

The Home Department.

Jackson's Day.

(By Howard S. Taylor.)

What shall we say
Of Jackson's Day?

Across the chasm of eighty years
We hear a roar of British cheers
Where Pakenham in vain assails
Old Hickory's fire-fringed cotton bales!
Full three to one the redcoats come
With bellowing volleys charging home;
Come like a tide—then break as if
That tide had struck a granite cliff!
What shall we say
Of that red day?

Why, this—and say it like a prayer—
"Thank God we had a Jackson there!"

Heaven built the man
Upon a plan

So simply yet so largely drawn
He looms like Athens' Parthenon
When fondling sunbeams stoop to kiss
The temple-crowned Acropolis.
So plain he was, yet stately, too,
So rugged, strong and staunchly true,
The muse of history stops to scan
The homely greatness of the man
And softly say,

On Jackson's Day,
"He was of common life begat,
The new world's full-typed democrat."

On Jackson's Day
The world can say

He was a patriot true and tried,
And one who rather would have died
Than plead with any foreign throne
For liberty to rule our own!
Our Declaration, freedom's chart,
Was stamped upon his fearless heart,
And, live or die, or sink or swim,
It was his voice of God to him!

His country's right,
His country's might,
Twin thoughts together, side by side
Dwelt in his soul until he died!

This, too, we'll say
On Jackson's Day:

He learned from men in ragged jeans
Who fought with him at New Orleans
To hold the great, plain people dear
And trust to them without a fear!
He knew the genius of our land
Comes not from mansions rich and grand,

But has its humble, potent birth
At Freedom's fane—the cottage hearth.
And this he knew
Forever true—
The common people's hearts must be
The ramparts of our liberty!

And now we say,
On Jackson's Day,

Till Jackson's grave shall be forgot
And bramble hide the holy spot;
Till all he did with sword and pen
Shall cease to move the hearts of men,
Till then, in times of doubt and fear,
Our eyes shall see, our ears shall hear
A countless host with hope unspent
Walk in the ways where Jackson went.
And men shall kneel
And deeply feel

The truth of what they simply say:
"The good God gave us Jackson's Day."

A Brilliant Scheme.

The Little Woman has evolved another bright idea. Candor compels the admission that most of the bright ideas in this particular family circle originate in the fertile brain of the Little Woman.

He and she—that is to say, the Little Woman and her husband—were sitting by the stove late Christmas night, surveying the wreck and ruin of a Christmas day. The little ones had long since gone to bed, tired and surfeited with Christmas goodies. A battered trumpet hung over the arm of his chair, and a dolly whose hair was a badly tangled mass of molasses candy

and nut shells lay on the floor by the side of the Little Woman's chair. The dismantled Christmas tree stood by the window, its tinsel ornaments somewhat tarnished and the once pretty candles little lumps of melted paraffine.

"I'm sorry it's over," said the Little Woman.

"I should think you would be glad," remarked the husband. "I can imagine how tired you are because you have worked about three times as hard as I have, and I feel like I never will want to get up after I go to bed."

"Of course I'm tired; but think of the fun the babies have had," she replied.

There was silence for a few moments and the smoke wreaths curled about his head in luxurious clouds.

"I've been thinking," began the little woman.

He started to be facetious by remarking that he was supposed to do the thinking for that family, but the Little Woman cut him off short:

"I know you suppose you do the thinking for this family," she chirped, "but the fact remains that if I don't do most of it myself the butcher and baker and grocer would be rather blue. Now I'm going to propose a scheme. Have you thought about what you are going to give me next Christmas?"

"Merciful powers!" shrieked he. "You mercenary woman! Planning already to hold me up a year from today?"

"Nonsense, you silly old dear. I asked that merely to give myself opportunity to divulge my plan. I appreciate above earthly price the presents you give me on Christmas, even if most of them are useless or something I already have. I know the trouble they give you. You put off getting them until the very last minute because you can't make up your mind what to buy, and then you rush frantically around the store for an hour and in desperation finally order something that is of no earthly use. Now—"

"Now look here, broke in the man. "I want you to understand that if you don't like—"

"There you go again. You fly off the handle worse than the hatchet you got at the 19-cent-counter last fall. Will you be still a minute and let me talk?"

Right here he tried to say that if he never said a word until she got through talking he would be as dumb as an oyster, but the Little Woman wouldn't let him.

"That's so old it's musty," she exclaimed. "Now my plan is this: This morning you gave me a rocking chair, and the house is already so full of rocking chairs that we can hardly turn around without falling over one. Besides, you gave me a silver hair brush, forgetting that mamma gave me one on my birthday. And that silver comb is almost exactly like the one you brought me when you came back from St. Louis last spring. That silk waist is lovely, but I'm afraid I'd scare the street cars off the track if I wore it. Now—"

"You don't have to keep 'em if you don't—"

"Don't be angry, dear," said the Little Woman, soothingly.

"But I don't like—"

"Of course not, dear. But I'm talking for our own good. Now I couldn't think of anything to get you except a pipe, and you wouldn't give up the old one for a train load of new ones. You just grunted when you saw the new one and laid it on the shelf, and then proceeded to fill the old one. And I've read so many jokes about the neckties

and cigars that wives select for their husbands that I didn't dare try it myself."

"Funny you never thought about socks and suspenders and—"

"I did think about them, but you like to pick out your own socks and suspenders, just like I love to pick out my own hats and waists. Now, listen, dear. Next Christmas we'll do things differently."

Then the Little Woman proceeded to evolve a plan that struck the man as being inspired.

"Next Christmas," she said, "I'll buy for your Christmas presents those things I want for myself, and I'll lay them by your plate at the breakfast table Christmas morning. Then you buy for me the things you want for yourself and lay them by my plate at the breakfast table on Christmas morning. Then we'll spend the day admiring the presents and thanking one another. About this time Christmas night, after the children have gone to bed, we'll take our places about as we are now—"

And right here the Little Woman plumped down in the man's lap and threw her arms around his neck, jiggling his pipe so that the ashes spilled all over his vest—

"—and then we'll trade."

"Trade what?" queried the man as he brushed the ashes off and jabbed the tobacco back into place with his finger.

"Trade presents, of course. You give me the things I bought for you for the things you bought for me. See?"

The man, not being used to the subtlety of a woman's mind, was dazed.

"O, you stupid!" exclaimed the Little Woman, planting a kiss on the side of his mouth opposite from the pipe stem. "We'll just trade presents. You give me the silk waist I bought for you, and I'll give you the suspenders and socks and smoking tobacco and razor strops and shaving mugs and neckties you bought for me. Don't you see?"

To the credit of the man be it said that the idea finally percolated through his head.

"Agreed, my dear!" he shouted. "That's what I call a great scheme. Now I'm to buy you the things I want, and you're to buy me the things you want. Then we're to trade."

"Exact—"

The man solemnly arose, allowing the Little Woman to slip to the floor and stand upright. Then he tilted her chin upward, bent over slowly and printed a smack right on her lips.

"Little Woman," he remarked, "you've got a long head—so long I'll have to enlarge the house so you can turn around without going out doors."

And the Little Woman's smile of happiness was worth going miles to see.

An Ideal Lemon Pie.

The evolution of the ideal lemon pie with the crisp, tender undercrust, the tart and creamy center and thick golden crusted meringue that melts in your mouth, leaving a suggestion of ambrosia in its wake, is not the difficult undertaking that some people imagine. In the first place the shell crust should be made before the filling is put in, pricking it in several places before baking to prevent the air blisters. One of the best fillings is made of one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs, one cupful of boiling water, the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Stir the cornstarch into the hot water, cook until clear, then add the butter and sugar. When creamy push back on the range, and when nearly cool add the lemon and beaten eggs. Fill the crust and cover with a thick meringue made of the whites of three eggs beaten very stiff with a wire whip. Add, still beating, three tablespoonful of pow-

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dered sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Spread evenly over the pie and stand in a slow oven until it becomes firm, with a bolden brown glaze; this will require 20 minutes, as a meringue requires slow drying.—Texas Farmer.

Children and Sweethearts.

I often wonder if mothers of little daughters appreciate what they are doing when they jest with them about their "little sweethearts" and "beaux." There is so much of this kind of talk that the clear-eyed listener sickens in the hearing. While the boys and girls are young they should be comrades, playmates, friends; but the possibility of tender relation existing should never for a moment enter the heads of the innocent children. When Mabel's mother speaks of twelve-year-old Jack as her "beau," and the little girl flushes with self-consciousness or with anger, the irreparable wrong has been done. The bloom has already begun to come off the peach. The longer boys and girls are kept in ignorance of the fact that they can be anything but dear friends, the happier they will be. They cannot help knowing that grown men and women love and are given in marriage, but the "grown up" period seems very far off to them, and those who love them should keep them children as long as possible. They can be children but once.—Harper's Bazar.

The Care of Lamps.

I have used lamps successfully for years and feel that I can give helpful hints to those who wish to use them. The first requisite, of course, is that they shall be kept clean—especially keep their lungs clean; that is, keep the piece that is perforated with little holes clean; also the wick tube. If after a long time it gets clogged and discolored, boil it in hot soda and water. It gives a much better light to keep this bright. The bowl of the lamp should be kept full of oil, and

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