He came fike a vision, o'er field and fen, In his satin breeches and gold-laced coat, And a queer old dresser he must have been.

I do not think I could have fancied him so. In his wedding plumes and his connet gay-And Mistress Lucy, if she could know, Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day. By his side, o'er the stairway her picture hangs,

A dainty lady, so proud and prim That more than half of my wayward blood It is very plain must have come from him

Here is a letter a century old; For true knightly sentiment very well, And a dashing hand, but it must be told That my charming great-grandpan could not spell:

Honered madam and deer, though mine eves bereft 'May not dwell on thy form and face so fair.

\*Sull the promise of hope to my poor heart is left. 'And at dawning of eve I aspire to be there,"

I should like to know if at eve he came-Why, of course he did, for am I not here? Proudly bearing his ancient name With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear." And if on that sofa they sat asunder Fully two feet, as was proper and right, Could be ever manage to give her, I wonder,

Half such a kiss as I had last night? Ah, Lucy, though minuet and spinet, And curtly manners in grand array, Tell on, old story, there's something in it That reaches the heart just the same to-day And I wonder when my little day is over, And my grandchildren flit 'neath this ola

tree's shade, If they'll say, "She had just such a noble And as true and tender a wife she made.'

## HEINE'S FIRST LOVE.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF A GREAT

To those who are acquainted with the romance of Heinrich Heine's life, his writings must seem almost repellent. In this age, when optimi-m is as incontestably a fad as was pessimism in the days when La Rochefoucantil's bitter maxions secured the approbation of the court of the Grand Monarque, it is customary to hear the "Reisebilder" disposed of with that trite metaphor concerning the noxious swamp, with here and there a brilliant. but dangerous, flower. Even when one recalls the circumstance which tended most to make of Heine the cynical, distrustful man he was ans ancor against humanity is only half pardonable. Its preponderating cause is chiefly to be found in the inner nature of the man: but there can be no doubt that its latent germs were developed by the attachment which marred his life, yet which stands out like an oasis from the aridity of a life misspent, or, at best, only half well spent.

When this first love began it would be difficult to tell. Molly Heine was the poet's cousin, and together they grew up in a close companiouship of which be writes with ineffable tenderness and sorrow:

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder, Zwei Kinder klein und frou. His love was reciprocated, and in those years all that was best and purest in the man's rature showed itself. "I brought her a lily which I had plucked," be says, "and I said to her: Be mine, that I may I arn to be good

and happy like thee. But the idyll could not last. Heinrich went to Goettingen, and Molly was betrothed to Mr. Friedlander, who, like the Heines, was a Jew. Heinrich's wound was deep, and it gave no promise of healing. He travelled and wrote, but he nursed his grief, like the morbid man he was. "With my great sorrow I make my little songs," be wrote. From the North sea to the eaths of Lucca, from the mountains of the Harz to the canals of Venice, the pilgrim wandered, gleaning from each place a memento in the shape of a

Eleven years pased before Heine could bring himself to wish to see his cousin. But at last this desire came, and it was too strong to be resisted. He was then covered with glory. At less than thirty years he could faithfully say, "When the greatest posts of Germany are named, my name is among them!" He was the idol of Germany, and his fame in letters was enhanced by the celebrity of his conquests over feminine hearts. The cynical, caustic man, whose soul seemed suffering from a secret disease, was irresistibly attractive to women. His nature, on the other hand, was too impressionable not to reflect the senti ments which he caused: but these were only transient images, and among them all stood out indelibly the image of his earliest love. His writings all tended toward one point-the remembrance of those happier pays.

Heine went to Hamburg where Fran Friedlander was living. The story of their meeting would be ludicrous if it were not pathetic. Heinrich was led by an old servant to a room where the light of a single lamp diffused itself; on the threshold, the old woman stopped and said: "She is here."

The poet entered, wondering at his own composure. On a divan was seated a woman, dressed in a gown of soft tinted cashmere. In the dimness he could not see her features, and he falteringly asked: "Are you——?"
He stopped, and Molly, rising an-

"Yes, my cousin; it is I." He could see her now, and the tears rushed to his eyes; he would have wished to flee; he cursed himself for having come. The woman before him was no longer the Molly he had known. She was almost an old woman. Eleven years had sufficed to transform the lovely girl whom he had worshipped

into a woman old and wrinkled, whose face had lost its animation and whose form had gown leavy and ungainly. The negligence of her dress accentuated these detects, and the impressionable dreamer saw the goddess of his finta y transformed into a German "hausfrau" of the most prosaic sort. But Heine, too, had changed, and as they held each other's hand, they were each silently striving to conjure the likeness of the past from the altered features before them. It is difficult to say from which of the blows which Heine's love for Molly caused him, he suffered most. His poetic nature must have made this last disenchantment the most acute, for in it he could not even find the self-pitying consolation of

"little songs." His dream had been twice rudely shattered, and henceforth he could

only live and love in the past. The man who never, in spite of his genius, was lovable, was made still less so by this circumstance. Yet, for all life and writings who will not echo the words of Matthew Arnold, written at the German poet's grave:

The spirit of the world,
Beh laing the absurdity of men
Their vaunts, their feats—
Let a sardonic smile
For one short moment
Wander o'er his lips. That smil . was Heine! For its earthly hour The strange guest sparkled: Now 'tis passed away. That was Heinel and we, Myraids who live, who have live What are we all but a mood, A single irood of the life Of the spirit in whom we exist, Who alone is all toings in one?

Ceremonies of Striking Interest to the Foreigner.

A marriage ceremony in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, | then the bride, muffled up in a veil, tiding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friend thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom, when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshhold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches amid much laughter. In the evenings on such occasions the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing dance has great energy of movement, occasionally. But they swing their bodies with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate before the music; they shake, they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women look on, encourage by their high, piercing, trilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums. -Home Journal.

A Dying Woman's Indictment on Our Social World.

There is help for all but the genteel poor," is the eloquent indictment hurled at society by a pitiful woman who sought eternity and peace through the dark way of suicide. A woman of good education, of moral excellence, of honest purpose, of refined sensibilities, she was driven from starvation to death because no one would give her employment in New York because she had no "references." In the letter left in the miserable garret where she lived she wrote: 'Women who were so ignorant that I felt sorry for them would not take me into their kitchen because I could not show "city references." I tried to explain that I had never had to work; and because I was not born and bred in the gutter I presume I must starve."

She might, however, have found easy employment in comfortable homes. There was plenty of steady work within her grasp. She confered as much herself. These are her words: 'Widowers who advertise for housekeepers, and then gently insinuate that you add wifely duties to do-mestic arrangements, are very plenty in this city, but I do not approve of such economy." She preferred starving, it seems, while she trudged the streets from house to house, in all could not give an affirmative answer to the maddening, stereotyped question, "Have you any references?" So she finally dashed out her brains by a leap from a fourth-story window, leaving behind on the bureau a "reference" that should open to her the gates of Paradise while many a "charitable" grand lady knocks in vain at their bar. This is one of the saddest cases in the list of sad suicides, and is a mournful commentary upon the charity and humanity of large cities.

There is no harder condition imposed by life than that to which the "genteel poor" are subjected when reduced to destitution. There seems to be literally no hope for them. have neither the assurance to take opportunity by the throat and demand relief, nor the miserable obsequiousness to beg for alms where they should have the right to earn their support. They too frequently have but one or two alternatives as the solution of their life problem, shame and death. This woman in New York prefers the headlong plunge into the terrors of death to a dishonorable life. Happily one can be buried without "reference."

And the Little Woman Knew the Gateman's Weakness.

who understands railroad human nature, as exhibited by the gatemen in the depots. Their orders are to pass no one in without a ticket, and it is the easiest thing in the world for them to wave back old age, youth, beauty and anybody else who wants to pass in to meet a friend expected on that train. One of the surliest officials I ever saw, says the New York Sun, has a gate in the L. & N. depot in Cincinnati, and I have seen him turn stiffly away from desperate men, weeping women and howling children. To every protestation he had but one

"Can't pass' thout a ticket." The other day, while I was watching him, a little, blue-eyed woman came gliding into the throng waiting at the gates. Of the two tenders she selected his faults, there are few who know his this one to operate on, although any one could have seen that the other had the biggest heart. After several people had been turned away she slid forward in a graceful way and inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but am I speaking to the president of the road?"

"N-o, ma'am!" he stammered. thrown on his beam ends by the query. "Ah! you look so much like him! Are you the superintendent?"
"No, ma'am—not exactly."

"Then, you must be the manager?" "Hardly, m 'am." "Dear me! but how could the people be so mistaken?" she went on. "Half a dozen of them said you were one of the high officials, and I am so disappointed to find you are not. Perhaps, though, you have the general

manager's powers when he is not

here?" "What is it, ma'am?" "My sister will be in on the 6.30, and I so want to go inside the gates and help her with the children. As you must have the authority of the manager in his absence, I make bold

"Certainly, ma'am; walk right in," he interrupted. "You are so kind."

"Don't mention it." "But all leading railroad men are ever cour cous," she said as a parting bit of taffy, and then she male & beeline down the depot.

We turned to look at the gateman, and the change was surprising. He had braced up until his height was increased by four inches, his chest was thrown out, and he was s'anding as stiff as a crowbar, while a man pounded him on the back and offered to lick the stuffing out of him if he would come off the perch. The little woman of all had found his weak spot.

A woman, driven by the vicissitudes of life to throw her home open to each other; nor does a couple desist | boarders, finds the experience, as most until panting and exhausted they step other women who try it do, difficult, to aside to make room for another. The say the least. But she says, philosophically: "I am learning human na- ble, and society possible, and robs death though the steps are small and changes | ture. I have discovered that the soft- of its terrors and the grave of its refined-looking woman often carries tigerish claws beneath her velvet, and that the frank-looking, welldressed man may develop into a 'Meddlesome Matty' before my eyes. I don't know why humanity should be come brutal when it essays boarding, veils and their minds seem lost in the but it seems to. A woman called re cently, liked my apartments, and returned to the parlor to talk 'business,'

as she said, with an engaging smile. ing, relentless questions and exact ons which set my cheeks affame and filled my eyes with hot tears of mortification. Did I intend parchasing a new carpet for the parlor? Were my stairs and halls usually kept somewhat cleaner than they appeared that day? Were ny bedstelean? Did I have two kinds meat for dinner? Use Lome-made bread entirely? and, finally, Did a maid open the front door as a rule? This was a gratuitous impertinence. I was taking the letters from the postman as she came up the steps, and naturally received her. And then she went away, after taking three names as references I insisted in turn that she should give me one, that of a former landlady, and it was one of the small compensations of my lot, when she wrote me a week later that she found my references satisfactory and would take the rooms, to reply that I had found her reference most unsatisfactory and was sure I could not tolerate her exactions,

"A man came to me the other night, and after forcing my price down as low as he could, asked me if my husband was a Christian, if my family attended church and Sunday School, if my other boarders were God-fearing people, and if Sunday was observed with religious quiet by everybody in the

"People ask me to take them cheaply because they are saving to buy a house or because the husband has extra office expenses, or, as one gushing creature told me, 'because we want to go to Europe next Summer.' The more they want the less they want to pay. Look sorts of weather, seeking "any honest at the advertisements for board work, even to scrubbing." But she wanted, everything unexceptionable, and 'terms moderate.' Would those people think of going into a shop and saying, 'I want your most expensive goods at a low price?' Yet they do precisely that with me. Surroundings, appointments and service that mean a serious outlay they demand and are not willing to pay for. They cannot afford to keep up an establishment to their liking, and they ask me to do it for them without adequate compensation. The average man or woman seems to part with his couriesy, sense of justice and humanity when he starts out to be-come a boarder."

A Crusade Against Kissing. A preacher in a neighbring town has just undertaken a violent crusade

against kissing at church fairs. In the most peremptory manner he has forbidden the members of his flock to engage in games which end is osculatory rewards or penances.

The result is that the minister has

become extremely unpopular, and the reproaches leveled at him for his indiscreet veto, curiously enough, nearly all come from unmarried ladies of a certain age.—New York Journal. WITHOUT RELIGION.

Mr. James Kussell Lowell, our late Now and then one finds a person | Minister to England, recently, in an after-dinner speech, replied to some

skeptical diners out, as follows: "I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not perhaps aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious convictions, so that whatever it may be safe for us to think-for us who have had great advantages and have been brought up in such a way that such a moral direction has been given to our character-I do not know what would become of the less favored classes of mankind if they undertook to play the same game.

"Whatever defects and imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal system of Calvin-the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believe- t will be found that Calvinism, or any other "ism" which claims an open Bible a d proclaims a crucified and risen Christ, is infinitely preferable to any form of polite and polished skepticism, which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroicancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools, the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the lad ier by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God and leave them to die

without hope. "The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men living in luxury and ease, indulging thems Ives in 'the amusement of going without religion,' may be thankful they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beast in as and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcass s like the South Sea Islanders, or ent off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which had hunted the heavens and sonnied to seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security suppoting and educating his chil ren, nnspoiled and uppolluted; a place where on a b.c, cle than when she thows at age is reverenced, infancy respected, hens. manhood respected; womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard-when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this glose, where the Gospel of Christ has not cleared the way and laid the foundstion and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and there ventilate their views. But so | find that he can't do it. long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesi ate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Savjour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolera-

Which May Possibly be Recognized by "Harper's Magazine."

Shortly after the death of Cæsar's daughter Julia, who had married Pompey, the latter grew very distant to- is great. ward Cæsar and before much time elapsed the two had become thorough-"Business' meant a series of search- ly estranged. Brutus having remarked in Casar's hearing that Pompey made a great mistake in treating him in the way he did, Cæsar observed: "Yes a very foolish mistake. He treats me as though I were his motherin-law instead of his father-in-law." It was that evening that Brutus joined

the opposition. Oliver Goldsmith's modesty has become proverbial, but he was by no means the dullard in conversation that he is sometimes represented. David Garrick, who fond of his little joke, once asked Goldsmith before a large party of gay Londoners: "Why does an ass bray when he can argue so elo-quently with his hind hoofs?" "Why do yo ask me?" asked Goldsmith. "Because you are an ass." replied Garrick, with a smile. Quick as a wink came the reply; You're another." is not likely that Garrick after this trifled much with dear old Noll.

On another occasion, Bosworth having said in Goldsmith's hearing that the "Vicar of Wakefield" should have been called the "Vicar of Sleepfield," modest Noll turned toward him and without a moment's hesitation eried: "Shut up your mouth!" Dr. Johnson nearly laughed himself into an apoplectic fit over this when Sir Joshua Reynolds told him about it next day.

"Will," said Bacon one day to Shakespeare "they say I wrote your plays." Shakespeare laughed. "Why doy augh my William?" "Because my , they think you are the swan of Avon. You're a devil of g swan, you are,

Ben Johnson said it took one of Bacon's strongest essays to keep him from striking the poet.-New York

Thought He Could Edit. Father (to editor). "I would like you to give my son a chance in your printing office.

Editor. "What can the boy do?" Father. Well, at first he couldn't de anything more than edit your paper and take general charge of the mechanical department, but later on, when he learns sense, be'll be handy to have around to wash windows, keep lamp chimneys clean and sift ashes. -Norwalk Record.

You can tell what kind of a spirit there is in a man by the way he treats

There is no bigger coward anywhere in the world than the man who is afraid to do right. You can write it down as true that

wherever there is love there will be sacrifice. A little man never looks so big to

the world as he does when he stands on a bag of money.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Riches lie in self-sacrifice. "I serve," is a truly moral motto. True freedom stands in meekness, Ignorance never settles a question.

In nature there is no blemish but the None can be called deformed but the

Every man is some kind of a cow-

No man is who knows himself proud. Any work is hard work to a lazy

The cross can only be seen from a

Every good man bullds his own He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

Pride, generally, is at the bottom of all great mistakes. Even vinegar has to work in order to

be worth anything. Thou must be true to thyself, if thou the truth would teach.

Evil sha'l hunt the violent man, to overthrow him. There is nothing sadder on earth

than an unhappy child. looks the swe test.

Reware of people who do not love children and flowers. Troubles will run when you look

them squarely in the face. People do not grow into grace by looking at the faults of others. No man is so worthy of envy as he

that can be cheerful in want. No life is wasted unless it ends in sloth, distours y or c war lice. Til' me whom you live with, and 1

will tell you who you are. Life, like eve y other blessing derives its value from its use alone. A woman can be mor dangerors

The sun did a good deal of shining before there was anybody here to notice

The law is always written on stone. but grace comes to us through a loving heart.

The man who an lertakes to get rich at the expense of his conscience will Commonplace people see no difference

between one man and another. Cultivate not only the corn-fields of your mind, but the pleasure-ground also. at once. It is one of the most infic-Resignation is the name of the angel | tious of diseases and incurable, which carries the most of our soul's

to be wise.

One bird in the bush has more charms for the natural man than two

He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what

When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath. There is a great deal of good luck in

industry and a great deal of balluck in Never ask the devil to dinner unless

you are willing to take him for a regular boarder. Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issues not in a resolution to

do so no more. It is distressing to see that human genius has limitations, and human stupidity has none.

Families are a good deal like clocks. Too much regulation may easily make them go wrong.

A hypocrite is a counterfeit. A counterfeit is one of the strongest proofs that there is a genuine.

The nearer a man gets to his battlefield the smaller the reason grows that der of wonders. there should be a battle at all. Among the "rights" an individual

may claim of society, room for the development of the individuality stands foremest. by its roots as it is to cut it off; so it

is as easy to remove a vice as to correct

I know no friends more faithful and inseparable than bard-heartedness and dam Laura Logan by American Clay pride, humility and love, lies and impu-

dence. Two-thirds of the pity in this world is nothing more than a secret satisfac- | St. Valentine is said to be the largest

tion that somebody is worse off than we The man who is "generous to a fault" is mostly generous to his own faults.

Before you start out to attain a seat on the highest pinnacle of fame, bear in | polish. mind that it runs up to a pretty sharp

He treats them well and they stay with

The young woman who declares she is just as mad as she cau be doesn't begin to be as mad as she is when she says nothing about it.

We have prefessors who teach the art of talking correctly. Why can't we have some who will teach the art of listening patiently.

The world will be nearer right when a man has learned to laugh a little less particle of waste. at his neighbor's troubles, and a little more at his own.

Somebody asks for a good definition of a philosopher. A philosopher is a man who earns \$9 a week and is contented with his income.

The man who is a man never quits work and goes to whittling because somebody tells him the sun has spots HORSE NOTES.

-The Iowa Central Stock Farm Iowa, was reported sold recently, by desers. Stout, of Dubuque, to John Lush, of Ackley, Ia., who will cut it up into small farms.

-Judge P. P. Johnston has positively declined to serve another year as President of the Kentucky Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, and Mr. John E. Green will probably become his

-Mr. Jacob Ruppert lost by death recently the weaning chestnut filly, by imported St. Blaise, dam imported Polenta, which he recently purchased at the Belmont sale, paying \$2500 for mother and foal.

-There were three 2-year-olds to beat 2.30 at vaneer Park, Muir, Ky., during its meeting:

Thistle Dew, by Sentinel Wilkes, 2 25; Lady Princeton by Princeton, 2.30; and Lakewood, by Norwood, 2 271.

-Lockhart, 2 14%, is up to the present time, the fastest trotting representative of the Nutwood family. Hs dam, Rapidan, by Dictator, was bred by Captain B. J. Treacy, Lexington, and she is now owned by W. A. Mo-Afee.

-The Jewett Farm has another great yearling pacer in a filly by Bonnie Boy, son of Patchen Wilkes, that, it is said, The apple you musn't have always can make a mile in 2.3). She is cut of a mare by Rochester, and her second dam is Lady Belmont, the dam of Sher-

man, 2 231. -Although Director, 2.17, was a game racehorse, and is well bred, he was despised by Kentucky breeders before Salisbury bought him. His snocess in California has been woni-rful, and he will now be brought back to Kentucky to enter ser-

-J. G. Davis, for many years Superntendent of Highlawn Farm, has purchased all the stock belongin; to the stite an i iai leas d the farm for a term of years. He will sell at an early Lay ali the broad-mares and young stock, reserving only Alcust r , 2.23,

for stud a TV ice. - Ben B. Kenney, who has had charge of Majous I a v's rotters this year, has taken his h rses back to B verside, Mont. He let recerty v. th i ady Willon, 2. 11: Red Cherry (2), 2 291; Fantasie 2 41 and Wined, 3-year-old illy, by Wikes Boy; Merry Will, 2-year-

old colt, by Wilton. -Mr Simmons, of New Douglass, Ill., not only lost a x horses with glanders recen ly, but his own life as well. Whenever there is the slightest suspiciou of glanders in a stalls a competent veterinary surgeon should be sent for

-F. 8 Gorton, hicago, has sold to Sisson & Lilley, Grand Rapids, Mich., A skeptic is one who knows too a half interest in the bay horse Pleasancord 2.17, dam May Day record 2.30. This horse is full brother to Margaret S., 4-year-old record 2.122, and May Day is also the dam of locas, record 2.142.

-J. Malcolm Forbes, Boston, Mass., has recently purchased from. A. J. Alexander, Woodburn, Kv., a bay filly fooled May 20, 1891, by King Wilkes, Wavelet (ssier to Viking, 2.191; Waterloc, 2.231; Sprite. Fairy Belie and Maid), by Belia ent. Also a bay filly foated April 27, 1-91, by King Wilkes, dam Puerla; 2.29, by H. rold.

-At the tack of the Iowa Driving Park, recent y, A. L. Sardy dreve Joe Jefferson against the four-mile pacing record, 10 3 1/2, lowering it to 10.10. The old record was made by Longfellow at San Francisco, in 1861, and has stood for thirty years. Joe Jefferson now holds the world's pacing records for three miles and four miles.

-It is said of Manette, the dam of Arion, that she would never trot a little bit. Her gait is the run, and she was frequently used as a runner to accompany and and stimulate trotters. With her inheritance of trotting blood this is strange, and stranger still it is that she should be the one to produce the won-

-The body of the Arab stallion Kismet, which died recently from pneumonia, contracted on the voyage from England, will be brought from New York to Philadelphia. Mr. Randolph Huntington has presented the body to It is just as easy to pull up a weed Dr. R. S. Huldekoper, who will use the skeleton in his lectures on the anatomy of the horse,

> -The brown stallion St. Valentine, 2.20, by Westwood, son of Blackwood, trotted in 2.17%, over his owner's new kite shaped track near La Belle, Mo., recently. He went to the half in 1.07. horse in the 2.20 list. He weighs 1468 pounds in racing condition.

Items For Your Scrap Book. A teaspoonful of borax added to cold starch will make clothes stiffer than anything else, though it adds no

In using ammonia for domestic purposes one tablespoonful to about a quart of water is about the ordinary proportion.

If you dip the wicks of lamps in strong hot vinegar and then dry them it will do away with much of the disagreeable smell.

Before beginning to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let them stand 15 minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily without &

An old recommendation often given young housekeepers is to use tea leaves in sweeping carpets; but their use on delicate colors should be avoided, as they will surely stain light carpets.

A box of powdered borax should ale ways be kept on the sink shelf. A lit-tle added to the water in which dish towels are washed will belp much to keep them clean and at the same time keep one's hands soft and smooth-