

THE FOOLISH RABBIT.

The rabbit is a gentle thing,
His mien is never frightful,
His habits are retiring,
To him peace is delightful.
He never sallies forth to find
What's good and grab it
Unless the prize that looms in sight
May be secured without a fight—
Don't be a rabbit.

The rabbit is a synonym
For cowardice and meekness;
The world has deep contempt for him,
It jests about his weakness.
The rabbit seems to think 'tis cause
For glad thanksgiving,
If he may lead a quiet life,
If he may keep away from strife,
And earn his living.

The rabbit, being poor and small,
Frets not at his condition;
He doesn't seem to want it all,
He has no proud ambition.
Enough is all he takes, the rest
Is for his brothers,
It doesn't seem to make him fret
That when he has all he may get,
There's more for others.

The rabbit is a scornful thing,
He shrinks in dread from danger,
To all the hopes our longings bring,
The rabbit is a stranger.
He never kills for selfish gain,
It is his habit,
To shrink from war and hunt for peace,
To take enough and then to cease—
Don't be a rabbit.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grandmother's Story.

By MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

It was a bleak, blustering evening in December. A fine snow had been sitting down steadily all day, and, as night came on, the wind, having risen to a gale, sent it whirling off the eaves, around the yard, till all objects were obscured by the great snow-clouds which went flying past.

It whisked into every crevice about the house, making miniature drifts on window-sill and door-sill, and bade fair before morning to make the low, old-fashioned dwelling itself one enormous snowdrift.

Now its weathered clapboards rattled, and its shutters creaked and slammed as the furious blasts swept on, while more than once loosened bricks were dislodged from the top of the huge chimney, fell down on the roof, and went bumping and rumbling over the long eaves.

But there was one corner in the old house which was always cozy, let the wind blow high or low—the southwest room.

In bright yellow the sun lay on its walls and yellow-painted floor all day long, and in the evening its dark corners were enlivened by ruddy flames from an enormous fireplace.

To-night there was an unusually large fire in its depths, darting and leaping high, while the wind roared in its capacious, soot-covered throat, and sometimes whirled little scuds of snow hissing down into the flames.

Their flickering light danced fantastically over the wrinkled face and white hair of Grandmother Williams, sitting on a high-backed rocker, joggling back and forth, came in hand, and meditatively tapping the toe of her list shoe, while every now and then her whispered thoughts showed that her mind was roving in the vividly remembered scenes of younger days.

"Now, my dears," said the old lady, as several grandchildren came into the room and buddled close about the "corners," "are the fires all safe for night? You know your father and mother are not here to look out for them, and it would be a sore night to be turned out of doors for young things like you, let alone old lame bones like your grand-ma's."

"There isn't a mite of danger, unless the wind blows the house down," said Eben, who felt the importance of being left as manager-in-chief during the absence of his parents, who had gone on business into an adjoining county.

"And the ashes, too," continued grandma. "If you've taken up any lately, do be careful and have them put into something iron, with a cover to it, so they can't get out and set things afire. They are treacherous things, children, ashes are, and will mull and mull for days, if there's any fire in them when they were taken up. That's the way our first house got burned down—nigh upon sixty-five years ago."

"Tell us about it, grandma," said little Kitty, swinging herself on grand-mother's armchair.

"Yes, tell us," Eben put in, settling himself comfortably in a corner by the wood-box, fangs in hand, ready to "poke" the fire during the recital.

"You must know, my dears," began grandma, "when father—I mean your grandfather—and I first came up here to live, this whole town was nothing but a wilderness. We had only one little log room to go into, with oiled paper pasted into square holes cut in the logs for windows, and a great stone chimney, with a fireplace, over which I did all my work. But life was young with us then, and we were both strong, and worked hard, early and late, and were happy."

"However, there was one thing I could not quite get over at first, and that was the loss of Sabbath day meetings. But after a while, as other neighbors moved into the neighborhood, we used to have preaching in the barns in the summer time."

"Well, we lived in this log cabin nine years. That last winter grandfather got a chance to work in the logging-swamp up on the Androscoog River, at eleven dollars a month, all found, and earned hard upon seventy dollars. I stayed alone here and did the chores and took care of the children; there were six of them then."

"With the logging money, and what we had saved before, grandfather built a new house the next year; and a nice house it was for those days—the ceilings and floors all of broad, yellow pine boards, that I used to keep scoured white and clean enough to eat off from."

"It was in December, the third winter after we moved into it, and just about such a night as this, only colder, if anything. Grandfather was away logging again; he used to go every winter, for your Uncle Jerry had got old enough to help me about the chores a good deal then."

"It was Sunday night, I remember, and I had gone to bed in pretty good season, for I always got up before daylight to go to washing. Along about eleven o'clock I waked, with my eyes smarting and feeling all choked up."

"I tell you, children, it didn't take long to make up my mind what was the matter, and I sprang out of bed and ran from room to room to find where the fire was, with the baby under my arm."

"On opening the door into the kitchen, I saw that the partition next the shed was all ablaze and ready to drop. The stairway leading to the chamber where the children slept ran up out of the kitchen, and the fire had crept round nearly to it."

"But what made you think that the ashes set the fire?" interrupted Eben.

"Because I'd taken them just outside in the open shed in an iron kettle—I hadn't calculated on the wind's blowing so hard—and forgot them, and that's where the fire caught. So you see it was the ashes fast enough."

"Shaking and dragging the children out of bed, I got on to them, somehow, and throwing blankets over their heads, told them as fast as they were ready; but being waked so sudden and the fear of the fire fairly dazed them."

"Your Aunt Ann, next older than the baby, was the last one, and somehow I was so flustered I couldn't find anything to put on her, for now the fire was roaring down in the kitchen even above the roar of the wind, and I was afraid it would cut me off entirely."

"At last I felt out a coat that belonged to one of the boys, and I had scarcely buttoned her into it when a sudden light burst into the dark chamber."

"My heart leaped into my throat as I thought of the great bunches of tow and linen-yarn—more than two hundred skeins, which I had just finished spinning—hanging round the sides of the stairway. They had taken fire."

"But you didn't go down through that, grandma?" cried Nell.

"There was no other way, my dear. And there were the babies in my arms, besides those who had gone down before."

"But I couldn't stop long to consider. On the beds were big woolen coverlets, and, throwing one of these over my head, I dashed down the stairs, with Ann under one arm and the baby under the other, for I hadn't put the little thing down once, for fear she would crawl away in the confusion and darkness, and I should never find her again."

"The hot flames burned my hands and feet as I went through them. The way was completely cut off out of doors, as I had feared, except through a north window, and the smoke in the kitchen was so thick that it almost stopped my breath."

"I can't remember how I got across the room to that window. But I found myself before it, and trying in vain to open it, for it had been fastened down securely to keep the snow and wind from driving in. A light stand stood near, and with that I broke the window through, sash and all, and leaped out."

"And, in her earnestness, the old lady half rose from her chair and thrust energetically with her cane at an imaginary window in the bright depths of the big fireplace."

"Ann says I fell down, and perhaps I did; I don't remember," she added, subsiding into her chair and rocking gently.

"After a little spell," continued grandma, "I got breath enough to wallow through the snow around the house, but I couldn't find one of the children. I was about to give up in despair, thinking that, in their bewilderment, they might have got into the fire, when I heard shouts from the log-house out by the barn. They had driven the pigs up and had all huddled together in their warm beds."

"Well, I knew we couldn't stay there all night, for the children wasn't half dressed, and none of us had on any shoes, and it was bitter cold! It

seemed as though we had escaped from the fire only to be frozen."

And a tear stood on grand-ma's withered cheek at the remembrance of that night's grief and suffering.

"But I couldn't bear to hear the little things cry and see them freeze by inches," she went on, after a time; so spurring up courage, I wrapped the coverlet about me as well as I could, and went out on the hill away back of the barn, through the blinding snow to shout for help."

"Grandfather's brother, your great-uncle Daniel, had then moved into the neighborhood, and his house wasn't more than a mile off by the road and much nearer across lots. But the wind came from that quarter, and my voice didn't reach three rods."

"Old Brindle, their dog, however, set to howling most colorfully—at sight of the fire, I suppose—and he kept it up so long it woke Uncle Daniel at last, and, after a while, I saw a lantern coping through the fields. We had a road across in the winter."

"Then I knew that help was at hand, and began making my way back to the children."

"There wasn't much of the house left standing now but the big chimney, and I expected to see that go down with every gust."

"After what seemed to me hours, Uncle Daniel hove in sight, and, as soon as he was near enough, he called:

"'Polly! Polly!'"

"That was me, you know; and I shouted back, to let him know where we was."

"'Oh, Polly! this is terrible, ain't it?' he said. 'Are you all alive?'"

"'Yes, Daniel, we are, but we shan't be much longer if there ain't something done, and that quick, too,'" replied I, for the children was crying pitiful to hear."

"'What can be done, Polly?' he asked, hopelessly."

"'You must go right back and get your oxen and sled, and take us over to your house,' I told him."

"'It can't be done, Polly, nohow! Why, there's drifts ten feet deep, and you'll all perish on the way!'"

"'Yes, it can be done!' said I, resolute-like, for he was a faint-hearted kind of man—not a bit like your grandfather—and it must be done, and be spry about it, or I can't swear for these babies!'"

"'Well, we'll try, Polly,' says he, and set off again."

"I gathered the children together around me in a pile—the babies huddled in my arms—and covered them with the blankets that had been brought from the house, and then waited."

"I think it must have been hard upon an hour before I heard Uncle Daniel's voice above the wind urging his team through the snow. He brought a lot of bedquits and one 'buffalo,' and with these we wrapped the children."

"It was no wonder that Uncle Daniel had felt faint-hearted at starting, for such drifts, it seemed to me, I never saw before—now I've never seen such wallowing almost out of sight, while the air was thick with driving snow."

"Sometimes I felt afraid we never should get through, and was sorry we had left the log-house."

"But through the mercy of God, we weathered it, and I never felt so happy a moment as when we were all in Uncle Daniel's kitchen before a roaring fire, the children a good deal frost-bitten but all safe."

"My own feet and hands were so burned and fevered that they didn't even chill, and it was a good many weeks before they were healed entirely."

"Ah, my dears," concluded the old lady, as was her wont after giving them reminiscences of her life experience, "your grandmother has had a hard journey and a rough path in life but I'm almost through the woods!"—Golden Days.

Making Radium.

Although nobody can really answer the question "What is radium?" the process of its manufacture or separation is by no means a complicated or mysterious one.

Radium exists in combination with lead, chalk, silica, iron and other things which must be eliminated. For days a ton or so of uranite powder, which is obtained mostly from pitch-blende, simmers, over a slow fire with water and soda. This mixture is then put into big barrels, where a sediment is deposited, and put on the fire to simmer again with carbonate of soda.

Then follows more sedimentation and washing, after which the residue is treated with hydrochloric acid. The colorless liquid results, containing small quantities of radium.

The chemist's object is now to separate these small quantities, and this he does by a series of reactions and crystallizations. At each operation the crystals become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, until, after six weeks manipulation, some twenty-five grammes of white crystals remain.

The radium contained in these is of low radio activity, and the greater part of their bulk is refined away. At the end there are left only a few centigrammes, as much as would cover the point of a knife blade, to show for a ton or so of uranite powder and months of work.—Answers.

The Tomb of David.

The tomb of David, king of Israel, is still pointed out to travelers in Palestine and, despite its age, is in a remarkable good state of preservation. David died in 1015 B. C. and was buried in the "City of David." His tomb became the sepulchre of several successive kings and one of the sacred places of the kingdom. It stands on Mount Zion, at Jerusalem, just outside of the city wall.

JAPAN'S FIGHTING SAILORS

THOUGH SMALL, THEY LIKE TO TACKLE BIG RUSSIANS.

Both Are Good Seamen, But of Very Different Types—Symmetry of the Jap With the Smaller Man in a Fight—All-Round Scrapping Liked by Russians

Other two types of seamen are, quite so different as those of Russia and Japan. The little Jap is essentially a steamboat sailor. You never meet him on sailing ships, except as cook or steward.

But the captains of foreign steamers like Japanese crews. They are thoroughly hardworking and steady. They can be relied upon in time of danger, and when ashore, they seldom get drunk. In this last respect they are the most wonderful sailors in the world.

The Russians, especially those from the Baltic region, make nearly as good sailors as the Scandinavians. Almost every English and American sailing ship carries a few Russians.

The writer was once aboard a ship on which there were five Russians before the mast. They were thorough sailors. They could not read their native language, but three of them were fond of English novels of the penny-awful sort.

They were all Baltic Russians, and they always made the distinction.

"Vat, you tink I vant to be taken for vun of dese Black Sea fishermen?" one of them asked one day. "Well, perhaps I don't need to tell you dat I am not come too dee Bosphorus. I don't look like dese shrivelled up grain humpers, do I?"

He swelled up his gigantic chest and stretched out two arms that were like a main yard. He had been in the czar's navy, but had deserted to sail in foreign merchantmen.

They have Norse blood in them, these Baltic seamen, and they prefer the free and vagabond life of merchant sailors. Therefore, the seamen of the Russian men-of-war are mainly "dese Black Sea fishermen."

The writer spent several months in Black Sea Russian ports, and, being at that time before the mast, came into close contact with the seafaring men. Despite the Baltic Russian's characterization, they are not particularly shrivelled up, although not so tremendous in size as the Baltic men.

Russian sailors are fond of fighting when very drunk, but not otherwise. Two of them tackled each other one day on the quay in Odessa. They threw their arms about each other's necks and kicked with their knees and bit.

A crowd of seamen gathered about, and finally an onlooker gave one of the combatants a sly but hard kick, whereupon the crowd laughed. This went on until he who had been kicked by the outsider broke loose from his adversary and turned fiercely on the humorist.

Several others ventured into the scrap, and pretty soon a dozen men were biting, tearing and punching one another and jumping on those who were down.

Suddenly a Russian naval lieutenant, in his bright uniform, flashed into the crowd and laid mercilessly about him with a thin cane. The fight ended in an instant. The huge, clumsy sailors were cowed by authority and stood cringing about the officer like dogs before their master.

On the other hand, when an English police officer tried to quell a row among some Russian sailors in an English seaport they played football with him through a window. That was only because his uniform wasn't Russian.

When some reserves finally came upon the scene the belligerents went willingly to jail. The next day they were arraigned in court. Their faces were bitten and beaten.

The Magistrate expressed great disgust at their methods of fighting. This surprised them. Through an interpreter they said:

"If you fight, don't you try to hurt the other fellow as much as you can? Isn't it fair to use all the means given you—your teeth, your feet, your nails? If we were to use only our fists, we couldn't hurt each other in a year, and the fight would never end."

The Japanese sailor's idea of fair fighting is diametrically opposed to that of the Russians. His rules are stricter even than the American's. At any rate, he disapproves of a big fellow's pitching into a little man, even though the latter may have science with him.

This trait was shown at one of the countless sailors' fights that take place in Nagasaki.

Two sailors of an American ship went ashore to settle a dispute in the good, old Anglo-Saxon way. About 200 Japs, mostly navy and some merchant seamen, accompanied the combatants and their Yankee backers to the suburbs.

One of the fighters was much smaller than the other, but more active, so it was a pretty even match. But it didn't take any one long to observe that the sympathies of the Japs were with the little fellow.

Time was called. After sparring, the big fellow landed a hard knock on the little chap. A hiss came from the crowd.

The little chap danced around, and, taking advantage of an opening, landed so heavily on the big fellow's jaw that he floored him. The yell that arose from the onlookers would have done credit to ten times their number.

"Good, good, good, little man!" they shouted, their little brown eyes glistening with excitement.

So it went on. Every time the big

fellow landed a blow they hissed or were silent, but when the small man struck home they wept and howled for joy.

"Finally, several small, uniformed mounted police appeared. If their object was to disperse the crowd no one knew it. They were lifted off their horses and swallowed up by the throng.

Later on one of them waved his arms and screamed with joy when the little chap finally put his big opponent out of business. Then the Japs carried the victor on their shoulders to the nearest tea house, where they cheered him lustily, made him drink as much sake as he could, cheered him again, and then the big fellow, for displaying such good taste in losing.

The Japs themselves are not afraid of a fight, even when their opponents outnumber them. This was shown by an encounter several years ago between two Japanese men-of-war's men and six hoodlums on Folsom street, in San Francisco.

It was after dark, and the roughs, seeing the two Japs coming down the street, thought they could bulldoze them as they could Chinamen. They tackled the two Japs, and the two Japs tackled them.

It looked as if the Japs were doing a ballet dance—their legs shot out in all directions, and six very sick looking hoodlums disappeared down a side street. The two Japs seemed highly elated.

Deep down in the Japanese sailor's heart is a glowing hatred of the Russian sailor. It is about his only racial prejudice.

The Russian has no particular animosity for the Jap; he merely considers him a very pugnacious little chap.

The Russian sailor likes fight when he is drunk, and if any Japs are around he will favor them as well as the next one. But the Jap, who does not drink, and who enjoys a fight when he meets somebody he does not like, loves to get into a mix-up with a Russian. As a result, times are never dull ashore whenever Russian ships anchor in Nagasaki harbor.

In Nagasaki the sailors of all nations consider it a prime duty to get drunk when they go ashore, and usually the Russian sailors are in the majority. The British tar, American tar, or German tar may run howling through the streets, but unless he tries to wallop everybody he meets, the small, neatly uniformed dock patrolmen will wink their almond eyes at him.

But let a Russian sailor attempt similar antics and it is all up with him. The first little patrolman who sees him makes a dive and grasps the czar's sailor by the wrist.

Usually the Russian is twice the Jap's bulk, but that is immaterial. He stands no show at all. The Jap has a peculiar jiu-jitsu twist that he applies to the wrist, and the Russian goes along to the lockup every time.

If he begins to fight savagely the policeman shows him what jiu-jitsu tactics really are. Therefore, it is not an unusual sight in Nagasaki to see a brown policeman, scarcely five feet over all, coming down the street with a six foot three Russian sailor in tow and in complete submission.—New York Sun.

An Old-Time "Yarn."

Of all the tales about "one-horse" railroads and "dummy" lines this old story, which the Manchester Union discovers in a New York paper of 1850, seems not to have been beaten in fifty years.

It is well known that the Portsmouth Railroad, says the extract, has to turn everything to account to pay running expenses, and many are the jokes perpetrated upon the conductors in reference to their shifts to get a living. It is said that one of them last year was accustomed to bring fish from Portsmouth and peddle them on the way to Concord.

One day he brought smelts, which he dealt out to his customers at every station till he got to Suncook, where he bled his horn. An old woman came out and asked for six.

"Just a pattern—all I've got left. You're in the nick of time," he said.

When he began to count the fish he found only five. Then he reckoned backward and forward on his fingers, trying to remember where he had disposed of the four dozen with which he had started.

Presently he cried, "Hold on! I have it. Wait a little and I'll be back."

He ran his train back seven miles to a place where he had given a woman one more than she had paid for, got it, came back to Suncook and gave it to the waiting customer. Then the train went on to Concord.

Hardening Iron.

When phosphorus is applied to heated iron it has the effect of facilitating the absorption of carbon by the iron. By taking advantage of this fact, a new iron-hardening process has been invented in Germany. With the aid of phosphorus, carbon is caused to penetrate the iron rapidly to a considerable depth, and causes it to become so hard that a depth of about a millimeter that it can be neither cut nor chipped with the best steel. At the same time the welding properties of the iron are not injuriously affected.—Youth's Companion.

Good Things to Eat AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM.

Orange Cake. Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter; add gradually one cupful of sugar; two eggs well beaten and half a cupful of milk; mix one and three-fourths cupfuls of sifted flour; add two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add this to the butter and sugar; beat until smooth; bake in greased jelly cake pans ten minutes in a moderate oven; remove, let stand in the pans three minutes, turn out and when cold spread with orange filling.

Steamed Lemon Pudding. Make a lemon mixture with three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon, three level tablespoonfuls of butter; cook these for two minutes; add one cup of sugar and three eggs beaten a little; stir until mixture thickens; cool and add one tablespoonful of brandy; spread six slices of stale bread with the lemon mixture and arrange them in a buttered pudding mould; beat two eggs a little; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and one cup of milk; pour this over bread; cover and set in a pan of hot water; bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Quick Muffins. Beat two eggs separately, add to the yolks one pint of milk, two cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of melted butter; beat until smooth; then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, then two and a half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; when well mixed bake in greased muffin rings in the oven or on the griddle. It is easier to bake in muffin rings on the griddle because of its heat; if baked in the oven, heat the pan and fill the rings and put quickly into a hot oven; bake twenty minutes; if baked on the griddle turn when risen and set; brown on both sides.

Turkish Soup. Cook one-fourth cup of well washed rice in one quart of boiling water until nearly tender, about fifteen minutes; then pour off the water, and pour over one quart of brown stock and cook until tender; put two cupfuls of stewed and strained tomato in an esate pan; add one slice of onion, eight papers corns, one stalk of celery or a little celery salt and a small bay leaf; cook half an hour; add this to the rice and stock; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until smooth, then add it to the boiling soup and let cook one minute; rub through a fine sieve; return to the fire; add salt and pepper to season; serve hot.

Lobster Farci. Cut lobster meat in very small pieces; put one cupful of milk over the fire; melt one tablespoonful of butter; add one level tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth and add it to the milk, stirring until thickened and boiling; take from the fire; add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, yolks of two hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a strainer, salt and pepper to season; these proportions call for two cupfuls of lobster meat; when opening be careful not to break the body or tail shells; wash and wipe them dry and cut out the under part of shell; fill the tails together, fill with the mixture, brush over with beaten egg, spread over buttered crumbs and place in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown; serve hot in the shells and in a border of parsley.

Ann's For the Housekeeper. A slate with pencil attached by a string should hang in every kitchen, to aid the memory of the housewife.

For marks made on painted woodwork by matches, try rubbing first with a slice of lemon, then with whiting, and in a few moments wash with warm soapsuds.

Frequent washing with soap will dim the surface of a mirror. The occasional use of alcohol is recommended, but for frequent washing, damp newspaper with a polishing with chamois skin will keep mirrors and table glassware in good condition.

The cloths used in waxing floors or polishing furniture should be kept in a covered crock as long as clean, then, instead of letting them accumulate in closet or store room, burn them immediately, since vegetable oils are so liable to spontaneous combustion.

The objection to brass or iron beds that draughts are noticeable is overcome by the use of dainty curtains at the head. In hospitals squares of heavy pique tied by tapes at the corners, are laundered weekly with the other bed linen.

Have a small wide-mouthed jar in the bath-room to hold the odds and ends of soap, and when three-fourths full, fill the jar with boiling water, add the juice of a lemon and a teaspoonful of glycerin, and you will have a pleasant "jelly" with which to whiten and soften the hands.

Sandpapering furniture is a tedious job, and the woman who wishes to revarnish or paint a chair or table will find her hands and patience saved if she will use one-third of a cupful of common washing soda to a pint of warm water, with a good scrubbing brush, to remove the old finish. Rinse off with clear water and do not attempt to put on the new coat until the piece is thoroughly dry.

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