

...The Home Department...

Little Golden Shoes.

May bought golden shoes for her boy,
Golden leather, from heel to toe;
With silver tassels to tie at top,
And silken lining as white as snow.
I bought a pair of shoes as well,
For the restless feet of a little lad,
Common and coarse, and copper-tipped,
The best I could for the sum I had.

"Golden," said May, "to match his curls;"

I never saw her petted boy,
I warrant he's but a puny elf,
All pink and white, like a china toy.
And what is he, that his feet should walk

Shod in gold over life's highway,
While little Fred, with a king's own grace,
Must wear rough brogans every day?

And why can May, from her lily hand,
Fling baubles fair at her idol's feet,
While I can scarcely shelter Fred
From the cruel stones of the broken street!

I do not envy her silken robe,
Nor her jewels rich, nor lackey's care,
But, oh, to give what I cannot reach—
This—thus it is so hard to bear.

"Good-bye, friend Ellen," "Good-bye, May;"

What is it dims her eyes so blue
As she looks at the rugged shoes and says,

"I wish my boy could wear those, too.
But he never will run, or walk, they say"—

And May, with a little sob, is gone;
And I am left in a softened mood
To think of my wicked thoughts,
Alone.

Golden shoes that never would walk!
I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
And thanked the God that gave him health

And made him such a merry wight,
Nor envied May one single gift
If with it I must also choose
The sight of little crippled feet
Shod but in useless, golden shoes.
—Selected.

Stepping in Our Tracks.

"I never realized so fully my responsibility as a mother, as I did a few evenings ago," said my friend. "The day had been rainy, and the ground was like a sponge; walking was almost an impossibility after one left the pavement, and the street crossings were simply dreadful. I had a sick friend, however, who lived on a shabby side street, away from all pretense of sidewalks, and I felt that I must go and see to her comfort.

"So, when the rain had ceased, I put on my rubbers, tucked up my skirt, and prepared for the trip, not without some misgivings as to how I should get through. My little girl watched my motions, helping me as she felt that I needed assistance, and when I was ready she stood beside me, with a light scarf thrown over her head, ready to accompany me.

"Why, Beth," I said, "you cannot go today; you would get lost in the mud!"

"I will be careful, mamma," she said, smiling up into my face.

"But the crossings are dreadful," I said. She seemed a little disconcerted, but said, wistfully:

"You could carry me across, you know."

"But after we leave the sidewalks, it is all mud, and you are such a big girl."

"The wistful eyes looked troubled, as she scanned the street anxiously;

but suddenly her countenance cleared, and she said, hesitatingly, but wholly trustingly:

"But I could step in your tracks, if you won't walk too long."

"What could I say. I took the little hand in mine and went my way, and, somehow, we did get along very well. But the words she uttered kept repeating themselves, over and over, in my brain, for days, and taught me how very careful I should be about my tracks, because I never knew into which one of them my little daughter would be stepping. When my friends say to me, 'Beth is like her mother,' in this respect, or that, I feel a great dread lest my careless steps may lead the little, trusting feet into the mire, or, stepping 'too long,' I may fail to help her, in her need."

We mothers make so many "tracks." Indeed, it seems we are always stepping, and, in the world about us, every word or deed leaves its imprint; every act or silent influence leaves an impression into which some dear, trusting little foot may slip, heedless of the mire because it is "mamma's track," and to the little, loving heart, "mamma" could not step wrongly. Every hour we are leading the little, sinless feet; and the trusting little soul fears nothing in the following.

How earnestly should mothers seek to see aright; to keep in the safe and narrow pathway, away from forbidden grounds. How anxiously we should choose the safest, avoiding always the doubtful, because, although our feet, grown cautious through the teachings of experience, may step safely over the quicksands about us, other feet, unsuspecting of danger, may slip into the mire of misdoing because of our security.

Stepping in our tracks! The men and women of the future; the fathers and mothers of coming generations, following as we lead! Our hands guiding them, our conduct shaping their course, moulding their character, making or marring the lives that come after us! Is it not a startling thought? Many a man lies in a prison cell today; many a woman drinks the dregs of despair; many a life worse than wasted, and spirit broken beyond hope, because of the "tracks" they followed when little, trusting children.

Floral Notes.

Roman hyacinths, while not so large as the Dutch hyacinths, bloom more freely, and give better results as pot plants; they are not hardy enough for the garden, but are the best for window culture. Three or four bulbs should be planted in a four to six-inch pot. They bloom in eight to ten weeks from time of potting. Plant them now for your Christmas festival.

Parrot tulips are the most showy of their kind, having fringed or cut petals of many brilliant colors. They can be had in mixture, for 25c per dozen, or 75c per hundred.

Don't neglect to have a few bulbs of the Polyanthus Narcissus for your windows. Many of this class are suitable for the open border, with protection; there is really nothing that will so largely repay a little labor indoors as the paper white grandiflora. For 35c one can have a whole window full of the sweetest blossoms.

The autumn is the time to plant iris roots. Very few absolutely hardy plants give greater satisfaction than a mixed bed of these, if planted in a moist situation. They will grow and bloom anywhere, but they do best

in moist places. In beauty, the German iris rivals the orchids; are fragrant, and are fine for cuttings. Japan iris is considered the finest of all the iris family, a later bloomer than the German iris, but to do their best must be plentifully supplied with water while growing and flowering.

If sweet peas are planted in October, and given a protection of leaves during the winter, they will bloom much earlier next spring.

Many of the hardy roses are constant bloomers, and these should be planted largely by every flower lover. They can be planted in the fall and given slight protection. I have had roses in bloom when the snow fell in late November.

The seeds of many hardy annuals and perennials should be sown in the fall, ready to "come up" at the first call of reviving nature in the early months of spring. Many people are "a-going to," in the matter of potting, planting and sowing, but they never "do," simply because of a habit of procrastinating.

From Our Exchanges.

Cream Puffs.—Put together in a small granite saucepan, one-quarter cup of butter, one cup of boiling water, one teaspoon of sugar and a dash of salt. Let this come to a boil, then gradually sift in one and one-quarter cups pastry flour, beating constantly with a whisk till quite smooth. Lift from the fire and stir until cool, then drop in, one by one, three unbeaten eggs. Whip the mixture thoroughly, and drop from a spoon on a buttered tin in little balls, about two inches apart. Bake thirty minutes, when they will puff up and become brisk and brown. Split open when cool, and put in a well-sweetened cream filling, made as follows:

Beat the yolks of three eggs, add quarter of a cup of flour, and pour over this one pint of scalded milk. Add three-fourths of a cup of sugar, a dash of salt, then put in a double boiler and cook twenty minutes. Flavor with vanilla.—Good Housekeeping.

Lemon Pie.—For two large pies, boil together five cups of water, one cup of sugar, and the juice and rinds of three lemons. Blend half a cup of corn starch in a little water; add to it the beaten yolks of five eggs. Stir this into the boiling water and stir constantly until thick and smooth. Fill rich pie crust with the mixture and bake. Beat the egg whites stiff, adding about three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, heap on top of pie and brown slightly in slow oven.—Good Housekeeping.

When making apple jelly add to part of it a little lemon juice, to another portion a little pineapple, and to other portions add other juices, thus having different flavors.

Uncleaness.

An exchange asks: "Why do you permit a custom at the communion table which you would not tolerate in your own home? Why do you not establish individual communion service in your church in the interests of hygiene? You would scarcely be so ill-bred as to offer to one guest the goblet and its remaining contents from which another had taken a drink, yet the same goblet, containing the same wine, is passed from one participant to another, each tasting therefrom, until the whole church membership is served. Have you ever thought of the custom as being unclean?"

Little Helps.

When white garments, table linen, or fine towelling is ready for the rag

bag, do not put it there. Carefully rip apart or cut out all seams, wash all, even the thin pieces, and, after ironing, smoothly, put where it can be readily got at in an emergency of cuts, breaks or bruises. Soft, clean old rags are, at such a time, more valuable than a gold mine, and the house-mother does not know what a day may bring forth.

If the little fingers or toes (or the large ones) get mashed, put them at once in water as hot as can be borne, and keep them there until the pain ceases, keeping the water hot all the time. The treatment is magical.

Unfermented Fruit Juice.

Pure, unfermented fruit juices cannot be too highly recommended for the use of both sick and well. It can be successfully kept for two years by the following method: Take the juice as soon as it comes from the press (cider or grape juice), as early in the morning as possible, and place it, one gallon at a time, in an agate ware, or porcelain lined kettle, over a brisk fire. When the juice begins to steam, place a like amount in a second kettle over the fire. Skim off very carefully any scum that rises. Have ready a quantity of clean pint or quart bottles with corks or clean pint and quart glass self-sealing cans. The moment the juice comes to a boil remove it from the fire, pour through a funnel in which a piece of flannel cloth has been placed, to strain out any possible impurity left in the juice, then cork tightly, if in bottles, or screw the top down and seal, if fruit jars are used. Push the corks well into the neck of the bottles, and when the juice is cool, fill the space in the neck over the cork with melted spermaceti or white wax. Store the bottles on the cellar shelves, placing them flat on their sides. Fruit from which the juice is extracted must be of good quality.—Good Housekeeping.

October Work in the Garden.

"Line up line" about the planting of the bulbs, indoors and out. Now is the time to attend to it, and every moment devoted to the work now will be repaid by days and weeks of bloom and fragrance, next spring, when bloom and fragrance are rare things. Bulbs are so cheap, and so "sure to bloom," requiring no "fussing" over, so easily kept that it seems a pity that so few comparatively have them—in their gardens, at least.

First size, or very large bulbs, are, of course, most satisfactory, and they also cost a few cents more per dozen or hundred; but their bloom spikes are larger and fuller, and often one bulb gives out several spikes of flowers. But the second size bulbs are not to be despised. They bloom freely and beautifully, and what flowers they bear are just as lovely and as sweet as those of the larger bulbs. There is still another size—third size—and these are quite small, yet most of them—in fact with but few exceptions—give a bloom spike with rather thinly distributed blossoms. But they are better than none, and if planted out doors, these will grow and do better the next spring. A well prepared bulb bed should, with proper care, last several years before being disturbed.

The florists' catalogues are now "on the wing," and if they do not come to your home, it will require but a postal card sent to the florist to have them do so. Cultural directions, for both indoors and out, also price and variety of bulbs are given in each of them: "Collections" are also offered at very reasonable cost, yet these "collections" often contain many sorts of comparatively little value to one who has had little experience in growing them; so