

If all the ways were easy
And all our tasks were light;
If all the weeds bore roses
And all our hands were white;
If no one had to hurry
Lest we should fall behind;
And no one had to worry
Because Fate was unkind;
If those we love would love us
And sweetly tell us so,
And only gentle breezes
Across our paths should blow;
If each could have the basket
That held the choicest peach,
And if to gain the prizes
We merely had to reach,
A few perhaps would gladly
Accept the state of things,
But most of us would sadly
Give vent to murmurs:
The blessings would be hateful
That all alike possessed,
Where no one could be richer
By taking from the rest.
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Cupid and a Pig.

While the train was nearing Cosycot station, Shepherd read Lydia's note again.

"Dear Walter," it began, "of course we should be glad to have you at Cosycot during your vacation, and I suppose Aunt Elizabeth can put you up. But you will find us both completely busy with a colony of fresh-air children near by, which Aunt is taking care of. It is a noble work, and Aunt Elizabeth has interested me in it very thoroughly; I can think of nothing else, and have decided to devote my whole life to laboring among the children of the poor, if I am worthy of such a career. I want to tell you this before you make up your mind to come, so that you will understand that I won't be able to see much of you and so that you may expect to find me sobored by a serious purpose.
"Yours most sincerely,
"LYDIA FARROW."

Shepherd crumpled the paper viciously in his pocket.

"Confound Aunt Elizabeth!" he grumbled. "Sobored by a serious purpose! That's an old maid's phrase—not Lydia's. Result of reading novels about hospital nurses. The children of the poor must be taken care of—but, hang it all, so must Lydia."

A trap was waiting at the station to convey him to Aunt Elizabeth's cottage, and his hostess was waiting at her piazza to greet him. Miss Gibbs was an elderly lady whose figure and bearing looked as much out of place in the country as would the portico of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. No amount of gingham and flannel could rusticize her.

"Dear Lydia left her apologies to you, Mr. Shepherd," said Aunt Gibbs. "She has been forced to absent herself upon an important duty connected with our children's mission. May I beg you to amuse yourself until she returns? Thank you—so kind of you—my clerical work leaves me little leisure in the afternoon, and later I have an outdoor class in botany."

Shepherd spent a quarter of an hour in a vain attempt to read a magazine, then he flung it down and started at random across the rolling and sunshiny green of the fields. A shadowed lane tempted him for a mile or so, but when he saw the path running ahead of him into the hot glare of a highway he paused uncertainly.

"Hey, Mister Shepherd!" called a familiar voice from the fence, and a familiar head and shoulders appeared in the adjacent thicket. Voice, head and shoulders belonged to Cuppy, the newsboy who was accustomed to sell him the morning paper at his office door in New York.

"Hello, Cuppy," said Walter, in great surprise. "Are you up here with the other kids?"

"You bet," assented Cuppy. "The flat is a couple of blocks down the street. Milk an' pie an' chicken—and sheets fer ter sleep in. Dere's twenty of us. Tomorrow we has atterletic sports. I'm the empyre."
"Miss Gibbs is very kind to do all this for you."

Cuppy stopped short in his progress out of the bushes.

"Say," he demanded, "this Miss Gibbs—are you wid her?"

"No," replied Shepherd thoughtfully, "I'm agin her."
"That's right," said the ragged object of Aunt Elizabeth's bounty. "The old lady's all right if she'd only leave us be. What fer does she come round a-lecturin' and puttin' us on the sneak? I'm on the sneak now. She pays the rent fer us, an' we takes off our hats fer that. But," he concluded with a darkening eye, "she runs a night school out o' doors by daylight and I'm on the sneak. Miss Farrer, she's the people."

"She is all of that," said Shepherd, feeling strangely comforted; he wanted to shake the boy's brown hand as they strolled together down the highway.

"She is all of that, for sure," he added. "Sure, Miss Farrer's worked for the gang of us till she's most down and out. She looks as pale as me mother on a wash day. Does yer know what she's doin' now? Gone up this road a couple er mile after a pig."
"After a what?"

"Ter git a pig—a greased pig fer the atterletics. The farmer what runs our joint made her chase away to buy one off his brother, who needs the money. I told her I'd go meself, 'cause she's so tired, but 'Naw,' she says, 'Cuppy, you must stay fer the hot-eny.' So she chases erlone, for she says it's her dooty, she says."
Shepherd gave his leg a savage slap with his walking stick.

"Hurry along, Cuppy," he exclaimed. "Perhaps we may meet her. And this is a fine job for Lydia Farrow!"
He plowed through the dust doggedly, while Cuppy took to the roadside, dodging among the low bushes and keeping a wary glance over his shoulder for a possible pursuer. Proceeding in this skirmishing order, they reached a turn from which could be seen a little bridge, spanning a peaceful brook, and on the bridge a girl with a green sun umbrella. She was holding the umbrella over something behind her, and she did not observe the two pedestrians.

"Hey, Miss Farrer," yelled Cuppy. Miss Farrow turned and Shepherd waved his hat.

"Hello, Lydia," said he. "What in the world have you got there?"

"I have a pig here," answered the young lady. "I am afraid the pig is overcome by the heat. How do you do, Walter?"

"There's a sight more chance that you are overcome by the heat yourself," retorted Shepherd, wrathfully, and, in spite of her protesting gasp, he seized the umbrella and shaded her pretty head with it. This maneuver gave him a chance to shake hands with her, and left the pig exposed in the glow.

"Say, he's a dead one," remarked Cuppy.
The small animal lay apparently moribund on the planking and emitted a feeble wail when Shepherd poked a toe gingerly against his somewhat emaciated flank.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" said the girl. "Do you think it is going to die? Auntie is so severe when I fail in my duties."

"Good heavens, Lydia, do you mean to say that a pig more or less—"

"But you don't understand, Walter—I must show myself trustworthy in every detail. Aunt Elizabeth says so. She knows a girl who couldn't stay at the Rivington Street Mission—that's where I want to go—because they couldn't rely on her to clean milk cans. Do you believe that if we sprinkled water on the poor thing—"

"Let's throw him in the brook," muttered Shepherd between his teeth. "He'd appreciate it, and so would I."
"No, no, no," cried Miss Farrow. "Your handkerchief."

Shepherd gave her one wild look and vaulted over the low railing at the side of the bridge. He soused his handkerchief in the stream, clambered up the bank and squeezed out the water over the pig, who was reduced by this demonstration to the last extremity of terror. He rolled about, involving himself in the cord around his neck; he squealed; dissolution seemed imminent.

"I don't know much about pigs," said Shepherd, desperate because of the genuine trouble in Lydia's big gray eyes. "Do you, Cuppy?"

"Aw, I seen one in Jones's wood, an' say, I think this fellow's fakin' Stan' up Bill," ordered Cuppy, grabbing the leading line. "Lemme take him erlong fer yer, Miss Farrer."

"I couldn't let you, Cuppy, really I couldn't," protested Lydia. "Aunt gave me this to do, and every failure counts against me. Besides, you ought to be at botany. Give me the cord." She leaned rather warily against the railing and contemplated the hot stretch of road. "But I am tired and thirsty," she added.

"What's that place up the slope?" inquired Shepherd, pointing to the right. The place was where a rude bench stood under some heavy overhanging trees on the neighboring hillside. The clear water of a spring spouted generously out of a rock close by it, splashing into a pool, and the dark green of the foliage surrounding it made the spot stand out on the knoll, like a bower.

"That's the—that's a—why, a spring," faltered Lydia.

"The farmers call it the 'Lovers' Well,'" explained Cuppy.

Miss Farrow blushed slightly. She could not help it; Shepherd was looking straight at her.

"Lydia," said he, with stern determination, "you and I are going to walk up there and you shall rest yourself. It is absolutely ridiculous for you to think of promenading through the sun with this beast. Cuppy shall guard the pig. You'll take care of that pig, won't you, Cuppy?"

"Yep," agreed that eager youth. "Come on, Bill."

Shepherd picked up the green umbrella and closed it with a snap.

"But—Aunt Elizabeth," the girl demurred. "She will be angry. She will say I'm not fit for Rivington street."

"I advise you not to introduce those subjects at this moment," said Walter, pulling her hand within the crook of his elbow, in an old-fashioned but an extremely comfortable way. "Here is the path. Good-by, Cuppy."

Cuppy, however, was already invisible in a rapidly moving cloud of dust, from which the indignant squeak of the pig drifted back indistinctly to the Lovers' Well.

Lydia laid her hat on the bench, and a bashful breeze played with her hair. Shepherd brought her some icy spring water in a pocket drinking cup. They elaborately discussed the mechanism of the cup, and then, after a pause, they talked of other things. Perhaps it is unnecessary to specify the topics; Aunt Elizabeth and Rivington street did not figure importantly among them.

"Let us go back across country," suggested Walter, when it was time.

"Very well," said Miss Farrow. "I think we can find a way along the brook. It will be better than the road."

The way along the brook excelled the road in every particular. It led them through thick woods where in the half light they seemed to be alone in the world. But on a ridge which skirted a cleared hollow Shepherd was reminded to the contrary.

"Look," he whispered, grasping Lydia's arm. This was no effort, because she was close beside him.

"It's the botany class," she answered, and they both peered down through the interlocking leaves.

Miss Gibbs, beneath an incongruous sunbonnet, towered in the center of a circle of awed and perspiring urchins. A swamp lily, evidently the subject of her discourse, nodded dejectedly in her uplifted hand. The botany class did not appear to be interested.

"Let's run," said Shepherd.
"Wait," said Miss Farrow. "Don't you hear something coming? Oh, what is it? Oh, what in the world is it?"

On the other side of the clearing where the class was in session the bushes were swaying and crackling as if a miniature cyclone were careering through them. Aunt Elizabeth's scholars dispersed and dashed expectantly toward the disturber of scholastic quiet; Miss Gibbs herself remained rigid. Not, however, for long.

"Sho, sho, sho!" cried Aunt Elizabeth, waving the lily at a maddened pig, who came for her at a gallop as near to a gallop as pigs achieve. "Sho, sho!"

"Hi!" screamed Cuppy.
"Hey!" howled the botany students, and performed a war dance.

The pig flew between Aunt Elizabeth's feet and there fell prone, panting in extremis, and the lady sat involuntarily at his side. She was speechless when Shepherd assisted her to rise. In the meantime Cuppy and his cohorts had manacled the pig ruthlessly.

"Lydia Farrow," gasped Miss Gibbs, "what does this mean? Are you insane? Are you trying to insult me?"

"Please, ma'am—" began Cuppy.
"Silence!" Lydia, did you order this outrage?"

"Stand by the boy, anyhow," murmured Shepherd in Miss Farrow's ear.
"Aunt, it was all an accident, and I'm to blame," exclaimed Lydia. "It was not Cuppy's fault, really it wasn't."

"I've endured your incompetence long enough," answered Aunt Elizabeth, leading, somewhat stiffly, the return march to the farm house. "I do not see how I can recommend you to dear Miss Stein."

"Who is dear Miss Stein?" asked Shepherd.

"She's the head worker at Rivington street," said the aunt.

"Oh," said Shepherd. "Then it's all very easy," and he smiled at Miss Farrow cheerfully.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Miss Gibbs, that Lydia and I—"

"Never mind now," put in the girl, reddening. "Aunt Elizabeth, Walter is anxious to give you lots of money for the Fresh Air farm."

"That is good of him."

"Yes, Miss Gibbs, I think I am bound to."

"Well, I don't see why, although we shall be glad enough to have it," said Aunt Elizabeth, and she turned to regard her charges, straggling along behind and bearing the pig aloft, like a sacrificial victim.

"Shall I tell you why I think I am bound to?" proposed Shepherd. "You see Lydia and I—"

"I do wish you would wait," Lydia interrupted. "Look at Cuppy, I wonder where he got that name?"

"It is a contraction for Cupid," said Shepherd solemnly.

"Cupid!" sniffed Miss Gibbs. "Cupid!"—New York Independent.

The Court Recognized the Charm.

When Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the Court of the King's Bench a poor, decrepit old creature was brought before him, charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law ought to be visited with exemplary effect.

"What is her crime?" asked his lordship.

"Witchcraft."

"How is it proved?"

"She has a powerful spell."

"Let me see it."

The spell was handled to the bench. It appeared a small ball of variously colored rags of silk, bound with threads of as many different hues. These were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain characters now nearly eligible from much use.

The judge, after looking at this paper charm a few minutes, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner. "Prisoner, how came you by this?"

"A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me, to cure my child's ague."

"How long since?"

"Thirty years, my lord."

"And did it cure her?"

"O, yes, and many others."

The judge paused a few moments, and then addressed himself to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, thirty years ago I and some companions, as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house, and, after enjoying ourselves found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. Observing a child ill of the ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit."—The Mirror.

A Feminine Fire Brigade.

The little town of Massasa, in Sweden, has a female contingent, 150 strong in its fire brigade. The water supply of the village consists simply of four great tubs, and it is the duty of the women "firemen" to keep these full in cases of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake some distance away, one line passing the full buckets and the other sending them back.



LOOSE GARMENTS.

Let the average woman be careful that in the search of fashion she does not acquire a ludicrous appearance at the back. With what wonderful adaptability does the tailor of to-day manage to construct his hard cloths and unyielding tweeds into loose and graceful garments. He treats the bolero with great success. Do not imagine that because a thing is loose it is easy to make, for more depends upon the cut than on the actual fittings.

ODD THINGS IN VEILS.

All sorts of odd things in veils. One lot looks as if they had pussy willow all over them. Queer pussy willows, to be sure, but then there is the resemblance. The dots are of chenille, of an odd, soft olive green shade, and in the center a little touch of rose. Other dots in similar style have black with blue in the center or with white. Other veils which are less conspicuous have smaller chenille dots, white on a black veil or vice versa, and a salvage edge. Attached to this is a little fringe of dots. Very pretty veils they are.—New York Times.

POPULARITY OF PEARLS.

In jewelry pearls are still more fashionable than anything else, and are certainly becoming. They have the wonderful virtue of improving the complexion—making a bad complexion look less bad and making a good one look better still. All who can are buying them in as large quantities as their means will allow, and they are being worn in one way or another at all hours of the day. Black and colored pearls, though much sought after for their rarity, are not so beautiful or so becoming as white pearls. Pink pearls are pretty and fabulous prices are paid for them for their rarity—that is all.

A NEW FABRIC.

Perhaps some have grown just a bit tired of the crepes, all mousselines and the thousand other filmy and clinging fabrics, and the plain satin is liked by way of contrast.

While on the subject of crepes and all other materials of that genre, it may not be amiss to mention a particularly desirable and rather new effect in crepe which combines all the qualities liked for certain styles of gowns.

This is crepe meteore, a soft, shimmering fabric, possessing all the good points of other crepes, and having some additional ones. For instance, there is more "body" to crepe meteore, it is quite as soft as crepe de chine, the shades in which it comes are the daintiest and most delicate yet produced, and the extra width of the material offers special opportunities when it comes to designing special "owns."—Toledo Times.

LINEN COLLARETTES.

Embroidered linen collarettes are to be much used this summer, last year having sufficiently proved their worth in this capacity. Nothing is more dainty, prettier or more easy to keep quite fresh and uncrumpled, for a trip to the laundry only enhances the beauty of fancy stitching as well as that of fine linen. They are embroidered on pure Irish linen in fast colors. One of the most attractive combinations is an embroidery of Chinese blue outlined with black on a white linen collarette, the design remarkably good, showing an irregular edge, ring dots and graceful arabesques. Another idea is the use of solid white embroidery, outlined with black on blue linen. Very dainty is a new shade of pink worked with white, and dotted in solid rings of black. The overlap is a half circle in front, and overlapping similar pieces ever lessening in size as they near the back.—Vogue.

THE DAY OF THE SACHET.

It is to be a poor season for those who do not like scents. A French minister, who gives lectures every winter to a number of dressmakers, kindly allowed me to be present at a morning talk, and, as her topic was the sachet, I will tell you about it.

"To secure that subtle fragrance," said she, "which is the peculiar characteristic of the elegantly gowned woman, it is not necessary to spend much money, but rather to spend judiciously a small amount. In Paris, where we study economy, I scent whole wardrobes for much less than the American woman spends upon a little bottle of perfume, which she scatters recklessly upon her gown."

"I base my applications upon sachet powder, not upon the extracts, which I count good only for the toilet and for the handkerchief, the complexion and the hands. The rest must be done by sachet."

"With a bottle of heliotrope I can scent a violet or purple colored gown so that one inevitably thinks of violets as the person approaches. My system is this: Taking a bottle of the powder, in what sells in this country for a 50-cent size, I distribute it in six neat little mounds. I then cut six squares of silk and into each I place the sachet powder so as to make six bags. When the bags are completed I attach a baby ribbon to each and sew all in one long strip of ribbon. This is tied around the neck, like a necklace, while the six little bags hang down in front and are concealed in the folds of the gown, under all. Or, I sew them individually in the front, between the folds. In perfumeing a skirt I attach half a dozen bags to baby ribbon and sew them to the

under part of the band, so that they shake forth their perfume ternally."—Detroit Free Press.

RIGHTS OF WIVES.

Mrs. William Todd Helmut, former President of Sorosis, has taken up the cudgel in behalf of the rights of wives to a liberal part of their husband's incomes. "The married woman has a right to a certain proportion of her husband's money," she declares. "When he gives it to her he is not granting her a privilege, but acknowledging a claim."

"The amount that should come to the wife must, of course, be decided by circumstances. Perhaps it may seem best that the housekeeping bills should come to him—although, as a rule, it is wiser to make an allowance for household expenses and let the wife do the disbursing of the funds. Still, she may yield that point if it seems expedient."

"The wife may even, under some conditions, be willing to have her accounts for dress settled by her husband's check, though this is seldom expedient. The woman who has a dress allowance and feels she must keep within it is far less likely to run into extravagance than the woman who is not entirely clear as to how much may go for chiffons. The very uncertainty is trying in more ways than one."

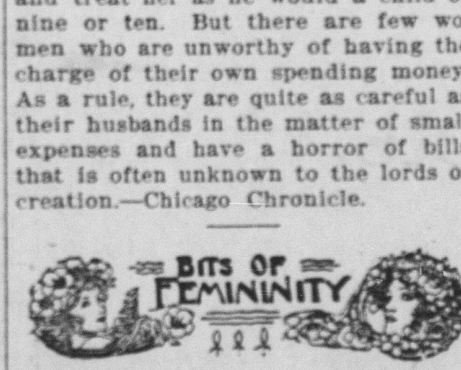
"Though the husband may pay the butcher and grocer, the milliner and the dressmaker, he should not run into the blunder of fancying that his wife has no call for any money beyond the occasional dime or quarter he grants her for carfare. There is convincing testimony that the majority of women have to ask their husbands for spending money or hypothesize the household accounts in order to get it."

I know one ideal husband who has never in a married life of thirty years obliged his wife to go to him for money. There is a certain drawer in her desk where he places what he can afford to let her have every week. The drawer is never allowed to get empty. Moreover, he never asks her to account for a cent of it. That man should have a halo for his daily wear."

Plenty of other husbands make a household allowance, or even a dress allowance, to their wives. But many more dole out what they think will be needed and apparently imagine that their wives can get what change they need in some mysterious, unexplained fashion, without having resort to the ordinary money-making means.

If women were not long-suffering creatures there would have been an organized revolt long ago. No man has a right to submit his wife to the humiliation she must undergo when she is obliged to decline to make small contributions in church or club because she has not the ready money. She may have an account in half a dozen shops. Her clothing may be the envy of her friends, her house may be finely appointed, but when it comes to a call for a chance quarter or half dollar she has not the cash in hand.

Let the husband, at any rate, give the wife a chance to prove whether or not she is to be trusted with money. Should she show herself unfitted to handle it is time enough for him to withdraw her allowance and treat her as he would a child of nine or ten. But there are few women who are unworthy of having the charge of their own spending money. As a rule, they are quite as careful as their husbands in the matter of small expenses and have a horror of bills that is often unknown to the lords of creation.—Chicago Chronicle.



New sashes are made with three long ends, each steamer carrying a ribbon rose a few inches from the end.

One of the most attractive of the new Eton jackets has straps which attach it to the skirt.

Transparent black goods made up over white silk lining are seen in dresses for light mourning.

Buckles of cut steel are seen in colonial ties in the tan shades, but the combination is not especially attractive.

A pretty design in buttons is of French gray, having a fleur de lis in the center, from which hangs by a fine silver chain a baroque pearl.

Under petticoats of white china silk, lavishly trimmed with valenciennes lace, are dainty and cool for summer wear.

Coats of black silk set off with deep collars of lace, are much favored for little girls, and are generally becoming. Lace cuffs to match the collar lend an extra touch of embellishment.

Ribbons to trim organdies match the flowers or the leaves of the pattern.

Heart-shaped pendants are of opal, amethyst, or turquoise, and are gold mounted.

Very smart is a little bonnet of a rough straw-colored straw, a bonnet which looks more like a real bonnet than most to be seen, and trimmed with black taffeta ribbon and red cherries.

Silk petticoats seem to be more elaborate and expensive than ever. A handsome one of light blue foulard, one of the imported models, is finished with a deep flounce of the silk embroidered all over with pink rosebuds and leaves wrought by hand in a beautifully natural effect.

The present pole star is the only one called Alpha, in the constellation Ursa Minor. It has been the world's pole star for nearly 2,000 years.



HOW TO COOK RICE.

Rice is one of the most nutritious of foods. It cannot appear on the table too often. The following recipes suggest excellent ways of preparing it:

Bolled rice pudding—One cupful of cold boiled rice, one cupful of sugar, four eggs, a pinch of soda and a pinch of salt; put it all in a bowl and beat until it is very light and white. Beat four ounces of butter to a cream, put it into the pudding, with ten drops of essence of lemon. Beat all together for five minutes. Butter a mold, pour the pudding into it and boil for two hours. Serve with sweet fruit sauce.

Rice pudding without eggs—Two quarts of milk, two-thirds of a cupful of rice, a cupful of sugar, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, a teaspoonful full of cinnamon, a little nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Put into a moderate oven; stir it once or twice until it begins to cook. Let it remain in the oven about two hours—until it is the consistency of cream. Eat hot or cold.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.

Fill a quart jar with large, ripe berries, from which the hulls have been taken; fill the jar with cold water, then pour it out again into a measure. For every twelve jars to be put up use thirteen of these measures of water, and in it dissolve six pounds of sugar. Pack the jars with berries as closely as possible without mashing them. Fill each jar up to the shoulder with syrup, cover it loosely with the lid and set it in a large boiler, which should have a loosely fitting wooden bottom pierced with holes. If set on the metal bottom the jars are liable to crack. When the boiler is full of jars pour in cold water up to their shoulders; cover it and set it on the fire. At the same time put the raspberry syrup in a sauce-pan and allow it to become hot. As soon as the water in the boiler begins to boil note the time, and when it has boiled for eight minutes remove the boiler from the fire. Take out one jar at a time, fill it even full with the hot syrup in the saucepan, fasten it air tight and put it back in the boiler. When all are filled and covered let them stand in water until cold, then store in a cool place until wanted.

POTATO PIE.

Slice eight or nine boiled potatoes. Put two tablespoonsful of white (not cream) sauce in a stewpan with four ounces of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, juice of half a lemon, seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg and the yolks of four thoroughly beaten eggs. Stir over the fire until thoroughly heated. Place a row of croutons of fried or toasted bread around a shallow baking dish, put a layer of the potato slices within the border and cover with some of the sauce, then arrange another layer of potatoes in a smaller circle and cover with sauce, and so on until you have formed a raised center; put a little sauce on top and cover with two ounces more of grated cheese and some bread crumbs and bake about twenty minutes until nicely browned and serve up hot.

CHEESE ON DINNER TABLE.

Some people think cheese is relegated to its proper place when it appears on the luncheon or supper table, and never place it on the dinner table except as an accompaniment of apple pie. This is a mistake. Cheese is not only a toothsome morsel, but it is also a valuable aid to digestion at a time when the digestive organs are taxed to their utmost. It has been said that a small piece of good old dairy cheese will digest an entire dinner, and it is an assured fact that people having trouble with their digestion are greatly relieved if they form the habit of taking cheese at dinner. The cheese should appear on the table after the dessert and before the coffee, and should be served with wafer crackers or thin, crisp pieces of toast.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

With soda water wash out the refrigerator.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.

Blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportion and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, and a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

Good kerosene oil will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

To beat the white of an egg quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

You should never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a good place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

For washing finger marks from looking glasses or windows, put a few drops of spirits of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of removing them.

Never clean a drawing room or dining room without folding up the table covers, etc., and covering up the furniture with sheets; fold the curtains, having shaken them well first, then strew tea leaves over the carpet and brush it well.