The News and Herald.

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A WOMAN'S WORD.

Strange, ain't it, how a woman's word,
Her answer, yes or no,
Can plunge a heart by passion stirred
In ecstasy or woe?

An' that's jus' what's a-botherin' me—
I'd give a world to know
Jes' what her answer's goin' to be—
I'll bet she says it slow.

I'd rather hear the doom o' death,
'Twould be no harder blow,
Than jes' the simple whispered breath—
Her little answer, "No."

But then upon the other side.
Altho' I dare no guess.
Yet there's a hint she doesn't hide—
I b'lieve she'll answer "Yes."

How She Helped Him.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

Littlewood Phillips had been in love with Mildred Farrington for two years, ever since he first met her at the Hollwell's card party. He had no good reason to doubt that his love was returned, ye so fearful was he that he had misread her feelings, so much did he dread her refusal of his suit, that he had never hinted that she was more to him than any of the girls he met at the church sociables and card parties in Newington. Innumerable chances for a declaration of love had offered themselves, for he was a regular caller at the Farrington mansion, but this youth was as devoid of spunk as a hare, and was no nearer the goal of his desires today than he had been when Cupid first aimed his dart at him.

So matters stood when a snowfall that brought sleighing in its wake visited Newington, and Littlewood became conscious of the fact that he had actually asked Miss Farrington to take a ride with him. Of course he must perforce bring matters to a crisis now. He was afraid that Judge Farrington would be asking his intentions, and it would be humiliating to have such a question come before he could refer him to the girl for an answer. No, beyond a doubt he must pluck up courage to ask her to be his wife or else cease calling upon her—an alternative that was hideous enough to chill his heart.

The evening was soon at hand. A crescent moon shone in the east and the stars were cold and scintillating. He walked to the livery stable and asked for the cutter, and a few minutes later he was driving a handsome sleigh out to the house where his thoughts spent most of the time. Miss Farrington kept him waiting a good half-hour, but he reflected that it was the privilege of her glorious sex, and it only made him love her the more. If she had come out and placed her dainty foot upon his neck he would have been overcome with rapture. In fact, in his present state, which had also been his state for twenty-four months, Littlewood was not many removes from a calf.

It was cold waiting, so he got out and hitched his horse and paced in front of her house, her faithful sentinel until death—if need be. Not that there was any reason to think that his services would be required; but it pleased his self-love to imagine himself dying for this lovely being of whom his tongue stood in such awe that it could scarce loose itself in her presence.

At last she appears. The restive horse slants his ears at her and paws the ground in admiration of her beauty. For Mildred was as pretty as regular features, a fair skin and melting eyes could make her.

Littlewood handed her into the sleigh, stepped in himself, tucked in the robes and chirruped to the horse That intelligent animal did not move. A flush of mortification o'erspread the face of the would-be amorous swain. A balky horse, and at the start! What chance would he have to deliver his precious message that was to make two hearts happy? He clicked again to the horse, but again the horse continued to stand still.

"You might unhitch him, Mr. Phillips. That would help," said Mildred in her sweet voice.

"Oh, yes—t-to be sure. I must have tied him. I mean I—er—I—di—I think I did hitch—er——"

"There seems to have been a hitch somewhere," she answered.

He stepped out of the sleigh and looked over his shoulder at her in a startled way. Could she mean anything? Was this encouragement? Oh, no. It was too soon. (Too soon, and he had been in love two years!) He unhitched the horse and once more placed himself beside his loved one.

The frosty night seemed to have set a seal upon her lips, for as they sped over the crunching snow and left the town behind them she was silent.

"I must have offended her. I've probably made a break of some kind," said Littlewood to himself. "How unfortunate. But I must tell her tonight. It is now or never. This attention is too marked to pass as a mere courtesy of the winter season. She knows I never took anybody but my mother sleigh riding before."

Then began the process of nerving himself to the avowal. He ground his knees together until the bones ached. His breathing was feverish.

"Mum—Mildewed—I mean Mildred." And then he stopped. He had never called her Mildred before. He had never called her Mildewed, either, but that was accidental, and he hoped that she had not noticed the slip.

"I have something of the greatest importance to say to you."

Did he imagine it, or did she nestle closer to him. He must have been mistaken, and to show that he was quite sure he edged away from her as much as the somewhat narrow confines of the sleigh would allow.

"What do you wish to say, Mr. Phillips?"

"Mister" Phillips. Ah, then she was offended. To be sure she had always called him that, but after his last remark it must have an added significance.

"I—er—do you like sleigh riding?"

"Why, of course, or else I wouldn't have come."

Did she mean that as a slap at him? Was it only for the ride and not for his company that she had come? Oh, he could never make an avowal of love after that. He knew his place. This beautiful girl was not for a faint-hearted caitiff like himself.

"Nun—nun—no, to be sure not. I—er—thought that was why you came."

Mildred turned her gazelle-like eyes upon him. "I'm afraid I don't understand you."

That settles it. If she didn't understand him when he talked of nothing in particular, he must be very blind to his utterance, and he could never trust his tongue to carry such a heavy freight as a declaration of love. No, there was nothing to do but to postpone it. After all, her house was the best place for it.

The horse sped on, past mantled meadows and through pine woods full of filtered moonlight, and Mildred drank in the beauty of the scenes and wished that it were decorous for women to propose.

The night was ravishing, the sleigh-bells jingled harmoniously, the horse swept on with steady, rhythmic stride, and under the influence of sweet surroundings Mildred at last said, pointedly; "Is it so that more people get engaged in winter than in summer?" She blushed as she spoke. It was unmaidenly, but he was such a dear gump. Now he would declare himself. But she did not know the capabilities for self-repression of her two-year admirer.

He said to himself: "What a slip, what a delightful slip! If I were unprincipled I would take advantage of it and propose, but I would bitterly reproach myself forever, whatever her answer was," so he said, in as matter-of-fact tone as he could master when his heart was beating his ribs like a frightened rageling: "I really can't answer off, but I'll look it up for you."

"Do. Write a letter to the newspaper."

Her tones were as musical as ever, but Littlewood thought he detected a sarcastic ring in them, and he thanked his stars that he had not yielded to his natural desire to propose at such an inauspicious time.

"What was that important thing you wanted to say?" asked Miss Farrington, after several minutes of silence, save for the hoofs and the runners and the bells.

"Oh, it wasn't of any importance. I mean it will keep—I—er I was thinking of something else."

"I think you have gone far enough," said she, innocently, looking over her shoulder in the direction of home. Maybe the return would loosen his obdurate tongue.

His heart stopped beating and lay, a leaden thing, in his breast. Had he, then, gone too far? What had he said? Oh, why had he come out with this lovely being, the mere sight of whom was enough to make any one cast all restraint to the winds and declare in thunderous tones that he loved her?

"I think that we'd better go back," he said, and turned so quickly that he nearly upset the sleigh. "Your mother will be anxious."

"Yes, when one is accountable to one's mother one has to remember time. I suppose it is different when one is accountable to a——"

"Father?" said Littlewood, asinely.

"No, that wasn't the word I wanted.

"A-a-aunt?"

Could Mildred love him if he gave many more such proofs of being an abject idiot?

"No, husband is what I want."

Littlewood's brain swam. He had been tempted once too often. This naive girl had innocently played into his hands, and now the Rubicon must be crossed, even if its angry waters engulfed him.

"Pardon me, Miss—er—Mildred"—he did not say Mildewed this time—"if I twist your words into another meaning, but if you—er—did—er—want a husband—do you think that I would do?"

A head nestled on his shoulder, a little hand was in his, and when he passed the Farrington mansion neither he nor she knew it.—Chicago Record.

The Railroad and the Farmer.

The railroad is of the greatest service to the farmer, and here the patent system is most intimately connected with its institution and development. The railroad ships live cattle and perishable fruits and vegetables from distances that would be impossible with the old methods of transportation, because such products would perish on the way, and, besides carrying more stable products, it brings the farmer his implements and fertilizers. In fact, if he had to haul all his products by wagon, many large areas in this country could not be worked, because they are so far from the markets that the cost of shipment in the old way would be prohibitive. The railroad puts the farmer in touch with the consumer, no matter what distance may separate them. Indeed the railroad and steel steamship open to the American farmer the whole world as a market. The steel steamer is much more economical than the wooden sailing vessel which it has supplanted, because it is several times larger much safer and faster than the sailing ship, and yet it requires a smaller crew and a shorter period of time to make a trip, resulting in a great saving of wages. The farmer gets the benefit of these differences in lower transportation.—Scientific American

HAWAIIAN FOLK-LORE.

WHENCE THE NATIVES CAME HAS NEVER BEEN LEARNED.

A Strange Religious Faith—Myths, Legends and Customs Similar in Some Respects to Those of the Ancients—The Tabu System Led to Strange Results.

Now that the Hawaiian Islands are part of our own country, said Professor C. H. Toy of Harvard college in a recent lecture, it has become an important duty to study this group, which stands, and evidently always stood, as isolated as it now is in the waters and "two thousand miles from anywhere." There is a similarity of conditions on most of the islands of the group, and some of the chief characteristics are that there are few animals and practically no flora, but a great variety and brilliance in regard to scenery and uncertain climate.

Whence the natives originally came has never been learned and probably always will be unknown. The traditions now existing point to an immigration from Samoa, but these traditions are too vague to be depended upon. The isolation of the people of Hawaii has caused an individuality of and customs, and in many respects they are unlike any other people. One striking instance of this was the former recognition of the "Tabu," and this practice was a distinct feature of the people of the Polynesian islands. The system of restriction grew out of the religious conditions and pervaded the lives of all inhabitants.

Often this strange practice led to serious results. Certain food was set aside for men, other food for women, and yet a third for children. As an example of this rule, women were forbidden to eat bananas, and it is known that one young woman was put to death early in the present century for violating this edict. The regulations pertaining to the "Tabu," or taboo practice, were enforced by the kings and chiefs. The custom also often interfered with the trade of fishing, which is the chief employment of the people.

The natives were forbidden to look at their chiefs or at their priests, or to allow their animals to do so. This caused great incouvenience at times when the chief or priests walked upon the streets, and particularly so in a thickly inhabited section. The inhabitants at these times must bind cloths over the eyes of their animals as well as their own eyes. Another peculiar feature of the strange taboo custom when a regulation by which a chief was entitled to lay personal claim to any object or piece of property upon which he might happen to set his feet. As a result of this there were often great embarrassment and hardship, for a citizen was in danger at any time of losing his boat, his house or his field.

In speaking of the strict way in which the "Tabu" system was carried out and enforced in every particular, the lecturer said that many persons who violated some edict, inadvertently or otherwise, had been known to die from fear of the impending penalty.

Professor Toy said that the "Tabu" practice originated in the idea that it was not lawful to touch certain things. The idea may have started, he said, with the story that a question was raised regarding the Book of Ecclesiastes. The rabbis asked if it was defiled by a touch of the hands and the answer was received that it was. This resulted in the book being considered sacred. From this time the idea that there was danger in touching many things. Where the system is found elaborated, as it is in Hawaii, it argues a great antiquity of the people, said the speaker.

The morals of the Hawaiians at the time of their discovery by the Europeans in the eighteenth century were not good, according to Professor Toy, and there has been no improvement as a result of the contact with civilization that has followed. This, he remarked, was a strong reflection on the condition of our own moral system.

In Hawaii four days in the lunar month have been tabooed, the people during these times being forbidden to make any fire or do any work whatever, and the king spent these days in meditation. This same practice, he pointed out, prevailed in old Babylon. It was unlawful there for king even to take medicine on tabooed days.

Professor Toy said that Hawaii had an elaborate system of worship, with different grades of priests and a ritual many evidences pointing to the fact that a long time had been taken to develop the system. The folk-lore of the country, he said, had the "Tabu" system as its central idea, while the folk-tales evidently had really grown out of the religious ceremony, and the meaning of them had been forgotten. They had been observed at one time as a matter of absolute necessity, later as a matter of conscience, but finally they all had been swept away and the spirit under which they had been followed had vanished. The people give their gods an elaborate genealogy, leading back to ancient times.

The most important of their gods was the creator god, who made heaven and earth. Then, with him, were local creators, who made the mountains and rivers.

The principal goddess around whom their tales centre was Pele, who ruled over the volcanoes. She was brilliant and powerful, and capable of wreaking great destruction. The people think the eruptions occur because Pele is angry, and they seek to propitiate her in many ways. In folk-lore tales she is called a woman. She is won by a suitor and married, then becomes a lady bountiful, and [illegible] after death. Maui was [illegible] god and culture hero, somewhat resembling in character Hercules of the Greeks. He was accredited with having dived down into the ocean and brought up the industry of agriculture.

The religious system of the Hawaiians gave rise to an organic church more elaborate than that of any other inferior people. The theocratic idea is very strong. All, this, however, only came about through the general uplifting of civilization and the overthrowal of "Tabu," which was accomplished about 1817. It came as a result probably of observances among Europeans, and at a time when the people were rife for a change. When it was found that there were no evil results the change was greeted with great joy, and the idols which were formerly worshipped were destroyed.

IRON MADE RED HOT WITH WATER.

Electricity Used to [illegible] Apparently Contrary to Nature.

One of the [illegible] things developed through the introduction of electricity to everyday affairs is a forge, made for bench use, for the heating of soldering irons or light pieces of metal for working on the anvil, where the heating is accomplished by plunging the article to be heated into a tray of water. Nothing could be imagined more contradictory of one's preconceived ideas than this procedure, and yet to the electrician it is perfectly simple.

He makes the proper connections, plunges his iron into the water, and pretty soon the iron will begin to glow under the water and then to turn red or white hot, just as he desires it for working. When he gets through working the iron he may plunge it into the water again and cool it with a "siss" as expeditiously as he could in any other tank of water. This curious forge is made as follows: The tank is of wood or any other substance which will hold water and not form an electrical conductor. One wire of the electric circuit passes to the bottom of the tank, where it is connected to a plate of metal which lies there. Over this plate water, preferably saturated with salt, fills the tank nearly to the top and serves to conduct the current to whatever object is to be heated. Nothing could be better for this purpose, for the water naturally closes all about the object and fits it on every side. The other end of the current conducting wire is fastened to the tongs or lead to a metal frame[illegible] at the edge of the tank on which the [illegible] or the shank of a soldering iron lies when it is to be heated. The moment the object to be heated is plunged into the water a current passes from the water through the object and at the same moment some of the water is decomposed by electrolytic action. The nitrogen of the water becomes electrified and adheres to the object to be heated and forms a film of gas, which separates the object completely from the water, while at the same time this gas forms such an obstruction to the passage of the electric current that the energy of the current is turned into heat.

Electric forges of various designs are coming into use in place of fires for many of the blacksmith's operations. One of the new ones offered to the trade is arranged with one of its electrodes mounted at the end of an ordinary anvil, while the other electrode is swung above, where it can be drawn down by the pressure of a foot upon the pedal. The arm above has a wheel-like revolving head, and at the end of the spokes of this wheel are blocks of metal of various forms adapted to fit the objects to be heated. The blacksmith turns down the form that suits his work, presses his foot on the pedal and watches until he has a proper heat, and then, releasing the arm, forges and finishes his work on the very anvil where it was heated. Such clever tools cannot, of course, take the place of the old bellows and fire for isolated shops, but in factories they are rapidly being introduced.

Climb 600,000 Steps a Year.

You know how tiring it is to climb up a flight of steps, even when they are well made and nicely upholstered, but the chances are that you have never given the 'bus conductor a thought, although he probably climbs more stairs than any other individual in the world.

An obliging London 'bus conductor has gone into the matter, and, being an adept at figures, as the majority of 'bus conductors are, he quickly evolved the following interesting facts:

"There are," he said, "nine steps from the platform to the top of the 'bus, and it is rather underrating it to say that I climb that flight of steps 12 times an hour during the 15 hours I am on duty every day; 20 would be nearer the mark, but to be on the safe side we will put it down as 12.

"Nine steps at 12 times an hour, 15 hours a day, seven days a week, makes the nice little total of 11,340 a week, 45,360 a month, or 539,680 a year. The number of times I step off the 'bus and on again and the incidental number of steps I climb like any other individual in the ordinary course of life brings the annual total up, I reckon, to 600,000 steps a year.

"Been at this job long? Well, I've been working this route just 21 years, so that I've climbed quite 12,600,000 steps during that time. I don't notice it now, but I did at first go off."—London Tit Bits.

Mr. S[illegible]

Mr. Slicer—[illegible] day that there [illegible] potatoes.

Mrs. Slicer—[illegible]

TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OPENS A SANITARIUM.

New Mexico Has Been Selected as the Best Place for the Experiments, Which the National Authorities Will Undertake—Novel Treatment in Dry Climate.

Consumption, or pulmonary tuberculosis, may be cured in a high, dry and mild climate if the patient is given gentle exercise in the open air.

Upon this theory a government sanitarium, under the management of the surgeon general of the marine hospital service, is to be opened in New Mexico. Only marine hospital patients will be treated at first, but if the establishment is a success the scope of the resort will be broadened to take in other patients at a small expense, sufficient to pay the actual cost of subsistence.

An old abandoned military reservation, known as Fort Stanton, in Lincoln county, New Mexico, is the site turned over to the marine hospital service for this purpose by an order of the president. The official transfer of the property from the secretary of war to the secretary of the treasury has been made in accordance with the statutes, and the work of rehabilitating the thirty odd stone buildings on the reservation will be commenced at once, with the expectation of having the sanitarium ready soon to receive patients.

Surgeon-General Walter Wyman has had this subject under consideration for a number of years, and he is now about to realize one of the ambitions of his life in the establishment of an institution where consumption can be cured through the agency of climatic influences. Secretary Gage has become greatly interested in the subject, and he has given the surgeon-general his personal and official support in securing the desired executive order necessary to the creation of the new establishment.

"I have seen the good effects of climatic treatment of patients suffering from consumption," said Surgeon-General Wyman, "and I have always been anxious to give the open air treatment a fair test. More than twenty years ago I endeavored to enlist the interest of Mr. Romero, then a delegate in Congress from New Mexico, but very little progress was made in that direction until I became surgeon-general.

"My experience has taught me, and I am sustained by many of the ablest authorities on pulmonary troubles, that the most desirable region for an establishment of the kind proposed should be high and dry and the climate mild. Just such conditions as are desired are to be found in the midcontinental region in New Mexico, Arizona, Western Texas and southwestern Kansas.

General Wyman is a believer in the theory that consumptives can be cured by living in a mild, dry climate and occupying themselves at some gentle exercise or labor. He contends that it is beneficial to the patient to have his mind and also his body employed while undergoing treatment.

His idea is to conduct the Fort Stanton establishment as he would a ranch. There are about thirty or more old stone buildings, formerly used as military garrison. There are several thousand acres of splendid land on the reservation, on the eastern slope of the White mountains.

Having secured the authority to establish the institution, General Wyman proposes to run it as economically and on lines similar to those employed in conducting a marine hospital, and it may eventually become self-supporting if the patients are benefited according to his anticipations and the products of the reservation are profitable.

This is a novel method of treating consumption, but General Wyman is confident that it will be productive of good results. Passed Assistant-Surgeon J. O. Cobb was detailed to go to Fort Stanton and make a thorough inspection of the site, and he has submitted a comprehensive report on the subject. After a detailed statement as to the condition of the building, the sanitary arrangements and the railroad and other facilities, he recommends that steps be taken to have "Fort Stanton reservation and buildings turned over to the marine hospital service for immediate use as being the most desirable for the purpose of establishing a sanitarium for consumptive sailors."

Surgeon Cobb also inspected a number of other sites in that region, and at the same time he submitted a long report on the scientific treatment of consumption, which is in accord with the ideas of Surgeon-General Wyman.

Referring to the climatic effects on consumptives, Surgeon Cobb says the very worst of all climates is the hot, humid, saturated, devitalizing atmosphere at the sea level, which saps the strength and life of these patients in so short a time. There are few climates at the sea level that are not subject to rapid changes in temperature and humidity.

It is probably true that the best climate for the consumptive is that of a moderately cool and dry atmosphere at high latitudes, without wind and great temperature changes. At present there is no station where there is a hospital that will in any way answer the necessary climatic requirements for the consumptive sailor.—New York Herald.

His Interest.

"I want to see the airship an established factor in our every-day life," remarked the skeptic.

"You think it will be a particularly [illegible]tion?"

"[illegible]e to live that long, [illegible]ington Star.

ART IN AMERICA.

Growth That Promises to Make This Country the "Louvre of Nations."

It does not seem to be commonly realized that America—that is, the United States—is on the way to become the Louvre of the nations, remarks a writer in the Nineteenth Century. From year to year the public galleries have been enriched with masterpieces of all the modern schools; and by purchase, bequest, or gift, many valuable and some great pictures by the older Italian, Flemish, and Spanish masters have been added to the already imposing store of national art wealth.

In New York preeminently, but also in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and in other large cities from New Orleans in the south to Chicago in the north, and from Baltimore in the east to San Francisco in the west, there is now so numerous, and, in the main, so distinguished a congregation of pictures, of all schools and periods, that the day is not only at hand, but has arrived, when the native student of art no longer needs to go abroad in order to learn the tidal reach and high-water mark in this or that nation's achievement, in this or that school's accomplishment, in this or that individual painter's work. In time, and probably before long, the great desideratum will be attained—the atmosphere wherein the creative imagination is sustained and nourished. At present the most brilliant American painters must follow the trade flag of art, and that banner flaunts nowhere steadily but in Paris and London.

There are now in America more training schools, more opportunities for instruction, more chances for the individual young painter to arrive at self-knowledge than were enjoyed of old by the eager youth of Flanders, of France, of Spain, even of Italy. But the essential is still wanting, without which all these advantages are merely as stars among the branches. There is no atmosphere of art in America at large.

In the great majority of towns throughout the States there is no atmosphere at all. But every few years the radical influences at work are transmuting these conditions, and though neither Boston, nor Washington, nor even New York are yet art centres in any way comparable to London, [illegible]nich, the time is [illegible] the inevitable [illegible] not know just how, art treasures [illegible] States are already [illegible] provincial cities and towns [illegible] which only Liverpool and Glasgow stand out pre-eminent.

New York, naturally, has become the art metropolis of the States. Already the art wealth of this great city is almost incalculable. Boston comes next, then Washington. But notwithstanding the general idea to the contrary, the finest private collections are not in New York. There is no private collection in New York or Boston or Washington to compare for a moment with that of Mr. W. T. Walters at Baltimore. Of all the "homes of art" to be seen in America, Mr. Walters' is pre-eminently "the House Beautiful."

Within the last ten years the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has become the most interesting of all national art collections.

Europe Buying Our Musical Instruments.

Till a few years ago more than half of the musical instruments used in this country were imported. Now we are exporting more musical instruments by fifty per cent. than we import.

Our exports of musical instruments last year amounted to $1,383 867, against $920,034 for the imports. Organs were the chief item, representing a total invoice value of $742,963 New York contributed most of these—9058—valued at $511,931. The United Kingdom bought 7782 of them at a cost of $443,989. The pianos shipped abroad numbered 987, valued at $232,144. New York sent away 429 of them for $98,568. Champlain, N. Y., was the nearest competitor, but a long way behind at that, with 67 pianos, worth $22,756. Canada was the larges customer, taking 365 pianos, or one a day for the entire year, the value being $83,831. England took 124 at $31,469, and Germany 47 at $9515. The fact that Belgium paid only $1365 for twelve pianos, while France paid $4850 for ten, does not necessarily mean that the Belgians are closer buyers, but the Frenchman wants the best in the market on which to pound out his musical temper.—New York Press.

Quite a Family.

The young Siamese princes are having a good time in Nice, Italy. It has become the fashion to invite them to all the receptions, and to judge by their faces they enjoy being lionized. A distinctly funny episode took place the other day. A certain lady, after a great deal of pains, succeeded in getting an introduction to one of the dusky youngsters. The introduction took place in a well-known drawing room. With perfect correctness, but rather to the surprise of those present, especially his highness, the lady saluted him with a deep court courtesy. The little princeling, who had been wearing a good-natured smile, looked almost terrified, and it was thought he was either going to cry or run away. With the benevolent idea of putting him at his ease, the lady promptly asked him how many brothers and sisters he had, to which he replied, quite innocently, that he did not exactly know, but that the last time he had the curiosity to inquire the number was in the neighborhood of eighty. It was then the good dame's turn to look frightened.—Chicago News.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Ice in the Sick Room.

The knowledge of how to keep ice in the sick room may be of service in saving life. A deep tin pan or pail should be taken, and a piece of flannel so fastened over the top that it will sag in the middle, but not enough to touch the bottom of the pail. A good-sized piece of ice can be placed in the flannel and completely wrapped in its folds so that no air can reach it. Small pieces of ice can be broken off, using a hatpin.

Heliotrope Sachet Powder.

An excellent formula for heliotrope powder is as follows: One-quarter of a pound of pulverized orris root, one-quarter of a pound of dried rose-leaves, two ounces of tonquin (ground fine), one ounce of vanilla, one-eighth of an ounce of grain musk and two drops of attar of almonds. By sifting through a sieve the ingredients will become thoroughly mixed. The most practical sachet bags are made of thin china silk and absorbent cotton.

Caring for the Teeth.

Many faces that are otherwise beautiful are spoiled by decayed and dark-colored teeth. Brush them thoroughly after every meal, using lukewarm water in which a little powdered borax has been dissolved. The borax hardens the gums, cleanses the mouth and arrests decay of the teeth; in fact, its merits as a dentifrice have long been known. Get a piece of sheet rubber such as dentists use, slip one edge between the teeth and draw it back and forth. It will remove any foreign substance much better than a toothpick, thread, or other device.

Tooth-powders innumerable are manufactured, and doubtless some of them are very good, but many are injurious, and it is always better to know the ingredients of those we use. It is also better on the score of economy, for an excellent tooth-powder may be prepared at home at very small expense. Mix ten teaspoonfuls of precipitated chalk, three teaspoonfuls of powdered borax, three teaspoonfuls of powdered orris root, and one-half teaspoonful of powdered myrrh. The odor is delightful, and it whitens the teeth beautifully.—The New Voice.

The New Sofa Pillow.

A brand new idea in sofa pillow covers is the old fashioned worsted worked canvas cover. The design varies. The swellest is considered to be one's family coat of arms or crest, if fortunate enough to possess one. This may be sketched by an artist in the proper colors and done over with worsteds in the simple stitches with which our grandmothers used to work their samplers, combined with newer and more elaborate combinations to obtain the desired shadings or accentuate the lines of the design.

Those who have no right to use a coat of arms or crest, and very few there are who cannot scare up something to which he may manage to lay claim in a forty-second cousin sort of way, may use his monogram. Or if the pillow is for the college boy, his college colors, pennant or yell may be portrayed in dashing design and appropriate colors in the same manner. Of course, the college yell has rather been lost sight of nowadays for the warwhoops of the recent and present unpleasantness with the nation which claims to have discovered us and wishes it hadn't.

The flags of all countries, or the flags of our navy, or a combination of the stars and stripes with the Cuban flag, or any and all of them, are worked out in the same cross stitches on canvas and adorned about the edges with immense heavy ropes or cords made to order and containing threads of every color in the body of the design.

The easiest pillow cover, however, and the most popular of the present moment, is the simple flag—each side a complete flag, and instead of the shape being square, the pillow is made the shape of the flag, so that Old Glory need not be changed or mutilated by the new use.—New York Herald.

Recipes.

Splitters—Four cups of flour, two cups of cold water, three-fourths cup of shortening—butter and lard—two heaped teaspoonfuls baking powder, saltspoonful salt. Roll into a sheet less than one-half inch thick; cut into rounds size of a bowl, bake on a well greased griddle to a light brown. Split and butter while hot, and serve at once.

Cranberry Dumplings—Make a good rich dough as for apple dumplings or baking powder biscuits. Cut in squares and put in the centre of each a half-cup of cleaned cranberries and two heaped teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar. Pinch the edges of the dough together, and steam one hour. Serve with a good boiled sauce. They can be baked, if so preferred.

Parsnip Balls—Mash fine one pint of boiled parsnips, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a high seasoning of salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir over the fire until very hot, take off and add one well beaten egg. When cold make up into small balls, dip into beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs and fry golden brown in smoking hot fat.

Plain Cake—Cream together in an earthen bowl two cupfuls of sugar, and one-half cupful of butter. Add the yolks of three eggs beaten light, three cupfuls of flour which has been sifted twice with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one cupful of sweet milk in which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla. Beat thoroughly, then fold in lightly the whipped whites of the eggs, and bake in a moderate oven.