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FOLDED HANDS.
Poor tired hands that folded so hard for me, as rest before me now I see them lying. They folded so hard and yet we could not see that she was dying.
Poor, rough hands that brushed the live-long day, still busy when the midnight oil was burned. Off toiling on until she saw the gray of day returning.
If I could sit and hold those tired hands, and feel the warm life blood within them. And give with her across the twilight land, some whispered word, some soothing word, some word of rest.
I think to-night that I would love her so, and I could tell my love to her so truly. That although tired, she would not wish to be so old.
And love me thus unduly.
Poor, tired hands that had so weary grown, that death came all unbidden, and I cry: How still it is to see her all alone, while she is sleeping.
Dear, patient heart that seemed the heavy of drudging household toil the heaviest duty. That laid aside its precious yearnings there along with beauty.
Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still, and How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping! The angels abroad of rest about them fold, and with us weeping.
—Albert Bigelow Paine in the Home Queen Variety in Food.

Nowhere do we need change more than in our diet. The law that makes boiled mutton days and rice pudding days of the domestic calendar is the worst of laws. Because it is easier for the cook to know what to expect home from market each morning is no reasonable excuse for plinging to a certain routine in food with the regularity of a state's prison or an almshouse. A united family is more to be regarded than one cook. Monotony is a dry rust upon interest in any branch of the home, whether it is a matter of furnishing, of diet or of toilet. If interest is gone in the man and one eats merely to satisfy hunger, loss of appetite and dyspepsia come to the fore. Nutritious food, well-cooked food and a variety in food are three necessary adjuncts in gastro-nomic comfort.
By variety is not meant here all the products of a large market at every meal. The present elegant simplicity that has wooded out the old tangled mass of side dishes, from the national board is certainly more dainty and more appetizing than our former profusion. The question is merely one of change. If we breakfast on croquettes to-day the chief piece of resistance to-morrow at the morning meal should be as far as possible removed from meat balls.
Next to daintiness in serving, mystery in preparing, the most important factor in forcing an appetite. The hungry man who comes from business with his stomach mortgaged to fritz-seed chicken on Monday night, roast beef on Tuesday night and chops on Wednesday night eats his dinner merely because he is a hungry man, but he of the fickle appetite is lured ever hopefully to the dining room of the wise housewife, who never publishes her bill of fare in advance. The not knowing what is coming and an element of surprise in what does come if the food is in itself desirable, will do more than anything else can toward putting new life into a listless palate.
Don't serve too many sorts of things at one time, as a superabundance always tends to nausea and a repudiation of the whole, but avoid as well that popular pit-fall, meagreness. And strive to find new ways—good new ways—especially of cooking meat and of making desserts. Many otherwise well-regulated households vibrate between eight or ten most receipts and perhaps a dozen of desserts, whereas both these numbers could be easily multiplied by one hundred to two hundred changes. If housekeepers were so careful to exchange the specialties of their several cooks as they are to pass about their meagreness there would not be so many hungry men strolling our streets—starved, not from want, but from monotony.
A laudable zeal in the gastronomical art should not, however, lead the inexperienced housekeeper too far afield. A young wife once tried a newspaper receipt that told her to use a cupful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of sugar instead of the reverse. She obeyed faithfully, but some way her husband didn't like the cake. If one is not natural cook enough to tell from the relative proportions given something about how a mixture will turn out, it is best to resort only to such dishes as have been stamped with reliable approval. But with the vast number of carefully compiled cook-books, bursting with accurate information, that now flood the market, the families that allow themselves to dine daily upon monotony are wilfully silencing their appetites. One can have little sympathy with the familiar domestic refrain: "My cook's excellent upon tried ground, but she has a positive dislike for attempting new dishes." Make way with that dislike or make way with that cook, we articulate sotto voce. Just here our mind unconsciously reverts to the vehement remark of a certain Chinese serving man who when taken to task for quarrelling with a co-laborer declared optimistically: "Me no care."

He goes to (an undesirable place). Plenty more of the same.

Anatolian Women.
Though prettily and well formed the Anatolian woman is not graceful. Her feet are seldom small, her hands rarely beautiful. Moreover, she does not dress well. Her toilet has none of the charm of the Parisienne's. Little of the delicacy of the English woman's. Overdressed or overdressed, she produces the impression of not only having little taste, but an artistic sense of the fitness of things. Stylish and elegant women are to be seen more frequently in Melbourne than elsewhere. Nevertheless, dress is dear to the soul of an Australian, and much is set on it. Down in the lowest social grades it plays an important part.
The Australian hugs the idea of equality, and, believing in uniformity of dress as the visible sign of equality, often sacrifices actual comfort to obtain fashionable clothing. An Australian family makes a brave show on holidays. There may be bare feet and rags in the house, but there are cheap feathers and gloves in the street. Here the vanity of the race peeps out and hatred of apparent social distinctions for vanity is stronger in the Australian woman than ambition, just as indolence is more inherent than energy. She is clever, but not intellectual; accomplished oftener than highly educated. To be able to play the piano is regarded as a sort of eschot of distinction; not to play it as a lamentable sign of neglected education. Tact is natural to her; also, a quick sense of perception. With the covered by a Norwegian boy named Blorn, son of Hergoff. He was known by no other title than in those days sons did not share the father's name.
In the year 1902, Hergoff, an Icelandic colonist, started on two small vessels for a trading voyage to the Greenland settlement and placed one of these under the command of his son Blorn, a young man of 18 years, who, having been bred to the sea almost since infancy, had mastered the details of his profession by the time that he arrived at an age when other boys usually commence their apprenticeship.
When near the Southern coast of Greenland, Blorn's ship encountered a heavy north-easterly gale which lasted several days and drove his vessel far to the south and west. The storm broke in the night, and when morning dawned he discovered a strange land close aboard. Pulling along the coast for some distance, he found a large bay, into which he steered and dropped anchor. Upon landing, the country was seen to be clothed with vegetation and the streams streaming with fine salmon. Trees of large growth grew in great numbers just back from the shore and the climate was balmy and delightful. Of natives they saw nothing and believed the land uninhabited.
Rejoiced over his important discovery, Blorn returned to Iceland, and communicated the news to his friend Lief, son of Eric the Red, who had founded the colony on the coast of that island. The two ambitious young men immediately entered an agreement to share the expense of equipping a suitable vessel, sailing to this newly discovered land, and bringing back whatever cargo promised to reimburse them for fitting out the ship.
Their first sight of the new land was not calculated to impress Lief with its fruitfulness, for it was rocky, barren and gloomy. This gave rise to openly expressed dissatisfaction on his part, but Blorn assured him that further south they would meet with green fields and woodlands. After the fashion of the early navigators in naming geographical discoveries, according to the features first presented, this place they called Helleland, and to the low sandy shore which they observed beyond it and which was covered in spots with clumps of small trees, they gave the name of Markland. Two days later they fell in with a new line of coast, and sailing along this for several hours, Blorn made out the bay, which he had anchored on his previous voyage. Into this harbor they brought the ship and moored her.
This Vinland of the early voyagers is known at the present day as Newfoundland. After making several short cruises to the southward and westward, and sailing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence until the river of that name was reached, the ship returned to her first anchorage, where the explorers passed the winter.
In the account of this remarkable voyage, made five centuries before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella had God-speed to the Italian navigator in the Spanish harbor of Palos, it is recorded by Blorn and Lief that the length of the shortest day during the winter of the year 1002-3 was eight hours. This proves conclusively that this Vinland of theirs was no further north than Newfoundland, otherwise the length of the day would have been shorter.—Harley's Young People.

As Old as the Leeks.
One of the distinct advantages accorded to women in these days is that the period of youth is greatly prolonged, and she may virtually be any age she likes to be that is, at least any age she looks and feels.
Happily for her, the time when it was considered an evidence of vanity and bad taste to dress and act youthfully after she had passed an accepted Rubicon has gone by; a woman may follow her feelings in these particulars without exciting censure or ridicule, any latitude being allowable, always providing that she will keep to a certain standard in youthful spirits and appearance.
It is certainly seems unreasonable that when a woman is conscious of no decay, either mental or physical; when the joy of living is just as intense, and all pleasures are just as eagerly enjoyed, she should be considered old simply because she has passed her premature juvenescence.
Moreover, in her contest with the "insolent pride of youth," she has her incontestable innings, that more than offset the mere "beaute du diable" of the girl. With her experience and ripened intelligence she far outstrips her broad-and-butter rival, and it is now universally conceded that a fascinating woman may be any age above 30, but rarely, if ever, can lay claim to the title when she is less mature.

Rings Under Gloves.
"Don't wear your rings under gloves unless you remember to have them thoroughly examined twice a year," is the advice given by a jeweler. The constant friction wears out the tiny gold points that hold the stones in place, and unless strict attention is paid to them they become loose in a very short time. Small purses of suede leather are made on purpose for rings, or any soft pouch of skin or cambric may be used to place the rings in when desiring to carry them around with one. They should never be put into the ordinary pocketbook, as the rubbing against coins is also bad for them. Diamonds can be cleaned at home to look as well as when done by a jeweler if only a little trouble is taken. They should be thoroughly cleaned in alcohol and then dried in boxwood sawdust. Pine sawdust is too oily for this purpose.
White House Kitchens.
The "family" kitchen, as they call the room in the White house where the cooking for the president's household is done, has a floor of black granite and walls tiled in white to the height of four feet. Above the tiling on all sides are shelves, the upper and lower ones protected by glass doors. There are ecran shades at the window, two tables, a range and a dozen light wood chairs in the room. The other kitchen is a mammoth affair, in which the state dinners are cooked. There are also big pantries, store-rooms of ample dimensions, inclined refrigerators and all the appliances dear to the heart of cooks.
Costs of Feasting a Girl.
It costs \$600 a year to finish a girl's education in the fashionable schools of New York. This is for English, etiquette, good form, lectures, drawing-room association and French conversation, the language of the house. Music and other fine arts and modern and dead languages are extra. The students dress for dinner every evening. Twice a week they are at home, and with the parent's consent may receive gentlemen. Formerly girls were taught to become ladies. The term has been so abused that it is ignored and the student's ambition is to become a gentlewoman.
Penalty for Red Pepper Sauce.
Cook two sweet red peppers in boiling water until tender, carefully removing all the seeds. When tender, drain and rub to a paste with one clove of garlic. It may be necessary to moisten a little with a very small quantity of water. Put over the fire on half cup of sweet oil, and when heated stir in the pepper. Remove from the fire, add salt and vinegar to taste and serve.



SO HANDY.
He uses it to work and play, in every time and place. A stick to brush the dirt away, A fan to cool his face. A basket, all with flowers a-blow, Or filled with apples red. And when it's out of use, you know, It's handy on a bed.
It makes a trap for butterflies When summer days begin; It's just the very shape and size To cuddle little feet. There's not a dawdler's net For everything about. And when a shingle's hard to set, It's handy for a hook.
Today, when near the dinner bell, He left it in a tree. A robin neither scared it well— "A cozy house," chirped she. "But even the bird's nestful bird Considered this a bid. The owner's cheerful about what he heard. 'Where did I learn my hat?'"
American First Discovered by a Boy.
Almost 500 years before Christopher Columbus was born, America was discovered by a Norwegian boy named Blorn, son of Hergoff. He was known by no other title than in those days sons did not share the father's name.
In the year 1002, Hergoff, an Icelandic colonist, started on two small vessels for a trading voyage to the Greenland settlement and placed one of these under the command of his son Blorn, a young man of 18 years, who, having been bred to the sea almost since infancy, had mastered the details of his profession by the time that he arrived at an age when other boys usually commence their apprenticeship.
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First at the Goal.
A trifling incident, which is worth remembering because the names connected with it are so memorable, occurred at Spot pond, in Stoneham, Mass., one day during the early days of this century, says the Youth's Companion.
A pleasure party was driving that way, and when they came to the lake, the ladies exclaimed over the water-lilies in blossom there, and expressed the most eager desire to gather them; but alas! they were too far away to be reached except by boat, and lamentations were many over the disappointing state of things.
Although Daniel Webster exclaimed: "Oh, if I was as young as I was a few years ago! I would ransack the shores until I found some boat or boards by which I could reach those lilies!"
No sooner were the words out of his mouth than nearly all the young men of the party bounded off in search of means for lily-gathering. Only one, Samuel J. May, then a student in college, remained, and the glances of surprise with which the ladies viewed his lack of lily became almost contemptuous.
Nevertheless he stood by unmoved until his comrades were well out of sight and then calmly waded into the pond and gathered the lilies. Shouts of applause greeted the exploit and Mr. Webster was not behindhand in commending it.
"Ah, sir," said May, "the ladies owe these lilies less to my gallantry than to your eloquence. I could not stand your appeal unmoved."
"I have never before gained a lily by my eloquence," said Mr. Webster.
"No, sir," answered young May, "but it has often been crowned with laurels."
Joking and laughter were at their height when the other young men appeared, dragging an old dory, only to find the entire party adorned with lilies.
A Question of Etymology.
In the anthropological building stood two little children viewing a very jolly-looking skull. "Tommy, what's that?" and she instinctively shrunk more closely to Tommy's protecting, stubby little form.
"Why, Daisy, don't you know? That's a skull!"
"Why do you suppose they call it a skull?" inquired Daisy. "Oh, just one! It comes off a skullion, I s'pose!" and Tommy spread wide his little legs and looked about to view what effect his superior knowledge had produced upon the other visitors.—Chicago Tribune.
Those Dressed at Work.
Those Dressed at Work. Then he took himself to a cave in the mountain's side, close to the sea shore, and he shaved off his head and disguised himself with wide wiskers as a telescope, and when night came on he would creep from his cave and with his bright, keen knife gleaming in the moonlight, to be continued in our next. Chorus—Oh, what a shame!—Life.

Indian and Demosthenes.
When the last comet was streaming in the sky I was camping one night in a canon near the foot of Cook's Peak. In the party was an old and—for an Indian—fairly intelligent Ute, named Sam. Sam had been attached to some cavalry troop at Fort Cummings as a scout, but his day of leaving the service being reached, he attached himself to me—for a consideration.
Pointing to the comet, I asked Sam what he could say in its defense from the standpoint of a Ute. Sam was, unlike most Indians, a great talker, and could speak English very well. He was ambitious to perfect himself in the language, and readily seized on every chance for a talk. Indeed, I discovered him on one or two occasions all alone and talking vigorously at a mark like a savage Demosthenes.

"Tell about that?" said Sam, pointing toward the comet. "Sam do it in a heap easy. The sun is the man, and he have moon for squaw. The stars—big and little stars—are all their children. The sun don't like 'em. If he catch one he eats it. This makes the stars heep afraid, and when the sun has his sleep over and comes out the stars run and hide. When the sun comes stars go up into holes and hide. But the moon is good. She loves her children, the stars—and when the sun is out she comes out in the sky and the stars are glad, and they come out in the places they hide in, and forget to be afraid and play. But when the sun wakes again they run. He is always after them, and catch them sometimes. This one," continued Sam, pointing to the comet, "the sun catch one time. He got away, though, but the sun bit him and hurt him. That's why he bleed so. Now he's heep scared, and so keeps his face always toward the place where the sun sleeps."
Feeling Time Without a Watch.
Actual and repeated experiments have shown that the nearest hour of the day or night may be ascertained in the following curious way: Make a small running loop in a piece of sewing thread about a foot in length, pin a shilling in this loop, see that the coin is accurately bisected by the thread, and then draw the loop tight up, so that the shilling is firmly slung at one end of the thread. Put on a solid table a glass tumbler with a fairly wide mouth. Rest your right elbow on the table in a firm and easy position as to avoid any shaking in your hand, hold the other end of the thread between the first finger and the "ball" of the thumb (i. e., the fleshy joint of the thumb) so that the thumb nail is underneath and a few inches above the middle of the glass. Now, if you keep your hand quite steady the movement of the coin (which is hanging inside the tumbler) will become less and less until the shilling is motionless. Then in half a minute or so, a very slight and regular vibration will commence, and the coin oscillating from side to side like a pendulum, and gradually increasing the length of movement until it gently strikes the side of the glass. This striking goes on in the most regular and automatic way, first on one side of the glass and then on the other until, say eight strokes have been struck, the vibrations of the coin then diminish in length until the suspended shilling again becomes motionless and hangs in the middle of the tumbler. You look at your watch and find that a clock is the nearest hour. I have tried this over and over again, deliberately setting about the experiment without bias or any intention of inducing the swing of the coin, and also being ignorant of the time, and when my hand has been steady the right time has invariably been struck.

**On an American twenty-five cent piece there are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers in each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, 13 arrow heads and letters in the "quarter dollar."
A curious stone, light in weight and porous in construction, with a distinctly sulphurous odor, was picked up in the mountains near Frederick City, Md., by Henry Keppert, one day recently. It bears a strong resemblance to specimens which have been found in the same vicinity by members of the Johns Hopkins university, and which they decided were remains of an ancient lava flow.
A Florida judge has forbidden the publication of the evidence and details of the conduct of a case while it was on trial in his court. The case was one of murder, wherein several defendants had elected to be tried separately, and the order of the judge forbade the publication of the testimony given in the first trial. In such cases the order is easily defensible on the ground that justifies the exclusion of witnesses while other witnesses are testifying.**

FOREIGN NOTES.
The population of London increases at the rate of 300 souls a day.
An American living in France has succeeded in making a clock entirely of paper, which will run two years without wearing out.
In Liverpool there are technical educational schools for teaching cookery, laundry work, dress cutting and household sewing at two pence per lesson.
The observatory on the top of Mt. Blanc is an accomplished fact. The foundations imbedded in the ice are considered perfectly safe. It will be occupied continuously during the season, and self-registering instruments will be left behind for the winter.
A clockwork mileage indicator for cycles has been invented by Hector Levy, Paris. It is fitted to the steering socket just above the front axle, being connected by a rod with the axle of the front wheel. The dial is clearly marked and its position shows the distance ridden at a glance.
In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild, and forests of trees of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen. One traveler gives the extent of one of them as between five and ten miles in width and about twenty miles long.

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