

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

Subject: Christ and Common Things.

Melbourne.—The following helpful sermon, entitled, "Christ and Common Things," was contributed recently to the West Australian Baptist by a Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

The first remarkable point in the words of our Lord's earthly career is the extent of His relation to common things. The supernatural and the marvelous are, of course, in evidence in the successive stages of His mission, yet the prevailing aspect is that of human commonplace.

This key was struck at the beginning. "Shepherds abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flocks," received the tidings of His coming, and, admiring and praising God, the humble men returned from the splendors of His advent once more to resume their lowly duties. Born in a stable and cradled in a manger, He reduced His infancy to stark commonplaces. His rustic home and village life of Nazareth linked Him with the cottages of all time. His occupation, again, brings Him close to the overwhelming host of workers.

Carlyle writes: "Not 'Arms and the Man,' 'The Man,' that we were now our Epitaph. Did not our Lord for thirty years give visible expression to this epitaph? And if ever a great singer should worthily render that theme, must not the central figure of His large poetry be the Carpenter of Nazareth?" His work was not daintily brought in, in a workshop of artist, goldsmith or author; but rough hammer, saw and planer were consecrated by His hands, and the rugged ceiling of the tolling mill was hallowed by His example.

In the days of "His showing unto Israel" He remained faithful to simple people and scenes. Our Lord was content that the companions of His sublime career should be obscure and simple. He identified Himself with the common lot.

The great artists of the past who represent the Saviour seem anxious to invest Him with mystic and kingly signs and symbols—He is haloed with splendor, adorned with jewels, angels are His heralds, Jordan opens above His head, priests and kings lay treasures at His feet. But we know that all this is very remote from fact. The modern realist who pictures our Lord as one of the people, without a shred of heavenly, anecdotal, or imperial signification, is much nearer to New Testament truth.

How truly human was our Lord! How completely He identified Himself with us and the common lot! He seemed ever watchful lest any rag of purple or gold, any takers of a diadem or mitre, any obtrusion of majestic and privileged greatness, either earthly or unearthly, should seem to separate Him from the teeming hosts who by hard labor in many spheres earn their daily bread.

At what point did our Lord enter into constant relation to common things of every kind. He manifests no impatience, never once refers to His lowliness as if it were a matter of injustice and monstrousness. Generations have regarded the spectacle of Alfred the Great lodging in the neather's hut; it is felt as an act of almost incredible condescension and patriotism that Peter the Great was willing to work in our dockyard as a common shipwright; and whenever royalty visits a cottage or chain with a plowman or shopkeeper, the fact must be proclaimed as something in the very nature of the case astounding. Yet Christ seems never to have been conscious of this amazing disparity between rank and another. On no occasion does He express surprise or regret that He is peasant rather than a prince, a carpenter rather than a captain, that He is engaged with minor matters of humble life rather than with the marvelous and majestic.

Whenever the New Testament refers to the humiliation of our Lord, the emphasis is placed on the moral side, not on the circumstantial. The marvel is that He descended from the realms of glory to dwell with a world of sinners, not that He was humbled by princes and palaces to act with shepherds and fishermen. He humbled Himself to the death of the cross, not to the cottage of the peasant, the bench of the craftsman, or the boat of the fisherman. He reckoned no part of His humiliation.

We do not find our Lord condescending with Himself on account of His undistinguished associations. For sufficient purpose He may incidentally refer to His mean estate, yet never by way of apology or complaint. He does not attack the rich and powerful on the grounds of their official status; whenever He judges or rebukes them, it is strictly on moral and religious grounds. He is no acrid, vituperative, truculent adversary of the great, as if in some way they did Him injustice by being such. He does not envy the opulent, brilliant, or powerful. He betrays no jealousy, because He knew none.

He does not imitate the great, the wealthy, or the famous; He often seizes the democracy in pathetic and ridiculous ways imitate the nobility whom they defame, adorning themselves with false finery, cheap jewelry, and in sundry ways aping the magnificent and ostentatious. They show that in their secret hearts they covet the pompa of greatness, and would fully share them if opportunity served—with one feather the plebeian seeks to become a peacock. There is nothing of this in Christ, no attempt to escape the common lot as if it were something to be ashamed of, something to escape from. Whilst recognizing social gradations, our Lord knew no servility or sordidness. He was rich, great, satisfied in His clear sense of self-respect and in the consciousness of His Father's smile.

His serene eyes was undazzled by splendor; His great mind appreciated the moral significance, not was content with the magnitude of circumstance; He was content to work out His career, sublime beyond that of all mortals in the worn sun which must be followed by the vast multitudes of His brethren.

Great souls recognize the worth of common things. The greater the man, the more vividly does he recognize the essential charm and worth of common things. Newton beheld the secret of the rainbow in the magic of a bubble; Lianseu found the magic of Paradise in a goose-bush; Tyndall was bewitched by a snowflake; and our geologists exult in the knowledge that the common highway is not dust and dirt, as the ignorant contemptuously suppose, but basalt, soapstone and gold. And this is equally true in regard to the relations and environments of human life. The rich, the titled and the fashionable, if only satisfactorily little of soul, will sneer at the common herd; but all serene, all

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR DEC. 8 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Ruth's Wise Choice, Ruth 1:14-22—Golden Text, Ruth 1:16—Memory Verses, 16, 17—Read Ruth 1-4.

Leaving the Book of Judges and opening the story of Ruth we pass from the stormy outdoor life, from the tempest and trouble into quiet domestic life, from the wild and stormy to the calm and peaceful. The story of Ruth is a beautiful picture of the greater movements of a people we are brought, as it were, to a cottage interior in the soft light of an autumn evening, to obscure lives passing through the cycles of loss and comfort, of affliction and sorrow. We have seen the ebb and flow of a nation's fidelity and fortune, a few leaders appearing clearly on the stage and behind them a multitude indefinite, indiscriminate, the thousands who form the ranks of battle and die on the field, who sway together from Jehovah to Baal and back to Jehovah again. What the Hebrews were at home, how they lived in the villages of Judah or on the slopes of Tabor, the narrative has not paused to speak of with detail. Now there is leisure after the strife and the historian can describe old customs and family events, can show us the toiling flockmasters, the busy reapers, the women with their axes and sickles, the love and labor of simple life, of hand-to-hand of sin and judgment have rolled over the scene; but they have cleared away and we see human nature in examples that become familiar to us, no longer in wild shadow or vivid lightning, but in the clear light of a day. It is homely, erring, enduring, imperfect, not unlovely.

And Ruth—memorable for ever is her decision, charming for ever the words in which it is expressed, "Behold, now I have returned to my people, for whithersoever you shall go, I will go: you shall be my people, and where you shall lodge, I will lodge: your God shall be my God, and where you shall die, I will die; and where you shall be buried, there will I be buried: for whithersoever you shall go, I will go." Like David's lament over Jonathan these words have sunk deep into the human heart. As an expression of the tenderest and most faithful friendship they are unrivalled. The simple dignity of the iteration in carrying phrases till the climax is reached beyond which no promise could go, the quiet fervor of the feeling, the thought which seems to have almost a Christian depth—all are beautiful, pathetic, noble. From this moment a chain links about Ruth and she becomes dearer to us than any woman of whom the Hebrew records tell.

Dignified and warm affection is the first characteristic of Ruth, and close beside it we find the strength of a firm conclusion as to duty. It is good to be capable of clear choice, parting between this and that of opposing considerations and differing claims. Not to rush at decisions and act in mere wilfulness, for wilfulness is the extreme of weakness, but to resolve on a wise, thoughtful step, even though it bring temporal disadvantage, is a moral gain, a step towards salvation. It is the exercise of individuality of the soul.

Life has many partings, and we have all had our experience of some which without any apparent cause separate those who felt to serve and bless each other. Over matters of faith, questions of political order and even social morality separations will occur. There may be no lack of faithfulness on either side when at a certain point widely divergent views of duty are taken by two who have been friends. One standing only a little apart from the other sees the same light reflected from a different facet of the crystal, streaming on in a different direction, and it would be altogether mistaken to say that Oprah took the way of worldly selfishness, Ruth only going a mistake to accuse those who part with us on some question of faith or conduct and then they are as finally estranged. A little more knowledge and we would see with them or they with us. Some day they and we shall reach the truth and agree in our conclusions. Separations must be met, and it is for as the character leans to love or justice, the mind to reasoning or emotion, there is a difference in the vision of the good for which a man should strive.

Yet one difference between men reaches to the roots of life. The common way of those who keep the straight way and press on towards the light have the most sorrowful recollection of some partings. They have had to leave comrades and brethren behind who despised the quest of holiness and immortality, and who, in the mockery for the Friend and Saviour of man. The shadows of estrangement falling between those who are of Christ's company are nothing compared with the dense cloud which divides them from men who cling to what is earthly and ignoble; and so the reproach of sectarian division coming from irreligious persons needs not trouble those who have as Christians an eternal brotherhood.

Remarkable shrinkages have been going on among the Swiss glaciers, especially in the last two or three years. The great Rhone glacier, one of the sights of Switzerland—at least it used to be—has lost in the last two years no less than 85,250 square feet, and others have been shortened by anywhere from twenty feet to forty feet. Among sixty-three instances fifty-three recessions were discovered, one glacier remaining stationary, and nine had slightly increased. The conspicuous gain was made by the Elger glacier, which lengthened itself 114 feet last year, but observers say that these increases are not permanent.

Dr. Emil Koenig, an eminent German physiologist, is of the opinion that man has reached the pinnacle of development, and that henceforth he will fall, reverting, perhaps, to the primitive, or at least to some type far inferior to the one representative of the world-wide homo.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

DECEMBER EIGHTH.

Lessons from an old love story. The book of Ruth. Read in the meeting. Ruth 2: 10-20. A mother's misfortune. Ruth 1: 15. A mother's sacrifice. Ruth 1: 6-13. A daughter's unselfishness. Ruth 1: 14-22. A daughter's toll. Ruth 2: 1-9. Grandmother of David. Ruth 4: 16-22. An ancestor of Christ. Matt. 1: 1-16. Real desert is always modest, astonished that it should be so favored, rather than that it is not more favored.

No one need herald his good deeds; they are their own best advertisement. Boaz called upon the Lord to reward Ruth; but he helped to answer his own prayers. A thoughtful mind will understand that the blessings he receives are not wholly for himself, but largely, perhaps, because those before him have been pleasing to God.

Ruth's kindness to Naomi was the best policy; but it would not have been if she had done it through motives of policy. There are two modes of expressing affection: "Orpha blessed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her."

It was Naomi's great loss, of her husband, two sons and one daughter-in-law, that proved the greatest gain of her life. How fitting that Christ, the Lover of the New Testament, should be depicted as Ruth, the lover of the Old Testament.

If you are living a godly life you are building a cathedral; but you see only a piece of the plan at a time. The "happening" that led Ruth to the fields of Boaz was like the "happening" that brings one, on a well-planned road, upon some beautiful vista.

It is like a great chain of helpfulness. One link was the love of Ruth for Naomi; another, the love of Boaz for Ruth; and so the chain went on to the great love-link of Christ's life; and it is going on today.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8.

God in the World.—(2 Cor. 5: 18-20)—Missions.

Passages for reference: Matt. 1: 21; Luke 19: 10; John 3: 16; 20: 21. This Scripture fits aptly into a Home Mission treatment. Writing to people likely to have many gods or altogether neglecting God, he declares, "All things that have come into Christendom are of God." Liberty-giving America, with its open doors of opportunity, is a gift of God. Without him we could not have had these privileges. God's anger against sinful men was real. All the efforts of ages had failed to pull him out of his selfishness.

If the gospel falls at home it will not have a strong admission abroad. Splendid new services have narrowed the world, nearly all people know the condition of our neighbors. With 2,128,156 immigrants coming to our country from the nations of the world in the last two years, we become as an open book. Letters and newspapers sent back to relatives are spread about in that neighborhood until the people know about us. Americans are envied by all nations. The cause of our favored condition is being searched after. If the true cause—the presence of Christ—is revealed they will enthrone him. We must then see to it that city slum Southern outposts, mountain fastnesses and new country communities are Christianized. Then, again, we have a rare opportunity to evangelize foreign lands through natives dropped into our midst. We spurn or pass the Italian and the Chinaman too easily. Some of the best workers in all lands were converted here and returned to spread the good news at home. William Nass, an infidel German, converted in America, practically all our promissory work in not only Germany, but Europe. God seems to be sending these people to our very doors so that we may train them under unusually favorable surroundings for spreading the news in their own land. We can, by their conversion, also convince doubting home folk who question the susceptibility of "low grade" foreigners to the high-class gospel. It will pay your Epworth League to start and support a mission among some group of foreigners located in the town or city or near-by country community.

"Quoth the Raven"—When H. G. Wells, the English novelist, was in Boston he praised Poe at a dinner. "I think hardly of your New England writers," he said, "for their contempt of Poe. I shall never be able to forget that Emerson called him 'that jingle man.' To-day a thousand read Poe when one reads Emerson, and not to know Poe's works is rather a disgrace. There is a little in—"

"It is a rather poorly conducted little inn," he said, "but the landlady gets every visitor to write something about it in a kind of autograph album that she keeps on her drawing room table. One visitor wrote in the album many years ago: "Quoth the raven"—The landlady did not understand that quotation. She was not as well up in her Poe as she should have been. And ever since that time she has shown the cryptic line to every guest, entreating him to tell her, if he can, its meaning. But the guests are always too polite to tell her. They pretend they do not know. And hence, year after year, to every visitor that comes, the poor landlady with her album gives herself away."

Washington Star. CONCITED. "That Miss Winkler is the most concited girl I ever met." "How so?" "Somebody said in her presence that the planet Mars was trying to signal to us, and she immediately looked self-conscious."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Nile overflows its banks from July to October. This is due to the rainfall of the Abyssinian highlands.

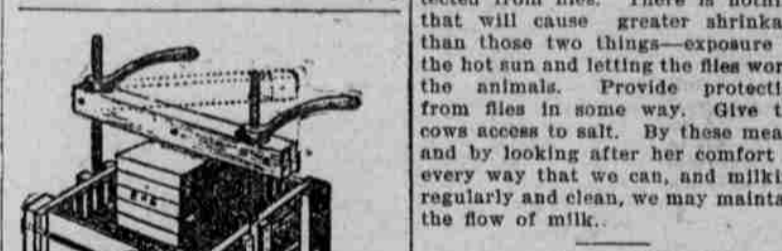


FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN. The Big Weeds. An old gunner used to say that he did not want to shoot any game that was not worth carrying home, but the farmer will find that it pays to mow weeds about this season or at any time when they are large enough, even if he does not carry them to the barn. There is no need to give reasons for this practice.

Drought Insurance. One of the best methods of securing safety from drought is to keep the surface of the ground well stirred and loose. It will then not only absorb much rain, if any comes, that might otherwise run off the surface of dry or caked soil, but it absorbs and holds even the dew, which in an ordinary time amounts to a great deal of moisture.—American Cultivator.

Keeping Up the Milk Flow. This is a very important matter to those who keep cows for dairy purposes. An old dairyman, Mr. Whitely, says the flow may vary ten per cent, from month to month, but while some cows give an even flow others fall off rapidly sometimes, especially if not given plenty of succulent food; that to maintain the flow of milk is one of the secrets of good dairymanship. In maintaining the flow we should give the cows plenty of succulent feed—any quantity of it. The cow needs plenty of juicy material, out of which to make milk. Peas and oats, cut green are very valuable, and roots, but do not give them turnips. Every dairyman should have a silo; two tons of ensilage, costing about \$2, are equal to one ton of hay, which would cost from \$6 to \$8. In summer let the cow have plenty of shade and see that she is well protected from flies. There is nothing that will cause greater shrinkage than those two things—exposure to the hot sun and letting the flies worry the animals. Provide protection from flies in some way. Give the cows access to salt. By these means and by looking after her comfort in every way that we can, and milking regularly and clean, we may maintain the flow of milk.

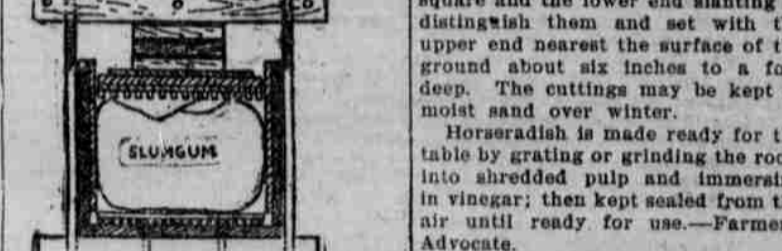
Unheated Wax Press. The drawings shown herewith make the construction of my wax press plain, writes a correspondent of Gleanings, in Bee Culture. To begin rendering wax first put the cleared racking into the bottom of the press. Take a burlap sack that is big enough to hold 100 pounds of bran and rip



Unheated Wax Press. Spread the seam in one side and the bottom. The press, push it down in and see that it fits well into the corners, letting the edges hang out over the top. Now take a wide sack and put it into the press with a hoop in the top to hold it open. Now dip into your tub, full of boiling comb; take the hoop out of the sack; push it down with a stick to make it fit on the bottom and in



Cross Section of Wax Press. After the wax is pressed out take of one handle; let the screw slip down even with the top of the press



Cross Section of Follower. and unfold the flat burlap so it hangs over edges. Now get hold of the top of the sack and pull it up some so it can cool a little. Then empty out the slumgum, put the sack back and fill it again as before. To boll the comb use a four-hole stove with all the lids off. Put on a big tub containing two buckets of water, and add the comb as it boils until the tub is nearly full. The water and free wax flow out of the press immediately, leaving only the slumgum to press.

Sharpening a Disk Harrow. The Denver Field and Farm asserts that this is necessary and then tells how it can be done. If you wish to try it, one of the carbide wheels has been advertised in the Agriculturist for weeks past; we know from personal experience that it is a good one, and will do all that is claimed for it. A dull disk harrow does not do satisfactory work when trash litters the surface of the ground, nor when the crowns of an alfalfa stand are to be split down. We once tried having the disks drawn out to a nice edge by a blacksmith, but it was ex-

Household Matters.

Maple Frosting. Cook one pint of maple syrup and one-fourth a cup (two ounces) of butter to 2484 on the syrup gauge, or until a little will form a pretty consistent "soft ball," tested in cold water. Just before the syrup and butter are cooked enough add three or four tablespoonfuls of boiling water to half a pound of marshmallows, and set them over hot water. When the marshmallows are partly melted, beat them into the syrup mixture, and continue beating until the whole is smooth and cool enough to remain upon the cake. This will make a thick icing for a large sheet of cake. It will be found soft and creamy, and will cut without cracking.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Outing Lunches. For the outing lunch cheese sandwiches are very appetizing and easily made. Grate the cheese fine and rub it to a paste with melted butter, seasoned as liked with salt and pepper, and spread on the slices of bread. A lettuce leaf between the slices of bread makes a nice addition to the filling. Brown bread, cut in very thin slices, make delicious sandwiches when filled with any filling suitable for white breads. Meats chopped fine and used for filling sandwiches are much more convenient than put up in slices or "chunks," and chicken, boned and pressed, then sliced, makes much more dainty handling for the consumer.

Old-Fashioned Indian Pudding. Scald a quart of milk. Beat a scant cupful of cornmeal with a cup of molasses and a teaspoonful of salt and stir into the boiling milk. Let it cook ten or fifteen minutes, then set aside to cool. Add half a pint of cold milk, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, a little allspice or clove and cinnamon and two well beaten eggs. Pour this mixture into a well buttered baking dish and cook in a steady oven three or four hours—the longer the better. When the pudding has baked nearly an hour pour over it half a pint of cold milk, which must not be stirred, but allowed to soak in gradually.

The pudding requires in all three parts of milk, and should be allowed to stand nearly half an hour after it is taken from the oven before it is served. In baking, if it should become too brown, cover with a pan or thick plate.—Religious Telescope.

Oysters and Macaroni. If you have never served oysters and macaroni do try this recipe just as soon as an opportunity affords itself. It is such a tempting hot dish to serve with cold sliced meat, or it may be well introduced into any simple home luncheon or supper. It is an excellent way to make use of a pint of oysters if one has not a larger supply on hand. If people were more careful in cleaning oysters there would be less discomfort in eating dishes made from them. Put oysters in a strainer placed over a bowl. Pour cold water over oysters, allowing one-half cupful to each quart of oysters. Carefully pick over oysters, taking each one separately in the fingers, to remove any particles of the shell which adhere to the tough muscle. Cook three-fourths of a cupful of macaroni, broken in one-inch pieces, in salted boiling water until soft; drain and rinse with cold water. Put a layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, cover with oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and dot over with two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter; repeat, and cover with one-half cupful of buttered cracker crumbs. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven.—Woman's Home Companion.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER. Hot water, and it must be hot instead of lukewarm, sipped quickly, will banish nausea. Overventing, overheated and insufficiently ventilated rooms and lack of exercise in the open air is very productive of colds. A cup of hot water sipped before breakfast will soon make you feel like wanting your breakfast, if you have no appetite. If coals are too large for the mouth of the bottle, soak in boiling water a short time and they will soften so they can be pressed into the bottle. After using a scrubbing brush in water it should be laid back down, otherwise the wood will soon crack and rot from the water standing in it. Do not wash linoleum or oilcloth in hot soapsuds. Wash them in tepid water and wipe with a cloth dampened in equal parts of cold milk and water. If the layer cake burns on the bottom, try setting the plate which contains the dough mixture in another plate exactly the same size; this will make it cook evenly. If you have a dull headache from indigestion, refrain from eating one meal at least, and take a teaspoonful of table salt and drink water copiously, either hot or cold, but preferably hot. It is said turpentine will clean tan leather boots. Pour a few drops of the turpentine on a woolen cloth and rub the boots with it. Also, that banana peel will clean them as well as regular dressing. Baked milk is a drink often recommended for invalids. Put the milk into a stone jar. Closely cover it. Let it bake several hours, when it should be thick and of a creamy consistency. The flavor is unique, and reminds one somewhat of Devonshire cream. It may be served with fruit or merely alone as a custard dessert.