

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

Our Flown Bird.

Father, with anxious hearts come we
to thee,

Empty of arms and alone;
Bend down and hear us, in pity, we
pray—

Hear us, and comfort our moan.
See! there is nothing in all the wide
rooms!

Listen! no bird-notes are heard!
Sunshine and shadow alike are entombed,

Never a laugh, nor a word.

Out of the home nest, away from our
care,

Swift-winged, our nursling has
flown—
Into the field of the world, with its
snares,

Baby, our darling, is gone.
Out of the reach of our sheltering
arms,

Joyous, the young feet have sped—
Lightly she kissed us, and bravely
she smiled,

Sunshine enwrapped the bright head.

Gaily and bravely—the world is so
fair!

Laughter meets caution and fear;
See! all the field is aflame with its
flowers!

Look! all the blue sky is clear.
Little she dreams of the dangers that
lurk—

Nothing she knows of its snares;
Thorns on her roses? or rue in her
wine?

Well? she has courage, and dares.

Brave little spirit! Her armor is new,
"The field is the world," strange and
wide;

What can she do, when the tempter
assail?
Where from the wrong may she
hide?

How shall she wield, with her soft
little hands,

Weapons of warfare and strife?
How shall the soft, dimpled shoulders
uphold

Safely, the burdens of life?

O, if through sunshine, less watchful
she grow,

Careless of pitfall, she stray,
Guard her and guide her, watch over
her then,

Father, in mercy, we pray.
Cheer, when the shadows fall over her
heart;

Let thy dear love be her guide—
If the young feet, in their trust, lose
the way,

Fold her, oh, close to thy side.

Lead her. Whatever the fate that
befalls,

Be thou her staff and her rod;
Keep the young feet in the pathway of
light—

Hear me, oh, pitying God!
Breathless I stand—she has passed
from my care;

Out o'er the summer-tossed sea,
Hold the white hand with the strength
of thy love,

Draw the white soul home to Thee.

Making Preserves.

Putting up fruit in the form of pre-
serves is the most difficult process, be-
cause of requiring the utmost pains-
taking from start to finish, in order
not only to retain the flavor, but that
the appearance, also, of the finished
product may be most attractive. Our
mothers were forced to long boiling in
order that their sweets might "keep;"
but the modern housewife, with her
improved methods and self-sealing
jars, can almost bid defiance to any
hint of fermentation.

Many fruits, when put directly into

boiling syrup, have a tendency to
harden. This can be prevented by
cooking them until tender in clear wa-
ter, or weak syrup, adding the neces-
sary amount of sugar later. Other
fruits become too soft, if cooked too
much, and these should be subjected
to one or other of the following meth-
ods: Pour your boiling hot syrup
over the fruit and let it stand until
cold, then drain off, heat the syrup
and repeat the process several times.
Usually the fruit is allowed to remain
in the syrup over night, scalding it
with the hot syrup every morning for
three or four mornings, then gently
boil until the fruit is done. Another
way, sift part, or all of the sugar over
and through the fruit, let stand over
night, drain off the juice, bring to a
boil and add the fruit, boiling gently
until done. Either of these methods
extracts the juice and hardens the
fruit. Another way, is to put the
fruit into the boiling juice, a little at
a time, let boil a few minutes, skim
out and lay upon platters and set in
the hot sun for a few hours, then add-
ing to the boiled down juice, boiling
up once and sealing away tightly in
small jars.

When making the syrup, if water is
used, a small teacupful to a pound of
sugar is about right. Before adding
the water to the sugar, thoroughly mix
with it the well beaten white of a
fresh egg, pouring the boiling water
over it, and skim carefully.

After the fruit is clear, if the syrup
is too thin, take out the fruit and lay
it in the jar, boil the syrup down un-
til it "ropes," then pour over the fruit.
Preserves should never boil hard—
a gentle boiling is best. Preserves
should never be stirred while cooking,
and as little as possible when dishing
up for the table.

Marmalades and jams require con-
stant stirring, and should not be
cooked down too much.

When preserves are "candied," set
the jar in a kettle of cold water, bring
to a boil, and let boil gently for an
hour. Candied fruit is the result of too
much sugar. When specks of mold
appear on preserves, marmalades,
jams or jellies, they should be care-
fully removed, and the fruit subjected
to the boiling process as above.

Fruits for jellies should not be
quite ripe.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.

One peck of green tomatoes, ten
small onions, whole spices, pepper,
bay leaves, two teaspoonfuls of sugar,
vinegar and salt. Peel tomatoes like
an apple, leaving them whole and
sprinkle with two-thirds of a cupful
of salt. After standing six hours
hang them in a bag to drain all night.
Break up cinnamon and cloves and
put into a thin muslin bag. Peel and
chop the onions, sprinkling them with
salt. When tomatoes and onions are
well drained pack in layers in a jar,
putting bits of bay leaf and small pep-
pers on each layer. Cover with good
vinegar, put in the spice bag and let
stand nine days, having them well

covered and pressed down by a cloth,
plate and weight. When the time has
passed boil the mixture as it is, add-
ing the sugar. Seal in glass jars, af-
ter laying horseradish slices and black
mustard seed on top of the pickle.—
Aunt Susan, in Housekeeper.

Home Keeping Women.

"Home-keeping hearts are happiest,"
the poet tells us, and where one is con-
genially mated, life may be anything
but a failure. Nearly all our most
noted women and greatest reformers
have been admirable wives and moth-
ers, their wise individuality permeat-
ing their homes and social relations,
and their carefully reared children
have gone out into the world an hon-
or, not only to those homes, but to the
nation at large. The few outside is-
sues these women undertook were
carefully chosen, well understood, and
intelligently and courageously advo-
cated.

There are thousands of women, cap-
able as these, yet restricted by
cramped limitations, who, recognizing
their inability to walk these perilous
paths without endangering the peace
of other lives dependent upon them,
have turned themselves about, and,
with a sublime self-ignoring, have
made wonderful homes among the
common people, undisturbed by envy,
vain longings or frettings over lost
opportunities. They have taken up
their homely tasks and glorified them
by their wondrous faith and patience,
and have kept their altar fires burning
brightly through all discouragements,
feeling that in this they were serving
the cause to which they would have
consecrated their hearts and hands.

From these quiet homes have gone
forth an unceasing inspiration, incit-
ing all who came within its magic in-
fluence to a higher, holier life, and
speaking most eloquently of peace,
purity and unselfishness. Patient-
faced women are these; and tender-
hearted and wise; not unhappy, for
they have risen above the petty rival-
ries, spites, surgings and small bick-
erings which so often wreck the dis-
couraged and the disappointed in life's
great race.

Who shall say they have not
"served" as wisely and as well as have
their noble sisters who reaped with
the "sword and sickle" in the wide
harvest fields of the world?

Degeneracy.

Here is an extract from a letter
that has fallen upon my desk:

"At the end of a few years of matri-
mony we find, instead of the bright, in-
teresting girl we knew, a tiresome sort
of person, whose whole intellect is
absorbed in attending to the cares of
the house, and in getting stylish
clothes for her children. Her
conversation seldom rises above the
level of infant gossip and servants,
and the only ideas developed by time
and experience are expressed in her
conviction that men are the most un-
reasonable and selfish of creatures,
and women the most abused and self-
sacrificing."

We find the husband at least tacitly
acknowledging that he is disappointed

in the wife he has chosen, and yet he
finds it difficult to point out his mis-
take, and hardly finds cause for blame
in her, for she is a faithful wife, a
devoted mother and an excellent
housekeeper, and, as the grounds of
complaint on either side is somewhat
obscure, they go on, disappointed and
disappointing, to the end of their days.
Should this thing be?"

Now, this is all wrong. Because a
woman becomes a wife and mother is
no reason that she should forsake the
upper strata of thought—the atmos-
phere of the soul—and allow herself
to walk forever upon the lower plane
of routine and petty cares. She should
cultivate the power to rise above the
little things of daily life, to keep her
head in the sunlight though her feet
must walk the shaded pathways. She
must not always attune her voice to
the "song of the shirt," for the "shirt-
making" must end, if she only wills it.
She must learn to rise above the mere
physical wants of the hour.

For Bites of Insects.

A solution of creolin (liquid soap
from coal tar creosote) is said to be an
effective remedy for the bites of in-
sects, such as ticks, fleas, mosquitoes
and black gnats. It is recommended
also to keep flies off the horses and
cattle, and will cure mange on ani-
mals; is a fine dressing for sores; is
excellent used as a dentifrice, and to
stop accumulation of dandruff.

One pound bottle of it will make six-
teen gallons of the solution, and costs
about 60c per pound. A solution of
one teaspoonful of creolin to one pint
(or quart, according as strength is
desired) of water will greatly relieve
the itching caused by the bite of these
insect pests. Any one who has suf-
fered from these bloodthirsty crea-
tures should be glad to try it.

Paragraphs From Exchanges.

Margaret Fuller once remarked, "If
I ever did any good in the world it
was by calling on every nature for its
highest." I have sometimes thought
one of the best ways for women to
help women is by seeking to bring to
the surface only that which is best and
noblest in human nature, though not
always by direct appeal. Those who
are struggling to reach a higher plane
of life and thought find the most grate-
ful assistance in her who takes high
aims and pure motives for granted.
If our own lives are characterized by
sincerity of purpose and real worth,
they will be the best incentive to
worthy effort on the part of others.

Is not woman's attire often too
mannish to be beautiful? Does a man's
hat, tie or shirt front add to a wom-
an's beauty? There are times when
trousers would be suitable to woman's
employment, but let them be woman-
ly in appearance, say like those worn
by Persian women, whose costume
Worth once declared to be the hand-
somest on the face of the earth. Long
skirts, even those that trail, are beau-
tiful at the evening party, or when a
woman is not walking or at work.
Let the style of dress be suited to the
means and the employment, each