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THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

O'er the bridge across the water
Comes the miller's pretty daughter,
Lightly tripping, gayly skipping o'er the hurry
harry stream
Where the morning sun is slipping
And the shadows gently dipping
As she hums a little ditty like the murmur of
a dream.

How her merry blue eyes twinkle
At the sprinkle and the tinkle
Of the music of the ripples 'neath her dancing
toe and heel
How she sighs and laughs with pleasure
At the tantalizing measure
At the dashing and the plashing of the splashing water wheel.

Ah, this charming little maiden
With her heart so lightly laden,
Steals the hearts of all the laddies, all the laddies on the hill;
While the jealous country lasses
Frown upon her as she passes,
And they toss their saucy tresses when a coming by the mill.

But the miller's pretty daughter,
Like the rippling, sparkling water,
Never stays her cares to listen to the words
they have to say
Caring naught for lass or laddie,
Caring only for her daddie,
While she's tripping, while she's skipping,
gaily tripping on her way

—Clifford Howard

Gifts of Linen.

Ornamental needlework was the most important of the early arts, and takes precedence of painting in representing figures.

As the artist blends in the colors with his brush, so the embroiderer with needle and silks brings out the most gorgeous tints.

An exquisite centre piece recently seen was of sheer white linen. On it was embroidered a design of mignonette, worked with filo silk floss in natural colors, another shows a wreath of large conventional roses embroidered in salmon, and flesh pink and cream-white filo silk floss.

The leaves forming the edge were worked in the most delicate greens.

A centre piece with napkins to match was embroidered with pansies in natural colors with filo silk floss.

Another had a design of maiden-hair fern worked in green filo floss, tied with loops of yellow ribbon, the latter worked in Roman floss, simple outline. And a center piece of sheer linen shows a solid border of chrysanthemums, shading from dark red to yellow, worked with Roman floss.

A novel center piece was the embroidered in butterflies. The natural colors of yellow, of black and gold, orange and red filo floss made them so lifelike that it seemed as if they must fly away.

A present for a bride is a sofa cushion of white China silk. To protect this delicate offering a covering of white linen lawn was embroidered in an all-over design with white Roman floss, and this cover was slipped over the pillow with a ruffle of the lawn, edged with the finest torchon lace. The embroidery could be done solid, half-solid, short and long stitch, or simple outline.

Doylies are dainty scraps to be placed under the crystal finger bowl, through the clear water of which one sees the delicate designs. When made of fine linen and carefully embroidered with choice colors they are very effective and bring large prices. Violets, buttercups, daisies, sweet peas, nasturtiums, carnations and rose buds are used as designs, scattered upon them in the most irregular manner, as if they had fallen there, and embroidered solidly with filo flosses.

Frederika Bremer.

The skies were full of sunshine for her, and so hard was it for her to find motes in the eyes of those who looked kindly upon her that we sometimes accused her of willfully closing her own, for never did an unkind word escape her lips; unkind thoughts seemed utterly repugnant to that generous mind, says Good Words.

Her sympathy, indeed, was as true as it was unfailing. The sorrows of others seemed so reflected back from her warm heart that the mourner's woes were lightened, the aching heart was cheered; the hand that held yours was so strong in its friendly grasp, the eyes looking into yours expressed a sympathy more eloquent than words.

The French acknowledge beauties besides that accepted by the world as the beauty of youth. Not only is there a "beaute du diable," there is "la beaute de singe," "la beaute de laideur," "la beaute de la vieillesse." Frederika had essentially both these last and most beautiful they were in her.

Plain to ugliness, there was, nevertheless, in those homely and rugged features a "something" that appealed at once to the heart. The eyes, quick and piercing as they usually were, expressed at moments but the simple trustfulness of a child. Then the mouth had such an upward turn of kindly cheerfulness.

Without effort she not only detected the peculiar merit or talent of those who appealed to her, but, as the magnet attracts the needle, she drew forth those good qualities and made them apparent to others. Talking to her made one feel better and even more clever, and few left that kindly presence without having gained certainly some wisdom and probably, also, much charity toward others.

The Sign of a Good Dressmaker.

"Next to neatly finished details," remarked the famous dressmaker, "there is nothing that distinguishes amateur work from professional more than the pressing. Most people only press their goods when they consider that certain portions or seams require it, whereas the tailor holds his goose as of as much importance as his shears or needle and shapes his garments with a sponge and hot iron quite as much with the former as with the latter. This is particularly applicable to cloth garments. Anyone who is ambitious of having good work done in her house by her seamstress should have the proper appliances. A broad board made of hard wood smoothly planed, is essential, and it should be covered with woolen cloth of a firm, smooth texture, similar to broadcloth. A tailor's goose and a "French iron," which is better for a certain class of work, should be kept as the exclusive property of the seamstress, and it goes without saying that they should always be in the highest state of cleanliness and polish. In pressing seams it is better to use the flat end of an iron rather than the point, as the latter is apt to produce tiny wrinkles on either side of the seam. The greatest care should be taken to avoid such wrinkles, which are very apt to appear in the outside fabric, and if they are once pressed in it is almost impossible to wholly erase them. Sometimes in pressing cloth the iron will leave a shiny mark. When this is the case take a wet cloth which has been well wrung out, lay it over the place, and set a hot iron on it, lifting it immediately. Then give it a brush with a whisk broom and the gloss will disappear.

Don't Neglect the Cellar.

One of the most neglected and therefore dangerous departments of the entire household, is the cellar. This is quite liable to be more or less damp, and consequently to grow musty and mouldy, even if free from the infection of decaying vegetables, as is not always the case. Besides, in not a few instances, a thorough investigation would disclose the presence of rough old boards, laden with the germs of disease. Clear them all out; use brush, broom, and shovel; get the whole area as clean as possible, and then use a strong disinfectant—a solution of copperas is as good as anything. Then ventilate thoroughly, apply whitewash freely and ventilate again. Then go into the cellar and compare the apartment with what it was before in the way of air and odor. Having done this, do not wait for the annual cleaning, but keep it clean, day by day and month by month, paying especial attention to ventilation. The air in the cellar, however vitiated it may be, inevitably finds its way to the living rooms above, and into the lungs of the occupants, with all its load of infection and danger.

Of course, these are only a few points in connection with the great matter of house cleaning as an annual festival; but they are important in their way and deserving of consideration.

An Old Coat Made Over.

The pretty fur collarettes, of numberless designs, bring to women with handsome but unfashionable coats just the possibility for which they have been looking—that of making their coats "do" for another season. An ingenious woman who was quick to see her opportunity has availed herself of it as follows; Her coat was a genuine overcoat of the most severe cut in favor last winter. The sleeves were plain coat sleeves, with but slight fullness at the top. The cloth was black, an expensive imported novelty.

The coat was taken to a furrier, who ripped the seams to the waist line and inserted broad gores of astrakhan. With a flaring collarette, deep cuffs and large muff of the same fur, the coat is transformed. The sleeves are entirely remodeled by the effect of the cuffs and the breadth given to the shoulders by the chic collarette. The astrakhan set of collarette, muff and cuffs may be worn alone or with another wrap, so that their expense need not be charged exclusively to the wrap for which they were purchased.

A Lounging Place.

Every household needs a lounging place, and the following plan can be adopted wherever a restriction in funds would place a regularly made sofa out of reach:

Buy an ordinary cot with woven wire springs. Cut off the legs two inches and remove the head and foot-board. Buy a hair mattress to fit, and cover it with cretonne, buttoning it down at intervals of four inches like a cushion for a seat. Tack a box-plaited flounce of the cretonne around the edge of the cot on the four sides. Finish the top with narrow gimp. Make four or five feather pillows two feet square, and cover them with material that will contrast prettily with the cretonne. The result of these simple directions will evidence the truth of my opening remark.—Womankind.

Baked Farina.

Put a quart of milk into a double boiler, add a few pieces of stick cinnamon. When the milk boils, take out the cinnamon and add a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in very gradually four tablespoonfuls of dry farina; beat out the lumps and stir it often during the first ten minutes; let it boil half an hour or more, stirring it frequently. When done put it into a dish, add a piece of butter and set it in the oven to brown. This makes a very nice dish for tea.

A Woman Journalist.

It is a most significant mark of the tendency in these days to overlook sex distinction that the most conservative journal in the world, the London Times, has made a woman, Miss Shaw of Australia, whose brilliant letters from there and South Africa attracted much attention, its Colonial editor, representing its interests on that side of the globe.

THE WREN'S PUZZLE.

Said a wee mother wren,
As she sat in her nest,
With four cunning babies
Tucked up to her breast:
"I very much wonder
Which one I love best?

"I shall know by and by,
When they've found out their wings,
And are learning to fly
Oh, the little cute things!
What's that which my mate
From the apple tree sings?"

(He's seen mothers before).
"Yes the dear foolish fellow—
(In brown and azure,
In scarlet and yellow),
How clear is his tenor,
How I quid and mellow!"

(And never the bird that
Was strongest to fly,
And sweetest could warble,
Was best in the eye
Of a dear loving mother)
"You'll know by and by."

Loud sings the proud mate
To the bird in the nest,
"You will cherish the weakest one
More than the rest
And the birdie few cares for
You'll surely love best."

Johnny's Queer Pets.

Johnny Roche who hooks and unhooks trips of cars near the foot of a deep shaft in a Lackawanna Valley coal mine, is a great friend of rats. He is 14 years of age, and can handle the biggest and most vicious of mine rats just as he pleases without being bitten. No one else in the mine can do it, and the miners and mule drivers assert that Johnny has a mysterious power over the four-legged pests of the mine. John never hurts or kills a rat, although every other laborer in the mine slays every rat he gets a chance to, and the foreman of the mule barn sets all sorts of traps for the rats and keeps an army of cats to prey on them.

It is impossible to exterminate the mine rats, and Johnny Roche says he is glad of it, because he would be lonesome if all the rats were killed. The rat gets into the mine in bales of hay for the mules and by backing down the timbers of the shaft. They arrive and breed faster than the men and cats can kill them, and Johnny is cheerful whenever a new batch comes.

A man fond of oddities found out the other day, when he was lowered into the mine, that Johnny Roche's way of catching and fondling rats with his bare hands was very interesting. As soon as there was an interval between trips Johnny placed his lamp on a chunk of coal at the side of the gangway and crawled on his hands and knees into a chamber a few feet away.

In a minute or so a big gray rat hopped along the top of the gob, between Johnny and the light, and the next instant Johnny's right hand shot out and caught the rat by the back of the neck. He brought the rat out to the lamp to let the visitor see it, and then he looked in its mouth, smoothed its fur and held it up by the tail. A trip of cars was coming, and Johnny slipped the rat into his coat pocket, unhooked the link, hooked another, took the rat out, tied a strand of lamp wick loosely around its neck and drove it back and forth in the dim light. When the lad heard the next trip rumbling through the mine toward him he fastened the wick to a prop and attended to his duties. The rat didn't offer to yank away or to bite the wick in two, but it hopped about a little, and then it sat upon its hind-quarters, gazed at Johnny and squealed as though it wanted him to come and fondle it.

"I'll catch another rat now and harness it with this one," said the boy, and again he crept into the recess and faced the lamp. The rat danced around the prop, but didn't break loose, and just before the next trip came Johnny nabbed another big rat and put it in his pocket. As soon as the trip was gone Johnny sat down on a tie and let the second rat run over his lap without touching it. The rat might have jumped away, but it seemed to be under a spell, and when it had capered across the boy's legs a few times it crawled into his coat and snuggled up as if it was going to take a nap. Pretty soon Johnny took the rat out and stroked it, and showed its teeth to the visitor. Then he held it up by the tail, and it curled up and stuck its nose between the lad's thumb and finger. Meanwhile the other rat was squealing for Johnny to come and take it, and the young rat tamer got some more strands, hitched the two together, and drove them up and down the track.

"Now I'll hide these rats in my coat and catch two more," said the boy. Another trip came just then, and when Johnny had unhooked it he pulled off his coat, bundled the rats up in it, and crawled in the hole. He had to come out three times to attend to the cars before he got the next rat, but in twenty minutes he caught another and hitched them together as before. While he was making them perform a large black and white tom-cat appeared and went to eyeing the lively rats. Johnny tied his little team to the prop when he heard the cars and the tom-cat sat on a tie with his tail across the rail, worked his smellers, and glared at the rats. While he was watching the hopping animals the wheel of a car cut off his tail two inches from his body, and he instantly went yawling and spitting toward the mule barn. The cat's antics made Johnny roar. "Bet he won't watch my rats again very soon," he said. Soon the trips stopped coming. It was the quitting hour, and Johnny turned the four rats loose, and said to the visitor:

"Come with me to the barn, mister, if you want to see some fun."

Eleven well-fed cats and a lot of kittens were purring around the mule foreman near the feed-box. Several dead rats lay on the floor, and Johnny said that the cats always lugged the rats to the feed box, no matter how far away in the mine they caught them. All the mules were in their stalls, and in the flickering light from smoking oil lamps the foreman dumped the provender into the mangers. Presently you could hear the rats climbing up and tumbling into the mangers, and at that the mules struck at the feed robbers with their noses and grunted. The bob-tailed tom-cat bounded out of a stall with a mammoth rat in his mouth, and Johnny seized the cat and took it away. But the rat had received a fatal bite and the boy gave it back to the cat.

The next thing Johnny did was to reach in a manger and bring out a kicking rat in each hand, says the New York Sun. He gave them free swing over his lap, put them in his pockets, let them crawl over his shoulders, and them tossed them into the hay. He caught two more presently, held them up by the tails in front of the cats, and stuck them in his pockets when the cats sprang after them, afterward placing them in one of the mangers.

"I don't know why the rats never bite me," said Johnny, "unless it is because they know I won't hurt 'em. I like rats better than I do cats or dogs, and I don't think I ever killed one. I've caught and played with rats ever since I was a little boy. They are so bright-eyed and slick that I like to handle 'em and harness 'em up, and I guess they all tell one another that I never hurt 'em when I catch 'em."

The Mysterious Nile.

In every epoch of Egyptian history the results of the annual overflow of the Nile have been awaited with the greatest interest. If there be but a small rise in the river, famine is sure to ensue. If the rise be much greater than usual, it leaves in its wake pestilence and destruction. On this account Herodotus has called Egypt "the gift of the Nile." Its prosperity, nay, its habitability, depend upon the great river; for without these fructifying waters it would soon become the prey of the desert sands and the torrid sun.

The causes of the flood, recurring each year with unvarying precision, have been shrouded in mystery until quite recently. We now know that at the summer solstice the sun stands directly above the mountains and tablelands of Abyssinia and melts the ice and snow that have been accumulated in their gorges. These waters roll in a turbid stream down through the great valley and produce the striking phenomenon. To us this cause is very clear, but with the ancients it was different. They had traced the river to its sources, and could not explain this inundation, which to them seemed to be utterly beyond the operation of natural causes.

The ancient Egyptian priests taught that the rise was occasioned by a tear of the goddess Isis. If the goddess had been weeping over the ignorance of a people that could believe such a story, the magnitude of the flood might have been accounted for. But people are fond of inventing fanciful reasons when they do not know the true ones.

When the first pulsations of the flood were felt solemn religious ceremonies were observed throughout the land. Long beforehand a beauteous maiden had been chosen from among the people, destined as a sacrifice to the deity of the river. When the yellow currents began to swell more and more the populace conducted this unhappy "Bride of the Nile" to the banks of the stream; and amid jubilant shouts she was hurled into the raging waters.

The advance of civilization has done away with this awful human sacrifice; some writers even claim that it never existed. Yet to-day, each year as the waters begin to rise, an image of the maiden, modeled in clay, is cast into the stream; which seems to indicate that the custom must have existed, though it may have been thousands of years ago.—Youth's Journal.

Not the Right Sort of Bait.

Harry was very anxious to catch the bird with the "pretty red cap," as he called a woodpecker, which he saw drumming on a decayed tree near the house. But the morning after he had set the trap he came in looking much disappointed.

"Well, Harry, didn't you catch the bird?" asked his father.

"No father, he wouldn't come into the trap and I had it nicely baited, too."

"What did you use for bait?"

"Why, father, I saw him eating away at the trunk of the tree yonder, and so I put a lot of nice fresh chips into the trap. I thought surely he'd like them better than old, decayed wood."

Unhappy Kangaroos.

Clarence—The little kangaroos must be very unhappy, mamma.

Mamma—Why do you think so, Clarence?

Clarence—Why, because they have pockets, but no tops or jack-knives to put in them.—Harper's Young People.

Correct.

Pompous School Examiner—How is the earth divided? Intelligent Lad—By earthquakes, sir.

A child born in Washington county, N. Y., has been christened Christopher Columbus Cleveland Chase.

MINOR MISCELLANY.

New York contains more Hebrews than there are in Jerusalem.

Rose-leaf jam is a common dish in Roumania, where roses are grown by the million.

An editor in Six Towns, Maine, recently became disgusted with his profession and became a fish peddler.

Annie and Alieu Taylor, two middle-aged twins, living in New York, became insane simultaneously the other day.

An electrical engineer wants to throw advertisements by electric light against the falling sheet of water at Niagara Falls.

Texas is a big and still a roomy state. Of its 250 counties, 26 have less than 100 inhabitants; 37 others have less than 1,000, and only 81 have over 10,000.

After riding on a carrousel at Alexandria, La., recently an aged colored woman dropped dead. Physicians pronounced her death due to the excitement.

Among the contributions sent in for the relief of the unemployed poor of Kensington, Pa., a thoughtful-looking one of "two boxes of cream olives" was recorded.

A massive silver bracelet of Indian workmanship and much value was recently found on the collection plate of a Congregational church in the Scotch capital.

It costs $15,000 a year to feed the animals at the Philadelphia zoo. Among other articles of diet consumed by the carnivorous animals last year were 200 horses.

Brooklyn officials intend establishing a squad of police to protect pedestrians from the danger of the trolley cars. A similar squad does duty on Broadway, New York.

To such an extent has machinery superceded hand work in the grain farms of the Northwest that it is estimated that the labor of one man will raise enough grain to support 1,000 men for a year.

Two centenarians died in the poor house at Raleigh, N. C., within a day of each other lately. They were Mary Page, aged 104 years, and Harry Mordecai, aged 101 years. Both retained their faculties to the end.

From the report of the Iowa geological survey it appears that coal is found within the state on lands embracing an area of 20,000 square miles, over half of which may be considered as underlaid by workable coal.

The navigation of the Dead sea is the latest step in oriental progress. The sultan has sent two sailing boats there, one for freight and one for passengers. Abdul Hamid is going to try to make money out of the salt, bitumen and sulphur of the lake.

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