

The superiority of the American locomotive is gradually coming to be recognized in England, and this chiefly in connection with express train service. It is stated on the best authority that an English railroad is now building an engine patterned after an American model—another example of the way in which this country is leading the world in point of mechanical ingenuity.

South African trade reports during the last fiscal year indicate emphatically that the United States has large opportunities for commercial progress in the German, English and native colonies of South Africa. A glance, however, at the relative trade done by this country and Great Britain under conditions, too, that favor the United States, demonstrates that we have not yet begun to scratch around the margin of our opportunities in the commercial world. The day cannot be distant when we shall realize fully the importance of these opportunities and adapt our commercial spirit energetically along the lines of definite accomplishment, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Camarra's fleet being useless—hardly able to keep itself afloat—and her others all at the bottom of the sea, Spain ought not to repine overmuch at the surrender of her colonial possessions. She has no means of protecting them, and few of communicating with them. Even when she had ships she could not keep them in fighting or sailing order. She will be much better off when confined to the limits of her peninsula. If she introduces there modern methods of industry and administration and teaches all her people to read and write, suggests the New York Tribune, a modest but fairly prosperous career may still lie before her—much more satisfactory than the one she is now forced to abandon.

Admiral Palumbo, the new Italian Minister of Marine, has decided to strike off the list of the active fleet all the ships which during the next naval manoeuvres show a speed inferior to that laid down by the navy regulations. In addition, every effort is being made to promote economy in the construction of battleships wherever such economy can be effected without loss of power. For instance, instead of paneling officers' cabins and saloons with expensive woods, simpler material will be employed. The older ironclads, like the Dandolo and the Duilio, will be examined and refitted wherever necessary. Besides all this, the German firm of Schichau has been commissioned to build four torpedo-boat destroyers, one of which will have a speed of thirty and the other of thirty-two knots.

The physiological evils of overwork have been the subject of official investigation in the Swiss schools, with the result that such evils appear to be so positive that in the case of the Canton of Lucerne severe repressive measures have come up for consideration by those in charge of such interests. The measures, as thus proposed by high educational authority, seriously limit the work to be done by pupils composing the six classes of the primary schools, provide that no lessons shall be studied at home, as is commonly the custom by children in this grade and only moderate tasks to be so required in the secondary schools. In regard to intervals, ten-minute recesses every half-hour are called for, a week's vacation every six or seven weeks, and attendance at school shall not begin before the age of seven.

The American triumph seems complete, says the Washington Star. The valor of the army and navy is highly praised. The marksmanship at sea is the marvel of the world. The kindly treatment of the Spanish prisoners excites both admiration and gratitude. The terms of the peace protocol are generous in an unexampled degree. And now there is applause from abroad for American diplomacy! That is victory, indeed. We have long been regarded as hopelessly short on diplomacy. We have been lectured and condescended with on that score. Attention has been directed to our crudeness, our lack of forms and ceremoniousness, and so forth. The learned foreigner has observed with pain, and at times with displeasure, that we invariably fail to discuss international questions either with due appreciation of their importance or with due regard to the polite requirements of such negotiations. But it is conceded now that, so far, in the business with Spain, though pursuing the old, crude and direct methods, the United States has won in diplomacy in the field of war. The whole result is in justification of its methods of managing large affairs.

MODERN GRANDMOTHERS.

You "wonder where they've gone to, those grandmothers of yore, with such quaint old nursery jingles, that we always cried for more. With their spectacles and aprons, and their rusted mullin caps, and their puffs of snowy hair, and their broad enticing laps?"

Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those old and happy days, when little ones were little ones, in thoughts and acts and ways; when everything was different and simpler lives were led. Those days are gone, "the times have changed," with that, the whole is said.

The grandma of the "modern child" must crimp and talk and dress, if not, I fear, the modern child might love her grandma less. For lady and lassies of these days are critical, I ween, with a grandma of "ye olden time" they wouldn't once be seen.


But, after all, beneath the dress, and this we won't forget, that grandma's grandma, now as then, her love is ours yet. And if the children turn to her—demand her love and care, they'll find that underneath it all the grandma's always there.

—F. S. A., in Boston Transcript.

THE VICTOR'S SPOILS.

A Story of Army Life.

By Gwendolen Overton.



MISS TERRENCE, going down the line, watched the girl who was coming toward her. There were three men with the girl, and only Lancaster was with Miss Terrence. However, as he was all the world to her, Helena-like, she lacked not worlds of company. The six men met on the walk in front of Captain Lansing's quarters.

Lansing was a cynic who observed his kind and told the result of his observations. Such are deservedly unpopular, but command appreciative audiences that are the envy of the good-hearted. It was to an audience of the sort that he recounted the meeting, the same afternoon, when the band stopped playing and the invading hosts from the town had scattered and left the post to its rightful owners.

"Dorothy Terrence"—he began, laying his sabre across his knees and setting back to the temporary repose which alone can fall to the lot of the officer of the day—"Dorothy Terrence came up the walk. She had Lancaster with her, and she was looking happy. Miss Leeds—the banker's daughter, you know—came down the walk. She had Kant, and Dartmoor, and Ferguson with her, and she was looking like a celestial being. They were both dressed in white—but there was a difference. Mrs. Lansing says it lay in a silk foundation. Be that as it may, there was a fearfully and wonderfully made hat, all drifts and mists, and sprays of white, atop of Miss Leeds, and a fluffy all-round sort of parasol atop of that. Dorothy saw Miss Leeds from afar, but the latter did not see Dorothy. They came together in front of my quarters—and I with my harp was there! Dorothy moved to one side. It was her instant attitude, and, I fear, prophetic. The woman who steps aside can always stay there. But all might have gone well, and this story might never have been told, if Kant had not indulged his vulgar propensity for introductions. Miss Leeds bestowed a sweet and transitory smile upon Miss Terrence; but Lancaster is not the best-looking fellow in the Presidio for nothing. If any of you happen to share my good fortune of knowing her, you will understand what—in the nature of things and of men—happened when she turned her eyes upon him with a trick she has of seeming to look into one's very soul. She has the most beautiful voice outside of the heavenly choir, and she brought it into play also. Dorothy stood it as long as she could, and then she tried to get him away. He never even heard her. If Miss Leeds had not gazed so long and so earnestly at him, and told him that she must be going, but would see him at the hop, he doubtless would be standing there still, with Dorothy anxiously watching him. It will be worth going to the hop to see things happen."

Lancaster stood at the door of the dressing-room and watched Miss Leeds, while she waited for Dorothy. He saw her throw back her gorgeous cloak and drop it from her with the careless disdain of a celestial creature discarding some temporary earthly garment. That it fell on a chair and brushed other less splendid wrappings beneath it was a detail which escaped him. He watched her as the huddling feminine mass made way for her at the mirror and she stood unchallenged, leisurely touching her glimmering brown hair and pinning a great white rose upon her shoulder.

Dorothy waited at his side for fully five minutes before he saw her. Then she laughed mockingly up into his face, and wished that her laughter might have been a blow.

As soon as he could leave her he went running and sliding across the floor to where Miss Leeds stood at bay before a besieging group. She was backed against the wall, and a sunburst of sabres was just above her head.

"There are only twenty dances," she kept repeating, "and I never divide."

Lancaster took two of his fellow-officers by the shoulders and put them out of his way. Miss Leeds looked into his eyes and smiled as, it seemed to him, no woman had ever smiled before. She put her card into his hand.

"The two with the crosses are the ones I promised you," she said. And as she had promised and he had asked nothing, his heart beat high with triumph.

Not that it was a case of love at first sight. He was in love with Dorothy. But the most faithful of

men may pay the court she expects to a belle, and may allow himself to be flattered by her marked favors.

He could honestly, then and for several weeks afterward, give Dorothy the comfort she sorely needed, and say that he did not even think Miss Leeds beautiful. "She has style and charm," he passed judgment, "but not beauty. And she is a flirt." He meant that Miss Terrence should understand how entirely he abhorred that.

"Did she try to flirt when you called upon her?"

He had made a point of confessing the call directly it was made, and he thought it tactless of Dorothy to insist upon it. He shrugged his shoulders.

"She does that with every man."

"It was a truth which he fully appreciated, but his feeble light no longer fell upon the path of duty when the time came that the sun of Miss Leeds's countenance shed its glow upon the highway of inclination. And yet she did her best to make it clear to him.

"Now, listen to something I mean to tell you," she said to him. She set down her tea-cup and leaned toward him, with her elbows upon her knees and her chin between her soft, pink palms. Her eyes were looking straight into his, and they filled his heart with anticipation. "Do you know that this is a risky game we are playing, and that we have been playing it for all it is worth this last fortnight or so?"

Lancaster knit his brows. "It is not worth while to pretend you don't understand. We both know exactly what I mean. But I want to be sure we both know that it is only a game. I am not in earnest, and you must not be."

He gazed at her, speechless.

"I suppose you are thinking that the suggestion of serious intentions might come first from you," she said; "that may be your way of looking at it, but it is not mine. I don't care to let you have anything to reproach me with. I have had enough of that in the past. I am a hopeless flirt, you know. I go into the thing for the fun there is in it, and it is only fair to warn you."

She leaned back in her chair and fell to watching the passers-by upon the street and to biting at a cube of sugar, meditatively.

"If you will accept matters that way, we can have a very good time; if you don't, I have warned you; and the consequences—if there are any—must be on your own head."

Lancaster laughed rather weakly. "I accept the terms," he said, "it is understood that this is only a flirtation."

Which he explained to Dorothy at much length, but which she would not understand and was so unreasonable about as to break her engagement. Lancaster was deeply aggrieved and rather more deeply relieved. But it made one fact plain to him: that he was seriously in love with a girl who frankly told him that he was no more to her than a score had been before, than scores might be thereafter. And it was all in vain that he tried to change her.

"I warned you quite fairly," she reminded him, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of his black mare. It was the mare that, of old, Dorothy had considered almost her own property, and on which she had lavished the overflow of her affection for Lancaster. "I warned you," Miss Leeds repeated, "and nobody has suffered but yourself, unless"—she glanced at him with a quizzical little smile—"unless there was another girl?"

"There was another girl," he answered.

She shrugged her shoulders tolerantly. "That was to have been expected. Most problems of the heart are in the rule of three."

He frowned angrily and his lips curved in contempt. "Are you absolutely heartless? Have you no pity for her?"

"Not a great deal. If you were the sort to desert her in a fortnight for a girl who made not the slightest effort to win you, and who told you that she didn't love you, I think, upon the whole, that she is rather well rid of you."

Lancaster was biting his lips, and he was very angry. "She is a better woman than you," he said.

"That may be. But still," she laughed, good naturedly, "do you think I am bad enough for you to be passing judgment upon me?"

"I do; for you are doing the thing cold-bloodedly, and I—I," he said, despondently, "have lost my head."

She smiled into his eyes. "You don't want to do that. It is such a handsome head. Lose your heart—it is not worth nearly so much."

He turned in his saddle and faced her. "I am likely to lose more than

that," he burst out, suddenly; "I am likely to lose my life."

"Oh! come," she said, "you are not contemplating falling on the point of your sabre, or superintending galloping consumption, are you? I have had men do a number of things for me, but never quite that."

"I am not contemplating doing any of those. I may be a good deal of a fool, but not enough of a one to put an end to myself for a woman who cares nothing for me."

"Yet that has been done," she suggested.

"What I meant was—and what I intended to tell you when I asked you to come to-day, was that I am going to the war."

"That was to have been expected, of course. Is your regiment ordered?"

"Not yet, I am especially favored."

"When do you leave?"

"The day after to-morrow. And now I am going to ask you to promise me something."

They had reined in their horses by the dynamite-guns, and sat looking out over the white-capped blue sea.

"So that it is not something I can not promise."

"Not that. I shall leave that until I come back—if I do come back. If I do not—in short, if I am killed"—she gave a little shudder; he saw that she did, and repeated—"if I am killed, I shall leave orders that my most treasured possessions shall be sent to you."

"Do you mean this mare?"

"I mean the mare. It will make me as happy as it would seem I am meant to be, to know that if I die you will have her, and will ride her, and be kind to her. For you are fond of her, too."

Miss Leeds knit her brows and considered. "And if I should not?" she said.

"She shall not go to any one else. I will have Dartmoor shoot her on the day that he hears my death confirmed."

Miss Leeds switched at the skirt of her habit. "Is there no one else who is fond of her, also?"

"No," he answered.

"But that other girl you told me of?"

There flashed back upon Lancaster's memory how Dorothy had been wont to stand with her arms around the arched black neck, and her cheek against the warm, soft nose; how the mare had followed her lamely around the garrison, as she would follow no other but herself. Then Miss Leeds turned the sun of her questioning eyes upon him. They were serious now, and their gentle light scattered the mists of memories. She only valued the horse for the master's sake, and the master is no longer anything to her. "Will you do as I ask?"

A little, ironical smile, the smile of an easy-going cynicism curled her lips. "Unto the victor belong the spoils. Yes, if anything happens to you, I will take the horse. But you must not be rash. I believe I prefer your safety to it."

Two months afterward, Miss Leeds, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of the black mare that had belonged to Lieutenant Lancaster, turned and glanced up into the face of the man who was riding beside her.

"Who was the girl you bowed to near the gates? The one with the big, sad eyes?"

"It was Dorothy Terrence," he told her. "Lancaster used once to be engaged to her."

"No wonder, then, that she looked at me reproachfully." She tried to laugh, but the laughter broke and she grew white as she set the mare into a gallop. "There may, you know," she called to him, mockingly, above the clatter of the hoofs—"there may lurk the spoiler of romance, among the victor's adders."—Argonaut.

Puzzled Over Our Slang.

"What gives me most trouble," said a foreign military attaché, "is trying to translate your American language into English first, and then into my own language, so as to give my government a correct understanding of the spirit and character of your soldiers. I find the phrase 'get there,' for example, difficult. When I saw your infantry going forward against the opposing troops in the forts and intrenchments, I said to the officer with me that the infantry should not attempt such a movement without artillery. 'You're right,' he told me, 'but the boys will get there.'"

"At night, when we were all so hungry, I ventured to inquire if a further movement were contemplated till your army was provisioned. Then the officers, who were gentlemanly, all laughed and said the army would think about rations when they 'got there.' The second day we met many of your wounded men coming back as we were going forward. When the Colonel asked them about the fighting so many times I heard them say: 'We got there.' And afterward also I heard those words very often. But it is so difficult for me to explain so my own people will understand it, what nature of tactics is 'get there.'"

—Boston Transcript.

A New-Fangled Idea.

A prominent downtown restaurant has put in a machine which "cuts ice," literally and also figuratively, in that it saves money.

Back behind the kitchen, shafting and the machinery necessary to run an ordinary band saw have been put in, together with a little table. An employe takes a big cake of ice and saws it up into little cubes, just as a workman in a sawmill might make cubes out of a piece of timber.

The saw goes through the ice without causing any appreciable loss of material, the ice melts more slowly, and the little cubes, when placed in a glass of water, look neat and trim. Altogether, there is a great saving of time and ice.—Chicago Journal.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Charge of Sea Lions—An Exciting Episode in a Submarine Cave Off the Coast of California—Captured and Overturned a Boatload of Explorers.

In the long string of islands—uplifted mountain ranges, that extend along the coast of Southern California, there is one named Santa Cruz that if thoroughly known might be as famous as Capri. It lies nearly off Santa Barbara, its shores, abrupt rocky cliffs, often rising directly from the sea, presenting a bold and forbidding front. This shore line is perforated with wonderful caves, some of which reach in to a great distance and have assumed the dimensions of large halls through which the sea washes with a reverberating roar appalling in its deep-toned intensity.

Many of the caves are entirely covered at high tide, and at half tide constitute orifices from which air and water is blown with great violence. The largest cave opens in a chamber forty or fifty feet in height, the roof and sides of which are richly colored; red, yellow, blue and green tints predominate. This chamber leads into a second almost as large from which, three or four hundred feet from the entrance of the cave, a narrow passage has been worn away, leading into the largest room of all, of unknown height, from which branch other leads below the surface, and from which proceed horrible sounds—the groaning and muttering of the sea as it is forced into the deep crevices of the great cave.

It was in this chamber, or at its entrance that a very singular adventure was experienced by a party of men; one that was almost a fatality and that made a deep impression on the observers. They were cruising around the island, and seeing the entrance to the cave they determined to go in. The wind was blowing heavily, and with much difficulty a boat was lowered, the yacht running in near the entrance to the cave, then dropping a boatload and keeping away. When close in to the opening the water was calm, being protected by the high mountain into whose heart the cave extended.

Pushing through the hills that formed a slight barrier, the men rowed into the great chamber, the roof of which rose over them like a cathedral dome. The first and second chambers were investigated and before the narrow entrance to the third they halted, startled at the marvelous sound that came forth. The sea in entering the passage seems to dip almost at an angle of forty-five degrees, and conveys the impression that a whirlpool is formed in the room beyond.

For some moments the explorers listened; then seeing that the water flowed in and out without any dangerous disturbance, they decided to make attempt to enter the passage; so taking the oars and using them as paddles they moved on. In a moment they were in the entrance, peering into the gloom beyond. A few feet more and the boat was fairly in the narrow gateway. The man in the bow had lighted a torch and was waving it when a deafening roar came from the inner room—barking, screaming, hissing sounds that fairly raised the hair on the heads of the adventurers; and before they could retreat a band of large, black animals came pouring through the passage, uttering frightful cries. To the demoralized party they seemed to be the object of a determined attack, and that there was little doubt regarding this was shown by the fact that the animals came at them with their open mouths. Some climbed into or over the boat, and others followed until the boat filled and the men were thrown into the water. For a moment the water appeared to be filled with struggling men, while the boat was in possession of several sea lions, others diving beneath it and all uttering wild cries, whose reverberations were echoed until there appeared to be thousands of them.

Driven from the boat, the men swam to the second room to a ledge, from which they watched the extraordinary spectacle. Their boat almost filled the narrow entrance and the sea lions were still pouring out, over and under it, forming a perfect stream from the inner cave to the bright spot which indicated the outer air and world. When they had all disappeared the men, who had a narrow escape, lowered themselves into the water again and swam to the boat which they had managed to right.

The inner chamber was a sea lion rookery, and must have been fairly filled with the animals which, when the boat appeared, realizing that they were trapped, made a desperate rush for the entrance, completely filling it and sinking the boat in their efforts to crawl over it.

Nearly all the large caves of Santa Cruz island are inhabited by sea lions and seals. The sea lions are very large, the males weighing much more than a large horse.

An Incident at Santiago.

"The thing about the fight that paralyzed me," said a Lieutenant, now in a hospital in New York City recovering from a wound received at Santiago, "was that we couldn't get at the fellows we were fighting against. Why, do you know, I never saw a live Spaniard in my two days of fighting. The next time I get in a shindy I hope it will be a hand-to-hand affair with bayonets. Any fellow can do that sort of thing if he has red blood in his veins; but it's different to be a target for bullets coming from the Lord knows where. There's something mysterious and frightful about it, and it gets on a man's nerve. It's a wonder to me that any fellows could stand up to it as our men did, and I'd have

had some sympathy for a man who flunked.

"I'll never forget the few minutes before I got this hole in my side. We were going forward under a scattering fire from the front, and all at once, off at the right, a rapid-firing gun opened on us. There was no smoke, so we couldn't locate the battery exactly, but we could see the bullets playing over the long grass like spray from a hose. They didn't have the range at first, and the shower of bullets went swinging back and forth, clipping off the tops of the grass and coming nearer to us with every sweep. You can't imagine the sensations it gave us to watch that death spray, driven by some invisible, relentless force, creeping on and on, reaching out and feeling for us. There was something unnatural about it, and we watched as though we were fascinated by it. I didn't feel as though men had anything to do with it. It was an impersonal, deadly enemy that I couldn't fight and couldn't escape. There wasn't a living enemy within sight."

"At last with one big sweep the shower reached us. Men all around me dropped, and then I felt a sting in my side, and down I went. Somebody ripped out an oath, and I was glad to hear it. It sounded so magnificently human. I believe we were all thankful when that gun found us. It relieved the tension—but it ended my fighting."

"It's all very well for him to talk about being nervous," commented a wounded corporal in a neighboring cot, "but he gave a mighty poor imitation of a nervous man down there. A man with a record like his can afford to own up to having felt creepy."

Big Snake Attacks Girl.

Miss Jennie Kernaghan, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., had a fight with a black snake and although the snake was killed, the shock of the encounter prostrated Miss Kernaghan.

Before Miss Kernaghan's house is a fine lawn on which a croquet set is spread. Miss Kernaghan and some friends were playing croquet, and she drove her ball through a wicket under an apple tree, at the edge of the lawn. As she approached the ball for another stroke a black snake, which was afterward found to be nine feet long, dropped from the bough of the tree and fell upon her. She shrieked as the snake coiled around her neck, but managed to seize it and throw it from her.

The snake, angry, again attacked her, winding around her arm, trying to bite her as she endeavored to shake him off. With her free hand Miss Kernaghan tried to disentangle herself and hurled the snake away. Again it seized her clothing and wound itself around her body. All this very quickly.

Then Miss Kernaghan struck her deadly assailant with a croquet mallet. Her brother William ran up, and hitting the snake with his mallet, almost cut off its head. Then William climbed the apple tree. In a hollow of it he found fourteen young black snakes hidden and easily despatched them.

Heroic General.

At Santiago General Joe Wheeler climbed a tree to look at the enemy. General Shafter, who weighs 300 pounds, said to him: "I wish I could do that." Yet by climbing a tree General Shafter, May 31, 1897, won a medal of honor. He was badly wounded, and to avoid being seen by a passing Surgeon who he feared would order him to the rear he climbed a tree. Then he came down, and with hardly a leg to stand on he fought all day, and Congress gave him his medal.

General Nelson A. Miles, May 3, 1893, was in command of skirmishers as Colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers. They were holding a line of abatis against a horde of the enemy. Miles is a big man and makes a fair mark. Yet to encourage his men he kept jumping on an eminence and exposing himself, inspiring his followers by his voice. He fell, finally, badly wounded. He wears a medal of honor.

Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry, whom the soldiers love, led his brigade in an awful charge at Cold Harbor. One horse went down under him. He mounted another and led on. The enemy's breastworks were reached and General Henry spurred his horse at the obstruction. The steed was killed in midair, and with its rider fell in the enemy's lines. The place was carried. Henry was promoted and voted a medal.

Brave Colorado Sergeant.

Thomas Shaw, colored, Sergeant Ninth United States Cavalry, was in command of a detachment of his troop near Carizo Canon, New Mexico, August 12, 1881. The little band ran onto signs which showed unmistakably that a large force of hostile Apaches was in the immediate neighborhood. Shaw turned to his dusky following: "You are under my command," he said, "do as well by me as you would by the Lieutenant." The Apaches they attacked. In numbers they were five to one. Under their Sergeant's leadership the men stood like rocks. Though their position was extremely exposed they beat off their assailants gallantly. The savages tried to surround the black troopers. By an exhibition of tactical and strategic knowledge, creditable to any commissioned officer, Shaw prevented this movement of the Apaches. Time after time. Relief came after hours of fighting and ceaseless watching. Congress gave Shaw a medal, which he wears as proudly as he would a knot on either shoulder.

In a newly designed glove, patented by a Michigan woman, the palm of the hand and inside of the thumbs and fingers are provided with interwoven rings of leather or other material which prevent the glove from wearing out.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Caring For Silverware.

In making bags or cases for silverware, an unbleached material should be employed. Sulphur is generally used in the bleaching processes, and it tends to blacken and tarnish silver. Rubber in any form is another thing that should never be kept near silverware. Silver is best wrapped in blue, white or pink soft tissue paper and unbleached cotton-flannel bags.

Home Surgery.

A bit of home surgery practised when a splinter is driven into a child's hand particularly deep is its extraction by steam. A bottle with a sufficiently wide mouth is filled two-thirds with very hot water, and the mouth is placed under the injured spot. The suction draws the flesh down when a little pressure is used, and the steam, in a moment or two, extracts inflammation and splinter together. This is very efficacious when the offending substance has been in for several hours, long enough to have started up some of its evil consequences.

Washing Made Easy.

Have water scalding hot in the washer.

If the water is hard and clothes much soiled, use one pint of washing fluid; soap enough to make a good lather.

Put in as many of the least-soiled pieces as the washer will hold, and work well.

Put in all light gingham, calicoes, lawns or percales, as this mixture does not fade them, and is also excellent for woollens.

When all white and light articles have been put through, strain the water through a thin cloth, a flour sack being most convenient.

Then use the suds for dark clothing, which would show lint if not strained.

For the second suds, have the water with less of the fluid and as much soap as necessary. A teaspoonful of the former is often enough. With soft water, much less can be used satisfactorily.

Rinse well and hang out. This fluid neither fades nor rots the clothes, as the ammonia brightens the colors.

It is essential to rinse well. This does away with boiling, which is often a task in the winter, but in the summer one sudsing will do, with boiling.

Cure of Lambs.

The light of oil lamps is so much softer and less injurious to the eyes than flickering gas, or even electricity, that it really should be used instead of these in all nurseries and children's rooms, and the only drawback about lamps is that they require such careful tending to keep them in a safe and bright condition. But given a conscientious nurse, or a mistress who undertakes their management herself, all will be well. One very necessary thing in lamps is that the oil reservoir be kept scrupulously clean inside; no oil is so pure that it does not leave a sediment, and if this sediment be allowed to accumulate, the succeeding oil fails to burn as brightly as it otherwise would.

Lamp reservoirs should be washed out once a week with hot water and pearl-ash and be allowed to thoroughly drain and dry before new oil be added. The burner should also be frequently cleaned—once a day, in fact—and every orifice should be thoroughly cleaned out; the wick should be wiped at the top with a piece of soft rag to remove the charred edges, and if the wick should be found to burn rather cloudily, it may be necessary to remove it the next morning and soak it for an hour or two in vinegar and water. It should be quite dry before being again placed in the burner.

Recipes.

Laplands.—Beat separately one dozen eggs, mix into the yolks one quart of flour, one quart of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Put into small moulds, well floured before being greased, and bake in a very hot oven.

Plain Coconut Pudding.—Pour one and one-half pints of boiling milk over one pint of bread crumbs and one cup of desiccated cocoanut mixed, and a tiny pinch of salt, or sprinkle of nutmeg, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, bake and serve either warm or cold.

Open Peach Pie.—Line a pan with nice crust, put a quarter inch layer of peach marmalade over smooth, then a layer of fine, sweet peaches; cut in half after peeling. Add a dust of flour and a cup of sugar. Bake at first with pan over, then, as the peaches are hot, remove. When serving add whipped cream.

Onion Pickles.—Peel small onions of uniform size and let them lie in salted water twenty-four hours. A teaspoonful of salt in a gallon of water. Rinse in clean water two or three times, letting them stand in the last water half an hour; then drain an hour and pack in jars with spices, mace, red pepper pods and whole cloves. Cover with hot vinegar and seal.

Pressed Chicken.—Stew slowly two chickens, cut up small until meat drops from bones; take out and chop fine; let liquor boil down to cupful; add to it butter size of an egg, teaspoon pepper, little allspice and a beaten egg; stir through the meat; slice hard boiled eggs, lay in mold and press with your meat. Serve very cold, garnished with a little parsley.

Charlotte of Green Gooseberries.—Cook one quart of gooseberries with sugar to make quite sweet and a gill of water; pulp through a sieve that will exclude the seeds. Butter a pudding mold and arrange a star with lady fingers in the centre, and also a lining on the side. Whip half pint cream until thick, add to the pulp, then add half ounce gelatine dissolved in a little milk. Pour carefully into the mold and set on ice.