

Only about four per cent. of the sea-going vessels constructed at the present time are of wood.

The development of college sports is indicated, thinks the Chicago Herald, by the fact that Harvard now has a salaried manager.

In Canada positions in the Civil Service are obtainable after examination and are held during good behavior, which, as a rule, means life.

In Japan a man can live like a gentleman for about \$250 a year. This sum will pay the rent of a house, the salaries of two servants and supply plenty of food.

The Hungarian Government has recently passed a law providing for the payment of indemnities to prisoners innocently condemned to penal servitude, and to their families in cases where such prisoners have been found to have suffered capital punishment.

The Argentine Republic is rapidly becoming a prominent competitor in the business of supplying grain to the European markets. Shipowners of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are taking advantage of the trade and finding employment for their vessels at remunerative rates between the River Plate and Old World ports.

The low price of wheat this year is due, maintains the New York Witness, to the fact that a very large surplus was held over from the big crops of the past two years. The farmers of the world are producing more wheat than the people of the world can buy, though not more than could be consumed if all the people who need it were able to pay for it.

A curious lawsuit has just been concluded at Brussels. A widow named Moens died intestate, leaving a large fortune. A dispute at once began among her relatives and a lawsuit to settle the various claims was instituted. At the trial it was proved that no fewer than 3500 persons were related to the testatrix. Judgment has been pronounced in their favor—that is, in favor of relatives, even twelve degrees removed.

The reclamation of the arid wastes of southwestern desert lands proceeds marvelously apace. Another reclamation company was incorporated at San Bernardino, Cal., a few days ago, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. A dam is to be erected at Victor Narrows, on the Mojave River, in San Bernardino County, fifteen feet in height, which will make a lake nine miles long and about three wide, whose waters will be used to irrigate about 200,000 acres of land on the Mojave Desert, which will then be especially adapted for growing raisin grapes and alfalfa.

According to the Sriet, a St. Petersburg paper, Russia, unlike other European countries, incorporates in the army only one-fourth of the young men who are drafted every year when they reach the legal age for military service. The recruiting in 1892 enlisted 768,672 conscripts, but only 260,290 were actually sent into the ranks. Of these 196,000 were Orthodox, 16,000 Israelites and 9000 Mohammedans; the Russian army is therefore composed of men belonging to the National religion. There were also in the contingent called to service in 1892 133,000 men of pure Russian origin, 17,000 Poles, 4000 Germans, 16,000 Jews, 3689 Bashkirs, and a small number of Lithuanians, Tartars, etc., so that the Russian army can be considered as being quite homogeneous in regard to its nationality.

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slung-shot, or a jimmie, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are scarce. Once in a while the police find such a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping still about it.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

Where the rough road turns, and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its bloom and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the foot
And the nights with their grief and gloom,
And the sky will smile, and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast.
And for all the grief of the stormy past,
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song,
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A PINK SILK PARASOL.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

"HAT are we going to do now?" queried Anne.
"If Pa had only stayed quietly at home!" sighed Margaret.
"But he didn't," said Helen. "And the lecture tour ended in disaster; and he has returned with empty pockets, and a cold which threatens pneumonia!"

"Oh dear! and we were so well off before little Mother married again," Margaret murmured, dolefully.
"Freason!" cried Helen, stoutly; "not one word against Pa Pendergast—the dearest old visionary thing that ever lived!"

"He certainly tries to make a fortune for us," smiled Anne.
"And has only succeeded in reducing us to the verge of—beggary!" supplemented Margaret.

"The expressman is stopping at the gate," said Helen; "but, of course, it's a mistake."
"Yes; nothing comes to us now—but trouble," ended Margaret.

But a moment later and Helen called back, ecstatically, "Oh, girls, it is for us, sure as you live!" Then, less joyfully, "But—there's seventy-five cents to pay!"

At last the necessary amount was made up, the expressman departed, and the girls and their mother, in a state of unusual excitement, gathered around the huge, irregular bundle which, by their united efforts, they had dragged into the middle of the sitting-room.

"Who could have sent it?" wondered Anne.
"What do you suppose it is?" questioned Helen.
"It's—old clothes," Margaret said, gloomily.
"Madge!" in a general chorus of dismay.

But even as Helen cut the strings the lopsided bundle burst asunder and shed its contents of crumpled ball gowns and all kinds of forlorn and dragged finery upon the floor.

Anne bit her lip, Margaret's eyes flamed wrathfully and Helen laughed. But the mother's face worked piteously, and it was all that she could do to keep back the tears.

All her life till now, Mrs. Pendergast had been used to comfort, and even luxury; and she had always shown so much tact and delicacy in sending their own left-off but useful garments to those who were poorer than themselves. And it was a bitter humiliation to her now, when, for the first time, a mass of dingy and inappropriate finery had been literally dumped upon her doorstep, without any accompanying message from the rich, city cousin, from whom it undoubtedly had been sent.

"There isn't a practical thing among them!" laughed Helen, who was adorning herself with whatever came first to hand. And even Margaret could not help smiling at the comical picture her pretty young sister made with a crushed French bonnet perched coquettishly on her fair curls, a faded and altogether too-ample olive redingote enveloping her pretty form, and above her head the bony skeleton of a once splendid parasol—its melancholy ribs uplifted now, as if imploring pity.

Anne laughed hysterically; but just then Pa's querulous voice was heard in the room above, and the mother was glad of an excuse to listen away.

Night came. The debris had disappeared, and the letter of thanks to Cousin Frances, which Helen had volunteered to write, was finished.

"Listen, girls, while I read it," she said; "but don't interrupt. If you think of anything more to say just wait and I'll add it on at the end."
"My generous rich relative," she began, and, regardless of the rising murmur of dismay, she hastily went on: "It was so thoughtful of you to send us such a lot of old clothes (which we can't possibly make use of), and not to prepay the express (which is uncommonly high in this part of the world). We now understand why it is 'more blessed to give than receive!' But, unfortunately, we don't know any one who would take such stuff as a gift, unless it's the ragman!"

"Helen!"
"You shan't send such a letter!" and Margaret snatched the perfectly proper little note she had written from Helen's hand, while the young girl laughed merrily over the success of her impromptu nonsense. She loved to tease her soberer sisters, and with her happy disposition she found a way of getting fun out of everything.

But anxious and busy days came after this. Pa Pendergast was serious-ly ill for a time, and before he was really able to be around again he was reading another of those disastrous lecture tours, with which he was always trying to retrieve his fallen fortunes. At last, however, they had managed to persuade him to put it off until the fall.

There was no family in all the village who had once stood so high, or who were more respected in these days of their misfortunes. "Pa's" failings and good qualities were alike freely discussed, and his wife commiserated for having allowed her visionary spouse the control of her comfortable little fortune, which, under his childlike incapacity for business, had disappeared in an incredibly short number of years.

Anne and Margaret were now the main support of the family, one teaching music and the other having a good position in the village school. The "little Mother" and Helen were the "household angels," and it was no light task to keep things nice and comfortable with their extremely limited purse, and to prevent "Pa" from seeing too plainly the ruin he had wrought.

The neighbors were very kind, and often some little delicacy found its way to their scanty table—given with so much friendly good-will that sensitive little Mrs. Pendergast was no more hurt by the attention than the neighbors were when Helen brought them bunches of Mayflowers from the woods in spring.

But of late Helen's fingers had been busier than ever. Upon careful re-examination the "bundle" had shown possibilities which had not been apparent at the first. And the old party dresses, dyed—for Helen had mastered the dye-pot's mysteries long ago—were now transformed into four pretty silk petticoats which would "rustle delightfully" under their woolen gowns.

"Just the last things in the world any of us really wanted," Helen admitted; "but the silk wasn't fit for another thing, and as it didn't cost us anything I guess we can afford to be 'swell' for once!"

"Then in some magical way her deft fingers had fashioned for herself as dainty a gown from the voluminous old gray opera cloak and the best of the well worn redingote as ever a pretty maiden wore to church on a bright Sunday in spring.

The battered Paris bonnet bloomed anew with apple blossoms, freshened over the kettle's reviving steam. But the crowning feature of the costume was a beautiful pink silk parasol, which Cousin Frances would certainly never have recognized as the "skeleton" of her famous bundle, newly clad in the pink lining of the opera cloak, and adorned with the freshest flosses of the chiffon gown.

"Girls, how do you look?" was Helen's anxious question, as arrayed for the first time in all her glory she was about to start with them for church.

"Just too sweet and lovely!" Margaret said, with enthusiasm; and the mother, who thought her girls were always perfect, echoed Margaret's words.

But Anne was troubled. Such finery seemed hardly in accord with their straightened circumstances, or with the almost Quakerish simplicity of the quiet town; but Helen was so happy that she could not bring herself to speak her doubts which, after all, might prove without foundation.

She was keenly alive, however, to the sensation which Helen's appearance caused, and which, all during the service, divided the attention of the congregation with the good minister's words. And after the service, Anne's straining ears caught more than one fragment of friendly criticism, which seemed floating in the air.

"It does beat all," old Mrs. Sharp whispered to her neighbor, "how folks behind-hand in their rent can buy such finery!"

"Praps Pa Pendergast has some-how made his everlastin' fortune," was the audible answer.

"Did you see how Chan Bassett kept lookin' at her? He can't afford to dress a wife like that. I heard Miss Bassett tell him so durin' the collection."

"Just see that pink parasol! Why, many couldn't get one, plain dark blue, for less'n five dollars. An' silk petticoats, too, I know by the rustlin'." They're up an' down extravagan', or else they ain't so poor as they've been makin' out."

"An' the neighbors sendin' 'em in cake 'n' pie at every bakin'!" Helen's cheeks were like roses as they went on their homeward way, and Anne wondered if she, too, had overheard the gossips' whisperings, or whether the deeper flush was only the reflection from the pink silk parasol, which she held so bravely overhead.

Margaret was less observing, and was evidently quite unconscious of any unusual stir going on around them.

It was the first Sunday in many months that Chauncey Bassett had not walked home with Helen. He had been with his mother on the church steps when they came out, but he had only bowed and then had looked away. It was certainly strange, thought Helen, but—if he didn't want to come, he needn't! And no one, not even Anne, should know she cared!

The weeks rolled around, and summer followed spring. Every Sunday Helen went to church in her brave attire, and walked home afterward with Anne and Margaret; and Chauncey never came.

She never mentioned him; but Anne, watching her darling with jealous eyes, saw how her cheeks grew paler, and how listless she seemed to be as the summer days went on.

One night as Anne lay pondering upon these things, with Margaret asleep beside her, she heard a stifled sob from the cot where Helen lay.

That was all; but it was not long before Anne had determined what to do. And the next day, on her way home from the village, she stopped at Mrs. Bassett's for the first time since that spring Sunday when Chauncey had lingered at his mother's side.

"It's ever so long since I've had a chance to run in," Anne began, with friendly apology. "But I've been so busy, teaching right along. It was fortunate for us that the Bentons wanted their children to make up all they lost when they had whooping cough last spring. If it wasn't for that and for two of Margaret's music scholars, who have kept right on, I hardly know what we should have done?"

It was not like Anne to speak so freely of their affairs; but Mrs. Bassett showed no signs of unbending yet. "You know how it is," Anne continued, with heightened color. "Pa tries to do all he can; but he's always so—unfortunate."

"Then that last lecture tour wasn't a success?" said Mrs. Bassett, falling into Anne's thoughtfully opened net. "Everyone thought he must 'a' been makin' money, the way Helen came out this spring."

"And didn't she look sweet?" cried Anne. "But people shouldn't judge by appearances! I'm going to tell you, Mrs. Bassett, I should hate to have it get around. A cousin of mother's in the city sent us a—bundle of old clothes. And Helen is just the most ingenious, most economical girl you ever saw! Those things weren't suitable for us at all, and I thought they'd be of no use whatever; but Helen turned them and dyed them, and made the old worn out party silks into the prettiest petticoats you ever saw—and one for each of us! Then the poor child needed a new dress, badly; she hadn't a thing fit to wear to church, and we couldn't afford to buy anything; so she went to work and somehow made that pretty gray and olive gown out of just nothing! And her bonnet, too—you ought to have seen it when it came! And," hysterically, "all that never cost us a single penny!"

"You don't mean to say!" ejaculated Mrs. Bassett, in amazement. "But—that pink silk parasol?" she queried. "Mandy Ward priced one in the city, an' they asked—sixteen dollars!"

"She made that, too!" cried Anne. "Oh, you don't half know how clever Helen is! You won't let this go for her father, though?" she added, anxiously. "I wouldn't like every one to know, because—well, because it was the first time any one had ever sent old things to us—and poor little Mother—cried."

"I won't tell a livin' soul but Chan," Mrs. Bassett said, earnestly. "But I must tell him. He'll be home to-night, you know, over Sunday. An'—an' I'm comin' round to see your ma, right soon."

Anne went her way with a lighter heart; and she had not far before Chauncey Bassett himself came into view. To her surprise he stopped.

"It's ever so long since I've seen you," he began awkwardly.
"Why haven't you been around?" she asked in her pleasant way, noting curiously his wane and troubled face.

"I'll tell you why," he said, suddenly. "It's because I can't think of any one or anything but—Helen! And I never realized until—until one Sunday morning in the spring" (Anne sighed) "how far above the farmer's son—the poor book-keeper—she was. Then I saw that the best I could ever hope to give her would not be worthy of her—not even as much as she is leaving now" (Anne smiled); "and I knew that it would be better for me to—forget her—before she ever dreamed I had begun to care. I thought I could turn my thoughts away; but I can't; and though it is madness to think she could ever care for me, yet I must see her and tell her, and unless you tell me not to, I am coming this very night."

"Come," said Anne, with a reassuring smile.
Supper was over and the girls were putting the things away. As Margaret disappeared in the china closet with a pile of plates, Anne said cheerily: "Oh, I met Chauncey Bassett as I was coming home, and do you know, he said he was coming around to-night."

"Anne! you—you didn't say—anything?"
"You dear little goose! Not a word that the town crier couldn't proclaim with propriety. But I thought he was looking thin and worried, poor fellow. There, I'll wipe the teacups, for you had better go light the lamp in the parlor, and put on your pretty gray gown, directly."

"If he had waited until he had seen his mother, I'd have hated him—almost," thought Anne, an hour later, when, above the murmur of voices in the little parlor she heard Helen's laugh ring gayly, as of old.

And the next day, being Sunday, the village gossips had something new to talk of; for Mrs. Bassett actually waited and kissed Helen on the church porch. And Chauncey walked home with her again, as he used to do; but though his face was radiant, no one could get sight of her smiles and blushes then, for carefully and almost reverentially Chauncey was shielding her lovingly face with the pink silk parasol.—Independent.

An Electric Tow Horse.
Another scheme has been proposed for utilizing the trolley system on the canals. The plan consists in laying a narrow-gauge track on each bank and moving the boats in tows by means of a small car furnished with a device for gripping the rail, to be driven by a motor from an overhead trolley line.—Detroit Free Press.

Italy exported 480,000,000 dozen eggs last year.

FREAKISH SORT OF WINTER

OUT-OF-THE-WAY METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

It Has Rained Angle Worms and Land Snails—Simple Explanations for Some Very Queer Things.

THE winter of 1893-94 will go on record as a freak winter. With the snow line 500 miles north of where it ordinarily is during January, the entire winter wheat region was bare. That important crop was thus exposed to destruction by the always possible sudden cold wave. Meanwhile, people all over the country have been sending to the Weather Bureau reports of out-of-the-way meteorological phenomena unusually varied and peculiar.

There have been showers of angle worms in New York and showers of land snails in Ohio. A boxful of the latter, to furnish proof, was sent to Washington by express. They were about the size of pin heads. Instead of falling from the sky, they must have been brought out of the ground by the wet. Worms and small toads are fetched out of the earth in great numbers, appearing in the great rivers to stories that they have rained down. Spring showers of what used to be taken for sulphur occur in Washington every year. When the sky clears the gutters are found choked with yellow stuff. Under the microscope, however, it is quickly seen to be vegetable. It is merely the pollen of pine trees blown from forests many miles distant.

People in all parts of the United States are constantly reporting such freaks to the Weather Bureau, with demands for explanations. Often the puzzles thus propounded are too difficult for Uncle Sam's professional prophets to solve.

No fewer than twenty-one "showers of blood" have been recorded during the present century in Europe and Algeria. These phenomena excited widespread consternation in ancient and even comparatively recent times. They were regarded as dire portents. They are accounted for by very commonplace reasons. In 1670 a shower of this kind fell at the Hague, and caused great excitement. A level headed physician got a little of the crimson fluid and examined it under a microscope. He found that it was filled with small red animalcules, which proved to be a species of water flea. Doubtless they were brought from a great distance by wind and deposited with the rain.

In March, 1813, the people of Gerace, in Calabria, saw a terrific cloud advancing from the sea. It gradually changed from a pale to fiery red, shutting off the light of the sun. The town, being enveloped in darkness, the inhabitants rushed to the cathedral, supposing that the end of the world was come. Meanwhile the strange cloud covered the whole heavens, and amid peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, red rain fell in large drops, which were imagined by the excited populace to be of blood. Analysis afterward made of the fluid showed that its coloring matter was a dust of an earthy taste. Probably this dust was ejected by an active volcano, carried a great distance by the wind, and precipitated by the rain.

There was a rain of ink in the city of Montreal on November 9th, 1819. Some of the liquid, collected and forwarded to New York for analysis, was discovered to owe its hue entirely to soot. The explanation of it was that there had previously been immense forest fires south of the Ohio River, the season being remarkably dry, and the sooty particles from the conflagration had been conveyed by strong winds northward, so as to mingle with the rain when it fell.

In 1824, in a district of Persia, there was an abundant shower of a nutritious substance shared to the people. Cattle and sheep devoured it greedily, and bread was made from it. It proved to be a kind of lichen. Large quantities of vegetable material are always floating in the air. Astronomers have frequently mistaken such organic bodies for meteors as they passed across the field of the telescope. They were finally discovered to be mostly the feathered seeds of plants carried by the breeze.

Small marine fishes are sometimes found scattered about on dry land far from sea. They are transported by storms, which at first take the form of waterspouts, sucking up the finny creatures, together with a portion of their native element, and carrying them shoreward. Showers of frogs and the larvae of aquatic insects are produced in a similar fashion by tornadoes. The "cyclone twister" will sometimes suck a pond dry in passing.

Tornadoes are the most extraordinary and among the most destructive of atmospheric phenomena. It has been reckoned that, on an average, each of them costs one life. That which struck Louisville in 1890 wiped out \$3,250,000 worth of property and 135 lives. The funnel shaped cloud which does the damages runs at a speed of from forty to eighty miles an hour.

No structure that can be raised by man above the surface of the earth will resist this kind of storm. It perpetrates many extraordinary freaks, plucking chickens bare without hurting them, tearing the hair from women's heads and twisting it into ropes, and stripping people naked and covering them with mud. Every tornado seems to carry great quantities of mud. It has been known to take up a carpet from the floor, to which it was securely tacked, and carry it out of the house without tearing it. On one occasion a piece of scantling seven feet long was driven lengthwise through the body of a hog.

One of the most wonderful of atmospheric freaks at the wintry season is the "silver thaw," which clothes the trees in shining coats of ice, every twig sparkling in the sunlight. Yet few take the trouble to inquire how this comes to pass. It is very simple. At the beginning of a thaw the air, laden with water, passes over the hills and is frozen upon them. Every year stories of great hailstones are circulated in the newspapers. Some as big as elephants are said to have fallen in India, and they have been fairly well authenticated. Unfortunately, however, these were doubtless aggregations of hailstones, partly melted together.—New York Press.

WISE WORDS.

Talent controls genius.
Cupid claims all or nothing.
Hope drags the wagon uphill.
Reformation begins at home.
Victory comes with the last breath.
No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

Fear of detection is a great disciplinarian.
Work is an investment; rest the dividends.
Theology never gave a crust of bread to the hungry.
Duty is a rock that keeps many souls from flying.

It is always the steady horse that is called the old nag.
An ounce of action is better than a pound of sentiment.
Our souls were made for us, but we mold and color them.

Two souls with but a single thought want that thought doubled.
The stars are the punctuation marks in the poetry of the heavens.
Most men would prefer to be remembered as knaves than as fools.

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.
The world is scant of its praise of quiet characters—it likes pyrotechnics best.

Women in conversation seldom get beyond the interrogative and declarative sentence.
Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

Death to the Christian is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys.
Covetousness is both the beginning and end of the devil's alphabet; the first vice in corrupt nature that moves, and the last which dies.

Common sense is of all kinds the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion, and tact, which is practical wisdom applied to common life.

Haste makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and scarce overtakes his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

To Sterilize Water.

A savant of the University of Geneva publishes in the Swiss Medical Review a new method of sterilizing water, that is killing any organic germs that may be in it, which is said to be at once simple and efficacious. The process consists in stirring into the water a small quantity of permanganate of potash, which will instantly destroy any living organism that the water may contain, purifying perfectly even stagnant water taken from putrid pools. The permanganate imparts a color to the water, which is not fit to drink in that condition. The addition of a little charcoal in a finely-powdered state (bone charcoal being recommended for the purpose), at once relieves the water from the permanganate, and makes it absolutely pure and colorless. Careful experiments have demonstrated that water containing ptomaines, is perfectly purified by this process, so that it may be drunk with impunity. It is established beyond all doubt that cholera, typhoid fever, and other dreaded diseases are in most cases communicated through drinking water and unless one is perfectly sure of the purity of his water supply, it would be well for him to take the precaution by testing this process.

Idaho Gems and Minerals.

Besides the boast that Idaho produces almost every mineral heretofore known to science, also diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires and opals, now comes the report from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, that a variety of ore sent there from Cassia County contains a metal unknown to scientists, which they have named polyclite, in honor of the gentleman at the head of the geological survey in the State.

Recently it has been discovered that the "chalk hills" in this country, which cover considerable territory, contain so large a percentage of aluminum that it is probable that they may become a most important source of supply.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Queer Story of Teeth Extraction.

A novel suit is liable to be begun at Superior by P. A. Viles, father of Retta Viles, eleven years old, against the Electric Company. About four weeks ago the girl, in running, struck her cheek against a guy wire of one of the poles along which the electric lighting wires are strung. The girl's attorney says that the guy wire had become charged by induction, and that the shock pulled three of her teeth, two molars and a bicuspid. Her face was sore for several days, but has now recovered, except that the skin is somewhat seared. There was no pain at the time the teeth were pulled.—Milwaukee Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE KITCHEN OF A FARMHOUSE.
The kitchen of the farmhouse should have the best attention in the laying out of a plan for building. To slightly alter Solomon's advice about the field, it may be said, first make the kitchen fit and then build the house. This is due to the most important part of the farmhouse—the wife and mother. Her health and life often depend upon the kind of kitchen she spends a large part of her time in. It is preferably built as an annex to the house on the east side, getting the morning sun and escaping the mid-day heat. On the north side should be an outside kitchen for storage, for a laundry and the refrigerator. There should be windows on three sides, and the fire should be on the side adjoining the house.—New York Times.

PRETTY AND USEFUL.

Convenient and useful cases for knives, forks and spoons are made of white cotton flannel. Half the ordinary width of the flannel is the width of the case. Make it long enough to fold onto itself the length of the knife, spoon or fork, and allow five inches at the top, with rounded corners, for the flap.

Bind with pretty braid, and stitch the fold into twelve compartments with the silk used for stitching on the braid.

When filled with silver, they are conveniently rolled up, tied at one side by a piece of braid, and put away. The silver is kept bright and unscratched in these cases.

Pin balls or pin cushions—and neither name is exactly appropriate, may be made by covering six uniform circles of thin cardboard, about two inches in diameter, with China silk. The same color, different shades or contrasting colors, may be used to suit one's taste.

Sew two circles together, back to back, with silk. Procure baby ribbons to match, and suspend the three at different lengths from a many-looped bow.

Arrange the pins like rays from the circles, having, if desired, different sized pins for each circle. This makes a useful and pretty ornament for the parlor, as there is no room where a pin is needed more.—Yankee Blade.

KEEP THE BABIES WARM.

A professional nurse of many years' experience tells me that she finds more babies suffering from insufficient clothing among the rich than among the poor. For example, she was summoned by a physician to a wealthy family where the five months' old baby was suffering from some mysterious trouble that baffled everybody. He could live only a few days, the doctor said, if something was not done.

He could keep nothing on his stomach, and was slowly starving to death. The nurse found a distracted mother and a pinched and moaning baby. His flesh was blue, and there was a settled look of anguish on his face.

The nurse picked him up from the silk and lace of his costly crib and found just what she expected. Dress and about as linen fine as gossamer and about as warm as shirts and socks like lace; flannel skirts of the regulation number, but so fine and thin as to give little warmth.

"Is this the way you have dressed your baby from the first?" asked the nurse. "Oh, yes, I've always had the best of everything for him," answered the mother. "Well, it's no wonder he is sick. He hasn't enough on to keep a fly warm in July." The nurse called for the thickest blanket in the house and the hot-water bag, and sent the astonished mother downtown for the warmest flannel wrappers, however ugly they might be. The result was that in a few days the child was taking his food perfectly, and was thriving as well as could be desired.—Babyhood.

RECIPES.

To Make Milk Toast—Put one pint of milk into a double boiler; rub three tablespoons of butter and one tablespoonful of flour to a cream; add to the scalded milk and stir until it thickens. Season with salt. Toast six slices of bread a light brown, slightly butter each slice and dip it, while it is hot, into the scalded milk. Lay them in the dish and over each slice put a large spoonful of the milk, pour over it the remainder of the milk and serve it at once.

Bread Pudding Boiled—Take a pound of stale bread and pour over it a quart of boiling milk and let it soak one or two hours, then rub it quite fine with the hands. Add five well-beaten eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of molasses, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, the grated rind of one lemon, half a pound of sweet chopped fine and a pound and a half of raisins. Boil it four hours.

Cheese Fingers—Take bits of pastry left from other cooking and roll as thin as writing paper; spread with grated cheese, fold and roll again. Repeat this three times, then cut in strips as wide and as long as your finger. Brush with beaten egg and bake in a quick oven. Watch carefully, as they burn quickly and require to be only delicately brown.

Lamb Chops in Paper with Fine Herbs—Cut a piece of foolscap paper in the shape of a heart (and sufficient large to fold a lamb chop in), rub a little oil over the paper; then season the chop with a teaspoonful of chopped onions, one of chopped parsley, a little pepper, salt and grated nutmeg. Wrap the chop in a paper, which plait down at the edges; lay it upon a grid-iron over a slow fire, turning it frequently. It will take about twenty minutes to broil properly. Wh- a dione serve in the paper very hot.