

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Voices of the People.

Oh, I hear the people calling, through the day time and the night time, They are calling, they are crying for the coming of the right time, It behooves you, men and masters, it behooves you to be heeding, For there lurks a note of menace underneath their plaintive pleading, Let the land usurpers listen, let the greedy-hearted ponder On the meaning of the murmur rising here and swelling yonder.

Swelling louder, waxing stronger, like a storm-fed stream that courses Through the valleys, down abysses, growing, gaining with new forces, Day by day that river widens, that river of opinion; And its torrent beats and plunges at the base of greed's dominion; Tho' you dam it by oppression and fling golden bridges o'er it, Yet the day and hour advances when in flight you'll flee before it.

Yes, I hear the people calling, through the night time and the day time, Wretched toilers in life's autumn, weary young ones in life's May time,

They are crying, they are calling for their share of work and pleasure, You are heaping high your coffers while you give them scanty measure,

You have stolen God's wide acres, just to glut your swollen purses—

Oh, restore them to His children ere their pleadings turn to curses.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*.

Those Worn Garments.

In looking over your stores from last winter, be sure to lay aside some articles that you do not care for, or can do without. Look, at the same time, over your list of acquaintances, and see if you cannot find one or more families—hard working, deserving people—to whom these garments, properly presented, would be a God-send. I am sure one can do better with them, thus disposed of, than to devote them to the promiscuous, and often unwise distribution by some charitable association, for the "charity workers" do not always reach the self-respecting deserving poor, and often these same well-intentioned workers make their offering in such an indelicate, offensive manner as to make the acceptance of them either impossible, or, at least, a degrading admission of need so galling to a sensitive, high strung nature as the recipient may be.

Remember, in making your offering, that it is no crime, now-a-days, to be poor, and that your needy neighbors are quite often as refined and delicately reared as yourself—sometimes even more so. Try to make them feel that their acceptance is a favor to you, as well as the pleasure it gives you to have found a use for the articles.

I never shall forget one autumn when I found myself possessed of a lot of outgrown and discarded underwear, too good to be thrown away, and not worth while to keep. Across the street from me lived another family, with half a dozen growing children; the parents were hard working, and everything seemed in good shape about them. I wondered if I might offer these things, and finally decided to do so. Catching a time when the mother was alone, I put the garments neatly in a basket and ran over to her house. Using considerable tact in approaching my object I at length made the offering. The mother was pleased, and, looking over the things, said she could find a use for them, and would gladly pay for them; but I told her if she really felt that they were worth

anything to "pass the kindness along," if she ever had opportunity.

I went home and forgot all about the occurrence. Several years after, a lady said to me, "Do you remember giving Mrs. H. a basket full of underwear, one October morning, some years ago?" I could not recall it, until she made it more plain, and then I said, I believed I did recall it. "Well," she said, "Mrs. H. was at that time in the direst straits, financially, and they were greatly worried on the subject of clothing for that little sick boy of theirs, and for the little daughter who was in school. Mrs. H. has often told me she believed that basket of clothes was the means of saving her sick boy's life, and that, but for them, the little girl could not have gone to school; that your gift had made her see the possibilities that might accrue from a kindly act, and ever since she had tried to do all the good she could in a similar way."

Mrs. H. was, at the time my friend recalled the incident, in prosperous circumstances, and in a position to make her kind-hearted helpfulness felt by a large circle of working people.

It was such a little thing to do, but its influence, who shall estimate.

That Pot of Hyacinths.

Don't neglect it. Now is the time to attend to the bulbs, indoors or out, but especially indoors, if you would have the springtime in your rooms while yet the frost lies without.

Two or three hyacinth bulbs planted in a pot, or even a tin can, and set away in a cool dark place for six to eight weeks will reward you with the sweetest mass of blossoms about Christmas time.

And there is nothing sweeter, or surer, than hyacinths. Even a cold house can have them, for they will not mind being frozen, even when in bloom. Still, don't let them freeze, if you can help it. One of the prettiest ornaments for your Christmas dinner table will be a pot of hyacinths in bloom. Plant half a dozen large-sized bulbs in a six-inch pot, or tin can, with a hole punched in the bottom, and set them away in the darkness for six to ten weeks, so that the roots may get well started before bringing gradually to the light. Some, after potting, plunge the pots in the earth in the garden, covering several inches deep with soil, or coal ashes, and leave them until ready to bring inside. The roots will start and fill the pots, even out doors, and your only work will be caring for them after the leaves appear; and they ask so little care! They are so beautiful! so comforting! so cheering! Do try them.

Winter Blossoms.

There is nothing that adds more to the cheerfulness and brightness of a room in winter than a few well cared for plants. The range for window gardening is wide, varying from the tenderest hot house nursling to the sturdy little plant that is not at all particular as to care or condition, defying alike the frost and the heat which sometimes alternate in the living rooms of the family. Every woman loves flowers, and, if chosen wisely, every one may have at least one in her window.

The florists' catalogues are now coming, and to the flower lover, the glowing descriptions are a perpetual and almost irresistible temptation. Among the bulb collections, there are many desirable things, which require but little care, and will repay the little they get. What can be sweeter or brighter than a pot of blossoming hyacinths or lovely amaryllis! In the collections offered by some of the flor-

ists are various polyanthus narcissus—to which class belongs the well-known Chinese sacred lily, or "Joss" flower. These will bloom either in earth or water—are sure to bloom, if given half a chance. One collection offers one "Joss" flower, three golden sacred lilies, and three poeticus ornatus, seven, for 25c, postpaid. These bulbs will grow and bloom quickly in a bowl of water, requiring but moderate heat, with good light—a warm, sunny window is best. Some are single, some double, some are white, some yellow; but all are beautiful.

By planting at different times, a few weeks apart, one can have flowers all winter. If one wishes large quantities, they can be had in original baskets, thirty for \$2, by express. The golden sweet-scented lilies may be had for 25c per dozen.

Another collection offered is, one large Chinese sacred lily bulb, three new golden sacred lily bulbs, and two double Roman sacred lily bulbs, for 20c. It almost draws the two dimes out of the purse just to think of the glory of blossoms these bulbs will give one.

There are other beautiful things; among them the paper white polyanthus narcissus, that is sure to yield its mass of pure white blossoms, and nothing is more desirable than these. If one has never tried these sure blooming bulbs, one trial will be a revelation to them. There is nothing so sweet as flowers and babies.

September in the Kitchen.

This is the month when the women who "looketh well to the ways of her household" can find profitable employment for every spare moment and every idle hand. In the matter of canning fruit, much may be done by filling two or three jars while getting the family meals, and if this is done every day, it is surprising with what ease the whole business may be got out of the way, without appreciable labor. It takes but a few minutes to make two or three glasses of jelly, and the preserving kettle will find the back of the stove "just right" for its gentle boiling.

If your peaches are perfectly ripe and mellow, pick out a quart or two of the softest of them, pour over them boiling water, let stand a few minutes, turn this off, and cover with cold water, for a few minutes, after which the peeling will slip off, like tomato skins; cut the peach in two, take out the pits, and pack closely and carefully in jars that are quite hot, pour over them a thick, hot syrup, and seal. It adds to the flavor of the fruit to crack a few of the pits and put the kernels with the peaches before sealing.

An excellent rule for making syrup of all kinds of sweet pickles is four pounds of light brown sugar, to seven pounds of prepared fruit, one pint of best vinegar, one ounce of whole cinnamon, and half an ounce each of cloves and allspice. Spices and vinegar should be of the best. Wash carefully the fruit; do not peel; put in stone jar and sprinkle the sugar through it, letting stand for twenty-four hours; drain off the syrup, add to the vinegar and spices, and boil for half an hour; put fruit in the boiling syrup and simmer gently until tender, then lift with a wire spoon and lay carefully in a stone jar, continue boiling the syrup until it is quite thick and "ropey," pour over the fruit, cover tightly and put away. In order that the fruit may "keep," it must be boiled until quite tender, and the syrup boiled until very thick.

Tomato Waffles.

Peel six medium sized ripe tomatoes, chop very fine; add one level teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper, one tablespoonful of butter, melted after measuring. Now add flour enough to make a thin grid-

dle-cake batter; add three eggs beaten until foamy. Sift half a teaspoonful of baking soda into a little of the flour before adding. Have the waffle irons very hot, grease both upper and lower lids, place a cooking spoonful of the batter in each section, close, and bake at least one minute on each side. When serving, use butter.—Good Housekeeping.

Crab Apple Preserves.

In preserving crab apples, the stems should be left on them, and the fruit preserved whole. Make the syrup of one pound of granulated sugar to one pound of fruit; boil the syrup until thick, then lay in the apples and cook gently until they look clear; take out and put into jars, and if the syrup is not thick enough to "jell," cook until it is, then pour over the fruit. The fruit, imbedded in the red jelly, is not only excellent to the taste, but pleasing to the eye.

In using elderberries for pies, add one dessert spoonful of sharp vinegar to each pie; bake slowly.

Recipes.

One is tempted to talk much of the dominant interest of the hour, and, just now, the pickle jar and preserving kettle are "on top." From our exchanges, let us cull some choice recipes for trial. From the *Woman's Home Companion* is taken "A new sweet pickle of peaches," made by cutting them in two; removing pits and filling with horse-radish mixed with vinegar. Tie the two halves together, pack in jars, and cover with the following liquid: To two pounds of sugar, add one pint of vinegar; tie in a bag some whole cloves, cassia buds, cinnamon, and some tiny bits of ginger, allspice and nutmeg. Boil all together and pour over the fruit. Repeat three times and seal the jars. Keep in a dark, dry place, and when used, take off the string and serve with meats.

Yellow tomatoes are nice prepared in this way. Boil two pounds of sugar with one pint of water, until brittle when dropped in ice water; add a few drops of lemon juice. Boil the fruit in this liquid for ten minutes; skim out, place on a sieve to drain, add more sugar to the syrup (one pound to the above quantity) and boil it down to about half its quantity. Pour this over the tomatoes, and dry them in the sun, or a moderate oven. It will require two or three days sunning for them to candy.

Try putting a few clean pebbles in the kettle while jam is cooking, to prevent burning at the bottom, but don't neglect your stirring paddle, depending on them.

If patches of scorch appear on the bottom of your kettle, remove by rubbing with crushed egg-shells.

How He Helped Mother.

"Certainly," said my friend, "I think all boys should be taught something of the necessary work about the house, including cooking. I never shall forget an experience of my own, which happened some years ago. I had been ailing all summer, and, as my family consisted of only my husband, little daughter and self, it was out of the question to hire a girl, especially as work was so uncertain and wages intermittent. Our only son was out in the world, and came home only occasionally, and we got along very well, until, during the autumn some country friends came to visit us, and, of course, we wanted to make their stay as pleasant as possible; so we took them about all we could.

"One day we all took an outing on the river, landing for lunch at some picnic grounds several hours' ride from the city. Excursions always were a most trying experience to me, and this one, having to play hostess as well, was particularly trying; and when we