

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

### The Welcome.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;  
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!  
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom;  
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;  
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O, your step's like the rain to the summer-vedged farmer,  
Or saber and shield to a knight without armor;  
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
Then, wondering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;  
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;  
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,  
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

O, she'll whisper you, "Love, as unchangeably beaming,  
And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming;  
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
As our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;  
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
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The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"  
—Thomas Osborne Davis.

### What Women Have Done.

The women of Bethany, Mo., organized an improvement association, and in four months the streets had been cleaned, the court house square made attractive by vases of growing plants, and the city council has been requested to enforce sanitary ordinances with greater vigor. This little town has less than three thousand population, but this association has opened a fine public waiting room, light and airy, furnished with toilet conveniences, and reading matter, and beautified with plants and pictures. The association employs a matron to look after the comforts of guests.—The American Mother.

### Parlor Passing Away.

And is it true? Is the parlor doomed? Must it give way to the living room? That apartment cannot make good the loss of the other. Who does not remember the darkened glories of the old-fashioned parlor, which

was seen at its best in the middle-sized town, village and country? Shut up the week through, sometimes nearly the year through, with blinds closed tight and lace curtains tied primly back; with its hair-cloth-seated chairs set in a line against the wall; a "rocker" ready to gallop in one corner, and a what-not in the other, ornamented with rice baskets, praying Samuels and family daguerreotypes and photographs; a center table, set exactly in the middle of the room, with a few handsome books and the large family Bible, the mantelpiece with vases filled with crystallized grasses at either end, and odds and ends of strange things fitting up the rest of the space; who among the elder generation does not know it well? It was a room to be venerated.

And now—one sadly recognizes it to be, indeed, a thing of the past. Instead, there is the living room, that actually is a living room, where the baby's perambulator stands near the piano, where the work basket is on a convenient table (no one ever saw a work basket in a parlor); where there are plants, a writing desk; where the sun pours in as much as it may. It is, indeed, a living room. If one has space there is a reception room, to be sure; but every one understands that amounts to little—the caller and the friend are shown into the living room. To a person used to a parlor, no matter how long ago, a call in a living room hardly seems like the solemn function it used to be.

Very likely the change is for the better, but it is a revolution. The respectable poor used to stint themselves to maintain a decent parlor; now in model villages' model tenements they have lost this privilege. Take, for instance, Bournville, in England, the home of the Cadbury's great cocoa works. This is known as an ideal village. Some 370 houses have been built for employes, and not a parlor in the 370. Instead of that, each family has a large, sunny, commodious living room, and they make the most of it.—Springfield Republican.

### Talking Back.

The habit of "answering back" should be suppressed by every one anxious to lead a peaceable and harmonious life. The "scrappy" household in which each one strives for the last word can never be a happy one. The old adage, "It takes two to make a quarrel," is invariably true, and silence is the most aggravating response one can make to an irritating remark. The temptation to repudiate an unjust accusation is strong, but if it is unjust it will be regretted more by its maker than if a quarrel resulted in which both parties lost their temper. She who will "withhold her tongue" from unkind remarks and bitter retorts, from nagging, will have the joy of feeling that she has planted the seeds of happiness for herself and others.—The Family Circle.

### The Eating of Fruit.

If people ate more fruit, they would take less medicine and have better health. There is an old saying that fruit is gold in the morning and lead at night. As a matter of fact it may be gold at both times, but it should be eaten on an empty stomach and not as a dessert, when the appetite is satisfied and digestion is already sufficiently taxed. Fruit taken in the morning before the fast of the night has been broken is very refreshing.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the Best of all.

and it serves as a stimulus to the digestive organs. A ripe apple or an orange may be taken at this time with good effect. Fruit, to be really valuable as an article of diet, should be ripe, sound, and in every way of good quality, and, if possible, it should be eaten raw. Instead of eating a plate of ham or eggs and bacon for breakfast, most people would do far better if they took some grapes, pears, or apples—fresh fruit, as long as it is to be had, and after that they can fall back to stewed prunes, figs, etc. If only fruit of some sort formed an important item in their breakfast, women would generally feel brighter and stronger, and would have far better complexions than is the rule at present.—Woman's Medical Journal.

### Eggs With Fresh Tomatoes.

Melt a tablespoonful of butter. Have ready a cupful of fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut into small pieces. Put these into the butter and let them cook for three or four minutes, or until they soften. When this stage is reached, stir in six eggs that have been broken into a bowl and beaten just enough to mix the whites and yolks well. Cook until these have thickened; season and serve.—Midland Farmer.

### Gossip.

A great deal is said against gossip as if it were necessarily a very bad thing. Slander and scandal are intolerably bad, but gossip may be kindly. One can hardly live in this world and not take some interest in one's neighbors. If one of the children across the street has scarlet fever or measles, every family living near is interested, not merely for fear of contagion, but through genuine regret that the child is suffering and sincere hope that she may get well. If John Drum, who went to college last year, sweeps the board with all the prizes, we all ask about him, because we are as proud as if he were our own boy. Gossip that is the repetition of good news, or the expression of sympathy, is a perfectly proper thing and lends a wholesome spice to life.—Christian Herald.

### Just in Season.

Strawberry Sauce.—Beat two ounces of butter to a cream, adding gradually a half cupful of powdered sugar, then add twelve large strawberries, mash and beat till light.

Make a plain tapioca pudding and when cold pour it over large, well ripened, fresh strawberries placed in a deep dish.

Strawberries are delicious served with whipped cream in a meringue made of the whites of four eggs and eight tablespoons of white sugar.

Rhubarb Charlotte.—Butter a baking dish thoroughly and cover the bottom an inch deep with fine bread crumbs, then with a layer of rhubarb that has been peeled and cut into thin, small pieces. Scatter thickly with sugar, cover with a second layer of crumbs; put bits of butter over each layer of crumbs. Continue to fill the dish thus to the top; the top layer should be crumbs. Bake in a slow oven for an hour.

Fried Egg Plant.—Peel and cut the plant in slices less than one-half inch thick. Place in a quart of water with a tablespoonful of salt for two hours; drain and dip each slice in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry brown.

White Muffins.—One tablespoonful of soft butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar; rub to a cream; two beaten eggs, a salt-spoonful of salt, one cupful of sweet milk, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder two cupfuls of flour. Bake in muffin rings.

Creamed Peas.—One quart of hulled peas boiled until tender and almost dry. Have ready a pint of rich, sweet milk into which has been smoothed one tablespoon of flour. Add one tablespoon of butter and pepper and salt

## BARGAIN BABIES.

If babies were for sale the most inveterate bargain-hunting woman in the world would not look for a bargain baby. She would want the best baby that could be bought, regardless of price.

Every woman naturally craves a healthy, handsome child, and her craving can be gratified if she will but remember that the child's health is her own gift, and to give health she must



maternity, encouraging the appetite, quieting the nerves and inducing refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength to give her child, and makes the baby's advent practically painless.

"My wife had been sick nearly all her life," says Mr. E. E. Pricke, of Petersburg, Missouri, Co., Illinois, Box 367, "and after trying everything I could think of I made up my mind to try 'Favorite Prescription.' I got six bottles, which my wife took, a tablespoonful three times a day, until the baby came. She felt better after taking the first bottle, and when baby was born he weighed nine and a half pounds. Today he is six months old and weighs twenty-two pounds. He is as good a child as any one could wish. The doctor says he is as healthy as any baby could be, and also says the use of your 'Favorite Prescription' was the cause of such a healthy baby."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for the use of delicate women.

to taste. Pour over the peas, boil a few minutes and serve at once. If too thick use more milk.—Farmers' Call.

### In Travelling.

On the road, people reveal their real natures. The cross and fretful woman, who cannot endure a slight discomfort; the other woman, who calmly deposits her bags and bundles on a seat for which she has not paid, while a passenger stands in aisle vainly looking for a place; and the third, who opens or closes windows with a view only to her personal convenience, are all typical. Rudeness and boorishness are never more disagreeable than when shown on a journey. Amiability and loveliness never shine more radiantly than in the same circumstances.—Christian Herald.

### An Earnest Religionist.

Will Moody, son and successor at Northfield of the late Dwight L. Moody, tells the following story, apropos of recent theological events, about a young convert in the Salvation army, who, earnest and zealous, was imbued with the idea that he must speak to everyone on the subject of religion. He was especially moved one day while traveling to address a somewhat austere individual seated in front of him. Touching him on the shoulder, he put the usual question: "My brother, are you a Christian?"

"Sir," was the reply—and perhaps with a shade of impatience—"I'm a professor in a theological seminary."

But this only seemed to call for a renewed effort, and the young man was equal to it. "My dear brother," he said, "as you value your soul, don't let a thing like that stand between you and the Lord."—New York Times.