

It is now said that the deceased ear was greatly beloved by his subjects. We are to understand, then, that he wore boiler-iron underclothes merely for comfort.

A BROOKLYN girl died from the effects of overfeeding on peanuts, but what the society man with a small income is looking for is a case of a young woman dying from the effects of champagne and terrapin.

The fire department in Chicago is making war against the bill boards and poster stands, which, it declares, are fire feeders and great increasers of risks. Perhaps self protection and common sense may at last triumph over a nuisance which hatred for the unsightly could not affect.

The slaughter of big game in Maine this season has been of a wholesale character, and if it goes on unchecked, it is evident that the deer and the moose will soon be exterminated. The almost complete disappearance of the buffalo ought surely to suggest effective protection for the big game which is such a picturesque feature of the country.

WHEN William Hamilton of Lafayette, Pa., was jilted by his sweetheart, he made three attempts to kill himself by throwing himself under the wheels of trains on the Reading railroad. Each time he was rescued by the train hands, and finally handcuffed and sent off to his relatives until he could cool off and pick out another girl who was not so fastidious.

A MAN from Pocatello, Idaho, recently sent to Salt Lake for some furniture. His local dealer, hearing of this, called on him and said: "I had those same goods. Why didn't you buy from me?" "What did you have them?" was the surprised rejoinder. "I never thought so; but I saw an ad of the things I wanted in the Salt Lake papers and sent for them." The moral is apparent.

UNSUCCESSFUL seekers for literary fame 100 years ago were twitted with the danger that their works would prove of value to the trunkmaker alone, but the modern trunkmaker seems to prefer other material than waste paper for lining his products. It would be hard to find in the trunks of to-day a single scrap of print or manuscript, though many a garret has old hair trunks lined with curious and perhaps valuable publications of the last century.

The latest rumor has Miss Pullman engaged to King Alexander of Serbia. This charming young woman has had more newspaper engagements than any other heiress in America, not excepting Miss Anna Gould. She has run the gamut from a newspaper man in New York along by counts, earls, dukes and princes until she has reached a king. It is really hard luck for Nicholas II that he tied himself up with Princess Alix before he could give Miss Pullman a fiancé.

PERHAPS it is courage or rashness of ignorance that leads women to attack burglars. Most men have figured on the problem of what to do with a burglar in the house, and they have nearly all decided that a man owes it to his wife and children not to risk his life in a midnight encounter with a short-haired and desperate burglar—that it is better to lose watches, money, silver and other portable things than to place a valuable life in peril. Therefore men are indisposed to listen attentively when there are sounds as of a soft-footed criminal prowling about the house.

It is now decided that the wife is entitled to own all the wedding presents, including the superfluous collar buttons and neckties, provided she can prove she was the drawing card at the marriage ceremony. This is the latest victory for the end-of-the-century woman. This important ruling was made by Judge Underwood as he gazed solemnly over a pile of presents which completely covered the bar of justice and formed a fortress between him and the two persons who quarreled over the accumulations of ten years. It was the case of Philip Anhalt vs. Louisa Anhalt. The presents were valued at \$1,000, and the woman got them all.

A CINCINNATI grocer says that the pure food laws are a positive advantage to dealers in adulterated articles and for example he held up a can of maple syrup on which was the following label: "Pure maple syrup, sixty-five per cent; corn syrup (glucose), thirty-five per cent." "Now I also sell the pure syrup but I sell two cans of this to one of the pure. People do not mind buying adulterated goods if they know what the stuff is. I was almost afraid to handle the stuff at first but now I want a label on all impure goods handled. I say prosecute offenders against the pure food laws to the bitter end."

One fault of the common school system has been to overcrowd the avenues of employment that relate merely to the ability to write and cipher. The public schools have unwittingly nurtured a sentiment in the mind of the pupil against manual labor involved in trade. The public establishment, unconsciously inculcating the idea that manual work is not consistent with education, has graduated numerous clerks. The result is that more of the places of employment that pay less and promise less than any employment open to youth.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"THE SICK GENERAL" AS A SERMON'S SUBJECT.

God Does Not Want This World to Be Full of Happiness, Lest We Should Want to Remain Here—The Sorrows of Every Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 18, 19 — Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisy or rheumatism or consumption, but with a disease worse than all of these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something useful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If its breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hestler who blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Abim and around whom we came with such veneration when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes, everybody has some thing he wishes he had not. David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to vex him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a tergitant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are early in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore he sends aches, and annoyances, and sorrows, and bereavements of all sorts to push us on, and push us up toward riper fruits, and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you upward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors, who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But O, how the shields dia, and how the visitors fly the hail, and how the music drops dead from the strings, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with spiteful bang as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands, and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say: "No cure; no cure." I think that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employees of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant-girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was: one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land can not cure that leper there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's heart? And many a time I have lain

and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them; I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy; I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the sufferings of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction. O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say: "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the divine physician? "O," you say, "it was my little Annie, or Fred, or Charley, that clambered on my knees, and looked into my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and, all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grand-parents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the divine physician? "O," you say, "my child—my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. O, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize, and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people can not see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." O do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God, and Christ, and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing, or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood aglance at the clank of his war equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!" General Naaman awakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioter: "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioter replies to the waywarder: "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says: "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of a speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioters shout: "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out; you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming, and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick, and the Lord awaits you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you; and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions, and not on the Lord God, and that always makes man practice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited, and waited, and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy; the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not get out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant: "Go out and tell General Naaman to take seven times in the River Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out: "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eyes kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me, or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband?' Is it well with thy child? and will he treat a poor unknown woman like that, and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait, and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Chariot-er, drive on! Wash in Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy

Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! I won't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the Jasper-paved river of Pharpar. Besides that, we have in our country another Damascus river, Abana, with foliaged bank, and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

After all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon, and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river, and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, general, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time in the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And as with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants a wild, "Huzza! Huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance, because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics, or terrorists, or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said: "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the gospel, and "went away in a rage."

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioters did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the pews: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the king's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in you, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord, God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

Hugs Malin Heron. A Maine woman recently shot a heron that was more than five feet in height.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

A FARMER'S WIFE WITH A WILL OF HER OWN.

She Tried a New Plan and Saved a Doctor's Bill—Pretty Gifts Made "Out of Nothing"—A Brush That Raises no Dust—The Love Knot.

Saved a Doctor's Bill. She was a farmer's wife and it was the bad year of 1893, and the no less evil one of 1894, in which money was tight and the farmers saw even less than usual. Help could not be had; work must be done. How she did it when both doctor and friends had felt certain it would kill her, she has told in a recent number of the House-keeper, and her plan was so sensible that it is commended to other house-keepers in like case.

"Instead of giving up or going to the doctor I began the following regimen: The first thing in the morning I drank pure water, generally hot, sometimes cold, but never tepid with or without a slice of lemon. Just before breakfast I took ten drops of tincture of iron in a tablespoon of water. Five cents worth will last over a month. I rose early and worked while it was cool. The windows were open during the night; after the morning sun shown in for an hour I drew the blinds on the sunny side. I had taken the carpet from the floor of the coolest room in the house, and on mornings that were more than usually torrid the oiled floor was mopped with cold water. To the couch in this room I retired whenever the kitchen became unbearable. I prepared plain nourishing food for the family; no pies, few cakes, and plenty of sauce which could be made with a low fire. I worked as little as possible while the sun was high.

"At 4 o'clock I came from this room and broke a small new-laid egg into a cup, sprinkled a little pepper and salt over it, and swallowed it at one gulp. This does not sound nice, but it is not bad after the first time or two. Those who think they could not take it might beat the egg thoroughly and add a half cup of cream or milk, a teaspoon of sugar, with a little nutmeg or cinnamon. After the supper dishes were washed and everything straightened up, I took a full bath strongly charged with salt. The morning is preferable if one has the time, but I am well satisfied with the evening bath, as after it I sleep the whole night, no matter how warm, and wake in the morning refreshed. The last thing before retiring I drank a glass of milk, fresh from the cow, with a lump of loaf sugar dissolved therein. Cream is good for sugar in a weak state of health. After a two-weeks' trial of this regimen I felt well, my friends noticed my improvement and expressed their wonder."

Pretty Gifts "Made Out of Nothing." The eyes of fair sojourners in the fancy work departments of our large stores are delighted with the various lovely articles, so attractively displayed. The average woman, "never so happy," as some one said, "as when creating something out of nothing," saves and hoards scraps of pretty materials for many months, and early in the autumn sets to work to make many varieties of this all important "something."

This year the pretty, useful silk, satin and cardboard articles and the dainty little knickknacks are more attractive and less intricate than ever before, and so, only time, inexpensive materials, and a bit of feminine ingenuity are required in fashioning them. Among the bits appropriate as gifts for men are scarf-pin cases, brush and comb cases, bachelor pillows, stamp boxes, waste-paper baskets, tobacco pouches, newspaper pockets, penwipers, photo holders, etc. I make mention of these first for the reason that many women frequently worry on a headache in thinking "what under the sun" they can devise for the lords of creation, and a few timely suggestions are therefore in place. A comfortable big sofa pillow, worked by his sweetheart's fair fingers, will prove most acceptable to the comfort-loving man. This may be made of grayish-green denim embroidered in elaborate large fleure-de-lis. The five flower-like figures are outlined with white linen floss, and a few irregular dash lines of stitching are run through the middle of each petal, the tips being worked with narrow back-waved braid. The centers of the figures and the scrolls between them are inlaid work of black rope silk. The cushion is finished by a wide frill of denim. Old rose denim with applied designs of white hopsacking, the edges finished with heavy cotton cord, is lovely for a lounge cushion. All the seams are to be joined with the heavy white cord, and, if desired, decorated with puffy little rosettes of the hopsacking.

A craze for souvenir pillows has spread that for souvenir spoons, and now it is the bachelors who are resping the benefit. The gay society belle, at the end of the season collects pieces of materials from which her gowns have been made, and the favored one of her escorts receives a pillow made of all sorts of fabrics—ranging from gingham to brocaded satin—each meant to bring to mind the occasion upon which it formed a part of the gown worn. A very elegant sofa pillow can be made of cream satin. This should be embroidered with delicate fern leaves in green, and finished at the corners with fan-like frills of green satin ribbon, set under rosettes of the same. Fancy figured China silk, now so

cheap, makes beautiful chair-back cushions, if finished with a frill and bows of light-colored satin ribbon. Hay, excelsior, hair, straw and feathers are used to fill these variously designed cushions, to the heavier ones of which should be added a small loop of strong silk cord or leather.

Any man will find a scarf-pin case most acceptable; for that matter, so will any young lady who owns a goodly collection of stick-pins. A dainty case recently seen was made of an oblong piece of pale blue satin, about three inches in length and seven in width. This was lined with pink quilted satin, and the joining of the edges was concealed by a ruching of narrow pink satin ribbon. A strip of wider ribbon bands this case when not open. Yellow with white, garnet with pink, gray with red, pale green with white, are other dainty combinations for these pretty articles.

Odd scraps of celluloid, satin, silk, velvet, etc., serve in making beautiful little stamp boxes. A box can be made by joining together, with buttonhole stitch, four oblong pieces of silk-covered cardboard. A heart-shaped cover, also of cardboard covered with silk and decorated with simple needlework, can be fastened to this by a small bow of satin ribbon. A pretty model seen was of white and green silk, the cover worked with silk floss in daisy design. A square box of pinkish celluloid had a cover of the same hand-painted with pink and white clover blossoms and leaves. This was attached at two corners by means of green satin ribbon tied in tiny bows.

An article both useful and decorative is a brush and comb case. This should be made, if possible, in colors to correspond with those of the recipient's dressing table. A very pretty one can be made of white canvas, with a frill of yellow china silk extending from the upper corners to the middle of the cover. This frill can be made still prettier by being worked in floselle, white clover, pansies, violets or other easily designed flowers being appropriate. At each corner should be fastened a rosette of yellow satin baby ribbon.

To make a handsome newspaper pocket, work an oblong piece of coarse gray canvas with garnet linen floss, leather-stitch together the top and bottom edges, and attach to each corner of the top a loop of rope finishing in each place with a tassel. Decorate with rosettes of frayed rope and attach to the lower edge four long tassels of the same. To render sufficiently stiff to allow the inserting of papers, finish the open edges with rope.

The Love Knot. Tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied her raven ringlets in. But not alone in her silken snare Did she catch her lovely flaxen hair. For, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within. They were strolling together up the hill, When the wind came blowing merry and chill. And it blew the curls a frolicsome race All over the happy, peach-colored face. Till scolding and laughing she tied them in Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

O Eleri Vane, you little thought As hour ago, when you bonnet hid This country lass to walk with you, After the sun had dried the dew, What terrible danger you'd be in As she tied her bonnet under her chin. —Nora Perry

Hints for Keeping Bangs. Try this on your bangs if they positively refuse to stay curled: Wash them twice a week in soft water in which is one part alcohol and dry them carefully, says one who has tried it. That is about the best and safest thing to keep them free from oily matter. The one who uses it, however, must remember that this will have a tendency to make the hair a little lighter. Hair-dressers moisten the fringe with diluted bay rum before curling. Use a moderately hot iron. If you use an iron that is very hot it will weaken the life in the hair, and in a little while you will find that your hair will not stay in a curl at all and that you will have to let it "rest up." An iron that will not "sizz" is best. Wrap the hair around it and let it stay there till it does not feel in the least moist, and when you release the hair you will find that the curls will be soft and fluffy.

Potatoes a la Holland. Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice. Make one pint of rich cream sauce. Put a pint of milk into a double boiler, rub two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter to a cream, add a little of the boiling milk and stir till smooth; turn into the milk and boil until thick, season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Put a layer of the sauce in a baking dish, then a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with a little minced parsley. (A tablespoonful will be enough for a pint of sauce). Then another layer of sauce and so on, till all is used. Cover the top thickly with grated cheese and bits of butter. Bake in the oven till a nice brown.

Brush That Raises no Dust. An anti-dust brush, says Cassell's Family Magazine, has just been patented, the use of which does away with any necessity for sprinkling floors with water, tea leaves, sawdust or any other medium for preventing the rising of dust during the sweeping of uncarpeted floors. The brush itself is circular in shape, and is surrounded by a metal reservoir in which is carried a disinfecting fluid, stourylene by name. In the ordinary way the brush is used rigid, but if the dust begins to rise the pressing of a peg in the handle allows the brush to revolve and at the same time charges it with the fluid.