

CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care, or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger,
Cursed sinner could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King—
How they served the Lord of glory,
Make me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smiled;
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,
Where the harned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
There's no one near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That my best Redeemer came.

Mayest thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire!
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joy aspire.

—Dr. Watts.

The Black Alpaca.

There was no denying it, Lucy Ann Hobart was queer!

From the prim, low-posted, white fence, enclosing her story and a half house, surrounded by a profusion of flowers, that traced their ancestry back to the hollyhocks, marigolds, phlox and morning glories of her grandmother, to the square front parlor, closely shaded with flowered green curtains—a "proper pretty pattern" thirty years ago—there was every indication of Miss Hobart's sympathy with ancestral worship.

"Strange she doesn't have that little old-fashioned fence removed," was the often-repeated soliloquy of Mrs. Elljah Hobbs who lived next door. "It does seem so out of place when there's nothing but green lawns on both sides the street. I don't mind the flowers so much, but that straight up-and-down white fence reminds me for all the world of an individual graveyard."

"Yet the parlor," declared Miss Emerson, who was visiting at the Hobbs' "is the queerest. When I was in there yesterday, it was too hot to stay in the kitchen, so I was taken into the holy of holies, and it seemed as though I'd stepped into the last century. There were hair wreaths framed on the mantel piece and such quaint green glass candle sticks.

"But the whatnot in the corner—you should see it! Such a variety of object as it holds; it is rightly named. Daguerrotypes, shells, samplers, a bunch of wax flowers—really, I can't begin to name all the things those shelves contain. If I had the money she has, I'd let the dead bury its dead, and be more modern."

"No, she's too odd. If she did that she'd be like other folks, and that would never do for Lucy Ann Hobart," and Mrs. Hobbs glanced out of her window across her own neatly kept lawn to the little white-sentinel cottage on the adjoining lot.

In spite of all Miss Hobart's "queerness" she had as kind a nature as could be found in Hebron. She was always helping some one, but in such a way that her left hand never knew what was being dispensed by her right, to suffering humanity.

However, Miss Hobart's philanthropy had never extended beyond the boundaries of New England, rarely beyond her own state.

"If folks everywhere looked out for the suffering right around them, there would never be this continual calling from place after place a person never heard of," was always her closing argument against foreign missions, no matter how urgent were the needs presented.

"I don't know whether to ask Miss Hobart for anything or not," hesitated Alice Randall of the soliciting corps, as the aid committee was about to adjourn. "She's always refused in other cases and there's no reason why she won't in this, unless their being a New England family may carry some weight."

"There won't be any harm in trying," suggested Mrs. Thompson. "It's such a destitute case we mustn't lose any chances. If reports are true they haven't clothes enough for the children, to say nothing of food."

In the spring of 1897, Rev. E. B. Hammond had volunteered to open a mission school in the Indian Territory. It had prospered much beyond their expectations until the falling health of the overtaxed preacher and teacher compelled him for a time to abandon his cherished work.

"If we can only get along through the winter," he said, encouragingly, "I am sure I can go on with the work in warm weather."

Instead of improving, he grew slowly though steadily worse, but not once did he or his brave little wife lose faith in Him who sent them to do His work.

"If we could only have nourishing food for just you," said Mrs. Hammond, glancing from her husband's sough around the destitute appearing

dugout, I believe you'd get strong faster and then we'd get along splendidly."

"Not for me, dear, but for you and the children—I can get along," and her husband looked anxiously into his wife's face. "I don't dare to send to town for things on credit, for we don't know what may happen. And I don't suppose," he added, "that they'd trust a poor mission teacher if I did. But we'll get along dear. The Lord didn't send us here to starve."

A report of the closing of the mission, and the destitute condition of the brave little family in the West, came to the notice of the church at Hebron, and the matter was speedily laid before the aid committee of the church benevolence.

Very little money could be collected, as the church members were not well to-do, and those that had means declared they had plenty of opportunities of disposing of it—that educating Indian children was not required in the Bible. Yet a good-sized box of provisions and clothing, together with fifteen dollars in money, was soon ready for its first missionary tour.

"I did hope you'd get at least five dollars from Miss Hobart," said Mrs. Thompson as she disappointedly took the parcel which Miss Hobart had contributed, from Miss Randall's hands.

"I will have to be made over," at the same time shaking out a worn black alpaca dress. "It's large enough, probably, for two women the size of the missionary's wife."

"Yes; she said 'twould do to cut up for the children if they were very destitute."

"Think of four-year-olds dressed in black alpaca," and Mrs. Thompson laughed, much to the surprise of the serious look on her kindly face. "But then it's more'n we really expected, though I thought she might break a custom, seeing he went from New England, and was a Hammond—her mother's name was Hammond, you know."

The next morning the snugly packed box was speeding on its way to the small dugout in the Indian Territory, and none too soon, for their scanty provisions were nearly consumed, and "No one knows but the blessed Lord what we'll do when they're gone," said the missionary weakly.

"Team stopping here!" exclaimed Mrs. Hammond a week later as Beth, the oldest child, ran in where her mother was stirring up their last bit of meal. "If the Lord has only sent us food and medicine," and she tremblingly hurried to the door.

"A box for you mums; you're the Hammonds, aren't you? Seein' 's I was comin' right by I could take it's well's no. It came on the train; just got it over to Dry Creek."

He set the box in the dugout, and immediately was gone—no one that they'd ever seen before, but whom they'd never forget.

A letter on the top of the contents explained its mission, and the patient little woman with a new-born hope knelt beside her husband's couch, while with her hand in his he uttered brokenly the thanks within their hearts.

With medicine which a part of the fifteen dollars procured, warm clothing and food, the sick man began to mend, and by the middle of winter he was able to leave the room.

"If we only had a little more money for medicine," said Mrs. Hammond anxiously.

"Tut! tut! dear. Don't you think the Lord knew how much it would take!"

"Yes; but you aren't well yet, and the medicine is about all gone."

The following day she began to rip up the black alpaca.

"There's enough of it to make Beth and me both a dress," said Mrs. Hammond as she held up the garment approvingly.

"Let me take the scissors," and her husband reached out his hand. "I haven't done anything for weeks—you've done it all."

Mrs. Hammond got up to get a needle.

"Mary! Mary!" he called. "See—what I've found!" and he took from between the waist lining and the outside goods four crisp five dollar bills.

"Oh, Harry, now you can have more medicine!"

"Only thinking of me," and he tenderly drew her towards him.

"No; not of you only—I'm thinking also of her who sent the dress."

And she was thinking of "queer" Miss Hobart—Adelbert F. Caldwell in Portland Transcript.

Floral Notes.

Commercial florists are interested in a fungus that is said to prey upon carnation rust. It appears to be a case of employing a thief to catch a thief and the benefit to the carnation is yet to be determined.

When cuttings are to be potted or potted plants shifted, the pots should be dipped in water until they have taken up all they will absorb. Pots one and one-half to two inches in diameter are usually chosen for rooted cuttings. A good mixed soil for potted plants consists of decayed pasture sod, sand, leaf mold and decomposed manure. The prime necessity is to secure a soil that will not harden when it dries out. When the potting takes place the soil should be slightly moist and should be well packed around the roots. Drainage is very essential and is provided for by filling the pot one-third full of bits of broken pottery. If sphagnum moss is placed above the broken pieces, dirt will be less apt to wash out.

Mock Oyster Soup—Four onions, four large potatoes; cook in two quarts of water until soft. Mash fine, add one quart of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of salt with half as much pepper. Serve with croutons,

Does Two-Year-Old Baby Pay.

Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study, and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink.

says J. D. H., in the Detroit Free Press. He was playing in the coal-hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of cologne "White Rose" perfume out of the window "to see it waft."

Then he dug out the center of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost over \$100 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in!"

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby choice says sweetly:

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears: "I lub papa."

Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions.

Do our children pay?

Suggestions.

A writer in one of the magazines argues well for the stimulating effects of pretty toilets. Her instructions are: When in pain but able to be up, do not go around the house in your oldest wrapper with your hair down, but on the contrary put on a pretty gown and look as cheerful as possible on the outside.

Strawberry juice was an innocent cosmetic which our frivolous grandmothers used to employ. To clear their complexions they used to rub it into the skin at night and wash it off in the morning, continuing the treatment for about two weeks, which was the limit of strawberry time in those days. It was also used to whiten the teeth.

An old-time recipe for restoring craps is as follows: Heat half a pint of skim milk and water and dissolve in it a square inch of glue, then remove the mixture from the fire. Rinse the craps in vinegar to clear it, then to stiffen it put it in the glue and milk; wring it out and slap it until dry. Lay a piece of paper over it and smooth it with a hot iron.

To soften hard water there are several methods. One may use a little quicklime (2 ounces to 20 to 25 gallons) allowing the water thus treated to stand over night before using. The lime unites with the carbonates and the salts which cause the "hardness" are precipitated. Wood ashes or a barrel of good lye will soften a barrel of water in one night. Ammonia will also soften water but is too expensive to use in large quantities. Two ounces of sal soda should soften three-fourths of a boiler of water. A box of concentrated lye may be dissolved in a quart of water and bottled. One teaspoonful of this will soften half a boilerful of water. Borax will soften cistern water that has become hardened by long standing.

A Native White Bedding Plant.

The botanist of the Indiana Agricultural Experiment Station, Mr. Joseph C. Arthur, in 1898 prepared a bulletin on "Starry Grasswort" (cestrarius arvensis oblongifolium) setting forth the many attractive features of that native flower as a bedding plant and in that connection urging that flower lovers keep a look out for wild floral neighbors that promise to thrive under cultivation and to repay the gardener's care. A personal interest will attach to such plantations that cultivated plants do not inspire. All our garden favorites have been devel-

oped from plants taken at some time from fields in which they were native, but somebody else has had the pleasure of watching their development.

In the bulletin mentioned Prof. Arthur gives the history of the specimen of Starry Grasswort which he secured from a roadside near Greensburg, Indiana. He says of it:

Under cultivation, the plant spreads out over the ground in a close mat of foliage, in a manner characteristic of many members of the pink family, to which our plant in fact belongs, as for instance the clove pink, which it furthermore resembles in remaining almost free of roots arising from the prostrate stems, making it possible to readily lift the whole plant from the soil, except at its central attachment. A single plant may cover an area of two feet or more in diameter. From this low-growing mat of branching stems, and narrow inch-long leaves, there arises in early spring a wealth of slender perpendicular stalks bearing a succession of symmetrical flowers, nearly a half inch in diameter. Each flower possesses five petals; but by the simple device of slitting each one through the middle from the top often almost down to the base, there is the appearance of ten petals, and the beauty of the flower is greatly enhanced. But the single flowers are too small and delicate to individually excite much attention; it is their abundance and the brilliant refined appearance of the mass that makes them notable.

One great virtue of this plant is its habit of blooming early, sometimes beginning the last of March and reaching its full glory by the last of April. Another virtue is its perennial foliage which makes a close carpet of green leaves throughout the summer furnishing an attractive background for other bloomers with light foliage, as for instance perennial flax which Prof. Arthur employed to beautify the bed in midsummer. In the winter the Grasswort maintains the same mass of green leaves.

Professor Arthur also recommends it as a cut flower and reports that it will keep fresh in water for a surprising long time.

Recipes.

Creamed eggs—Boil six eggs 20 minutes. Place six slices of toast on a hot platter. Make one pint of cream sauce. Put a layer of sauce on each piece, then part of the whites of the eggs cut in thin strips, rub part of the yolks through a sieve on the toast. Repeat this and finish with a third layer of sauce.

Eggs a la Suisse—Spread the bottom of a dish with two ounces of fresh butter; cover this with grated cheese and break eight whole eggs upon the cheese without breaking the yolks. Season with red pepper and salt. Pour a little cream on the surface, strew about two ounces of grated cheese on top and set the eggs in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes.

Strawberry jelly is made by boiling with the juice for twenty minutes an equal weight of sugar. It will never become hard, but the addition of a little dissolved gelatin will stiffen it. For jam boil the berries and sugar together twenty minutes with jelly and jam, turn at once into jars and cover when cold.

Rhubarb Tapioca—One pint of chopped rhubarb, add two dozen cooked prunes, one-fourth cup of liquid in which the prunes were cooked and one-half cupful of sugar. Boil for five or ten minutes, then add one-half cup of tapioca which has first been soaked for half an hour in three-fourths of a cupful of cold water. Cook until the tapioca is transparent and serve either hot or cold with cream and sugar or whipped cream.

Brains on Toast—Soak two calves' brains in cold water until blood is drawn. Skin carefully and wash again letting them lie in cold salted water for ten minutes. Drain and wipe dry, put in same pan, cover with hot water, add one-half teaspoonful salt, one-fourth cup of vinegar, a sprig of thyme, one-half dozen whole peppers and a bay leaf if possible. Let boil five minutes and drain well. Melt one tablespoonful butter in frying pan, when brown add one-half tablespoon chopped parsley and five drops vinegar; let cook a minute. Cut brains in small cubes, arrange on slices of buttered toast and serve. Tomato catsup may be added to the gravy if preferred.

Surprise Parties.

We confess that we have never been able to understand the passion some people have for surprises. To the person surprised the shock overbalances the pleasure in many cases. A sad example of good intentions of this sort that resulted in tragedy, has been recently reported by metropolitan dailies. Two young people who went from Philadelphia to Salt Lake City fifteen years ago and who had married and settled there, conceived the idea of returning and surprising their mother on her sixty-fourth birthday. They accordingly took steps to carry out the project on the most generous scale. After reaching Philadelphia a day was spent in making preliminary arrangements for a family dinner at Hotel Bellevue. Presents were bought and the guests were invited. On the day the affair was to come off they appeared suddenly before the object of their festivities, who threw up her hands exclaiming "Will!" "Nell!" and fell in a swoon from which she never recovered; and a funeral took the place of the anticipated reunion. Had they prepared her for it by a letter explaining their intentions they would probably not be today mourning the loss of a mother.

Even when all goes well, the recipients of such attentions are generally so embarrassed and upset that half their pleasure is spoiled. In our opinion surprise parties are questionable amusements.

Canine Game Warden.

His name is Scip and he is a four-legged detective. From a dog fancier's standpoint he is not worth thirty cents, says the New York Sun. He is an undersized cur with bright eyes and sharp ears, of badly mixed lineage. He is owned by one of the state game wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming down from the game regions, to see that all game transported is accompanied by the owner and is in plain sight, and that there is no smuggling of game meat or birds, or any other evasion of the game laws.

When the game season is at its height the warden's hours are long and busy. Hunters by the score, and carloads of deer and moose come down over the line of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. Every piece of game must be checked up, and suspicious packages examined for contraband game. Cases of game smuggling are frequent. The Maine law positively forbids the taking out of the state of game birds under any circumstances, but the average amateur hunter is tempted to pack away a brace or two of plump birds in his gripsack or baggage, while the high prices to be obtained are a temptation for the pothunters to run the blockade and land goods in the Boston and New York markets, if possible. And right here is where Scip gets in his work and earns his board and keep.

As the people alight from the down trains few notice a little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this handbag and that bundle and acting for all the world like a dog hunting for his lost master. But Scip is far from lost. Soon the warden hears a plaintive whining bark and he knows that Scip has discovered something worth looking after. He finds the little dog nosing about the heels of perhaps an elaborately togged out sportsman carrying a big grip, or it may be a woodsman, with his clothes and possessions tied up in a meal bag. The warden closes in on the game pointed by Scip, and the astonished suspect is invited into the baggage room, where he is told to open his baggage for inspection. There is usually something of a stormy scene. Scip squats close by and looks on approvingly.

The search invariably discloses game of some kind, sometimes a saddle of venison, but often a number of birds. Once in awhile the offender is ignorant of any wrongdoing, but it has happened that notorious poachers have been brought to book by Scip and his master. The dog has never made a mistake after he has come to a point, and it is doubtful if much has escaped him.

But inspecting the personal effects of the travelers is not all of the canine detective's work. After the passengers are all out he hops into the baggage or express car and applies his sharp little nose to everything in sight. Frequently he is found scratching about an innocent appearing trunk, case or barrel, which article promptly comes in for examination. Scip's star piece of work was accomplished a few days ago, when he broke up a smuggling scheme which had evidently been in operation for some months without suspicion. While making his usual inspection of the car for express matter he came across a barrel, to all intents and purposes, containing fish, it smelled fishy enough, and was tagged "Fish." Scip sniffed at it, went on, and then came back and sniffed more thoroughly. Then he sat down and considered. Finally he came to a decision, and began scratching and barking about the barrel as if it was full of rats.

The warden found him in a highly excited state about the fish, and thought that the dog had made a mistake for once, but with faith in the little animal born of long experience he investigated the barrel and found in the center of a liberal lining of fresh shore cod several dozen of nice, plump partridges.

A Charitable Empress.

But few people have ever realized to what extent Empress Elizabeth carried her private charities. She was not, like so many other wealthy women, satisfied with sending money to the poor; far more refined and delicate was her way of giving, for she preferred to do so in person and almost always incognito—that is to say, she took as many precautions to conceal her good deeds as did her namesake, Elizabeth of Hungary. I remember many a secret errand upon which we went together, unaccompanied by even so much as a servant, at dusk, in the most squalid quarters of Vienna and Budapest. Dressed in the plainest fashion possible, we wended our way through a narrow alley and ascended damp, moldy staircases, where it hardly seemed safe to tread, in quest of the dark dens of the truly deserving poor who belong to a class too proud to become actual beggars. Many a sick bed was brightened by the flowers and fruit, of which Elizabeth always insisted upon carrying her fair share. Her sweet face brought light and joy to the miserable wretches rolling their fevered bodies on dingy beds; no sore was too repulsive, no task too fatiguing for her slender imperial hands; and, instead of the cant which is used by so many when bent on such errands, she would find some encouraging, cheering words of hope and sympathy unattained by religious exaggerations and preachings, which went straight to the hearts of the sufferers.

How to Measure the Chest.

Every boy should develop his chest if he wishes to grow up into a strong and healthy man. Every boy should also know how to measure his chest, from time to time, so as to keep a record of his development, and here,

says "Golden Days," is the only accurate system, which is in use in all the recruiting offices of the United States Army:

Strip to the waist. Hold your arms above your head, the tips of the fingers touching. Have the measurer put a tape round your chest under the armpits.

Inhale and exhale naturally. Let your arms fall easily by your side. The tape will slip down to the maximum girth of the chest. This is the mean chest. Exhale all you can, still keeping your arms by your side. This is the minimum chest. Inhale and inflate all you can, in the same position. This is the maximum chest.

The difference between the minimum and maximum chests is called the mobility. A mobility of over three inches in a man of medium height is considered good, below two and one-half inches it is poor.

Artificial movements of the arms or muscles interfere with proper measurements.

Having made the above measurements, record them in your diary, and then repeat the measurements on the first day of each month, for one year. By that means you may keep an accurate and instructive record of your muscular progress.

Our Consumption of Coffee.

The prospect of a return of permanently peaceful conditions in the Philippines and the present existence of conditions in Porto Rico and Hawaii favorable to American producing and commercial enterprises lends additional interest to some figures just compiled by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics regarding the coffee consumption of the United States and of the world. The people of the United States are sending out of the country more than a million dollars a week in payment for coffee consumed in this country, all of which could be readily produced in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, which have already shown their ability to produce coffee of a high grade commanding high prices in the markets of the world. Porto Rican coffee has long been looked upon as of high grade, and for many years has commanded high prices in the markets of Europe; and the developments of coffee culture in Hawaii during the past few years have also been very satisfactory in the quality of coffee produced and the prices realized. In the Philippines the product is of high grade and the fact that in physical conditions and climate the islands are very similar to those of Java, the greatest coffee-producing islands of the world, suggests great possibilities to those who desire to see American money expended under the American flag. The fact that the United States is by far the greatest coffee-consuming country of the world and is steadily increasing her consumption further suggests that American capital and energy may turn their attention to this promising field now opened in the islands where American enterprise can safely enter upon business undertakings. Our coffee importations during the nine months ending with March, 1901, amounted to \$17,344,000 pounds, with a value of \$45,218,000, a sum nearly \$5,000,000 in excess of the value of the coffee imports of the same months of the preceding fiscal year, indicating that for the full fiscal year the total value of the coffee imported into the United States will be about \$60,000,000. Even this is somewhat below the annual average cost of coffee imported during the decade just ended, the reduction in total value being due to the fall of about one-half in the import price.

He Had Enough.

There is a New York physician, says the New York Tribune, who takes an active interest in politics and is popular with the "boys." In spite of his jolly disposition he is an extremely thin man, so thin that many a joke is aimed at him. Here is the latest story they are telling about him:

A grocer's boy entered the doctor's office the other day with a basket of fine fruit which some grateful patient had sent to him. The doctor told the boy to place the basket in a cabinet which stood against the wall. At the same instant he stepped out of the room, and going into an adjoining one, manipulated a contrivance which caused an articulated skeleton within the cabinet to waggle its head and limbs in an appalling manner just as the messenger boy opened the door.

With a yell of horror the boy fled. When the doctor had enjoyed a hearty laugh, he picked up a fine apple and followed the boy into the street to give it to him. "Come here, my boy!" he shouted, "Here is a fine apple for you!"

"Not on your life!" replied the frightened youngster, taking to his heels again. "You can't fool me with your clothes on."

Good Points of the House Cat.

Those who are contemplating investing in cats might study this to advantage.

A good cat—the kind you want to have around the house—will have a round, stubby, pug nose, fat cheeks and full upper lip, and a well-developed bump on top of the head and between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat, one that purrs a good deal, is apt to be playful and good-natured.

Avoid a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears.

A great mistake is in over-feeding domestic cats with too much meat. If they are over-fed they will become lazy, and will not catch mice. Over-feeding also leads to stomach troubles and "fits."

It has been calculated that something like 1,250,000,000 plums of tea are imbibed yearly by Londoners, and that the teapot necessary to contain this amount, if properly shaped, would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's cathedral.