THE FELLOW WHO CAN WHISTLE.

The fellow who can whistle when the world is going wrong
Is the fellow who will make the most of life;
No matter what may happen, you will find him brave and strong—
He's the fellow who will conquer in the strife.

The fellow who can whistle when the whole world seems to frown
Is the kind of man to stand the battle's brunt;
He's got the proper metal, and you cannot keep him down,
For he's just the sort that's needed at the front.

The fellow who can whistle is the fellow who can work,
With a note of cheer to vanquish plodding care;
His soul is filled with music, and no evil shadows lurk
In his active brain to foster grim despair.

The fellow who can whistle is the "tramp" card of the deck,
Or the "whip-hand," in the parlance of the street;
No petty cares nor trifles can his buoyant spirit check,
For a sunny heart can never know defeat.

The fellow who can whistle—he is built on nature's plan,
And he cheers his toiling fellowmen along;
There is no room for pessimists, but give to us the man
Who can whistle when the world is going wrong.

—Sidney Warren Mase, in Lippincott's.

TOM LANDERS' WIFE

"YOUR charge is looking pale, Mrs. Vanderveer," said one of the chattering bevy of embroiderers on the hotel piazza. "Sometimes I have fancied she has something on her mind."

Mrs. Vanderveer frowned. "Nonsense!" she said quickly. "Black makes any girl look pale; besides, Elinor's mother has not been dead six months, and her deep mourning naturally shuts her off from all the gayeties of a summer resort. I try my best to make her feel less lonely, but she cannot forget that she is an orphan."

Nevertheless, she felt worried. It was no small responsibility to chaperon an heiress, but when she had undertaken Elinor Haywood for the summer a fit of melancholia was the last thing in the world she had looked for. She had expected to have a battle with scores of ineligible men, the kind that always crowd around a girl with money, but Elinor did not seem to care for attention, and kept to herself as much as possible.

In fact, the one eligible man in the place, the one whom Mrs. Vanderveer had picked out as the only desirable party, she had kept at a severe distance. This was Tom Landers—a handsome young lawyer of good family with some means of his own. He seemed more than willing to try to make Miss Haywood's life pleasanter, but later her avoidance of him had been noticeable. Mrs. Vanderveer wondered if there was another love affair, of which she knew nothing, somewhere in the background. She determined to find out.

"Why don't you like Mr. Landers?" she asked, when the two were alone together. The girl flushed painfully, and turned away. "I don't dislike him," she faltered, "but I don't care to talk to him; you know I like to be quiet. In fact, I was wondering——"

"Wondering what?" said the elder woman, anxiously.

"There are so many people here. I thought we might be more comfortable if we moved to some other place."

Mrs. Vanderveer raised her eyebrows a trifle. "My dear girl, that's ridiculous. You yourself chose this place, and you know our rooms are taken for the entire season."

The girl sighed and said nothing more. She was very unhappy. She longed to tell Mrs. Vanderveer what she felt it would blister her lips to utter, and yet it seemed strange that she did not see for herself what all the people in the hotel knew. For though Tom Landers had sought her out from the very first and seemed determined to make her like him in the end, he did not conceal the fact that he was a married man; in fact, he was spending his vacation with his wife.

Elinor had not known it at first. Mrs. Vanderveer had presented him, and she had taken it for granted that he was unmarried. He had been so kind and thoughtful, and in her loneliness her heart had gone out to him; without intruding upon her great sorrow or even mentioning it, he seemed to understand everything, and by the very sympathy of his manner helped her to bear her loss. If he had only told her then!

Elinor could not remember without a certain humiliation the day when she had first discovered the truth. A party of girls had chartered a coach and had persuaded her to drive with them. Without listening she overheard the conversation of the two just in front of her and found that they were talking about the subject of her own thoughts, Tom Landers.

"Yes, he's awfully handsome," said the first speaker, "but I think Miss Landers, his sister, is the sweetest thing. She came this morning."

"She isn't Miss Landers, she's Mrs. Landers; most people make that mistake," said her companion. "He was speaking about it the other day. They think it a great joke."

By an effort of will Elinor nerved herself to dress and go downstairs to meet Tom Landers' wife. She was at least no coward. He himself introduced her that very evening, and Elinor got through it somehow without breaking down. Mrs. Landers was very pretty, and very young, with a frank smile and a very cordial manner.

One afternoon several women were discussing husbands in general and tobacco in particular. One speaker said that she allowed her husband three cigars a day, but when he was away from her she supposed he smoked all the time. Mrs. Landers seemed to find this very amusing.

"Tom is the best boy in the world," she said, "and I dare say he would give up smoking to please me, but I would no more try to limit the number of cigars my husband smokes than I would the number of clean collars he wears. Would you, Miss Haywood?"

"It is a subject in which I take no interest," said Elinor, coldly, and walked away.

A few days later Elinor met Mrs. Landers alone in the hallway one morning. "I want you to come into my room for a moment, Miss Haywood. I have something particular to say to you." Elinor could not refuse and followed her. Mrs. Landers sat beside her, and took the girl's hot hand between her own cool palms.

"Now I want to know what Tom has done to offend you, and why you avoid him so?" she said. "The poor boy is desperately unhappy over it, and I am sure it is only a misunderstanding, and all can be explained."

Elinor tried to draw away. "Mrs. Landers has done nothing to offend me," she answered.

Just then there was a bustle at the door, and a bellboy handed a telegram to Mrs. Landers, who tore it open and gave a little cry of pleasure. "Just think!" she said; "my husband left the city this morning and is on his way to spend a week with me. I didn't expect to see him for another month."

"Your husband," said Elinor, blankly. "Will you please tell me how many you have? One is usually all the law allows."

Mrs. Landers looked puzzled. Then a light seemed to dawn upon her, and she laughed until she almost cried.

"You poor, deluded child, did you think all this time that Tom was my husband? Didn't Mrs. Vanderveer tell you? She has known us from childhood."

"I never asked her," said Elinor faintly. "I took it for granted you were Mrs. Landers."

"Yes, I am; but my husband is my second cousin, and I did not change my name when I married. Why, I thought, of course, you knew he is my brother."

Elinor hung her head, but could not feel very unhappy.

"I am an orphan, as you are," the other continued, "and Tom and I have always been inseparable. I suppose you thought we were a newly-married couple. Well, what a joke! Now I must dress, for I want to meet my husband at the station. By the way, Tom wanted me to ask you to go rowing with him this afternoon. What shall I tell him?"

And Elinor did not say no.—New York News.

A Royal Frost.

Queen Victoria, although not particularly fond of the sea, was very proud of her navy, and showed much attention and kindness (especially when resident in the Isle of Wight) to naval officers. Admirals and captains were often invited to her table, and junior officers were asked to entertainments and evening parties at Osborne. A certain midshipman (now a popular "first luff") was once present on one of these festive occasions; the Queen, seated in her accustomed low easy chair in another part of the drawing-room, observed the young officer in the middle of a group of court ladies, who appeared to be greatly enjoying some story with which he was entertaining them.

The Queen, who was in conversation with her Minister in attendance, promptly desired him to request the young midshipman to come over and repeat for her delectation the anecdote which had afforded so much diversion to her ladies. The unfortunate youth obeyed the royal behest with much awkward perturbation, for the chief point of the story which he now found himself called to recount to the ear of majesty happened to lie in the fact of his having once succeeded in making a fool of his superior officer. As the tale progressed, the royal countenance was overspread, not with smiles, but with gathering frowns, and when it came to a halting conclusion the only comment was the cutting remark, "We are not in the least amused!"—M. A. P.

Women and Religion.

A writer in Harper's Weekly has some striking observations to make on the subject of the emancipated woman of to-day and her attitude towards religion. It is noted that although, according to the testimony of ministers, men are attending church more now than they were a decade ago, women of leisure, on the other hand, are attending less regularly and in fewer numbers than formerly. Nor is it without significance, says the writer, that the most explicit, outspoken plea for absolute individualism in matters of religion, and the ablest argument in favor of abstention from social forms of worship, should have been made by a woman—Mrs. Margaret Deland, the well-known novelist. It is a question whether or not "woman's eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge will be good for the church and rewarding to the woman."

The Stomach Not Indispensable.

At a meeting of medical men in Vienna the other day, Dr. Ullman presented a woman, of sixty-two years, whose entire stomach had been removed in an operation for cancer. Nevertheless, she digests all her food and has gained weight since the operation. The doctor stated that the operation of removing the stomach had been successfully performed over twenty times. The stomach really plays only a small part in the complex act of digestion, its principal use being that of a reservoir. Hence it is that without this organ meals have to be taken inconveniently often and unusually small. There are several little organs, of complex chemical function, far more indispensable than the stomach, which are seldom heard of. We could not exist, for instance, without the suprarenal capsules and the pancreas.—Harper's Weekly.

His First Letter.

When George was sent away to boarding school the family waited anxiously for his first letter, which, they feared, would be filled with homesick longings for the people and things he had left. When the letter came George's father smiled, his mother sighed, and his elder sisters were half amused and half provoked: "Dear Mother and Family—I've been here twenty-three hours now and it is great. My most intimate friend is a boy by the name of Floppy Smith. He's five feet six and has had his left leg broken in two different places. Love to all and will soon write again. Your affectionate son, George."

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

A Question That is Perplexing the Brains of Twentieth Century Women.

The simple life has been preached and advocated and harangued upon since the earliest times, says the Boston Post, and yet to-day we are more sorely in need of it than ever before. How to simplify our mode of living in order to bring into it more that is worth while? How to spend fewer hours upon the gaining of a mere existence in order to find leisure to enjoy the pleasures which are possible to us? These are questions which are perplexing the hearts and brains of the twentieth century women, women who are striving to solve the problem of what is really the essential and true home-making.

The burdens of this twentieth century civilization rest heavily upon us, and we reel and stagger beneath our load of real and imaginary duties, obligations and responsibilities, until at last we find ourselves trying to solve the problem of how much of the burden we may drop as profitless and unnecessary and yet safeguard to ourselves a quiet mind and a consciousness of duty done. We may have striven valiantly to be equal to the demands of the new regime, but sooner or later we come to realize that it is folly for us to go on piecing together the tattered fragments of time that is left to us for the things that are really worth while, and we begin questioning ourselves as to how we may fashion our own individual lives according to our own convictions.

It has been said that simplicity is a state of mind. It is a state of mind to which we must attain by "the gospel of healthy need, and not the life of fancied want." To make our lives simple and wholesome, and quiet and peaceful, and to stamp our own individuality upon our homes, this is the true secret of the way to the higher life. Not that we should ignore the rare and the beautiful in the decoration of our homes. Beauty and luxury are often necessities. The beautiful picture, the rare bit of statuary, the graceful outlines of a Morris chair or the handsome centrepiece, are all a fitting accompaniment to simplicity in the home.

It is the overdoing in our daily lives and the overcrowding of our homes with useless furnishings, our desire to outshine our neighbor and attain to social distinction, which crowds out the things which are really worth while—the peace and happiness and sweet serenity which is a benediction in our home and the sign and seal of a regnant life.—Detroit Free Press.

Parisian Tea Rooms.

For the ordinary person, who is not given over heart and soul either to milliners or to museums, who does not conceive Paris to be solely the apotheosis either of chiffon or of culture, perhaps the most perfect consolation to be found in winter is in the tea rooms. All of the more important hotels boast a tea room, that of the Elysee Palace being notable for its elegance and enormous extent. Almost the whole of the ground floor of this great caravansary is set with tea tables arranged among a forest of palms and exotic plants.

An agreeable orchestra discourses light music, which invariably includes, with thoughtful regard for the American clientele, one or two American numbers—that is to say, a coon song and a Sousa march. Everywhere the Old World conception of what Americans value in art is as painful to our vanity as it is contrary to the truth.

One would believe that literally tout le monde goes to the Elysee Palace for tea, such crowds of well-turned-out men and women gather there. But this is cosmopolis, and it is to a smaller, less ornate resort that the vraie Parisienne will conduct you—to Columbin's, a patisserie just off the Rue de Rivoli. Ravishing toilettes, beauties that, after the French fashion, are often both fearfully and wonderfully made, personages distinguished in the social world—all this is to be seen at Columbin's under conditions of a peculiar sort of intimacy.—Harper's Bazar.

Norwegian Embroidery.

The girl with clever fingers is making some pretty sets of stole collars and outside cuffs in the colored thread embroidery in various stitches. Northern and Central Europe have been ransacked for pretty designs and gay color combinations.

You can purchase collar and cuff sets stamped in desirable patterns on best linen, and then buy canvas for executing the Russian cross-stitch embroidery, and skeins of best imported cottons warranted to be fast colors, with small book of directions and patterns.

You can also purchase your linen, and with the aid of patterns do your own stamping from your choice patterns, baste on the canvas to direct your Russian embroidery stitches, and so attend to the whole matter yourself.

The long French collar is supplied with an elongated pendant. It is comfortably shaped to the throat, and neither rides up under the chin nor pinches in at the back of the neck.

French collars can be embroidered either with open or solid work. You can buy a Russian or Hungarian collar or cuff set, with the work already started, for $1 a set, and materials ample to complete the embroidery.

Some of the embroidery to be applied to silk or velvet collars is meant to be executed in solid bead work.

Bead needles are to be bought by the paper, the proper size which will not split a tiny bead.

Woman Bank Cashier.

"Flora Layton, Cashier," is the signature to all the letters sent out from the bank of Yellville, Ark.

For years Miss Layton acted as cashier, being the assistant cashier of the bank of Yellville, which was under direction of the late A. S. Layton.

Her tuition was under one of the best financiers in the State of Arkansas, and at the same time one of the most conservative.

When the bank was reorganized and incorporated after the death of Mr. Layton, the original owner Miss Layton was unanimously elected cashier, having practicaly conducted the business during the past few years, and entirely directing affairs during her father's illness.

Slight in build, winsome in manner, this young lady is at home in the office of the bank, and as yet no man has been able to overreach her in a business way. Handling thousands of dollars each day, and being one of the owners of the bank, Miss Layton is unostentatious in manner and affable to a marked degree.

She enjoys the distinction of being the only woman cashier in Arkansas, if, indeed, in the entire West.

Black Embroidery on White.

Black embroidery on white is extremely fashionable, providing the contrarts are not too startling. As one well-dressed woman said: "Black embroidery on white should take the form of a delicate tracery, otherwise it becomes bourgeois." A dainty white waist follows after this dictum. It is of fine French flannel, and is perhaps too elaborate to come under the head of a shirt waist. It is cut after a shirt waist model, however, except that it has a deep cuff. The sleeves are laid in wide pleats as far down as the elbow. Each pleat is ornamented with a slender line of black and white silk embroidery, and the end of each is marked by an inch-wide medallion, also embroidered in black and white silk. The same embroidery trims the box pleat down the front of the waist, and a line of medallions runs across just below the bust line. But the waist does not depend on embroidery alone for its ornamentation. The high stock collar is a combination of embroidered white flannel and white lace. Lace is also appliqued to form a shallow rounding yoke, which extends slightly over the sleeves, and the cuffs are covered with it.

To Look Slight.

Nothing is prettier and more becoming to a fair, slight woman with a pretty complexion than white, but white gloves must be carefully avoided by her sister of too ample charms.

Black is the color for the stout woman, especially if she be of the black-eyed and black-haired type. A black gown will make her look slighter than anything else, while pale blue, light gray and nearly every shade of red will make her "too, too solid flesh" most undesirably self-assertive, says Home Notes.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, may all be advantageously worn by the stout woman, who will also find mauve and the higher shades of green, used in decoration about the throat and shoulders, very helpful in diminishing the effect of her size.

The Six-Inch Fan.

The small fans have been used for several seasons now, under the name of theatre fans. They were found the most useful thing for use at the play, where a large fan is almost as much of a nuisance to one's neighbors as a large hat. And, having proved their convenience in this respect, they have been accepted for other uses as well. They are not nearly so picturesque and graceful as the large fans, especially those soft big ones, ones of ostrich feathers which were in favor for some years. But one must bow to the fashion, and its decree is that the six inch fan is the smart one this year.—Harper's Bazar.

Combination of Laces.

The fashion of combining two kinds of lace in one garment shows no sign of waning. You often see a blouse covered with lace, which is itself garnished with a yoke or a medallion of another kind. An ecru silk slip is the foundation for a handsome blouse of cluny lace; this has a deep pointed yoke of Pointe d'Arabe lace in a heavy pattern. The blouse opens on the left shoulder, where the yoke hooks up, and under the left arm, which is open to the waist. The sleeve is a loose bishop, entirely of cluny lace, but with a cuff or straight wristband of Pointe d'Arabe. The high neckband is of cluny lace over ecru silk.

Dancing Dresses.

For a young girl who goes to a dancing class a frock of white alpaca is both daintily pretty and durable. Alpaca will stand the winter's wear better than almost any other white fabric.

For trimming, bias bands of silk are best. White taffeta, satin dotted or striped silks, now so fashionable, are all pretty on such a dress. The silk may be used for the bertha or for the belt, with its short sash ends, or on the cuffs, either on all or one of these parts, as the silk shall prove to look best.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Mole fur combines happily with fawn cloth.

Inlaid bands of velvet form one of the rich and admirable garnitures.

It is hard to say which is the desire—the broad or the sloping shoulder.

Strappings set on in diamond shapes are among the attractive trimmings.

Suede or other leather trimmings are smart and not at all common, so far.

Visiting costumes show skirts with broad, bobby trains that are not very long.

Walking dresses are cut so that the skirt comes just to the ground, hardly touching.

Tricorners, turbans, toques, sailors and Directoire shapes dominate the world of hats.

Tab effects range from shoulder finishes in epaulette style to stoles to the edge of the front.

Silk linings, as a rule, match the dress, though in some cases they match the trimming.

After admiring all manner of dresses trimmed with curtain laces, one's thoughts revert to an exquisite affair trimmed in dainty Brussels lace.

One of the smartest fur jackets seems to be an affair abbreviated on all sides and filled out with a magnificently embroidered foundation of velvet the color of the fur.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City.—Simple negligees are always attractive and fill so evident a need as to be counted among the necessities of the wardrobe. This

NEGLIGEE WITH STOLE COLLAR.

one can be gathered or accordion pleated as preferred, and includes the fashionable wide collar with stole ends. The model is made of pale pink crepe albatross with the collar of white, edged with a pretty fancy braid, but any soft or pliable fabric is appropriate and the collar can be of the material, of contrasting color, or of silk or wool as may be liked.

The negligee consists of a shallow yoke to which the fronts and back are joined, the full sleeves and the side collar. The sleeves are fuller below the elbows and snugger above and are gathered into straight cuffs. When accordion pleating is preferred both the fronts and back are cut of sufficient width and are finely pleated before being joined to the yoke. The collar is arranged over the shoulders and seamed to the neck, its stole finishing the front.

A Late Design by May Manton.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and five-eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, five and three-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or three and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, when negligee is gathered; seven and one-eighth yards twenty-one, six and seven-eighth twenty-seven, or three and seven-eighth forty-four inches wide, when it is accordion pleated, with three-quarter yards of contrasting material for collar and three yards of fancy braid to trim as illustrated.

Lace is Inset.

Much of the lace is inset, much of it is applique; deep lace flounces are worn, and lace fichus looped on to the bodice with cords and heavy tassels. Many lace blouses appear above the deep belts and the soft tied sashes of silk, and lace blouses and others all open at the back. Old Point, Mechlin and thread laces have distinct uses, as opposed to the heavier makes; colored laces accompany every sort of gown, but they require to be matched to perfection.

Pretty Neckwear.

Any woolen waist, and especially colored ones, are made twice as attractive if, instead of tight linen collars, airy lace or embroidered linen or lawn ties are worn with them. This is a little feminine touch never omitted by a Frenchwoman. The fine handkerchief cravat, easily made at home, is pretty, and the innumerable dainty and fragile neck pieces for sale in the shops are also wound twice around the neck and fastened with a gold pin at the throat. Any of these lighten cloth or flannel waists wonderfully.

Flower Appliques.

The application of flowers to a gown is not at all difficult, and, if carefully cut out of the velvet there will be no frayed edges, nothing to mar the completeness of the flower. These bunches or the single flowers can be used upon the finest and thinnest of dinner gowns with the very best results in every case.

The One-Piece Sleeve.

One piece bishop sleeves fit the upper arm closely. They are very wide at the lower edge, where the fullness is gathered into narrow wristbands.

Bodice Girdles.

The vogue of the deep belt, or girdle, appears to gain adherents week by week until no wardrobe is considered complete that does not include one or more. These varying styles suit the needs of varying figures and are some full, some plain. As illustrated No. 1 is made of black liberty satin. No. 2 of black and white taffeta. No. 3 of peau de cynge, and No. 4 of crepe de chine, but any of the materials used for bodices of the sort are appropriate and the color can be made to suit the demands of the special gown.

The girdles consist of the foundation, which is shaped and fitted to the figure and is used for all, and the full portion of each.

No. 1 is shaped and shirred on indicated lines, then arranged over the foundation, which is boned in order to retain its shape. No. 2 is cut in sections which are arranged over the foundation and held by lacings, the whole being boned at back, sides and front.

No. 3 consists of three portions, which are laid in folds, the centre of the foundation at front and back and the outer portion shaped to give a pointed effect at the front where it terminates, and one end is passed through an ornamental ring or buckle.

No. 4 is similar to No. 1, but is narrower and shows fewer shirrings, so being better adapted to the waists of larger size.

The quantity of material twenty-one inches wide required for the medium size is one yard for No. 1, three-fourth yard for No. 2, one and one-eighth

BODICE GIRDLES.

yards for No. 3, and seven-eighth yards for No. 4.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Conveniences For the Housewife.

Corks that fit any bottle. They are of rubber, with a metal top containing a spring.

Furniture beaters covered with chamois. Will not mark furniture or scratch the woodwork.

Small cakes of sulphur, with little receptacle to hold it when burning. Used by Uncle Sam as a fumigator and disinfectant.

Thick muslin bags in which to break ice for the freezer or other household needs—a quick and easy process.

A fire kindler. Light with match, place under kindlings, and it burns till fire is started. Twelve in a box, one cent. Convenient also for campers and picnickers.

A broom that makes no dust. Remove handle, pour water in tube. It dampens splints gradually and keeps down the dust.

Calcutta water coolers for making your ice live longer than the iceman desires. Rather picturesque, too.

Just a Little Pinch of Soda.

A pinch of soda stirred into milk that is to be boiled will keep it from curdling. A bit of soda the size of a pea added to the tomatoes for tomato cream soup, will prevent the milk's "breaking" when it goes in; and it is a safeguard for all cream soups.

A little soda put into the water in which dried beans are soaked will expedite the process wonderfully without influencing the flavor of the beans.

When cooking green vegetables a small particle of soda added to the boiling water, just before putting in the vegetables, will keep them in fresh color.

There will be no disagreeable odor during the cooking of cabbage and cauliflower, if put on in cold water to which has been added a good pinch of baking soda. They must be cooked about twenty minutes after the water reaches a boil, and the saucepan should be left uncovered during the entire process.

There are innumerable uses for this same baking soda, which are commonly known. These are only a few in which its worth is not generally understood as a valuable ally to the housekeeper.

Furnishing of Bedrooms.

What is more conducive to sleep than an artistic bedroom, spotlessly clean and simple? It is a mistake to decorate any room too elaborately, but particularly is this the case with bedrooms. The impurities thrown off in sleep should have no upholstered furniture or worsted hangings to which they can cling. Some housekeepers, however, in their desire to be scrupulously neat and clean, make their bedrooms as plain and bare as hospital wards. This is absurd and defeats the end for which bedrooms are intended, for a person of refinement can sleep better in pleasant surroundings.

The room should be comfortably and cheerfully furnished, though without show or ostentation. The curtains at the windows, which should be large enough to let in plenty of light and air, should be of simple muslin in some dainty design. Matting is the best covering for a bedroom floor, if the floor is not of hard wood. If it is, inexpensive Japanese, or better still, simple home made rugs of light material, which can be easily shaken or cleaned, may be used.

Brass or metal bedsteads are by all means the best, because the different parts are so tightly screwed together that there are no crevices where dust or impurities can lodge.

It is a mistake to have a very low ceiling in a bedroom, but unnecessary to have a very high one. It should, however, be high enough to admit of thorough ventilation. It is needless to add that growing plants should never be placed in the windows of a bedroom, as the earth and fertilizers often give off malarial germs.

Delicate colors are most suitable in furnishings. One of the prettiest bedrooms imaginable, in a country home, was recently decorated in cream and yellow. It was papered with a very simple design of yellow pansies, on a cream ground, with a silver line running lengthwise. The bedstead was of white enameled iron, trimmed with brass, and the bureau was an ordinary chest of drawers, repainted and enameled white, with brass door handles and oval mirror. Old-fashioned chairs and washstand in white, with a pale green screen and lamp of the same color completed the furniture. The washstand stood in a small alcove, and a portiere of Japanese cotton crepe, with a design in delicate yellow, separated it from the room. Before the bed was a soft rug of silk. These artistic furnishings cost only a trifle in comparison with the average cost of bedroom fittings.—New York Tribune.

RECIPES

Baked Cabbage—Cook a cabbage cut in quarters until tender; drain it and chop quite fine; when cool add two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper, to season, and one-fourth cup of cream; bake in a buttered dish; serve very hot.

Rice Pancakes—To half a cupful of boiled rice add one pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs and flour enough to make a batter; add one teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake on a hot griddle; brown on both sides; serve with syrup, butter and sugar.

Potato Pudding—Boil one medium sized potato until tender; then rub it through a strainer; add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three beaten eggs, the juice and rind of one lemon; turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven over half an hour.

Chocolate Custard—Put in the double boiler one pint of milk; beat three eggs a little, add three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, add a little hot milk to this, stir and pour all back into the double boiler; cook, stirring constantly until creamy; remove, add a pinch of salt; put one square of chocolate in a pan and over hot water; when melted add a little of the hot custard to it, and stir into the custard; when well mixed add one teaspoon of vanilla extract, serving icy cold.