

—The following letter from "Honor" will no doubt be appreciated by all. It takes so little to make children happy that it seems a pity that they can not have that little. A supper out of doors is as little work as in the house. It certainly requires fewer dishes and the same food will taste much better in the open air. Biscuits buttered with a bit of meat between if convenient, to give the name of sandwiches, and some spread with jelly or sauce of some kind, and fancy cookies will satisfy every want if the children have not been taught to expect more.

By the way, every mother ought to have a few fancy cutters for cookies, and the grotesque shapes will prove an endless delight. These cutters may be found at the 3c. stores.

Another thing quite as entertaining to children, is to let them do what they see older people doing.

Give each one a garden-bed, to be planted according to the tastes only requiring that the work shall be done faithfully and not given up before the season is over.

Let boys and girls learn to do house-work and outdoor work equally, for in many lives there will come a time when both are useful.

When the mother is cooking, let the children have a bit of dough to do as they like with; if possible, let them have rolling-pins and boards, little tins, etc., etc.

Even if one thinks they are too busy to fuss, do it; it will pay sometime. It is a hard to tell what are really the "little things" we do or leave undone in life.

For the Home-Maker's Column.

As children form an important element in the home, could you devote a space in the Home-Maker's Column to them, as I would like to make a plea in regard to summer pleasures?

Too many of our older people are apt to forget how much enjoyment we used to take in out-of-door parties, picnics, etc., and think children should be satisfied if they are decently clothed, fed, and the house is a perfect state of cleanliness. All these things are, in their way, essential, but are not sufficient for childhood.

And so I would say to the mothers, give your little ones a party out of doors some bright summer-day, on a birthday, if one happens conveniently, if not, make a holiday; call it "The Children's Day," and have as large a party as circumstances will admit. It will not be much trouble, as a lot of children together will find plenty of amusement in play. And it will not be expensive; children are not particular, a few simple dishes, prettily served, will suffice. If a family is so situated that only a few children are available, then make a small party. If any family is so isolated as to have no neighbors within driving distance, then, at least, the table can be spread out on the lawn some warm afternoon, and thus make a little pleasing variety in the every-day life.

They will be happy in anticipation for days previous, and talk it over and over afterwards. And not only the days immediately following, but when they are men and women grown, and life has many cares, they will look smilingly back to childhood's days, and tell little ones growing up around them, what "mother" used to do.

There is no mother but would want her children to look upon home as having been a joyous place; and to bring about this result they must not be brought up to think that life begins and ends with getting the washing on the line early Monday morn, and the rest of the weekly work follow in rapid succession,—but they must have their red-letter days, and I think the older ones, watching a happy hour party, would say with the poet "Wine": "I love to look on a scene like this." Can we not all give it a trial this coming summer?

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VOLUME LI.

For the Democrat.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MISS E. C. JEWELL.

Open the window, my little,

And let in the fragrant June air—

Then into that patch of sunshine

Just where my old easy chair—

Why! the trees are white with blossoms,

Here's a pile of daisies on the sill.

How pretty the birches and poplars

Are dotting the slope of the hill.

Look, little! my finger is pointing

To the apple tree over the wall—

Dear heart, those pink and white peaches

Are sweeter than fruit in the fall.

When Jamie and I were wedded

He chose the flowers I most loved,

And twined me a spray of sweet

And fastened a sprig in my hair.

As the day returned he would gather

A branch from that very tree,

And, kneeling, present me the token.

Just like a young lover, you see—

Then Jamie died in the spring time,

When the apple trees were in bloom;

So I covered him over with peaches

And under the tree made his tomb.

And, little, that shower of petals

Drooping like pink and white rain,

Has somehow set me to thinking

Of my bride and Jamie again—

Go fetch me a spray, little heart,

And twine it to my gray hair!

And fasten one knot at my throat, dear,

No matter though wrinkles be there.

THE "SLEUTH-HOUND"

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"How do you know it was the old

man's nose?"

"Because," replied the detective, using

a microscope, "the blood globules are

those of an elderly man."

"I suppose they did not remain here—

about long?" queried the plumber.

"No; they left the next morning for

Chicago."

"Great heavens! what do you mean?"

said the old party: "are you a magi-

cian?"

"It is very simple," said the human

sleuth-hound. "On this crumpled scrap

of paper you will see some figures. Of

course the thieves could not realize on

the bonds at once. They therefore made

a computation to discover just how far

their immediate cash would take them.

Chicago was the result, as the total ar-

rived at is the fare to that city multiplied

by three."

"I see—I see," said the plumber.

"I start for Chicago on the next train,"

continued the thief-taker. "Let me see;

perhaps you had better let me have \$300

for expenses."

The other instantly passed over the

amount.

"Remember," said the detective, as

he departed, "not a word of what we

have discovered. Keep perfectly quiet

until you hear from me."

And to this day the defrauded plumb-

er is sitting on his front steps waiting

for news from the detective, who was

nothing more than the robber himself.

THE TEN GREAT RELIGIONS.

NO. 7.

The Norsemen were a warlike race,

occupying the northern parts of Europe

several centuries before the Christian era.

They were of the same people as the

Vandals, but better known as Goths,

who marched in hordes down to Italy,

and finally overthrew the Roman Em-

pire.

Tradition informs us their ancestors

came from Asia, the supposed birthplace

of man, and were led by a chieftain

called Oden, who became the principal

God. The Scandinavian mythology teaches

that the first being created was formed

out of frozen vapor and was a giant,

bearing the name of Ymer, who fell

asleep and out of his left arm waded a

man and woman, from whom descended

the whole race of frost giants so re-

nowned in Norse Mythology.

Their Gods were born, having no ex-

istence anterior to the creation of the

giants, from whom they descended, in

the following mythical manner. A cow

was also made of frozen vapor and lick-

ed some stones that were salt, out of

which came a man who begat a son by

