

The Home Department.

The Planting of the Tree.

(By William Cullen Bryant.)

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;

Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it over them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;

We plant upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweet for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors:
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
And fan the blue September sky,
While children come with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass
At the foot of the apple tree.

A Parallel Case.

Little Margaret, 4 years of age, is a regular attendant at Sunday school. One Sunday the lesson was about Moses. A few days after, she and her mother were walking in the yard where it was thickly overgrown with weeds. They unexpectedly came upon a little calf, almost concealed by the weeds, sleeping soundly. Margaret stopped short and gazed thoughtfully for a moment at the calf, then she exclaimed: "O, mamma, doesn't he look just like Moses in the bull-rushes?"—The Little Chronicle.

Clever Little Wife.

A young wife bought an oyster plant and set it out to grow.
Quoth she: "Twill please my husband, who does love oysters so!
And when the oyster season comes
I'll go out every day
And pick a bushel basket, with not a cent to pay.
Oh, he shall sup on Saddlerocks, for which he has a craze,
Or Millponds, Bluepoints, Shrewsburys, or even Rockaways,
And he will be so grateful and full of joy, to see
How very economical his little wife can be!"—Life.

Three Little Tricks.

A little sugar sprinkled on a shovel of coals will smoke bad odors out of a house, and purify the air in a sick room.

Coal oil rubbed on soiled oilcloth with a rag will remove all dirt and make it look like new.

Vinegar and salt applied hot, will reduce swelling.—Texas Farmer.

The Retort Courteous.

A meddlesome old woman was sneer-

ing at a young mother's awkwardness with her first infant, and said: "I declare a woman ought to never have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue, either," quietly responded the young mother.—Exchange.

Clean Food.

During 1901 2,708 Chinese and Japs were employed in the Puget sound canneries and their earnings for the season averaged \$200 in round numbers, while the earnings of the 1,145 whites employed in the canneries averaged \$300. There's no good reason why this valuable food product should not be prepared exclusively by white people, untainted by the loathsome diseases common to the dirty Oriental slave who lives like a maggot. A national, as well as a state pure food law should be adopted to regulate the labeling of cans so that consumers may know the food put up by Chinese and that put up by white men. Public health is of more importance to the country than unwholesome fat dividends for holders of inflated fish company stock.—Fairhaven (Wash.) Times.

American Women and Jewels.

Since the acquisition of such mammoth fortunes in this country, women seem to have lost sight of the axiom that beauty unadorned is far the most to be desired, and to have cultivated a taste for jewelry that is almost barbaric in its excessive vulgarity.

Traveling in Egypt and the Orient and witnessing the profusion of personal adornment indulged in by men and women of these countries seem to have suggested imitation rather than disgust.

Necklaces, bracelets, bangles, earrings, finger rings, pins, combs and anklets, formerly ignored by refined people, are now copied, embellished and worn by the wealthy to an extent that suggests African golcondas and a return to savagery.

We shall never forget seeing at a reception at the White house, during President Arthur's administration, a lady from New York standing under one of the crystal chandeliers in the East Room, so covered with diamonds of enormous size that they seemed a part of the sparkling crystal chandelier.

She was neither young nor beautiful, and the glittering gems emphasized her plainness and advancing years.

Two detectives, in the guise of guests, at the function followed the lady wherever she went, not losing sight of her until she had returned to her hotel and the priceless jewels were in the safe of the hostler.

To us it seemed absurd that any woman should so array herself that it was necessary to have the surveillance of an officer ever near, even at a state function.

We have read in the newspaper descriptions of society ladies and their marvellous costumes and jewels on all sorts of occasions, including the Horse Show, that seemed incredible, and yet the most extravagant of the past was eclipsed by the display of gorgeous dress and priceless and superfluous jewels worn by the ladies on the gala night at the opera in New York on the occasion of Prince Henry's appearance. One who was present claims that no such a scene could have transpired anywhere else on the globe.

Not only the Four Hundred, but every one who appeared, was apparently possessor of fabulous gems that would have been considered beyond

the reach of any but royalty.

It is not known what Prince Henry thought of the display, but beyond question, like almost all persons on the other side of the Atlantic, he had his ideas of American wealth confirmed, and feels quite sure that we are a race of millionaires, and that bonanzas are innumerable in this country.

The people of Germany are so frugal and live on so little that it must have been a revelation to him to see how even his own countrymen have amassed fortunes and have learned to live as extravagantly as native Americans are wont to do.

There is scarcely an occasion where it would be proper for any American lady to wear all the gems she owned, and especially when she is the owner of a half million more or less in precious stones, as many ladies in the United States do.

No human face or form can stand their dazzling brightness.

They detract from natural beauty. "Consider the lilies." "Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these" is a truth of Holy Writ.

Simplicity of dress and adornment serves to magnify natural beauty and relieves one from the anxiety, worry, care and discomfort imposed by Dame Fashion.

A face beaming with intelligence; eyes that betray the purity of a guileless heart, and soul full of love and truth need nothing more to make their possessor attractive.

Any lady is less likely to err in wearing too few than too many jewels.

A few rare gems are becoming, but over-many, of all the colors of the rainbow, betray the vulgarity rather than the refinement of the wearer.—Mrs. John A. Logan in New York Journal and American.

A Perfect Woman.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

—William Wadsworth.

The Manhattan Club.

What is this Manhattan club, anyway, and who are its members, and what have both it and they done for the political party about whose future they now entertain solicitude so tender and so profound? Well, the club is one of those semi-social, semi-political organizations always to be found in large metropolitan centres. It at-

STOPS THE COUGH And Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

THE PRISONER

Who escapes from jail is by no means free. He is under the ban of the law and punishment is written over against his name. Soon or late he will be caught again and bear added punishment for his short escape from his cell.

Those who by the use of palliative powders and tablets escape for a time from the sufferings of dyspepsia are in the same condition as the escaped prisoner. Soon or late they will go back to the old condition and pay an added penalty for temporary release.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Its cures are lasting.

"For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes R. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so far gone that I could not bear any solid food on my stomach for a long time; felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep or follow my occupation (tinsmith). Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver

tracts both men who do nothing and men who have nothing to do. It's a place where lotus-eaters and drones and political hacks eat and drink, and now and then "pull wires" and "roll logs" and "lay pipes" in an effort to put the fellows who are in office out and to put the fellows who are out of office in. That is what the Manhattan club of New York is and that is about all it is. It has never led a movement for the bettering and the uplifting of New York city or of New York state or of the United States. It has never announced a policy that was heartening to the poor or the oppressed or discouraging to the oppressor. It has never done anything that has made life for the people the more worth while. In periods of calm it has masked its civic indifference behind the deceptive banner of "conservatism." In periods of storm it has deserted the people who have credulously supported it and thrown whatever influence it might have had against the masses and in favor of the classes.

In the presidential campaign of 1896 the Manhattan club of New York demonstrated its loyalty to the democratic party by marching in full force to republican headquarters and "serenading republican leaders with a brass band."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The president has reiterated his order that government employes must not take active part in politics. This statement was first made with regard to the political factional fight in Illinois.

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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.

