

Although Ireland has been described as one great farm, only thirty of the 8555 schoolhouses have gardens attached to them.

A Southern railway has made a new departure by appointing a young woman as its chief train dispatcher. She is a native of Georgia and is said to be but twenty years of age.

Says the London (England) Spectator: Without pretending to the knowledge of experts, we look upon it as a law that when Anglo-Saxons open fire upon the water their flag will be found flying after the engagement.

"Neither can be on top; they must walk hand in hand." These words of Bishop Potter in reference to capital and labor, the New York Herald thinks, should be inscribed in big letters wherever capital and labor meet. They put in terse form the only solution of the useless and perilous disputes which disorganize both sides.

At the Paris meeting of the International Medical Congress, to be held presently, a treatise will be read composed by Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia on "Smallpox and Preventive Vaccination" as it has been practiced in that country for two centuries. The discourse may bring forward the claim of some Abyssinian Jenner, hitherto unheard of, pointing the moral that there is no new thing under the sun, and never has been, even the English doctor's bovine lymph being but a plagiarist and weak afterthought. The debut of the Emperor as an author of medical tracts may be more interesting to Abyssinians than to Western doctors, but to both it is a noteworthy incident, and native or alien inattentive to his postulous opusculum is first to be pitied and after that neither endured nor embraced.

Women are endowed with strange vagaries, and, while extremely fastidious in many ways, are very neglectful in others, confesses Godey's Magazine. Even the swellest society girl is not as particular as to the freshness of her collars and cuffs as the plain everyday man of business; to change his linen at least once a day is a sort of religion with most men. With a woman it is different; they will inspect their collar and cuffs after a day's hard wear, and decide that they will do, not recognizing the fact that if any doubt exists on the matter they should be assigned to the laundry without demur. Again, a man is much more concerned as to the state of his shoes than a woman; even the poor clerk on a meagre salary spends his nickel a day for a shine without grudging, and, if it is imperative that the nickel be saved, he gets up earlier in the morning and wields the blacking-brush himself. The woman will gown herself in Worth's or Paquin's latest creation and forget to look at her shoes.

The Board of Education of the city of Buffalo, N. Y., has just perfected plans for practical instruction in the principles of banking in certain grades of the public schools. Through the generous co-operation of William C. Cornwell, President of the City Bank, announces the Chicago Times-Herald, the schools have been placed in possession of all the paraphernalia necessary to make the instruction not only very complete, but more practical in its character than the usual courses of so-called "business training" in the schools. The idea is not to make bankers of the pupils, but to incite them with the ambition to become identified with the business of banking. The design is rather to make "depositors" of them, to teach them how to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the banks. They are to be made familiar not only with the functions of the banks as instruments for aggregating the small individual savings of a particular locality, so that they may be used in facilitating various business activities, but they are to be taught the benefits that accrue to all classes from putting idle money into the channels of industry and trade. It is not enough to teach the youth of the public schools how to use the banks. The knowledge of the use of checks, drafts, deposit books and other banking instruments is important. But the greatest value of this sort of instruction will come from inculcating the general obligation to allow no money to lie fallow in boxes or bureau drawers. If public school instruction in banking will convince the young man that it is his duty to put the first hundred dollars he saves in the bank—provided he has no immediate use for it—where it will do its share toward quickening the industrial activities and enterprises of the community in which he lives, the Boards of Education of all our cities can well afford to make the outlay necessary for its support.



CORAL BEADS.

Some twenty years ago or more His ship was lost at sea, Alone and lonely for his sake, Yet still a maid is she; Her eyes is dim, her brow is seamed, Her cheek a withered rose, The glossy ripples of her hair Are touched with gleaming snows. But still she clings to girlish things With unforgotten grace, And frills about her faded throat— A bit of yellow lace, But little dreams her cherished string Of crimson beads are made Of coral from the sunken reef Whereon his bones were laid. Minna Irving, in Criticton.

KEEPING STEP

BY ST. CLAIR CURTIS.



G O away; it's no use, Mab," said Prisey Cartwright to her sister. "The thing has been settled ages ago, so far as I am concerned. Hush up, now! hush up!" "Ages ago!" Mab echoed, refusing to "hush up." "I believe it must be ages ago. Well, if you persist in this unreasonable course," "I don't persist any more than you. Look at how you did with Tom Vanduren." "That was a long time ago. I didn't do it for an example, either. And you said at the time you wouldn't do as much for me. Then you went and did the very same thing, after all." "Don't care," Prisey said, doggedly. "I will not marry off and leave you for any man under the canopy of heaven." "Then, my dear, since we cannot get our suitors to keep step, so to speak, we might as well make arrangements for a quiet and dignified old maidhood. Let's buy a parrot or something, Prisey." The front door bell rang while the two young women were discussing their mutual affairs in their own room on the second floor. Just as Mab's brilliant suggestion for the purchase of a parrot had thrown both the sisters into a fit of laughter, the servant girl of the boarding house appeared at their door with a square envelope addressed to Mab. "The boy says he's to wait for an answer." "Here, Prisey," said Mab as soon as she had glanced at the signature, "this must be for you. It's addressed to me—yes—no—wait a minute." Then she read to herself: My Dear Miss Mab—Do you intend going out this evening? If not, will you see me at 8.30? I have something to say to you of the greatest importance—to myself, at least. JULIUS CLEMENT.

"Here, Prisey, read this." And Mab handed the letter to her sister. "What do you think he means?" Then she added, speaking gently, to avoid being heard by the servant girl, who was waiting at the door, "Do you think he's got us mixed up?" As Prisey read the note her blue eyes widened in amazement, but she only said, "You're keeping Jane waiting, Mab." Mab turned suddenly to the door. "Tell the boy 'Yes,'" she said. "That's all the answer there is." The door having closed behind the servant, there was a silence of some moments between the two sisters. They seemed to take the incident in contrasting ways. The brunette Mab stared, as a child might stare at an elder sister—Prisey was her elder by a year—who has met with a calamity and perplexes by her coolness under it. Prisey went on with her occupation, which happened to be pulling feathers from an old hat to rearrange them on a new one. These two orphan girls had been alone together in the world for so long that each expected to understand every inmost feeling of the other by intuition. "Don't you care?" Mab said at last. "I?" said Prisey, looking up from her feathers for one moment. "What for? Why shouldn't he?" "Was I right, Prisey?" "Perfectly right, child." At the appointed hour Mr. Clement rang the bell and asked for Miss Mabel Cartwright. "Did you say Miss Mabel?" Jane asked. "Yes, Miss Mabel." Jane really felt uncertain as to whether Mr. Clement's memory had not played him a trick. "So you have something of the greatest importance to say to me?" Mab asked him when she had taken a very slight chair opposite her visitor. "Er—yes, Miss Mab. I hope you won't hurry me though. Did I say, 'the greatest importance,' in that note I sent you? Oh, well—" "To you, I think you said. But I don't want to hurry you. It's very sloopy out of doors, isn't it?" "Oh, now don't make fun of me!" "How?" Mab asked innocently. "Because I asked if it was sloopy?" "I might as well come to the point," said Clement. "Look here, Miss Mab, of course you know what happened last night at the Jersey—to me, I mean." Mab only fixed her dark eyes on him and when he hesitated, said, "Go on."

"Well, I want to know if—if you think—that is, I have your sympathy." Julius Clement had a fine mustache which curled with boldness and grace, and which he always stroked and pulled when he was in doubt or in deep thought. On this occasion he was in both, and he acted accordingly. "Do you need a great deal of sympathy?" Mab asked him. "I don't know whether I ought to say 'I do,'" Clement answered. He had already worn out his first embarrassment and was beginning to warm to his subject. "Perhaps I ought to consider myself fortunate, rather." "Oh, may I ask—?" "Of course you may. I suppose you know what answer I got?" "Well, no." "Just so." He laughed nervously. "But then I found out something—I think." "What did you find out?" "If your sister said 'No,' it was because—it wasn't because—it was because—because she wants always to be with you, just as you are? There! Am I right?" Mab had a way of tightening her lips which Prisey called "shutting up herself all to herself." She went through this process now. "We were talking of buying a parrot," she said very seriously after a little pause. "A parrot? What for?" "For our amusement and consolation." Clement laughed at this idea so heartily that Mab began to wonder. "Tell me, seriously," Clement said, "isn't it something to know that somebody cares for you—even if—?" "Mr. Vanduren to see Miss Mabel Cartwright," Jane interrupted, opening the door at this point in the interview. "Mr. Vanduren!" Mab exclaimed, not concealing her surprise. "Oh, I—eh—I intended to tell you," said Clement. "He arrived in town to-day, you know. You hadn't heard?" There was some embarrassment in the meeting between this young artist and the girl who, in the language of common report, had "given him the mitten" nearly two years before. Vanduren had taken himself off to Mexico and Central America, alleging an irresistible longing to sketch nature in those parts. "You quite surprised us," said Mab, as she shook hands with the bearded last arrival—and very pleasantly. When did you get back? Prisey will be so glad to see you again. Let me go up and tell her you are here." Without perplexity it would be impossible to describe Vanduren's manner of receiving this suggestion. There was more than mere embarrassment, there was annoyance. Something seemed to have gone wrong. Mab saw this much, but was not clear as to what was wrong. Clement smiled a very proper, conventional smile and stroked his mustache. Vanduren mumbled at liberty to take for assent. Accordingly, Mab left the room and the two men stood face to face. "You seem amused, Clement," said Vanduren, breaking the silence. "Well, why shouldn't I?" Clement answered. "What did I tell you to-day? Of course, you didn't tell me you would be here, so soon—very first evening, you know." "I didn't think it necessary to advise you of all my movements beforehand," said Vanduren, coldly, while he stood before the mantlepiece critically examining an applique drape. "That's right, Vanduren—quite right. Now, before they come down, let me tell you something." Vanduren turned quickly and faced the other man. "We have no time to lose," Clement went on hurriedly. "You may not know it, but you are my 'god out of the machine'—that's a classic allusion, you know. I'll explain it another time. See here, I knew well enough you'd be here to-night. That was why I told you I was coming. Now you want me to get out, don't you?" For answer Vanduren only stared. "Yes, you do. Miss Prisey won't come down." "How do you know that?" "Never mind. No time now for argument. I only want to make a straight-forward business proposition to you. If I get out of this will you promise to propose to Miss Mab this very night? Yes or no?" "Well, I'll be shot!" Vanduren exclaimed in an undertone. "Yes, I know," said Clement. "It does seem a queer and quaint idea, but there'll be time for explanation later. Yes or no?" A rustle of skirts could be heard on the stairs. "Yes," said Vanduren, making his decision hurriedly, as one who leaps in the dark. "Good for you—for us both," Clement whispered to him, as the skirts came nearer the door of the sitting-room. "And tell her to take a day or two to think it over—not to hurry." "I'm so sorry, Mr. Vanduren," said Mab, opening the door. "Prisey has a headache. You are going to be here some time, are you not, in the city? That's right. She told me to say she hopes you'll come again soon. She was very glad to hear of your return." The rest, for ten or fifteen minutes, was small talk about traveling and art, Mexico and volcanoes. Then Clement, in conformity with his promise, "got out of that." Next afternoon the two girls were together in their room. Prisey was turning over a letter that had come to her through the mail. "I think you might let me see it," said Mab. "I let you see mine yesterday." At last, after some hesitation, Prisey, without speaking, handed her sister the letter, which read:

"You must not think me overbold if I refuse to take your 'No' for an answer and come back again within forty-eight hours of my defeat at the Jersey's. Something leads me to the conviction that this is a specially favorable chance for me to try again. Will you reconsider your decision, or is there really no hope for me?" "In the latter case, mercifully end my suspense by an early answer." "JULIUS CLEMENT." "I wonder what he means by 'something,'" Prisey remarked as Mab handed her back the letter. Mab was shutting herself up to herself to think. "I tell you what, Prisey. That man is no fool." Mab paused a while for further meditation. "Yes," she went on, "it will take a pretty sagacious woman to manage Mr. Clement. He sees into things, does Mr. Clement. Came here last night to ask for my sympathy, eh? Forgot to mention that Tom Vanduren was in town. My dear Prisey, that man knew very well that Tom was coming here last night. It was a plot to force Tom Vanduren's hand. If I thought Tom was half as clever—" "But as it is," Prisey interrupted, putting an arm about her younger sister's neck. "As it is? What?" "Why, Prisey, I think they're keeping step at last, don't you?" "Then we needn't advertise for a parrot," said Prisey. And the two sisters wrote two little notes that evening. Mab's note was to Vanduren, and it said: "Come and get your final answer to-morrow at 10 o'clock p. m." Prisey's was longer. But the effect of the two communications was such. The two sisters and their two suitors kept steps admirably a few weeks later to the tune of the Wedding March.—St. Louis Star.

Once Considered Insane.

Some interesting stories about the enlistments of recruits to the Ninth have been going the rounds. One of the assistant surgeons of the Ninth gave a young man a rigid physical examination, under orders, as the young man was not thought to be a desirable recruit. After the applicant's weight and height had been ascertained, and the color of his hair and eyes noted, the dialogue between the surgeon and prospective recruit went on as follows: "Were you ever rejected for life insurance?" "No." "Have you ever given up an occupation on account of your health or habits?" "No." "Are you subject to dizziness?" "No." "To fluttering heart, pain in the chest, cold in the head, shortness of breath, severe headache?" "No." "Have you had fits?" "No." "Nor stiff joints?" "No." "Sunstroke?" "No." "Have you ever been considered insane?" "Yes, sir." "What's that you say?" asked the surgeon, scratching out the "No" that he had written in anticipation of a negative answer. "Well, I guess it's all right," replied the recruit. "My mother said that I was insane to-night when I told her that I was going to enlist. As I had got tired of saying 'No' I just thought I'd mention it,"—Wilkesbarre Leader.

WISE WORDS.

In faith lies victory. Secrecy is sin's coat of mail. Honor dresses in home-spun. Pride is the national pickpocket. The man above suspicion lives above the stars. Man never makes truth—he only discovers it. Fame's race-track runs across the rights of men. Society's glow-worms always shine with a sickly light. A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together. Wearing finery unpaid for, is respectability going jailward. Too much goodness is as monotonous as too much wickedness. The man who confesses his ignorance is on the road to wisdom. Do your best to-day and you will be able to do better to-morrow. About the best water-proof for all kinds of weather is a clear conscience. The moral training of the little child is the future hope of the nation. If you don't pay as you go some day you may have to go without paying. To marry for money may turn out to be like going to the hornet for honey. It is a great accomplishment to know how to make the best of life as it comes.

Two Famous Naval "Remarks."

The answer of Commodore Stockton to the Mexican Governor of California, when we took possession of that country, is worth recalling: "If you march upon the town (Los Angeles)," threatened the Governor, "you will find it the grave of your men." "Tell the Governor," said Stockton, "to have the bells ready to toll at eight o'clock in the morning. I shall be there at that time." Commodore Tattall's "blood is thicker than water" won great recognition in England in 1859. Seeing the British Admiral, Sir James Hope, in a tight place under the fire of Chinese forts, Tattall gallantly came to his rescue. In so doing he was guilty of a breach of neutrality, but his answer, "Blood is thicker than water," had the effect of condoning his offense.



Grain With Pasture.

Whether or not it pays to feed some grain to cows on pasture is still a question for discussion. While it seems on its face not to pay, yet upon the whole it has been our custom for years to give at least enough grain, even on the best pasture, to toll our cows to the stable morning and evening, and more as pastures become aged and less succulent. At the time it may seem that no profit accrues from the added expense, but our experience teaches us that the profit comes in later by keeping the cows from shrinking.—Agricultural Epitomist.

The Right Way to Set Fruit Trees.

A. D. Wood, of Michigan, writes: When any kind of a plant has its roots exposed, it is sure to suffer loss of vitality by evaporation. These should be kept covered with damp straw or cloth, and if to be kept several days before setting, placed in a cool place. Trees sometimes arrive in a shriveled condition, caused by delay in shipment and transportation. These should be immediately placed in a trench horizontally and covered with puddled earth and allowed to remain for several days. If the branches are still shriveled, they are worthless. They should be plump when removed.

Remove all bruised and injured roots with a sharp knife or pruning shears. Also cut off all fibrous rootlets, as new growth starts from the large roots. Cut back the top quite severely, the peach to a whip and the pear and apple to three or four short branches equally distributed around the trunk and not more than three feet from the ground. The branches should not exceed the roots in length and quantity. Dig a hole large enough to admit the roots in a natural position. In the center of the hole place a small amount of earth. On this set the tree and gently press it into the earth. This insures sufficient soil among the roots to prevent any open space. It is these open spaces which often cause the death of the tree. Pack the soil above the roots as fast as it is filled in, leaving the upper three inches loose to act as a mulch to preserve moisture.

It is best to set the trees a little deeper than they stood in the nursery. This place may be known by the difference in color of the bark. It is customary to set a tree as near vertical as possible, but I have learned that it should be set so as to lean slightly toward the direction of the prevailing winds, then as the tree grows, it gradually straightens and at maturity is able to maintain that position. A tree should never be mulched the first year, as it will cause the roots to grow near the surface. There is nothing better than frequent and shallow cultivation to conserve moisture and promote new growth. It is better to grow some cultivated crop among the trees than to allow the ground to become occupied by weeds and grass, but all seeds should not be planted closer than four feet to the tree. Careful attention should be given the new growth, cutting back any branches which are growing out of proportion to the others, keeping the top as nearly balanced as possible. Rub off all shoots on the trunk which are not needed for main branches.

How to Be Successful With Bees.

Scarcely any one is incapable of handling and controlling bees. It is simply a mistaken idea of some people that bees have a special dislike for them, and that only certain individuals can handle bees. It is only necessary to know how to handle bees for any one to succeed with them. To handle bees properly it is not necessary to go to war with them, but absolutely wrong. If we should undertake to fight a colony of bees into subjection, the fight would continue until the last bee of the hive was dead, providing we held out that long ourselves.

Bees can only be handled successfully by kind treatment, and by studying their habits and becoming well informed of their nature and mode of doing things. Any one may succeed with them by taking advantage of their weak points. Smoke is the controlling agent to be adopted in handling bees. By smoking bees they become excited and will at once proceed to fill themselves with honey, and when thus filled are perfectly peaceable and will allow themselves to be abused, robbed, and even killed without offering any resistance. The Cyprian bees are the only ones I ever had that at times would resist smoke, and in order to handle them I have used simply kind treatment and careful manipulation, and fully succeeded. If we but take the time, we may handle any colony of bees without the aid of smoke by careful manipulation if we get well acquainted with their nature and habits.

If you are afraid of bees, you will not get along with them very well, and the greater fear the less success you will have. The fear of bees stings keeps many from engaging in bee culture. This reason to the practical apiarist appears very foolish indeed. You may say that bees sting persons whether they are afraid of them or not, but I am satisfied that fear causes almost ninety per cent. of all stings received. Bees seem to dislike all rapid moving objects. You may walk

slowly through the apiary and not a bee will molest you, but, on the other hand, if you pass rapidly among them some of the bees are likely to follow you, and hence your actions have much to do with it.—A. H. Duff, of Kansas.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A small horse is the thing of the past—if you expect to get a price for him.

The supply of horses just now is about equal to the demand—in numbers but not in quality.

Till pasture is good, give your brood sows some clover hay every day. It will do them good.

One of the benefits of low prices for horses is the cross roads five dollar stallion has been castrated.

Plug horses are never good property. They often eat more than good ones, making them a double tax upon their owners.

Have you observed that the horses farmers are using now are poorer as a whole than those they used five and six years ago?

The snowball is old-fashioned but most desirable for the home lawn. During the blooming season it is covered with masses of snowy white.

The Rocky Mountain blue spruce is one of the most valuable introductions of late years and ranks among the most beautiful of hardy evergreens.

Six degrees Fahrenheit is a good temperature in which to germinate seeds of tender plants coming from semi-tropical regions. Tropical plants require in the neighborhood of eighty degrees.

The variegated dogwood is one of the most beautiful shrubs at all seasons of the year. The foliage is richly variegated with white and this contrast is well maintained throughout the season.

The tartarian or bush honeysuckle is a free-growing shrub and one of the earliest to blossom in the spring. It is first covered with pink and white flowers and later is attractive because of its bright colored berries.

Railway Efficiency in War.

The railway companies have already been called on to show their efficiency as an instrumentality of war in the movement of troops to "the front" and to the various designated State camps. This movement in the aggregate has already been immense, and it has been accomplished without delay, difficulty or accident. In European countries, where the railways are regarded as semi-military or semi-strategic institutions, and are supposed to be specially equipped and prepared for purposes of mobilization, it is customary when a movement of troops begins to stop all other traffic on the lines. Here, where the railways have no thought of military uses and have made no special preparations, troops are moved as a matter of course in masses which would confound the railway systems of some nations, and there is no disturbance of the ordinary freight and passenger service. The equality of the American railways to any emergency which may arise is so much accepted as a matter of course, that it is perhaps a pity that the people cannot once in a while have an experience of the methods of other countries. They would then appreciate better the excellence of things for which the railway companies now get no credit.—Railway Age.

Counterfeit Pennies in Circulation.

The banks have received notice from the Secret Service of the Treasury Department that large quantities of counterfeit pennies were in circulation, and, in response to the request of the Secret Service, they will mark carefully the bags containing the pennies sent to them by country banks, in order that the source of the counterfeits may be ascertained. The pennies reach here in lots of \$20, \$50 and \$100. It would appear not to be worth anybody's while to counterfeit this smallest of coins, yet experts say that a little profit can be made, and a reasonably certain one, also, as nobody ever takes the trouble to scrutinize a penny. The copper penny is composed of ninety-five per cent. of copper and five per cent. of zinc and tin. The nickel penny is seventy-five per cent. copper and twenty-five per cent. nickel. As copper is worth about twelve cents a pound, it is estimated that a skilled counterfeiter can make a profit on his work of ten pennies on each one hundred he makes.—New York Tribune.

Brown.

There is a man in our town who occasionally goes into the woods in the summer time with another Springfield man by the name of Brown. The first sportsman was out on the lake with his guide "jacking" deer, and had arranged with Brown, who was left ashore, to come and take him aboard as soon as he had had a shot. He had his shot and missed it, but the guide persevered, and soon had the "jack" shining into the brown eyes of another deer.

"Shoot," said the guide. "No, no," said the man; "it's Brown." "Drat it," said the guide, "of course they're brown, you idiot; what color did you think they were?"—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Drape a Piano.

If there is an upright piano in the room, do not jam it stiffly against the wall. Put it crosswise, almost in the middle of the floor. Hang a piece of tapestry or a portiere over the back, place a box on the floor behind it, put some cushions on the box and you have the latest thing, the "piano seat."

How Moths Are Bred.

On coming in from the street do not hang up in the closet the gown that has been a great assistance to the street cleaning department. The darkness and heat of a closet are all the incubators moths are looking for. The gowns should be shaken well, on a balcony, if possible, or out of a window, anyway, to get rid of the dust and filth gathered in the streets.

A Substitute For Suet.

It is often supposed that the vegetarian cook must be at a disadvantage for want of suet. What is the merit of suet? Simply this, that it presents fat in a fibrous form, letting it out gradually into the mixture of which it forms a part. Exactly the same result is achieved when bread crumbs are saturated with butter or oil. A ship's cook, when making plum duff, knows this secret, and sops up oil with biscuit crumbs, which he incorporates with the dough. Another mode is to add a little washed and soaked tapioca to the paste used for boiled puddings.

Whitewash the Cellar.

Every cellar should have a good coat of whitewash at this season, in order to keep it sweet, fresh and wholesome. A rule for preparing a whitewash that will not rub off is this, given by a good, old colored aunty, ripe in experience: Slake the lime in the usual way. Mix one gill of flour with a little cold water, taking care to beat out all the lumps. Then pour on boiling water enough to thicken it to the consistency of common starch when boiled for use. Pour this while still hot into a bucketful of the slacked lime and add one pound of whiting. Stir all well together and add a little bluing water to improve the color.

Hygienic Salads.

Dandelions have other uses than furnishing subjects for poems and playthings for children, and just now is the time to prove their efficacy in meeting the loss of appetite and that prevalent "fired feeling" so common. From time immemorial "greens" of all sorts have been held in high esteem for purging the blood of humors engendered by the winter's diet of fatty foods. The Italian women here understand this, and all through the parks and along the roadsides in the suburbs one sees the gay purple-and-green gown-woman bending assiduously to their task of gathering this hygienic salad. In the country the children are sent out to the garden and pasture to gather a supply—an exercise, by the way, that is quite sufficient to give a hearty appetite of itself. Dandelion greens are served in either of two ways—in their natural state as a salad with the simple dressing of vinegar, oil, salt and pepper, or cooked in plenty of water with a bit of salt pork or butter for seasoning, and salt and pepper to taste. When tender drain thoroughly and serve piping hot, with a garnish of slices of hard-boiled eggs or sliced yolks. It is hardly necessary to emphasize the necessity for the thorough picking over and washing of all greens in order to insure absolute cleanliness and the prevention of "gravel walks" deprecated by Sidney Smith as too familiar in salads.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Prints, if rinsed in salt and water, look brighter.

For scorchers in linen spread over them the juice of an onion, and a quarter ounce of white soap.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to look well.

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton produced by the iron may be removed by setting them in the boiling sun.

Tablecloths are now being made of silk and have gained considerable popularity among those who can afford them.

Velvets should be held over the steam of boiling water, and kept well stretched until the moisture has evaporated.

For making table and bed linen one initial is preferred to a monogram or two letters, and a simple design to a more elaborate one.

An excellent starch for dark clothes, blue calicoes, etc., is made by using cold coffee left from breakfast, instead of pure water. Make the starch as usual.

Colored muslins should be washed in a lather of cold water. If the muslin is green add a little vinegar to the water, if lilac a little ammonia, if black a little salt.

A heaped-up tablespoonful of chloride of lime mixed with one quart of water will remove mildew. Rinse the cloth in clear water as soon as all the spots have disappeared.

Nickel a Modern Metal.

Nickel is a modern metal. It was not in use nor known till 1751. It has now largely taken the place of silver in plated ware, and as an alloy with steel it is superior to any other metal, for it is not only noncorroderable itself, but it transfers the same quality to steel; even when combined as low as five per cent. it prevents oxidation.

Jerusalem is now nothing but a shadow of the magnificent city of ancient times. It is about three miles in circumference and is situated on a rocky mountain.