minutes a dense cloud of smoke arises, and thus the vines are said to be completely protected from the severity of the weather.—New York Dispatch.

Couldn't Sell Them. Properly licensed for the experiment, a Boston reporter appeared in street, offering to sell silver dollars for a quarter each. He displayed his dollars in a tray, and had a large sign on them announcing his offer. He also addressed passers-by. He allowed no one to handle the dollars. He sold but one.—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Theft. Thomas Keegan, the proprietor of marble yard in Brooklyn, reported to the police the other day that some thief had during the night stolen white marble tombstone and cross from the yard.—New York Post.