

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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AVILION.

"I am going a long way
To the island valley Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or snow, or
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
—Morte d'Arthur.

We seek that island of the blest,
Where all things breathe of perfect rest,
Peat of the ocean's mysteries,
Far from here, 'neath summer skies,
Amid unsundered seas it lies,
Deep in the golden gleaming west.

There never blast of haster's horn
Along the shadowy gales is borne;
There never echoing war-note swells,
But lilies droop their shining bells
In silent fields and dewy dells,
Where slow streams murmur night and morn.

There never e'er the slumberer froth,
The eulit's slight of woo forgots;
Deep in the couch the mosses spread,
Fit for a weary monarch's bed;
The pillow for King Arthur's head
Is all of clustered violets.

Low in the mist upon the shore,
Soft the cloud-shadow's drifting o'er,
Here, storm across the wide sea blow
And billows toss us to and fro,
Ah, thither, thither let us go,
And find repose forevermore.

Where golden-hearted sunsets dream
On shimmering pool and glistening stream,
Where grass is lush and winds are low,
And shadows flicker to and fro,
And all the cares we used to know
Like youth's forgotten fancies seem.

Nay, sail you east or sail you west,
The tide shall never greet your quest;
For only here, o'erwrought
With mighty toils, are thither brought,
And find the boon of rest unsought—
God's best and greatest gift of rest.

A spell the fairy tale doth bind,
That those who seek it shall not find,
Then spread the dream of the breeze
And steer, forgetting dross of ease,
Slight onward through the unknown seas;
Some day in peace of war and rest.

After long stress of storm and gale,
By sunset clear or moonlight pale,
At morn or eve, 'neath unknown skies,
We yet shall see before our eyes
The hills of Avilion, where the sea
And drop the anchor, furl the sail.

—Alice Stone Blackwell, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

TINY SKILLED WORKERS.

Marvelous Accomplishments of Some Spiders.

Though Not Attractive in Appearance They Command Admiration for Their Almost Incredible Achievements.—Fairy-Like Feats.

The best known mechanics of the insect world are the bees and ants, wasps and hornets, all of which are very skillful in cooperative house building; but it is only of late that people have begun to look at the spiders and to find out that, ugly as they are, and unlovable and selfish even among themselves, they are wonderfully skillful little workmen in several trades. How many more trades a longer observation will discover we cannot guess, but already it is known that there are masons, tent builders, balloon and diving-bell makers, and waterproof-silk manufacturers, besides the common web-weavers which we all know.

The mason spider, unfortunately for some other insects, does not care his living by his trade, although no one can deny that he is a "skilled laborer." But he does not devote himself entirely to his useful calling; in fact, he makes his subservient to his better liked, if less innocent occupation, that of a highway robber.

Like any other bandit the mason spider finds it necessary for his safety to spend much of his time in hiding; so he excavates for himself a cave, not very wide but from one to two feet in length, sometimes running downward in a more or less slanting direction, and sometimes on a level. As he is luxurious in his tastes—like many another highwayman—nothing less will please him than silken hangings for his retreat. Like nearly all others of his family, he is by nature a silk-spinner, and it is with silk of his own spinning and weaving that he so beautifully lines the entire length of his cave.

After the silken hangings are finished to his satisfaction, he proceeds to a labor which requires all his skill, both as a mason and a sewer, and that is the trap door which is to close and hide his retreat.

For this purpose he first spins a web exactly covering the mouth of the cave, but attached to it only on one side. Over this web, which though so very fine is also very strong, he places an extremely thin layer of earth; then over this he weaves another web, and on, layer after layer of alternate silken web and earth, cementing all together with a strong cement of his own preparing, until the door is thick and firm enough to answer his purpose. Of course the part of the web which is attached to the side of the cave forms the hinge to the door. In most cases the spider leaves open the door to his retreat when he is out of it, only shutting it when he seeks safety within, and opening it easily by pushing it up from the inside when he wishes to get out.

But there are some of these cunning workmen who wish to secure their caves from possible capture while they are absent; so these extend the silken layers of the lid on the hinge side in a way as to form a sort of handle or lever which can shove the hinge. Having done this they can let the door or lid fall shut after they have passed through, and when they wish to re-enter they have only to press back upon the lever, thus opening the door. As the outside layer of this door is of earth, the robber-mason-spider's concealment is complete, for the most practiced eye can hardly, by the most diligent search, discover the door so ingeniously made. This curious spider is found in several places, but his habits have been observed chiefly on the island of Zante, in the Mediterranean sea.

The tent-building spider is called by naturalists *Clothe Durandii*. To form the fairy-like tent in which it lives and raises its young, it first weaves a tiny, silken sheet with seven or eight sides, which form so many angles, to which are attached the slender silken ropes which hold the tent to the surface of

the ground. So fine are the silken sheets that several of them, laid closely upon each other, are required to make the tent strong enough to resist the rain and protect those under the abed of the tent. As the spider must protect its young from other enemies than the weather it has cunningly contrived that the different layers of the tent shall form a labyrinth through which it alone can find its way. To do this it fastens together some of the sheets on one side and some on others, so that having entered by the outermost opening it has to travel as many times from side to side as there are layers to the tent before it can reach the tiny little apartment where its young are kept safely dry and warm. The more effectually to conceal the tent from possible enemies, the outside layer is carefully discolored with mud so that it may resemble the color of the surrounding soil, but the interior is beautifully clean, soft and white.

Another spider, the maker of waterproof goods, is a corsair, and of course needs a ship to sail about in; and, equally of course, considering its nature, it prefers to get its ship by stealing. So, having determined to enter upon its piratical career, it looks about to find the cast-off shell of a water snail. Having found one of suitable size it enters and immediately begins to prepare a door of varnished silk, which is perfectly waterproof. Behind this door, effectually protected from the water, our cunning corsair lives and looks about, waiting for his prey. Like a corsair, he is under false colors. It is to deceive his victims until they have no time to make their escape that he passes himself off as an innocent water snail. All spiders are said to dislike a wetting nearly or quite as much as cats are known to do, yet there are other spiders, besides the corsair waterproof silk maker, which habitually live in or under the water. All such spiders are, of course, skillful in the manufacture of the varnished silk, which enables them to live under water without injury.

One such spider, called by naturalists the *Argyretes* from two Greek words signifying silver and spun, lives in stagnant water, on the surface of which it swims about with perfect ease, keeping its head and legs in a little globe of varnished silk, which shines like silver; and, being filled with air, acts as a life preserver, keeping its wearer from sinking.

The female of this spider constructs for itself a sort of diving-bell, in which it can live all winter beneath the water. This diving-bell—an oval-shaped cocoon of varnished silk, well filled with air, is made up of many layers of strong but very supple silken cables to the surrounding plants. In it its maker lies in wait for prey, or deposits and jealously guards her cocoon of eggs, or shuts herself up during the winter.

Still another spider is a skillful paper maker, and Dr. Livingston found many specimens of it living in central Africa, where it makes its nests of small sheets of thin, gray paper, resembling that of which hornet and wasp build their nests, pasted so closely to the walls of the native's huts as to almost escape observation.

The balloon-making spider has attracted great admiration for the skill with which he spins, weaves and inflates a tiny balloon underneath which it remains in safety, while the breeze wafts it about.

Another little air traveler is able to make long aerial voyages without the aid of either wings or balloons. It is known as the Gossamer spider, and great multitudes of them have been found on ships fully sixty miles from land. The Gossamer is only about one-tenth of an inch in length and of a dusky red color. Upon first coming in contact with the rigging of a ship it always seems to be attached to only a single thread, but in a few moments is surrounded by a mesh of floating web, which appears to be produced simply by the entanglement of the one long single thread.

When the Gossamer is on land and wishes to sail off through the air it crawls upon some little eminence, elevates its abdomen, sends forth a single thread, and immediately the slightest breath of air bears it away at a line or level, or nearly so, with the height from which it started. Mr. Charles Darwin, who tells us about this spider, says that he thought he could perceive that before sending forth the floating thread the spider connected its legs to other delicate threads; but if this observation be correct it may be that the delicate threads uniting to the spider's very light body may form a sort of parachute and aid it in its flight.

Another tiny spider, while placed on the top of a post shot forth from its spinners four or five threads, each about a yard in length. These threads glittering in the sunshine, looked like separated and waving rays of light, on which it soared away as if on wings. "It's supply of silk," says Mr. Darwin, "is seemingly inexhaustible."

This might probably be said of most spiders. A very keen and accurate observer has told me that he once traced what seemed to be a single continuous thread of spider's web extending from a point on the shore of the Hudson river near Cold Spring to another point on the opposite shore near the West Point landing, at the height of about a yard above the water. My informant was in a rowboat at about five o'clock of a very still June morning, and rowed his boat quietly beside the thread of web for the whole distance. This is another fact to prove the immense productiveness of the little creatures in proportion to their own size.—Helen E. Smith, in N. Y. Independent.

The Familiar Servant Girl.
Homely Servant Girl (to handsome mistress). You made quite a conquest yesterday.
Mistress—What do you mean?
Servant Girl (giggling)—There is a gentleman who is dead gone on you. He told me so himself.
"Who is the lamented party?"
"He is a street car driver who has been coming to see me. It takes a handsome woman to make a man of him."—Texas Sittings.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Brown university has decided to admit women to its classes on the same conditions as men.

—Brown university will receive \$70,000 from the estate of the late J. W. Smith, of Providence.

—Boston university has received from Mrs. Douglas, of Cambridge, three highly-prized suits representing respectively Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Hon. Aaron Burrington and Gen. Lyman.

—The Smithsonian Institution recently paid \$1,500 for a single butterfly. The species has long been believed to be extinct. The one now in the Smithsonian was caught in the Sierra.

—The English Missionary society, whose centenary is in 1892, intends to endeavor to raise a special centenary fund of \$100,000, and to seek also to increase the annual income of the society to \$100,000.

—A Persian any person not Mohammedan are at liberty to attend Christian worship, but a Mohammedan can not abjure his religion without fleeing the country or losing his life. A policeman stands by the door of each mission chapel to prevent the attendance of Islamites.

—A comparative table of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Mission to North India, shows that the growth has not only been steady but that a uniform rate of increase has been maintained. The number of communicants being, in 1863, 209; 1865, 655; 1873, 1,567; 1878, 2,863; 1883, 4,400; 1888, 6,944; 1891, 12,797.

—The king of the Belgians has honored one of the Baptist missionaries of the Congo with a decoration. The gentleman, Rev. Geo. Greenfield, is not only a preacher, but an explorer of note. Great interest attaches to his discovery of the Mobangi, which he has proved probably to be the Congo's greatest tributary.

—A "school for domestics," the first of its kind, is to be opened in St. Petersburg. The object will be to teach poor women all kinds of household work, cooking, mending and sewing, also, to make and shirt making. The women who successfully learn their work will be recommended to good positions, and such of them as can not stay away from their households will get work at home.

—The Presbyterians of Canada did better for home missions than for foreign missions in the year recently closed. Rev. Geo. Greenfield, in a little book, shows that the growth has not only been steady but that a uniform rate of increase has been maintained. The number of communicants being, in 1863, 209; 1865, 655; 1873, 1,567; 1878, 2,863; 1883, 4,400; 1888, 6,944; 1891, 12,797.

—In Mitau, Kurland, an "industrial school" for young women will be opened for the benefit of girls and young married women who desire to work for their own living. The principal subjects taught will be trades in which women are the least annoyed by the competition of male laborers. Languages and bookkeeping will be taught, with a view to enable the scholars to take positions in the large factories of Warsaw, Kiev and Odessa, where goods are produced for foreign markets.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Where there's a will there's a way.
—Youth paints the circus bill for old age to tear down.
—The "latest thing out" is usually the youngest man with a litchkey.
—"Vicissitudes even in our pleasures; but when the pleasures are in our pains, what is a monopoly? A corporation in which other fellows hold all the stock."—Texas Sittings.

—A turtle is a "lazy fellow; but no other fellow thinks he has a soft snout."
—Richardson Recorder.
—The farmer who hides his light under a bushel incurs the risk of never seeing a saw barn.—Lowell Mail.

—Mr. Gubbins, you will never be a "brave warrior." "Why not?" "Haven't the tools."—Danville Breeze.
—"That young fellow in the jacketing party—is he a yachtsman?" "No; just a salesman."—Indianapolis Journal.
—The most difficult up and down of this life are keeping expenses down and appearances up.—Acheson Globe.

—The woman who really wishes to refuse contents herself with saying so. She who explains wants to be convinced.—Acheson Globe.
—Some one says "poets are declining." "This is evidently a mistake. Every poet will tell you that it is the editors who are declining."—Richmond Recorder.
—"My speech at the meeting last night was my maiden effort," said the young orator, proudly. "Yes," cynically replied his friend, "I supposed it was something of a miss."—Baltimore American.
—"There is always something for every man in the world." "Even the calamity bowler is thankful. He is thankful that there is nothing in the world for him to be thankful for."—Acheson Globe.
—"It strikes me, my dear," said he sarcastically, as the cries of the baby about above the lullaby she was trying to sing to it, "that your voice is something of a nuisance."—Baltimore American.
—All That Could Be Desired.—Mrs. Baxter—Did you have a nice time on the church picnic? Mrs. Wickstaff—Perfectly lovely. I utterly ruined my old gown, and my husband has promised to get me another.—Clothes and Amusement.
—Lady (in butcher shop)—You can put aside that "half a dozen of your pig's feet." Butcher—Yes, madam. Shall I send them right away? Lady—No, I'm afraid it is not shooting parties to-day, and he'll call for them this evening.
—Examine your own words well, and you will find that even when you have not intended to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings.—much hands than I say something else about them, which is not the exact truth.—Adam Bede.

HE LET THE CAT OUT.

The Hugs John Played on a Collector of Curios.

Col. Morrow Lowry, of Erie, is a prominent politician and an ex-congressman from his district, but more to the purpose of this story, he is a most indefatigable curio-collector. His wife shares with him this mania, and their handsome residence is a sight for curiosity-seekers. Among the bon ton of Erie is a Mrs. Thornton. This lady had a cat, an old family cat, to which she had become greatly attached. The animal was seized with the mumps, and in course of time the hair all came off, leaving poor Tabby a most curious-looking creature. Mrs. Thornton decided that the humane thing would be to have pussy drowned, and she therefore called in the aid of Jim Stuart, a gentleman of color. Mrs. Thornton asked Jim to carry the cat away and drown it, agreeing to give him five dollars if he made a sure thing of it. Jim had the cat in a bag when he met Col. Lowry. Jim had borrowed an old plug of a horse from the colonel some weeks before to go to Union and had not returned the animal. Seeing him the colonel said:

"Say, Jim, when are you going to bring my horse back?"
"Well, now, look ahead, kunnel," said Jim. "I borrowed that horse to go to Union; I ain't done gone to Union yet, an' when I does an' gets back I shall bring dat hoss back."

The colonel laughed at Jim's evasion and then asked: "Say, Jim, what have you got in the bag?"
This gave Jim an inspiration; he knew the colonel's mania, and unblushingly he answered: "I tell you what, kunnel, I got a great curiosity in dat bag; you 'member my brother Jake what went out to Denver; well Jake he's been telling me what great things dey have out dah, and finally he done send me a Rocky mountain cat; mos' curious animal you ever saw, kunnel."

This excited the colonel's curiosity, and he said: "Let's see it, Jim; I like to look at curiosities."
Jim opened up the bag and the colonel took a peep. He certainly saw a curiosity.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I'll buy that cat from you. I'll give you five dollars for it."
"Oh, no, kunnel; I wouldn't sell dat cat; it was a present from brother Jake, you know; and then the express charges was mos'ery this mornin'." "Now here, Jim," said the colonel, getting excited over the matter, "I have been friendly to you and can help you yet. I'll tell you what I'll do; I want that cat, and you can keep the old horse you borrowed, and here is five dollars to boot; you take the cat down to my house; your brother won't kick at that bargain."

"All right, kunnel; I see gwine ter 'bligs yer, though I dose hate to sell my brother Jake's present."
The cat was duly taken to the colonel's home, and he and his wife devised an elegant cage for the poor beast. So pleased were they with their last new acquisition that they gave a grand reception and invited the elite of the city, making the Rocky Mountain cat the place of residence of the affair. Through came and went and wondered and amazement were expended upon the feline curiosity. Naturally Mrs. Thornton, as one of the upper ten, was an invited guest. As soon as she saw the cat she recognized the old family favorite.

"Why, Mrs. Lowry," she exclaimed, "where in the world did you get our old cat?"
"Your cat, indeed," said the hostess in a very much offended tone. "Col. Lowry bought that cat at a high price; it is a genuine Rocky mountain cat and a great curiosity. Jim Stuart's brother Jake sent it from Denver and the colonel bought it from Jim."
"Yes," said Mrs. Thornton, "and it was last Monday afternoon the colonel bought it. That same afternoon I hired Jim Stuart to take that cat away and drown it."

PAT'S BLUNDER.

The Mistake One of Uncle Sam's Mail Wagons for a Circus Cage.

The other day one of the cross streets up town was practically closed while workmen were busily engaged in paving the crossing. No sign was up, but every vehicle that came that way was warned back. Presently a gaily painted box on wheels, with a driver perched high up in front, came rattling down the road.

"Yes, can't you come through here?" shouted a brawny Irishman, flourishing his arms.
"Ah, go way there, Pat," called out the driver, waving sternly, without stopping his horse, and with a look of astonishment. He belongs in the list of many lovely, old-fashioned things that will never lose their sweetness and beauty—love pinks, hundred-leaf roses, Irish melodies and lovers' songs. She makes an ideal friend, a satisfactory wife, and an unsurpassable grandmother.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—The First Cause.
She—I wonder why the Creator made man first?
He—He was forced to do it, by necessity.
She—Why, how you talk. The Creator couldn't be forced to do anything.
He—All the same He was in this case.
She—How do you make that out?
He—You see, a previous residence in the United States he will have to be sent back to the country where he came from. The law is explicit.—Buffalo Express.

A RARE TYPE OF WOMAN.

The One That Does Not Frizz Her Hair or Wear Bangs.

Occasionally there is to be met a woman with fair, fresh complexion, in a neat but unobtrusive gown, fastidiously booted and gloved. Wherever she may be she has a look as if dust would never cling to her garments nor settle down in a greasy smudge upon her nose. Her movements are gentle and deliberate. She is not nervous or fussy and never catches her apron strings in chairs or door knobs, but goes her way imparting peace to the restless and courage to the weak. The most striking thing about her, and the most beautiful, is that she has never "banged" her hair, and she does not frizz. Her smooth, white forehead is not shaded by a shaggy mane which stands out like that of the subject under the galvanic battery, or falls in stringy locks on damp days. She does not have to hunt through the milliner's stock for just that sort of a hat that will hide her curls, crimps in the coiffure, or carry about in her pockets an assortment of wigs to wear when it rains or when there is a fog.

When she makes her toilet she does not keep the family waiting while she heats the curling iron, sings and scorching her hair in haste to finish the unpleasant job. She saves in omitting the frizzing nuisance, less than half an hour daily, and half an hour in three hundred and sixty-five days amounts to time enough for the beginning and completion of some work that would be worth doing.

But these are merely incidental considerations. The woman who does not frizz is a type of herself—and one of the best. She may not be very skillful at progressive culture, or interested in such chit chat as is dispensed with five o'clock tea. But she is very apt to have ideas and executive ability which gives her ideas a practical value, and when in society, as she frequently is, exerts an influence, marked and peculiarly her own.

The woman who does not frizz is a capable person. She is largely represented in the territories where she has pre-empted a quarter section and obtained a clear title to it by conforming to the law. Nearer home she sometimes takes the reins into her own hands, after the husband dies or is disabled and makes farming pay. Her crops are put in promptly and harvested without delay, and she has a knack of always getting for her wheat the highest market price.

Frequently she marries the minister, and then she teaches a Bible class and can talk intelligently about the Holy Land, speaks when necessary in prayer-meeting, presides over the aid society, and maps out all the mission work.

Or she teaches school, and when she has this she is apt to be a principal, a high school teacher, or to have a model kindergarten, and all the children like her and all the other teachers look up to her, for counsel and example.

She is also interested in reforms of all kinds, and sits on the platform, well to the front, in national conventions of societies, or prison reform, or humane society conventions, and presents resolutions and submits reports that are unanimously approved. She goes about privately upon charitable work of her own—in the performance of good deeds of which the world is never informed. But sick children in city tenement houses know her, and outcast women whom she helps to a better life, the poor and the unfortunate whom she pities without patronizing and assists without ostentation. She belongs in the list of many lovely, old-fashioned things that will never lose their sweetness and beauty—love pinks, hundred-leaf roses, Irish melodies and lovers' songs. She makes an ideal friend, a satisfactory wife, and an unsurpassable grandmother.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Tie a piece of male bread in a white muslin cloth and drop it into the pot with your boiling cabbage; it will absorb all the offensive smell.

—The skin of a boiled egg in the remedy for a boil. Carefully parboiled, and apply to the boil; it draws the matter and relieves soreness.

—To keep nickel silver ornaments and mounts bright rub them with woolen clothes that have been saturated in spirits of ammonia.—Detroit Free Press.

—For soft corns dip a piece of Muslin cloth in turpentine and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is situated every night and morning. It will prove an immediate relief to the pain or soreness, and the corn will disappear within a few days.

—The fashion of dressing up matter-pieces in now entirely out of date. The mantle shawl does not pretty enough in itself to require no dressing of this kind. If it be so old or discolored that it needs to be hidden, give it a coat of paint.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Muffins.—One egg, half cup butter and lard mixed, melted and poured into one pint sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls baking powder sifted with enough flour to make a stiff batter; beat hard and bake in gem pans. They are excellent made of Graham flour.—Old Homestead.

—Pie With One Crust.—To one pint of apple sauce, strained through a colander, add the well beaten yolks of three eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful of whipped cream. Bake in one crust and when done add a meringue made of the whites of the eggs.—Boston Globe.

—Large squares of white or cream linen, embroidered with cross-stitch, are employed to form the centers of quilts, covers, for chest of drawers, chair backs, etc. They are to be united and bordered with crochet insertions and edgings, and are decorated with a central sprig, or an all-over design, in red and blue cotton.—N. Y. World.

—A remedy for Rashes.—Take three pounds of oatmeal, or meal of Indian corn, and mix it with a pound of white lead; moisten with treacle so as to form a good paste, and put a portion down at night in the infested building. Repeat for a few nights alternately, and in the morning remove the paste and the fungus to the cleanest place.—National Presbyterian.—N. Y. World.

—Corn-Starch Cake.—One-half cup butter, scant, one cup sugar, two eggs (yolks), one teaspoonful extract almond, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, two tablespoonfuls corn-starch, one teaspoonful baking powder, whites of two eggs. Mix in the order given, mix the corn-starch and baking powder with the flour. Bake in a shallow pan.—Boston Herald.

—Boiled Ham.—A large ham should be cooked five or six hours; one weighing twelve pounds four hours, boil in plenty of water, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar, one of brown sugar and a dozen cloves. When done take from the water, remove the skin, put in a dripper and cover with a board and set in a cool place.

—Pillars.—Wash two pounds of rice in a little water, with half a pound of butter, some salt, pepper, corn, cloves and mace. Keep the saucepan closely covered until the rice is sufficiently cooked; then have ready one and one-half pounds of bacon and two whole onions. Boiled, place the rice in the middle of a dish and the onions on each side; cover over with the boiled rice and garnish with hard-boiled eggs and fried whole onions.—Boston Herald.

THE GENUINE HOME.

No Conducted Upon Basis Which Are Inhabited.

The keeping of a house in such a manner as to result in a genuine home is largely in considering housekeeping in its true relation as subservient to the household life. To make the household life made for the family and not the family for the household. The housekeeping that is so immaculate that comfort is sacrificed to order, that convenience is sacrificed to appearance, is by no means ideal, however fair may be its outward aspect. Order, punctuality, cleanliness, economy are virtues in the relative sense, and only as they are held adjustable are they strictly virtuous. The life is more than meat, and there may be considerations of enjoyment or of social duties that quite supersede a regulation that rivals that of the Mo'ers and Persians in its unvarying character. In many households the family life would gain largely by considering breakfast as a movable feast, to be partitioned off at the individual convenience of each member of the family, rather than to be appointed at a fixed hour, when all must, perforce, appear. Coffee and rolls served in one's room often enable one to write letters, or perform some needed task, impossible if a regular breakfast hour down-stairs must be observed. The French custom is gaining more and more in American households, and it is one to be welcomed. Adaptability and adjustability are the most desirable factors in housekeeping economy. The morning is usually the best time for any individual work. Then the hours are, as a rule, free from social demands, and the individual is in his best condition for writing, or for whatever employment he may be engaged in, if of a nature requiring solitude and thought. A margin of easy-going latitude in housekeeping life need interfere with no essential arrangement, and may afford a world of comfort to individual lives.—Boston Budget.

—Every Man to His Trade.
Jinks (at a variety entertainment)—That fellow in front of us was about the only one who didn't applaud that good old song, "Don't Despise Me Because He Wears a Ragged Coat." He must be a regular aristocrat, isn't he?
Blake—Well, I dunno. Maybe he's a tailor.—Good News.

STYLISH TRIMMINGS.

—The brilliant jeweled effects of last season are modified by the use of pearl beads in all colors in combination with the jewels, and some of the newest trimmings are made entirely of full pearl beads in soft shades, which in the popular floral designs copy nature's style.

The combination of these materials with embroidery is especially effective, and the less elaborate designs are appropriate for quite simple dresses. As in military, spangles are conspicuous in dress trimmings, not only the bright spangles in gold, silver and bronze, laid on flatly and separately, but in all colors, with a mat finish that imparts a soft tone, and arranged in clusters, the spangles set on edges closely together, looking, in some colors, like closely trimmed feathers, the illusion being heightened by their gently swaying like feathers moved by a breeze. A floral design in a delicate heliotrope tint resembles a quilled artemisia with a center of gold gold.

Jet is perennial in its attractions, and maintaining its well-deserved prestige, fine-cut beads are prominent in the handsome trimmings, combined with round and oblong faceted beads about the size of small peas, especially in the all-jet fringes, which come from three to twenty-seven inches in depth. There are festoon fringes made of strands of fine beads, of graduated lengths, festooned between square or oblong clous, which, when applied, set to the bottom of a train, give a scalloped outline. The same design is repeated in a narrower trimming.

Passmenteries of solid jet will divide favor with those of cord and jet, and some of the handiwork are of a sort of crepe cord, fine-cut jet beads, and a coarse guipure net, which produces the effect of an applique trimming. Crocheted trimmings are also popular, with and without jet, and in colors as well as black, colored beads being often used with the latter. Lace effects are prominent in fine garnitures, the net used being heavy, often appearing as if the different parts of the design were joined with lace stitches. One handsome trimming is made of fine silk braid and crepe cord, in which variations of color of heavy twist complete the scroll-like pattern.

Narrow edges, commencing at half an inch in width, in passementerie and silk braid, are in almost endless variety, in black and colors. Sometimes both edges are straight, sometimes only one, and again both are irregular in outline, in accordance with the purpose for which they are to be used. The favored low-line design has developed into rosettes and many-looped bows of satin and gros-grain "baby" ribbon, which appear in all classes of passementerie. Narrow twist fringes, somewhat wider than the "Tom Thumb" fringe of long ago, have reappeared, also moss trimmings about three-fourths of an inch wide, with beads through the center.—Demorest.

—Contentment.
If you do not possess all the things you would like to have, it is very poor policy to lily wish for them. A woman is happy just in proportion as she is content. The sun has a way of changing its spots upon which it shines. Especially is this true of our land, where one is up to-day and down to-morrow, and vice versa. The wisest woman who trusts in to-morrow, but never looks for it. To sit down and wish that this might be, that that would be different, does a woman no good. It does her harm in that it makes her dissatisfied with herself, unpleasant to her friends, and makes her old before her time. Happiness is not always increased in proportion to enlarged success. The more you are an old woman, and I think it is, but there is a world of wisdom in many an old proverb just the same. Contentment is a wonderful thing to cultivate. There would be fewer premature-old women in the world if it was given more of a trial and it became a more universal quality in womanhood.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Familiar Petticoats.
A flannel petticoat is no longer a matter of simplicity. After having it trimmed with lace and ribbons it has been decided that it is most effective when finished with a Vandyke embroidery in silk, while the skirt portion is covered from the lower edge to the waist with white silk stars embroidered by hand. A traveling petticoat is made of red and white striped alpaca, finished with narrow ruffles of red satin ribbon about an eighth of a yard wide; there are three of these, and as the ruffles is on the straight the cord finish forms the edging and does away with a hem.—N. Y. Sun.

—Cheerful Words For Invalids.
Encourage all invalids by telling them how many you know with the same ailments who got well, and not by telling them of their unwell ones or asking them whether the color of their cheeks is really better, or mentioning cases in which that sign of disease faded fatally, or telling them how badly they look. Cheerful words are more nothing than cheerful, and stimulating them comes more than anything. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.—Dr. Talmage.