The Premiership of Spain has no charms for the aspiring Don just now.

Comparisons between American and Spain emphasize the fact that fighting blood is better than blue blood.

Only nineteen per cent. of those who applied for service in the regular army passed the severe physical tests applied by the government.

A prominent bacteriologist states that scarcely one dog in 10,000 supposed to be mad in the sense that his bite will communicate hydrophobia is really so. A knowledge of this fact will cause a comparative feeling of security, but then a close lookout should be kept against the one dog.

Near Briancon, France, is the Alpine Glacier du Casset, which is now being regularly worked as an ice quarry, the product being shipped by rail to Paris. The ice vein is about one hundred feet wide and twenty-five thick, and it is found that it can be worked at a profit, making the first commercial use of the glacier so far known.

Railroads and other highways, improved machinery and more modern methods of doing business are among the wants of Cuba, and with the onward march of civilization these will doubtless be hers in the near future, observes the Philadelphia Record. Cuba, like other tropical or semi-tropical countries, is not given to manufacturing; her people would rather sell the products of the soil and mines and buy manufactured goods.

The total losses by fire during the past twenty-three years in the United States aggregate $2,454,592,481, on which there was insurance to the amount of $1,436,902,448. At the beginning of the period indicated, that is in 1875, the total annual loss averaged about sixty-five millions. The destruction of property by fire has therefore almost doubled since that date. It is hardly necessary to state that the increase of property during the period, although very great, bears no proportion to the loss.

Official tests of the eyesight of Baltimore school children—tests ordinarily used by oculists—to the number of 53,067 show some interesting and suggestive results. More than 9000 pupils were found to have such defects in these organs as to make school work unsafe, while fifty-three per cent. of the children were found not to be in the enjoyment of normal vision. Curiously enough, this percentage of defective eyesight steadily decreased with the age of the pupils. The percentage of normal vision was found to be as follows: First grade, 35; second, 41; third, 47; fourth, 49; fifth, 48; sixth, 48; seventh, 54; eighth, 56. No explanation is offered for this improvement in eyesight with age and the use of the eyes under school conditions. It was found, however, that many blackboards and maps in the schools were not placed in the proper light, and the report of the oculists recommends yearly examinations hereafter of the pupils' eyesight; also the adoption of a uniform system of adjustable seats and desks adapted to the heights of the children.

As far as the imports and exports of merchandise can be compared, the total foreign commerce of the United States for last year shows a remarkable increase. In fact, this year ending with June, has been the banner year in American foreign trade, which represents a larger aggregate volume than in any previous similar period of our commercial history. Figures show that the exports of the products and manufactures of the United States represent a total value of $1,200,000,000, while the imports will be but little more than half that sum. This gives a trade balance of nearly $600,000,000, or 100 per cent. in our favor for the year. While our imports are less in value than in any year since 1885, our exports are the largest ever recorded. While the greatest gain in our exports has naturally been in the products of our farms, it is very gratifying to know that there has been no falling off in the foreign demand for American manufactures, which, for the year just ended, constituted twenty-five per cent. of our total export trade. At the same time there has been a diminution in our purchases from forty-one per cent. of all imports a year ago down to thirty-seven per cent. for the year that terminated yesterday. Our combined import and export trade, now aggregating $1,800,000,000, places us in the second commercial position of the world, we having now passed both Germany and France, and following very close to the United Kingdom.

THE FIGHTING YANKEE TAR.

The ships have changed, and the guns have changed, but the spirit has altered not,
For the lessons we learned in the days long ago we conned with each shrieking shot.
And in those days, when our frigates sailed, no matter how near or far,
They made a name, and it's still the same, for the fighting Yankee tar.

Our grandsires lived and our grandsires fought with colors nailed to the mast,
And we follow the lead, in the days now here, they gave in the living past.
Laid yard to yard, they loved to fight where their cannon would leave their scar,
And they made the name, and it's still the same, with the fighting Yankee tar.

For it's open wide the twelve-inch breech, and "load" her with her shell,
Then "prime" her when you get the word, and see you "point" her well.
"Ready now!" "All hands stand clear!" until the word of "Fire!"
When the gunner jerks the lanyard taut for another funeral pyre.

—Philadelphia Times.

THE WRECK OF THE VANDALIA.

BY ONE OF HER CREW.

THE morning of March 14, 1889, there were seven men-of-war and many small craft at anchor in the Samoan harbor of Apia. Of all that number, there was only one vessel afloat thirty-six hours later.

The day opened with a murky and threatening aspect. "Mare's-tails" floated here and there in the leaden sky; the sea seemed disturbed and restless; the wind rose and fell. By eleven o'clock the clouds had gathered into denser and darker masses, and reached to the horizon; the mercury fell rapidly; the sea became more agitated, and the whitecaps rose higher and faster; the wind came out fresh from the northeast. It soon began to shift against the hands of the watch, and gave warning that the approaching storm would be circular, like a whirlwind.

Before noon the signal was flying from our flag-ship Trenton: "Send down lower yards and house topmasts." Immediately preparations were begun on the Vandalia to ride out a heavy gale.

The light yards and masts were sent down; the topmasts were housed; the lower yards were lashed across the ship's rail, and the topsail yards across the tops; the guns were secured for sea; everything movable about the decks was lashed; the boats were rigged in; chain was veered to two anchors and steam was raised in all the boilers.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the wind had backed around through thirty-two points of the compass, traveled to the right to east-northeast, and backed again to the left to north-northeast, from which direction it continued to blow even more furiously while the storm lasted.

Darkness came early and settled down over a wicked sea, the angry waves breaking into seething foam as they dashed over the hidden reefs and rushed heavily past the laboring ships tugging at their moorings. By half past eight o'clock the wind had increased to hurricane force, and the Vandalia's third and last serviceable anchor was let go.

The seas were running higher and higher. About one o'clock a heavy wave broke over the forecastle, carrying away the catamaran which was hoisted above the rail and sweeping the deck. The waves came heavier and faster, and the old ship, now high on the crest of some lofty billow, now pitched violently into its depths, was slowly dragging her anchors. The engines were kept going with all the power they could develop, but they were not a match for the roaring sea and the howling wind.

The ship pulled and jerked at her chains, jarring and shivering as the strain came violently on them, and many weary men, tossed here and there in their bunks and hammocks, longed and prayed for the day; but they were not to wait in their wretched beds till daylight, for about three o'clock a furious wave broke heavily over the ship and rushed violently below.

Instantly the command from the captain, "All hands on deck!" brought up every man just as he came from his berth, or at most wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt, or a blouse and shoes.

At last the day stole over the tempestuous scene, but it brought little comfort to the anxious watchers. Never shall I forget the awful picture of confusion and disaster that spread out before me in the faint dawn. To windward nothing could be seen, for rain, wind and spray swept over us in stinging gusts and sheets. Overhead occasional clouds scudded across the dull, thick, leaden sky; high aloft flew the white foam as the seas dashed angrily against the ship's sides; off to leeward floated dense black masses of smoke, as the firemen in the sweltering stokehold stirred the fires into greater activity. All around us seethed the tumultuous seas, and not far away the snow-white breakers flung themselves with ominous roaring upon the hidden coral reefs.

To leeward lay the other ships, except the Trenton and those that had already gone down, rolling, pitching, dragging, surging in that waste of waters, now strewn with wreckage in every direction. A sailor, washed from some lost or struggling vessel, would occasionally float by, look appealingly up to us beyond his reach, and pass out of sight forever.

The weather-beaten and dismantled war-ships, laboring heavily, their masts swaying sullenly back and forth, with rigging adrift and trailing, with colors whipped into shreds and tatters, seemed each like some proud animal brought at last to bay, but struggling fiercely for life and mastery. One moment a vessel would appear to be overcome in the mighty deluge; the next it rose triumphant, shaking off its foe; then, shivering in every timber and pouring forth huge volumes of black smoke, it would plunge blindly as if to destruction.

The sailing vessels and smaller craft soon sank or drifted helplessly upon the reefs. Thus had gone down the Eber, cut in two by her German consort, the Olga. There was a resounding crash, a splitting of frames, a heavy jar and a mighty tremble; the bow and stern separated, and all hands on board—half of the crew—were engulfed. Four, by a miracle, drifted alive to the shore.

The Adler, another German ship, lay on her beam-ends on the western reef, a sad illustration of the fury of the waves. Hard was the fate of her crew. Some, unable to escape, as the waters rushed back and forth from her lower hold to the reefs along her under side, died instantly. Rows of men, more fortunate, lined her upper rail and beam, clinging to the bulwarks and trailing rigging; but many of them, unable to endure the seas that broke over them and hammered them against the sides, were swept overboard, to be pounded to death upon the reefs.

The American Nipsic, after a short struggle, was forced upon the sandy part of the beach, fortunately for her crew, and all hands were transported to the shore over a life-line, except seven poor fellows, lost within an arm's reach of safety by the capsizing of a boat.

Three hundred yards directly to leeward of the Vandalia lay the powerful and modern British Calliope, making a desperate struggle, under a full pressure of steam, to keep up to her anchors, but falling back inch by inch toward the western reef. The Olga was now here, now there, but always to leeward, plunging madly against the seas, but unable to escape, and drifting slowly toward the perilous reefs. And we, in that deadly dawn, were drifting toward our own destruction.

Out of sight and to windward was the Trenton, carrying our brave admiral. She, too, was fighting a desperate fight, as the water surged through the hawse-pipes and rushed below, putting out her fires.

It is one thing to face death in a battle, with an enemy against whom one can exert the human powers. It is another to stand calmly and feel oneself steadily going the way of those he has already seen sink beneath the merciless waves; but be it said to the everlasting glory of the Vandalia's crew, as the ship drifted on to destruction, they showed no despair, but urged her to all the power she could muster, and bent themselves at the pumps and relieving tackles as if strong in hope. They would die striving, if die they must. That is the spirit of heroes.

At a critical moment the tiller ropes parted, and we lay exposed to the full force of the tremendous sea on our broadside. To add to the confusion, the glass and crockery had been hurled across the cabin, and rolled back and forth in shattered pieces, with the water covering the cabin floor. Here, with apparently no thought for such trifles as broken glass in the hands and feet, with no feeling for pain, the brave sailors tugged at the relieving tackles; but despite all efforts, the poor old ship showed she could never survive the fight; and other forces besides the elements were to be reckoned with.

The British Calliope had forged very slowly ahead, and was struggling to get to sea. She was now only a few yards astern of us, and she must keep head to sea. We were slowly drifting back toward her.

On the port hand, and only a few yards away, wallowed the German Olga, seemingly unmanageable. Suddenly she plunged forward, and her white bow struck the Vandalia's side. All standing at our posts, we thought, "Has the end come?" She scraped along our side, carried away a boat, freed herself, and held her own, while the bruised and battered Vandalia fell off to leeward.

We had scarcely time enough to feel thankful for this fortunate escape, when the cry of "Clear the poop-deck!" rang out, startling every one within range of the voice. At the mainmast I stopped and looked aft. I can find no words to describe the bewildering thing I saw.

A large wave swept past, dropping the Vandalia's stern deep into its hollow, and raising the Calliope's bow high in mid air. The mighty mass of iron towered above our tottering craft as if to fall upon her and crush her to atoms. No man left his post, but with set teeth and bated breath awaited the crash.

A few short seconds, and then a shout of joy went up to Heaven, while the overhanging mass, as if guided by the invisible hand of divine Providence, rolled clear; but an instant later she came against our starboard quarter, carried away the upper rail and mizzen rigging, and crashed in the quarter-gallery; then freed herself, and steamed very slowly out of the harbor into the open sea—Yankee sailors, doomed to destruction, cheering her to their own immortal glory, as she fought forth to safety which they could not share.

In the meantime we were drifting nearer and nearer the reef. The ship could not possibly live much longer, nor could we help her. Many men had been in the fire-room all night. Others had worked for hours at the pump and the relieving tackles. There is a limit to human endurance, although the limit is very high, and one by one the men were forced, by sheer physical exhaustion, to leave the sweltering stoke-hole, being relieved by volunteers from the deck.

About eleven o'clock the Vandalia was not fifty feet from the reef, and absolutely at the mercy of the waves, only one anchor still dragged. The Others had been lost by the parting of the cables; and though every man struggled on as well as the waning strength could sustain his efforts, it was evident that our ship was doomed.

There was yet one chance to save the crew. The last cable was slipped, and the ship, steaming at her best speed, headed for the sandy beach near the mouth of the Vaisigano River. The course was almost broadside to the sea, and the old Vandalia made more leeway than headway. Drawing too much water to clear the edge of the reefs, we struck two hundred yards from the beach.

On this shelving reef, the ship listed to leeward and began to settle. The seas swept over her in torrents. In twenty minutes she had filled with water. The waves broke many feet above the main deck, and two hundred and twenty men rushed for safety into the rigging.

The old ship swayed and groaned in every timber as the waves rushed madly against her and rushed below. Ladders, hammocks, chests, handspikes, spars and rigging floated off to join the general wreckage.

On shore the brave natives and the officers from the Nipsic patrolled the beach in sight of their comrades clinging to the sinking Vandalia. They tried again and again to launch a boat in the vain hope of getting a line to the ship; but no boat could live in such a sea.

As we clung to the rigging and cowered in the top, and gazed over the stormy scene, we saw nothing to encourage or cheer us. The wind showed no sign of abating; the sea gave no promise of mercy. There was no hope of succor. Still many of the officers and crew looked cheerful, but the cheerfulness was forced and only indicated the spirit that will not cower before any fate.

As the afternoon wore slowly away the loss of strength began to tell on the men in the rigging. One by one the faint and weak began to drop off into the sea, some wrenched from the shrouds and stays by the angry waves, some swept from the deck while attempting to change their positions. Others, unaware of the treacherous undercurrent and overestimating their skill and strength, made efforts to swim to the Nipsic close by, or the beach, a short distance beyond. Some of these sank beneath our eyes. Others would battle long, only to be finally caught by the undertow and carried out to sea; but few of all reached shore.

Our captain, faint from a wound on the head and unable to reach the rigging, stood on the poop-deck clinging to the iron rail. By his side stood a marine who had not left his captain since eight o'clock in the morning. It was touching indeed to see the man's devotion as the waves broke over the two.

An officer high in rank stood on the mizzen rigging, saw them, and realized their danger. He jumped to the deck and made for the captain's side.

He missed his goal, was struck by a monster wave, and swept headlong down through the cabin skylight into the surging, foaming pool that flooded the cabin.

Presently, as by a miracle, he rose from the watery tomb, regained the deck and struggled to the rigging again. Then he turned and saw that the captain and his faithful marine had been swept off by the selfsame wave which had struck him down.

Now this marine was but one of many humble men whom I saw freely venturing and frequently giving up their lives to save injured officers or weakened comrades in that dreadful, heroic day.

Helpless men floated amid the wreckage. Every one on board was drenched and cold. Not a bite of food had passed our lips for twenty-four hours, and the strongest of the crew needed more than excitement to sustain them. Many of them were almost naked.

The situation became desperate as night began to settle down, and one by one we were dropping off into the waves or being washed away, some reaching shore on a piece of wreckage, but many going out to sea with the swift and treacherous undertow.

The Nipsic lay about fifty yards or more distant. A line to her meant possibly safety for all of us.

A quiet young seaman named Hammar unrove the signal halyards. In one end he made a bowline which he placed over his body. Leaving the other end free and on the ship's deck he plunged into the raging sea. He was never seen after he struck the water. The current caught him and sucked him under.

No tomb or headstone marks the sailor's grave, no epitaph tells how he died; but a memory of him will always live in the hearts of those for whom he died.

Another sailor, Johnson, equally brave and more fortunate, made the same effort. He never reached the Nipsic, but miraculously reached the shore.

A third man, a brawny fireman, after studying the currents carefully, threw off the few remaining stitches of clothing which he wore, leaped boldly overboard and struck out bravely for the Nipsic.

A shout went up as he reached her, and drew himself on board; but he carried no rope from the Vandalia, so his herculean efforts availed us nothing.

Still we clung on, one hundred and fifty of us, faint and weary, awaiting our end as the darkness settled around us.

But God had willed that we be spared. About half past seven in the evening we saw the dim flicker of lights to windward and gradually drawing nearer.

A few minutes later a dark, heavy mass brought up on our windward side with a crash. It was the Trenton! and what remained of the Vandalia's crew swung themselves quickly on board of her.

Ere the last man of us had left the Vandalia's slackened rigging, the main and mizzen masts of our once gallant ship toppled into the sea, completing her destruction. All that remained of her was a sunken hulk, over which still floated the Stars and Stripes.

The Trenton's lower decks were under water, and her stern pounded heavily upon the reefs far into the night, but the sun rose clear and beautiful over a sea of perfect calm. In its day of fury forty-three of our comrades and more than one hundred others had been destroyed, with a fleet of costly ships.

Now it was Sunday; and the four hundred and fifty persons on the Trenton—her own crew and what remained of the Vandalia's—were transported to the shore, where memorial services were held for the departed souls of the brave.—Youth's Companion.

Devices For Detaching Horses.

Of late quite a number of inventions have been put out, the object of which is to detach a runaway horse from the vehicle. Many advantages are claimed for this idea in its various forms. A careful overlooking, however, of the subject does not warrant very much enthusiasm as to the invention. In the first place, no horse should be allowed to run away. This assertion does not, of course, apply to sudden accidents or frights where horses are sure to become unmanageable almost on the instant, and may overturn or plunge into any obstruction before the driver has time or opportunity to get them under control. The idea of suddenly detaching the horse at full speed is a most unpractical one. If the vehicle were running on a tramway where the momentum would carry it only in a straight line this might do. It would be on the same principle of breaking the coupling of a car. But on any ordinary road, however good, a wheel of the vehicle might, while still going at a high rate of speed, strike a stone or any trifling obstruction and throw it out of line, precipitate it into a ditch or capsize it altogether.

Inexperienced horsemen are warned against any device that professes to bring safety by detaching the horse when at a high rate of speed. If one were likely to run into the ocean, down an embankment or into a railway train, the detaching device might be of benefit, but the chances are that it would precipitate a calamity instead of averting it.—New York Ledger.

An Archæological Discovery in Greece.

A new Pompeii was discovered some time ago at Pyrene, in Greece, and the work of excavation, which was abandoned for a time on account of lack of funds, or some such reason, has been taken up again with renewed vigor. The whole plan of the little town, which has been preserved almost as marvelously as Pompeii, is being laid bare. Up to the present time no Greek town has been so well excavated, it is said. All the streets are intact, with their rows of houses on each side. A Temple of Minerva has been discovered, founded, legend says, by Alexander the Great, and there are great hopes that soon the theatre will be unearthed. In Switzerland, too, archæologists have been at work. At Geneva workmen engaged on repairing the Tour de l'Ile came across a bronze sword in excellent preservation. From the description the weapon seems to date from the latter part of the Bronze Period. It has now been deposited in the local archæological museum.—San Francisco Argonaut.

What Dewey's Ancestors Did.

Somebody has dug out of "Jennings's History of Vermont" an entertaining story of Admiral George's godly ancestor, the Rev. Jedediah Dewey. It seems that the Rev. Jedediah was holding services in honor of the victory at Bennington, and, as was right and proper, was giving Providence all the credit for the triumph of the American arms. Ethan Allen, who was present, chafed under this neglect of his own part in the battle, and, rising in his pew in the middle of the "long prayer," as it was called, said: "Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey." The clergyman stopped and opened his eyes. The intrepid Allen went on: "Please mention to the Lord about my being there." Not daunted by this outrageous interruption, the holy man thundered: "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the word of God."—Philadelphia Record.

Redeeming Sahara Desert.

No fewer than 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful in the Sahara desert, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Sound is not transmitted by a vacuum, but light is.

Iodine is a crude alkaline matter, produced by the combustion of seaweed.

If fifteen drops of bacteria were let fall in a cup of broth, they would produce in twenty-four hours 80,000,000.

An authority on microscopy states that the hair of a woman can be distinguished by its construction from that of a man.

Electro-magnets for purposes of lifting casting and machinery have been extensively employed in foundries and machine shops.

If the earth were not enveloped with atmosphere, the temperature at the surface would be about 330 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

Electrical machinery operated by one man is applied to the ringing of the three great bells of the church of St. George, Berlin, Germany.

The number of vibrations which occur with the shrillest of audible sounds is 30,000 or 40,000; with the deepest tones, only about twenty-four to thirty.

The lantern fly of Surinam, South America, has two sets of eyes, so as to catch the light from all directions. Its light is like that of the ordinary firefly, but it is much more brilliant.

A machine for which designs are now in hand is intended to show the effect of repeated tensile and compressive stresses, and will have a capacity of 100,000 pounds. The stresses are to alternate between tension and compression at the rate of sixty turns a minute.

WISE WORDS.

Look before you leap; see before you go.—Tusser.

Burdens become light when cheerfully borne.—Ovid.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

Constancy is the complement of other human virtues.—Mazzini.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

The truly generous is truly wise, and he who loves not others, lives unblest.—Home.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—Lavater.

To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment.—Bulwer.

Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.—Voltaire.

Wherever you find patience, fidelity, honor, kindness, truth, there you find respectability, however obscure and lonely men may be.—H. W. Beecher.

Eye Language.

No part of the human countenance engages our attention so frequently as the eyes. When face to face in conversation, we do not look at the lips—although, as a rule, the attention is very quickly taken by any movement—but at the eyes of the person with whom we are speaking. So much is this the case that the habit of many deaf people of watching the mouth always strikes us as peculiar. In fact, one usually feels that there is a sense of incompleteness in the association of mind with mind by means of conversation if there is not a continual interchange of glances making a kind of running commentary on the words spoken. The same may be said of ordinary greetings when two people shake hands; unless there is at the same moment a meeting of friendly looks the ceremony loses much of its meaning.

Now why is there this continual meeting of eyes accompanying all kinds of human intercourse? Partly, no doubt, it is attributable to certain habits of comparatively recent date. The eye, "the window of the soul," is a more truthful exponent of the inward thoughts than the tongue, and seeing that speech is very frequently used not to tell the thoughts but to conceal them, we look to the eye for confirmation or the reverse for what our ears are taking in.—Popular Science.

The Products of the Philippines.

Rice is the chief product of the Philippine Islands, but it is not exported. It is the staple food of the natives, and sometimes the supply is short. Both the mountain and lowland rice are produced, and more than ninety varieties are known. It is easy to cultivate them, and in favorable years the yield is very generous.

Maize is grown in considerable quantities. So are the sweet potato, yams, ground nuts, gourds, potatoes, peas. A little wheat is raised at high elevations. Among the fruits are the mango, plantain, banana, mangosteen, jack fruit, medlars, lanzon and durian, the last especially in the Sulu Islands. The islands are generally mountainous, and at proper elevations the fruits of southern Europe and of Florida flourish, as the orange, citron and sapotilla.

The cotton of this archipelago is excellent and its production makes some progress. The cacao can be successfully grown and of good quality, but little attention is paid to it. The tea plant has been tried in botanic gardens and is found to thrive. The islands are rich in odorous flowers, and the manufacture of essences and perfumes is increasing. Cinnamon, the pepper tree and many other of the valuable plants of the Malay Peninsula and the East Indies either grow here naturally or can be easily introduced.—Scientific American.

How Spinning Was Thought Of.

Arkwright accidentally derived the idea of spinning by rollers from seeing a red-hot bar elongated by being passed between two rollers.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Prevent Rust on Steel.

Fire-irons that have to be laid by during the warm months should be protected from rust by being coated with a mixture of india rubber, dissolved to the consistency of cream in naphtha. This coating can easily be rubbed off the steel when needed.

Novel and Cheap Portieres.

Clever women have found a novel way of utilizing ball gowns after they are discarded for wear. It is to make them into portieres. The different colors and materials are put together harmoniously in strips about a quarter of a yard wide, joined with some effective embroidery stitch. The stitching should be in bright colors, corresponding with the materials used. A popular pattern is the "bayadere stripe," where the strips run diagonally.

Hints For Cleaning Gloves.

Gloves cleaned with naphtha are usually wrinkled, and smell of the cleansing agent besides. A woman who has learned to do the job successfully, says that she does it by drawing the glove on the hand, having first mended it neatly in case it needs it; then with a clean sponge, kept for the purpose, and a small bowl of naphtha, she goes smoothly over the glove, rubbing one way until all the spots are removed. Then with a clean towel she wipes the glove over again before taking it off and pinning it to a towel. When several are thus attached to the towel, she puts it over a chair or in some place where the air will reach the gloves, and she does not undertake to wear them for at least a week after they have been thus cleaned.

Avenues of Wastefulness.

Mops and brooms not hung up.
Tea and coffee pots neglected.
Corks left out of vinegar and molasses jugs.
Spices exposed to the air.
Preserves opened, forgotten and left to sour.
Soap left in dishpans to dissolve and waste.
Orange peel thrown away (save it for kindling).
Bits of meat thrown away.
Carpet brooms used to scrub with.
Pieces of bread and cake allowed to dry and mould and then thrown away.
Failing to dry a box of soap for several days before using it.
Dried fruits left uncovered and consequently allowed to become wormy.
Dish towels used for holders.
Sheets used for ironing table.
Napkins used for dish towels.
Towels used for wash rags.
The face of flat irons used to crack nuts on.

Pictures in Modest Homes.

Touching the matter of pictures in the country homes, where the resources of the city print shop are not readily available and substitutes must often be accepted in lieu of things one would like to have, somebody has very well said: Too many pictures are often used in a single room. Better one good picture, properly framed, than three or four crowded together along a wall. I have counted something like twenty pictures on the walls of a single room in a country house, and the room was not very large either.

In these days of photographic reproduction, copies of the finest pictures in the world are placed within the reach of almost every home, even those where severe economy must be practiced. Photographs of the finest of ancient and modern art can now be had from fifteen cents to $1 each, according to the size, and if one has a little ingenuity in the use of tools frames for these can be made at home.

On the whole, no more satisfactory pictures can be obtained for a small sum than these mounted photographs of great paintings. Then, too, one can often find in various first-class periodicals full page reproductions of some beautiful modern paintings. These, surrounded by a home-made matting and a home-made frame, will be in good taste, will be decorative and to the last degree inexpensive. The choice of colored pictures for framing is a matter fraught with no little risk, unless one is competent to distinguish between good and poor work. The art papers send out monthly some very attractive reproductions in color of modern paintings and these are suitable.—Good Housekeeping.

Recipes.

Gingerbread Nuts—Rub half pound fresh butter into one and one-half pounds sifted flour; add tablespoon ground ginger and a dust of cayenne. Warm one pound treacle, and half pound brown sugar together; then work into the flour. Roll thin; cut into round cakes; bake on buttered pan in quick oven.

Homemade Sausage—Chop two pounds of lean pork very fine, sprinkle through a teaspoonful each of powdered sage leaves, black pepper and salt. Make into cakes and fry brown on both sides in boiling hot dripping. With cream sauce made dark by browning the butter they are particularly good.

Prune Whip—Twenty prunes, boil until tender, remove pits and chop very fine, add half cup powdered sugar, whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add half a cup more sugar, stir in the prunes, whip all lightly together; put in a large dish, bake in a moderate oven half an hour; serve with whipped cream.

Caraway Cookies—Cream together nine tablespoonfuls of sugar and four of butter. Add four well-beaten eggs, one cup of milk, a little grated nutmeg, one ounce of caraway seeds, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a dough that will roll out easily. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.