

IN THE VALLEY.

To-day, when the sun was lighting my house on the plain-old hill. The breeze of a bird was ruffled as it perched on my window sill. And a leaf was chased by the kitten on the broom-swept garden walk. And the dainty head of a dabbler rose. Was stirred on its slender stalk. Oh, happy the bird at the rose-tree, unheeding the threatening storm! And happy the blue leaf-chaser, rejoicing in sunshine warm: They take no thought for the morrow—they know no care to-day: And the thousand things That the future brings Are a blank to each as they. But I, by the household fire, can interpret the words of the wind. For the wind "soo-hoo" through the keyhole, and a shadow the house enshrouds; And I know I must quit my mountain, and go down to the vale below. For my house is chill On the winds of ill. When the autumn tempests blow. My mind is for ever drawing an instructive parallel. 'Tis the temporal things that perish and eternal things that abide. When billows and waves surround me, and waters my soul of sorrow. I dream in hope From the mountain top To the sheltering vale below. I go down to the valley of silence, where the worldly are now; I know there is "balmy and healing" there for eyes that with tears are wet; And I find, in its sweet seclusion, gentle solace for all my grief. For that valley pure, With its shelter sure, Is the beautifullest scene, —Nannie Power-O'Donoghue, in Chamber's Journal.

THE STORY OF A TABLEAU.

TRANSLATED BY EMILY S. HOWARD.



It was a beautiful summer day not long ago, two handsome women sat on the terrace of one of the many charming hunting-castles with which the mountains of Styria abound. "Hear in mind, Dora, that Prince Benatschew is a very dangerous man." Countess Dorothea blushed crimson. "Why do you call him dangerous?" "Is not your husband a little jealous of his pretty wife?" "Ah, if he only were! But he devotes night and day to the study of political and economic subjects, and has no time for me."

"Do you mean to say that he neglects you?" "Not exactly; but he has so many things to take up his thoughts that he would not have time to be jealous. Infidelity on my part would arouse his anger, but it would not try his heart. He is a cold and austere man, Emmy— a great and noble man, if you will—but like a block of ice."

"While Prince Benatschew is a veritable volcano." "Dora does not reply, for the subject of their conversation appears on the terrace where the two ladies are chatting. "I hope that I am not disturbing an exchange of confidences, ladies?" "We were speaking of you, prince," answered Emmy. "It was said that you are a man of a volcanic disposition."

"You must be flattering me." Countess Dorothea has indignantly risen. "I have said nothing of the sort, for I know nothing of Prince Benatschew's character. Pray, let us return to the drawing-room; I hear Mr. Greenlow play the pretude to his—"

"I entreat you, countess, stay. It is the 'Moonlight Serenade,' and I am sure we can enjoy it to better advantage here, with the real moon shining down upon us. What a lovely summer night! Look down yonder, countess, and watch the effect here, from where I am standing! Do you see the moon reflected in the lake, and the fountain transformed into a sparkling pillar of silver?"

"Countess Dorothea has indignantly risen." "Where are you, Emmy?" cries she, as she turns to her friend seated beside her. "Come and watch the moonlight." But Emmy has disappeared through the door which leads from the veranda into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and the two are left alone. A faint yet pleasant feeling of awe takes possession of Dorothea's soul. During the past days she has conscientiously avoided the tempter. Tonight she remains spellbound, held captive by a power which is greater than her resistance. Will he again speak of love to her? "It is indeed a delightful scene," she says, with quivering voice. "A delightful scene," she repeats, in confusion; "but let us go in."

"Yet her feet seemed rooted to the spot. She has lost all control over her-

self. The man of the world interprets these symptoms correctly, and begins to do what she has feared— or hoped, she does not know which—whisper a passionate avowal of love into her ear. To him her silence means a yielding to his entreaties. "You have made me supremely happy," he murmurs softly, and steps aside to meet several persons who are at this moment approaching from the drawing-room. Among them is Count Tolstegg, Dorothea's husband.

Early in the morning of the following day, Count Tolstegg informs his wife that he is called to the city on important business and must leave by the last train that evening. "And the tableau in which you are expected to take part?" "As the train does not leave until nine, I will have ample time to figure in that, since I was foolish enough to consent to such childish play. Our hostess insists that no one but myself can represent the character for which she has chosen me, and it would be unkind to spoil her pleasure."

"Then we will leave before the ball commences?" "There is no reason why you should not remain. I will come for you in a few days."

"Command me to go with you, Otho—I beg of you!" But Count Tolstegg shrugs his shoulders with a smile, and makes no reply. The guests are assembled in the pretty little amateur theater, and the players have gathered behind the scenes on the stage. In the first row sits Dorothea, and beside her Benatschew. He has been her escort during dinner, and has filled unnoticed her glass with champagne as often as possible. Dora's cheeks are flushed, and a feverish light burns in her black eyes. Her excitement, however, is not caused by the wine, but by the inward struggle of the past few days.

"I will not!" cries conscience. "I will—I must!" answers another voice in her breast, as if under the ban of some strange hypnotic power. Her husband's departure. Has everything conspired in Benatschew's favor? Oh, if Tolstegg had but spoken one word—one word of comfort and kindness—when she entreated him to take her back with him. She would have gathered strength from it to resist the passionate yearning that drives her into the tempter's arms. There is but one way out of the difficulty. She must confess to her husband the danger with which she is beset. Several times during that day she has been on the eve of doing this when she has lifted her eyes to her husband's cold, indifferent countenance, she relapsed into silence. And now, now he is going from her—to leave her unguarded to the other's wiles. "I am lost! I am lost!" moans the unfortunate woman.

The scene of the tableau, copied from famous works of art, have already been presented. The next on the programme is the one in which Count Tolstegg is to figure. A side-door which leads to the stage is suddenly thrown open, and some one enters and advances toward Countess Dorothea, beckoning her to follow. One of the performers has been taken ill, and Dora is the only one who can successfully take her place. Would she consent? The tableau is already arranged; there is no time to be lost. Dorothea gives her consent. Her dress is soon arranged to suit the character which she is to represent. They endeavor to show her the photograph of the painting from which the tableau is copied in which she is to figure, but in the general confusion it has been mistaken for a bread by the waiter who instructs his young wife. She is ready. The count hurries to her side. A cry of delight and admiration escapes Dorothea's lips. She has never known him to look more handsome. He snatches her hand and draws her on to the stage with him. The others are to their places. Tolstegg leads her to kneel down before him, he says, with a muffled voice: "I am supposed to have stabbed your lover."

"I AM SUPPOSED TO HAVE STABBED YOUR LOVER." The stage is suddenly thrown open, and some one enters and advances toward Countess Dorothea, beckoning her to follow. One of the performers has been taken ill, and Dora is the only one who can successfully take her place. Would she consent? The tableau is already arranged; there is no time to be lost. Dorothea gives her consent. Her dress is soon arranged to suit the character which she is to represent. They endeavor to show her the photograph of the painting from which the tableau is copied in which she is to figure, but in the general confusion it has been mistaken for a bread by the waiter who instructs his young wife. She is ready. The count hurries to her side. A cry of delight and admiration escapes Dorothea's lips. She has never known him to look more handsome. He snatches her hand and draws her on to the stage with him. The others are to their places. Tolstegg leads her to kneel down before him, he says, with a muffled voice: "I am supposed to have stabbed your lover; you are to gaze with horror upon the murderer's form. Press one hand to your temple—"

"I hurt you? Forgive me; but for a moment the part which I am playing seemed so natural, as if I were in reality the lover of my husband!" "Otho—speak—would you have done as he did?" asks Dorothea under her breath. "Oh! my life, my all—I don't know whom I would have killed in such a case. Perhaps myself!" whispers Count Tolstegg, with suppressed emotion, as his eyes rest lovingly upon the protruded form of his young wife. "Otho!" "Attention!" cries the stage manager. The signal is given. The curtain rises.

An hour later Count Tolstegg's carriage is on its way to the station. Leaving back in the cushions, with his arm around her waist, and her head resting on his breast, sits Dorothea. She has consented to her husband's proposal. The proud, austere man draws her gently to him. "Then Master Angell has helped me to be the savior of my honor—" "And of my happiness," tenderly whispers Dorothea.

LEARNING TO EAT POI.

Acquiring a Taste for the National Delicacy of the Sandwich Islands. At your first meal, says a letter from Hawaii you inquire hungrily for poi, and there is brought you a little wooden bowl or calabash containing a queer-looking grayish sticky compound resembling paper-hanger's paste. You regard it askance, and ask for a spoon, but are told it is to be eaten with the fingers.

"Why, no one could take that stuff up in their fingers!" you gasp. "O, yes, just so," and into a companion calabash your instructor dips two fingers, and with a twist, only acquired by long practice, withdraws them loaded with the compound, which is at once transferred to his mouth and swallowed, his countenance assuming meantime an expression of beatified pleasure. You do not know what expression may have been worked upon your visage, but you know your principal sensation is one of simon-pure horror.

"Now, you try it," says Epicurus. "I will," you thrust one finger into the measure, and in a minute you are regaling the delectable viand. As you raise it toward your mouth your nose takes cognizance of a sour smell that harmonizes perfectly with the appearance of the poi. You close your eyes, and, mental breathing forth a devout ejaculation, open your mouth, and suck the poi from your finger. By a sublime effort of will you keep your lips closed over the mouthful, while your companion looks on interestedly, evidently expecting to hear your palate scream with delight. Means which are not to be despised in working with lightning speed. The poi is cold and clammy. The poi tastes like stale yeast; it stings your tongue, and an unutterable disgust possesses your soul. You are sure you are going to choke, but you know you dare not, and you figuratively take yourself by the throat and force yourself to swallow the compound. You can trace its progress through the esophagus by the horrified shudder that organ gives as it passes along it; you can hear the willow-like shriek as the frog-like lump makes its appearance among them, and you think you are going to die then and there. "Don't you like it?" your hearer some one says. You struggle back to consciousness, and your fear, that you are not educated to such a high point of taste.

"O, never mind," is the consoling reply. "You'll be so fond of it in a day or two you can't keep house without it." You know better than that, but you offer no contradiction to the assertion. But if you will let your friends with a conscience untainted by poi you must hold to your resolution to abstain from tasting the stuff again. This will be difficult to do. You will see all your acquaintances dipping into their calabashes and hearing them expatiating on the delights of poi, and you will aspire to taste again. You think about it by day and by night, and at last you venture. You take another step along the downward pathway. As a poet has so touchingly described: "You sit, enraptured in pity, then embrace" the calabash.

Poi is a dish that must long remain peculiar to the Hawaiian islands—all ways, in fact, unless some means are contrived for preserving taro so that it may stand up. Poi is made from taro, a root resembling the taro, and grows in the water, with a large, handsome, green leaf, and it is almost tasteless. There is also an upland taro cultivated in the mountains by the natives which has a more decided flavor. Poi is made from the taro root, which is cut into small pieces, and is almost tasteless. There is also an upland taro cultivated in the mountains by the natives which has a more decided flavor. Poi is made from the taro root, which is cut into small pieces, and is almost tasteless.

"TOES TURNED IN." How a Distinguished Man Was Remembered by an Admirer. A lady who recently had the good fortune to meet a distinguished man and spend half an evening in his company, was eagerly questioned afterwards by her friends with regard to him. Her impressions were highly favorable. She found him brilliant, courteous, kindly and agreeable. "I wish I could have seen you," inquired one friend at length, after his manners and conversation had been fully described. "He is very good-looking—even handsome," was the reply. "Then after a while he said, gravely, 'But I wish I wasn't sure that I should always remember him sitting with his feet planted rather far apart on the rug, and his toes turned in.'"

"His toes turned in," echoed the other ladies in dismay. "I don't know what you mean," replied the lady who had met him; and it is safe to assume that not one of those who heard her say so, can ever again think of this revered literary idol independently of his toes.

It is a trick of memory to catch and retain tricks of pose. People who know us seldom think of us as looking our best, unless our best is the way we look every day, but as looking most natural, most familiar, most characteristic. If a person is in the habit, when talking, of nursing an elbow in each hand and rocking to and fro, or of rumpling his hair, or stirring the dimples in his knuckles with a forefinger, the memory of his friends takes in the consciousness of the act like so many keys. Their minds hold in remembrance the absurd and trifling peculiarity, which, in the man's more flattering picture of himself, he never sees at all.

It is true that little personal tricks and attitudes sometimes gain a charm from merely being characteristic, and that an absent friend is often recalled most affectionately in an attitude whose very awkwardness has become dear. Nevertheless, it is probable that the friend, could he know it, would prefer to see him in a position less natural to him, but more becoming. The distinguished author who turned in his toes would doubtless rather be thought of with toes turned out, even by an admirer ardent enough to believe the former position permissible. It is a like goodness, is a quality that we all of us admire and should try to cultivate.—Youth's Companion. "Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It wasn't a bit funny." "They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."—Vogue.

QUICK WITTED.

Cool Heads Which Have Turned the Dull, Late Scale of Life and Death. A Southern girl, anxious to support herself, and to make her own in the world, entered the training-school for nurses at Bellevue hospital, New York. She became an expert nurse, remarkable for courage and self-possession. One night a patient, who had been hastily admitted to the wards without inquiry respecting her mental condition, attempted suicide by throwing herself from a window. This nurse, by her coolness and quick wit, diverted her from her purpose and saved her life.

The incident made an impression upon the managers of the school. When they received an application from an insane asylum for nurses to be employed in the scientific care of deranged patients, she was highly recommended for the work, and was subsequently promoted to the responsible position of matron in one of the largest insane hospitals in the country.

One of this nurse's experiences with insane patients disclosed her nerve and power. She was attacked in a ward by a powerful woman who had taken offense because for misconduct she had been forbidden to go with the other patients to the noonday meal. The nurse, being alone with her, had incautiously turned her back upon the patient. The infuriated woman crept up, and seizing the little nurse by the waist, lifted her from her feet and spun round and round with her like a top.

The nurse was completely in the power of an uncontrollable lunatic, whose excitement and frenzy were increasing every instant. It would have gone hard with her if she had lost her presence of mind. What she did while she was whirling in the air was to take a large pin fastening the belt of her uniform and thrust it into the woman's arm. The assailant, startled by the sudden pain, relaxed her grip and released her prisoner.

Then the nurse faced her, and had her instantly under control. Looking her in the eyes she ordered her to go to her room and get into bed. The woman, completely cowed, obeyed like a child. The same quick wit enabled a surgeon to save the life of a hospital patient who was undergoing a critical operation.

The assistants had dropped their instruments, for the patient's heart had apparently ceased to beat. "She is dead," they said; "it is useless to go on." The surgeon seized a pitcher of hot water and poured it into the gaping wound. "Go on with your work!" he cried. The circulation of blood was immediately restored by the sudden access of heat. The operation was quickly completed. The patient lived and was restored to health.

Often it is the simplest device which turns the delicate scale of life and death; but only the coolest head can think of it in time.—Youth's Companion.

SUMMER FANCY WORK. It May Save Time in Future as Well as Now. On all the porches and out on the piers one sees pretty hands engaged in light work which in some cases never sees the light after it is made to do duty as a killer of time during the warm weather. Many of the articles which are wrought out in endless quantities, which might have been put to better service if only a little thought had been exercised in the selection of the article or articles that pass muster under the head of fancy work.

Next to towels, in the order of their actual merit, are all the pretty appointments for the table, from the wine glass and water-plate doilies up to the largest bit of its kind—the dinner scarf. The smaller pieces are, however, the handiest to carry about and carry a dozen doilies or initiated specimens which were shown as a guide as to what is fashionable in chairs nowadays, we give a sketch of three—an Empire, a Chippendale and a Sheraton—all perfect specimens of their kind.

The Right to Live Single. It has hitherto been the law in Japan that a woman was not married by a certain age the authorities picked out a man and compelled him to marry her. The mikado has just abandoned this usage. In future Japanese women will be allowed to live and die maids, as in European countries. The Influence of Woman. "No man ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion."—John Ruskin. The Wrong Place. "Foot—I have a poem here to sell. Editor (harshly)—Excuse me, but this is not a junk shop. Aronson (to the owner, please)—Detroit Free Press. Post-Dispatch.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Russian Tea.—Fare and nice fresh juicy lemons and lay a piece in the bottom of each cup; sprinkle with white sugar and pour hot, strong tea upon it. Serve without cream.—Housekeeper. —Baked Hash.—Mix well about equal portions finely minced cold meat of any kind and minced cold potato, moisten with milk, gravy or soup stock—never with water—season with salt and pepper, make into a patty, put in a buttered pan and bake in the oven. This, if properly prepared and cooked, will be delicious hash.—Boston Herald. —Pie Crust.—Rub thoroughly one cupful of lard into two cupfuls of flour, to which has been added a little salt. Mix with enough lard to make a soft paste, but which can be rolled out thinly. Do not handle more than necessary, as upon that and the coldness of the water depends its flakiness. If you are making the pie crust before making the pudding, it should not stand before using.—Housekeeper.

—Omelette Souffle.—For this an earthen pudding dish should be used. Butter it warm. Beat the yolks of two eggs with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful vanilla extract. Then beat the whites of four eggs until stiff, and whip them lightly into the flavored yolks. Pour the mixture into the dish and bake at once in a moderate oven from ten to twelve minutes. Serve immediately. —Braised Tongue. Simmer the tongue two hours. Tie the tip to the thick part. Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, pour on one quart of hot stock, add one-half of a carrot, one-half of a turnip, one onion, one out potato, one sprig of parsley, two bay leaves, one stalk of celery, one tablespoonful each of Worcestershire and mushroom catch-up. Add to the tongue and bake one and one-half hours. Boil sauce down and pour over tongue.—Detroit Free Press.

—Tropical Snow.—Ten sweet oranges pared and grated, two glasses sherry, one cup powdered sugar, six bananas. Peel and cut the oranges small, taking out the seeds, put a layer in a glass bowl and wet with wine, then strew with sugar, next put a layer of grated cocoanut, slice the bananas thin and cover the cocoanut with them; when the dish has been filled in this order heap with cocoanut; eat soon or the oranges will toughen.—Detroit Free Press.

—Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice the cucumbers very thin, sprinkle with a little salt, cover with bits of cracked ice. Let them remain thus half an hour before they are wanted; then drain, and they will be crisp and ready for use. For dressing mix slowly together two tablespoonfuls salad oil with the same amount of vinegar, and a teaspoonful each of sugar and white pepper. Pour it over the cucumbers just before meal time and serve.—Detroit Free Press.

—Sponge Cake.—Take one cupful of sugar, four eggs, one cupful of flour and one level teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar together, then add the flour which you have sifted through a sieve, and lastly stir in the beaten whites of the eggs. This makes one loaf, baked on a long shallow tin makes a very nice rolled jelly cake. I have used this recipe often and like it, both for jelly cake and sponge cake. It may be baked quickly.—Prairie Farmer.

CHIPPENDALE AND SHERATON STYLES ARE THE MOST POPULAR. At a recent sale of old furniture the most eagerly sought-for specimens were necessarily the rather gaudy Empire styles, gilt chairs, onyx tables and "whatnots," ornolu cabinets, mirrors, etc. Next in public estimation evidently came specimens of Chippendale's

and Sheraton's cabinet work, and it was quite noticeable that the Gothic wood-carving so much admired a decade ago had gone off in the ever-fleeting public estimation, as there seemed absolutely no sale for the many beautiful specimens which were shown. As a guide as to what is fashionable in chairs nowadays, we give a sketch of three—an Empire, a Chippendale and a Sheraton—all perfect specimens of their kind.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

PRETTY LITTLE CLOAK.

How to Make an Artistic Garment for a Girl—The Materials Used by the Inventor of This Charming Design Was a Worn-Out Dress of Considerable Antiquity. Economy does not necessarily sacrifice neatness and beauty to usefulness. Some of the prettiest dresses imaginable are "made over" dresses, and the number of bewitching little garments our grown-up clothes are capable of being turned into for the tiny folks is legion.

The little cloak illustrated here is one of the "made-overs," and I am quite sure no prettier need be asked for to put a little four-year-old maiden into it. It is very simple, but I was converted to the doctrine of simplicity for children long ago.

The materials for the little cloak were—well, a worn-out dress belonging to a former generation. To be sure, the worn-outness was not universal—only the sleeves really. So the little coat has all the wear of new goods in it. The body is dark blue plaided off with lines of gold and red. The sleeves of plain blue to match the ground-work of the plaid, and the cuffs and yoke of blue velvet. Blue ribbons tie under a little round chin. However, the material is immaterial! Colors and goods may vary to suit a body's taste—and worn-out dresses!



ARTISTIC LITTLE CLOAK.

Or goods fresh from the counter may be treated acceptably in just this fashion. The pattern in this case was adapted from "worn-out side foremost"—from a round-yoke French Mother Hubbard. The little yoke may be either round or square—the little illustration shows a happy medium. The cloak is plaited instead of gathered to the yoke, with only a narrow heading, and the plaits are side-plaits running each way from a broad double box-pleat in the center of the back and from the opening in front. The sleeves are very full and plaited into the arm-side rather than gathered, and plaited, too, into the velvet cuffs. Two long strips of material (lined heavily with "stiffening") are plaited into a stiff little frill that stands upright on either shoulder. These epaulettes are graduated in width, from their broad in the center to very narrow where they merge into the arm-side cuffs. Long ribbons tie at the throat, and a hook and loop fasten the yoke at its lower end. And there you have the little coat complete! Could it be simpler or more childish? In my own eyes it is very pretty and charming.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

FASHIONABLE CHAIRS.

At a recent sale of old furniture the most eagerly sought-for specimens were necessarily the rather gaudy Empire styles, gilt chairs, onyx tables and "whatnots," ornolu cabinets, mirrors, etc. Next in public estimation evidently came specimens of Chippendale's and Sheraton's cabinet work, and it was quite noticeable that the Gothic wood-carving so much admired a decade ago had gone off in the ever-fleeting public estimation, as there seemed absolutely no sale for the many beautiful specimens which were shown. As a guide as to what is fashionable in chairs nowadays, we give a sketch of three—an Empire, a Chippendale and a Sheraton—all perfect specimens of their kind.



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FAMILY SCRAP BAG.

AFTER knives have been cleaned they may be brilliantly polished with charcoal powder. In making coffee the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel in which you prepare it the better the coffee will be. Silk handkerchiefs should be washed in a suds made with castile soap and tepid water. They should never be wrung out, but just shaken and ironed with a cool iron. There is nothing better for cleaning copper kettles than powdered borax and soap. Wet a coarse cloth in hot water, soap it well, and sprinkle over it the powdered borax. When stewing fruit, or, in fact, when cooking anything in an open vessel, do not leave the spoon in if you wish to have it boil quickly. The spoon carries a portion of the heat off into the air. If Monday proves a stormy day the white clothes, after washing, should be put into clean water and wait for the hanging until fair weather. Calicoes and flannels should not be washed until fair weather. Brass ornaments should be first washed with a strong lye made of rock-alum, in the proportion of one ounce of alum to a pint of water. When dry rub with leather and fine tripoli. This will make the brass brilliant. This is one of those simple things which few people know of. If you are in a Pullman car get a pillow from the porter, put it on your lap and place your writing materials on it. The elasticity of the pillow will insure smoothness, and a pillow cannot be obtained use a shawl or coat. A coffee pot with a strainer of aluminum that will not rust nor corrode, a bread-knife with the cutting edge in reflex curves, that is warranted not to crumble nor crush warm or very light bread, and liquid chocolate in pound cans, ready for use in layers cake, are some of the new conveniences offered by the stores. Some women unwisely try to enhance the brilliancy of their eyes by exposing them to an air slightly impregnated with a powerful acid or rub over each eye a tiny quantity of billonons ointment. This artificial dilation has again and again been the means of injuring the sight. Plenty of sleep and good digestion are the best cosmetics for the eye. HOUSEHOLD NOTES. PUMICE stone is one of the best things to use in removing stains of any kind from the walls. GOLD and silver jewelry may be thoroughly cleaned by a strong solution of ammonia—a teaspoonful to a cup of water. RINSING all sorts of vessels and utensils with charcoal powder is a good way to rid them of old smells that seem to defy the sand and water scouring. AN apple poultice is said to be a good thing for sore eyes that it is used regularly in French hospitals, but any poultice is dangerous for a non-professional to apply to the eye. DURE on a wall paper can be moistened and removed by rubbing over it lightly a lump of dough made of the coarsest flour, and but little stiffer than for a pudding. Stale bread is often used for this purpose, but it is not so valuable as the dough, as the latter leaves no crumbs. The Training of Girls. The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Teach them to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality, and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak of them. Teach them to look for the best quality in everyone they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and install constantly into their minds the necessity of a life of self-reliance as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest can give to their girls, and no matter what necessities arise they will be able to rise above it.—Womankind. To Wash the Hair. For washing the hair, particularly such as is inclined to be oily, nothing is better than the common hard soap of the kitchen. A woman who has used it frequently herself and seen its benefits tested in other cases prescribes it with strong faith. "Make a strong suds," she says, "rub it quickly on the hair and wash it off again at once. After that any scented soap or wash may be used in the way of an ordinary shampoo." An English maid, who is famed for the care of her mistress's hair, may be taken in further testimony of the same article, as the only wash she uses is soapsuds thickened with a teaspoonful of glycerine and the white of an egg. Undoubtedly women waste money in expensive hair beautifiers and preservers. Simple means right to one's hand are just as effective. The pulp of a lemon, for instance, rubbed on the roots of the hair will stop ordinary cases of falling out. Squash Pie Without Eggs. Bake the squash in the shell; when done, remove with a spoon and mash through a colander. For one pie, take eight tablespoonfuls of the squash, half a cup of sugar and one and one-half cups of boiling milk. Pour the milk slowly over the squash, beating rapidly meanwhile, to make the mixture light. Bake in one crust. No Cause for Regret. "I've come out of this tight squeeze in rather good shape," said the new hair-dresser from the stamper machine.—Chicago Tribune.