

THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, had I feet on the stairway,
The faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low lip on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up, where was broken
The tear faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as at night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream—
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

"Was the dear little girl that I scolded,
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come romping up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For one more kiss for my love,
And one little uzzer one for me?"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her
away,
And take from the lips that denied her,
This answerless prayer of today!
Take, Lord, from my memory forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little
bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it or who'd understand it?
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
The faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low lip on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Trout.

"Scholastique!"
Monsieur Sourdats!
"Take the utmost pains in cooking
the trout—short, hot, white wine, parsley,
thyme, laurel, oil and onions, in
full strength."
"Are you not afraid to use all the
herbs of St. John, Monsieur?"
"No, and above all no vinegar—just
a sprinkling of lemon juice. Let the
cover be mild at half past ten, and
dinner be ready at eleven exactly—not
at five minutes past eleven. Do you
hear?"
After having uttered these injunctions
to his cook, Judge Sourdats crossed
the chief street of Marville with alert
steps and gained the Palais de Justice,
which was situated back of the Sous-
Prefecture. Judge Sourdats was about
forty-five years of age; very active,
notwithstanding a tendency to stoutness;
square of shoulders; short in
stature; with a squeaking voice and
a round, close-shaven head; eyes grey,
and hard, under bushy eyebrows;
a mouth closed shut, with thin and
irritable lips; brown cheeks sur-
rounded with whiskers badly trimmed;
in fact, one of those mastiff faced of
which one says, "He can't be good
every day." And surely he was not
very kind, and he boasted of it. A des-
pot, he used to make all his little
realm in the Palais. Hard as stone to-
ward the guilty, rough with the wit-
nesses, aggressive with advocates, he
was a veritable furnace who fanned
himself constantly into a glow. He
was feared like the fire, and he was
loved very little.

However, this man of iron had two
vulnerable sides. Firstly, he responded
to the pastoral name of Nemorin,
which exposed him to ridicule, and,
secondly, he was a gourmand, and gave
points to Brillat Savarin. His gas-
tronomy, which was profound, had be-
come a mania.

Living in a little, sleepy, narrow
city on the frontier of the Belgian Ar-
denne, where the pleasure of the table
constituted the only diversion of the
easy bourgeois, the culinary accom-
plishments of the judge were
quoted for ten leagues around. It was
said that he ate only fish caught at the
break of day, because the repose of
night and the absence of emotion ren-
dered the flesh more delicate at that
time. It was he who imagined that to
plunge shell-fish into boiling milk, be-
fore cooking them in their ordinary
dressing, gave them a richness and a
velvety flavor particularly exquisite.
On the day when he taught the latest
revelment to the priest of St. Victor,
the latter, who was always carried
away by his appetite, could not help
blushing; and raising his puffy hands
to heaven, he cried, "Too much! This
is too much, Judge Sourdats! Assur-
edly it is permitted to taste with de-
sire the good things which divine
providence has provided, but such
sensuality as this borders upon mortal
sin, and you will have to render an
account for it to the good God."

To the scruples of the excellent
priest, the judge responded with a mis-
anthropic laugh. It was one of his
malicious habits to give his neighbors
temptation, and this very morning the
priest was to breakfast with him, the
recorder being the only other guest.
Judge Sourdats had received, the even-
ing before, a two-pound salmon trout,
taken from the beautiful clear water
of the rocky Semois. It was his fa-
vorite fish, and had fully occupied the
first hours of his morning. He had
demonstrated to the cook the superior-
ity of a quick boil to the slow cooking
in Geneva or Holland sauce of the
books. The trout must be served cold,
and in the seasoning in which it was
cooked, he was as scrupulous in prin-
ciple as well as in practice. He had
an article of the pond code. He con-
tinued to repeat it to himself even
after he had clothed himself in his
robe and taken his seat, though he
was turning over the leaves of a docu-
ment bearing upon an important case
now pending.

This was a criminal affair, the dram-
atic details of which contrasted singu-
larly with the epicurean speculations
which persisted in haunting the cran-
ium of Judge Sourdats.

The case was this: During the present
week at sunrise, there had been
found in a thicket of the forest a
body of a game-keeper, who had evi-
dently been assassinated and concealed
among the brambles of a ditch. It was
supposed that the crime had been com-
mitted by some strolling poacher, but
up to the present time there had been
collected no good evidence, and the
witnesses examined had only made
the mystery deeper. The murder had
taken place near the frontier, where
charcoal burners were at work. The
suspicions of the judge had, therefore,
been directed toward them. The depo-
sitions thus far had revealed that on
the night of the murder these people
had been absent from their shanty,
and the furniture had remained in the
care of a young daughter of the char-
coal burner.

Nevertheless, Judge Sourdats had
given the order to re-examine one of
the men, a stolid boy of twenty, who
had once had a falling out with the
murdered game-keeper, and the judge
also cited the charcoal burner's daugh-

ter to appear before him. Just here
the affair commenced to be peculiar.
The girl had not responded to the
summons. She had evidently hidden,
no one knew where. The judge had
been obliged to send a constable to
look for her, and he was now await-
ing the result of the search.

Toward ten o'clock the door of his
cabinet opened, framing the cocked
hat and yellow shoulder belt of the
constable.

"Eh! Well?" grunted the judge.

"Eh! Well, judge; I cannot find the
girl. She has disappeared. The char-
coal burners pretend utter ignorance."
"Pure acting!" irritably cried Judge
Sourdats. "These people are mocking
you. You are but a stupid fellow at
best. Go."

The judge consulted his watch. The
business was at a standstill; he wished
to give a glance of oversight to the mat-
ters of the dining room before the
arrival of his guests. He disrobed
himself and hurried home.

The pleasant dining room, brighten-
ed by the June sunshine, presented a
most attractive aspect with its white
curtains, its grey curtains, its high
stove of blue faience with its marble
top; and its round table covered with
a dazzling white linen cloth, upon
which were placed three covers, arti-
stically trimmed. The little rolls of
white bread rested tenderly upon the
table. The roses, the carnations, the
lilies, sparkled in the carafes. Flanked
on the right with the lettuce salad,
ornamented with nasturtiums, on the
left by a cluster of shell-fish from the
Meuse, the trout was extended in a
platter encircled with parsley. Its
scales were glistening with white spots.
Its blue back cut transversely, and it
revealed its rich salmon color, and it
held a full blown rose in its mouth.
By its side, a bowl of court-bouillon
was just taking a chill, and exhaling
abroad a fine odor of thyme which
rejoiced the nostrils.

The constable softened the ill humor
of the judge, and he was calming, little
by little, while laying upon the silver
salver a dusty bottle of old Croton,
when the hall door opened violently
and he heard in the vestibule a girl's
voice which cried, "I tell you I wish
to speak to the judge. He expects me."
The judge, at that moment, the good
priest, the recorder, Touchboef, and
his three-cornered hat under his arm,
entered the dining room, and stopped
questioningly before the strange spec-
tacle of that little savage at the
judge's table.

"Too late, Monsieur le Cure!" the
judge growled, "there is no more
trout."

At the same time he related the his-
tory of the little charcoal burner. The
cure heaved a sigh. He comprehended
the grandeur of the sacrifice, but, half-
mournful, half-smiling, he tapped upon
the shoulder of the judge.

"Judge Nemorin Sourdats!" cried he,
"you are better than you thought. In
truth I tell you that all punishment
for your sin of gluttony will be for-
ever remitted because of the trout
which we have not eaten."

The notary seated himself at the
writing table with his paper and ink-
stand, and his pen behind his ear,
waiting. The judge, sitting squarely
in a cane-seated arm chair, fixed his
clear, hard eyes upon the girl, who re-
mained standing near the stove.

"You are late," he demanded.

"Meline Saeval!"

"You are and residence?"

"Sixteen years. I live with my father,
who burns charcoal at the clearing of
Onze-Fontaines."

"You swear to tell all the truth?"

"I came only for that."

"Retreat to the right hand. You were
near your home on the night when the
guard Scourrot was murdered. Relate
all that you know."

"This is what I know. Our folks had
set out to go with the charcoal to
Stenay. I watched near the furnace.
Toward one o'clock, at a moment when
the middle, Manchin, who is a
wood cutter of Ire, passed before our
lodge. 'See me! Am I not watching
at an early hour?' I cried. 'How goes
all at your home? All well?'"

"No," he answered. "The mother
has a fever, and the children are al-
most in the manger. There is not a
mouthful of bread in the house, and
I am trying to kill a rabbit to sell
at Marville. That is on the other side
of Onze-Fontaine. I lost sight of him
then, but at daybreak I heard the re-
port of a gun. The wind had fresh-
ened, and I was just clearing the ashes
to shield the charcoal. Then, imme-
diately after, two men came running
toward our lodge. They were dispu-
ting. 'Scoundrel!' cried the guard, 'I
arrest you.'"

"Scourrot," cried the other, 'I pray
you let me have the rabbit, for they
are dying of hunger at my home.'"

"Then they fell upon each other, and
could hear their hard blows plainly.
Suddenly the guard cried, 'Ah!' and
then fell heavily."

"I was hidden behind our lodge, ter-
ribly frightened, and Manchin ran
toward to the great forest and from
that time to this he has not been seen.
He is in Belgium, for sure. That is
all!"

"Hum!" growled the judge. "Why
did you not come to tell this as soon
as you received the summons?"

"It was none of my business—and I
did not wish to speak against Man-
chin."

"I see! But yet seem to have
changed your mind this morning. How
is that?"

"It is because I have heard that
it accused Guestin."

"And who is this Guestin?"

"The girl reddened and answered,
"He is our neighbor charcoal burner,
and he would not hang by, to you
not see," she continued, "that you
thought of fastening on him the guilt
of another murder. I put these great
boots on, and I have run all the way
through the woods to tell you this.
Oh, how I have run! I did not
feel tired. I would have run till I
dropped. It had been necessary, be-
cause it is as true as the blue heaven
that our Guestin is entirely innocent,
gentleman."

She spoke with an animation that
made her truly beautiful, in spite of
her ragged hair. Her rough eloquence
had the ring of sincerity, and the terrible
truth that she had met by the energy
with which the child defended Guestin.

"Hullo!" cried he, seeing her sud-
denly grow pale and stagger. "What's
the matter?"

"My head swims. I cannot see."
She changed color and her temples
grew moist.

The judge, alarmed, poured out a
glass of wine, and cried, "Drink this
quickly!" He was wholly absorbed
and very much moved before this girl
who was threatened with illness. He
dared not call Scholastique, for fear
of disturbing his cooking. He looked
helplessly toward the clerk, who was
gnawing the penholder.

"It is a swoon," observed the latter.
"Perhaps she needs something to eat."
"Are you hungry?" demanded the
judge.

She made a sign of assent.

"Excuse me," she said in a feeble
voice, "but I have had nothing to eat
since yesterday. It is that which made
me dizzy."

Judge Sourdats trembled for the first
time in years, while his heart soften-
ed as in childhood. He thought of
this young girl who had run three
leagues in order to save her com-
panion from the clutches of an angry
—three leagues in the hot sun and fast-
ing! The thought of the fast aroused
his sensibilities more strongly than
could anything else. In his confusion
he cast a despairing look at the table.
The salad and the shell fish seemed
too good for any but such as he and
his companions.

"The deuce!" he cried heroically at
last. Violently he drew toward him
the platter on which lay the trout.
After separating a large piece which
he put on a plate before her, he made
the charcoal burner sit down.

"Eat," he said, "impudently."
He had no need to repeat his com-
mand. She ate rapidly, voraciously.
In another minute the plate was empty
and Judge Sourdats heroically filled it
again.

The scribe Touchboef rubbed his
eyes. He no longer recognized the
judge. He no longer recognized the
savage. He no longer recognized the
sentiment of regret, the robust
appetite of this charcoal burner, who
devoured the exquisite fish without
any more ceremony than if it had been
a smoked herring, and he murmured,
"What a pity! Such a beautiful dish!"

At that moment the door opened;
the third guest, the good priest of St.
Vincent, in a new cassock, and with
his three-cornered hat under his arm,
entered the dining room, and stopped
questioningly before the strange spec-
tacle of that little savage at the
judge's table.

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judge growled, "there is no more
trout."

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tory of the little charcoal burner. The
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the shoulder of the judge.

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"you are better than you thought. In
truth I tell you that all punishment
for your sin of gluttony will be for-
ever remitted because of the trout
which we have not eaten."

In all temperate climates the apple
grows freely, and might be obtained
in practically unlimited quantities.
That it is not more used than it is
probably due to the fact that being
so plenty it is undervalued. Yet al-
most everyone likes the fruit in some
form, and it should form a part of
at least two meals out of every three
during the year round; for even when
the fresh fruit is not in season, dried
or "evaporated" apples may al-
ways be had.

"Chemically," says a writer in the
North American Practitioner, "the apple
is composed of vegetable fibre,
albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll,
malic acid, gallic acid, lime and water.
Furthermore, the German analysts
say that the apple contains a larger
percentage of phosphorus than any
other fruit or vegetable. The phos-
phorus is essentially adapted for
renewing the essential nervous matter
of the brain, and is a tonic. It is
it is perhaps for this reason—though
but rudely understood—that the old
Scandinavian traditions represent the
apple as the food of gods, who, when
they felt themselves to be growing
feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit
to renew their powers of mind and
body."

Not only to the phosphorus, but the
acids of the apple are of singular use
for persons of sedentary habits, whose
livers are apt to be too slow of action.
These acids aid the liver in its work
of eliminating from the blood the
poisonous matters, which, if retained, would
make the brain heavy and dull, or in
time, would cause rheumatism, jaun-
dice, or skin eruptions, and other al-
lied troubles.

The malic acid of apples, either raw
or cooked, will neutralize any excess
of chalky matter engendered by eating
too much meat.

Apple apples are probably the least
fermentable of all fruits, except possi-
bly the banana. For this reason
ripe and sound apples may be eaten
by most persons in even the hottest
weather, but even the apple is safest
when cooked.

We have the support of eminent
medical authority in saying that the
most healthful way to cook apples is
to pare and core them, and bake in a
moderate oven. If the apple is of a
quite sour variety it may be necessary
to add a little sugar, putting about
a tablespoonful in the hollow whence
the core was extracted. The next best
way is to stew them in water, or to
stew them in milk, or to bake them
in their skins are the least healthful
of cooked apples.—Harper's Bazar.

KITES AS FLYING MACHINES.

As is well known, when one flies a
kite the cord holds the kite against
the wind. The wind passing on the
under side of the kite, strikes on the
silk and raises the kite into the air.
If the wind is blowing at a high ve-
locity, say thirty-five miles an hour,
the kite will lift from one to five
pounds per square foot, according to
the angle at which it is held in the air.
If the angle be slight, the amount of
strain on the cord need not be great,
and against the wind will be found to be
considerably less than the weight of
the kite, and the load which it is able
to lift, particularly so if the cord pulls
in a horizontal direction instead of
at an angle. It is also well known that
if the kite be propelled by the wind
through the air, say at the rate of
thirty-five miles an hour, the effect is
exactly the same. Suppose now, in-
stead of the cord for holding the kite
against the wind or for propelling it
against the still air, that a screw pro-
peller should be attached to the kite and
that it should be driven by some mo-
tor. If the screw propeller could be
made to give a push equal to the pull
of the kite, and if the machinery for
driving it should be no greater than
the weight that the kite would be able
to carry, we should have a veritable
flying machine. —Harper's Bazar.

AMERICA WAS YOUNG

QUANT EXTRACTS FROM OUR LAST CENTURY'S STATE PAPERS.

Congress Dealt at First Hand with Indians and Kings—Recognized the Bible and the Lottery.

Some years ago congress author-
ized the late Ben Perley Poore, then
clerk of the printing records, to com-
pile a catalogue of the government
publications of the United States
from Sept. 5, 1774, to March 4, 1881.
Congress is considering the advisa-
bility of bringing this work up to
date. The Poore catalogue makes a
most formidable volume, 1,392 pages,
of which nearly 150 pages are devoted
to the index. As a book of reference
it has an evident value, but one
would not turn to it naturally for in-
teresting reading to while away an
hour. It contains, however, much
that is amusing and interesting for any
one who wishes to hunt through its
pages. A great many men find enter-
tainment in the seemingly monotonous
occupation of reading the dictionary.
There is entertainment to be found—
entertainment of a more varied char-
acter—in Mr. Poore's catalogue.

This entertainment is in the contrast
between the customs and ideas of the
colonial period and those of today.
"Earl," he said, "I have not established
the documents described in the catalogue."
The colonial congress provided that
counterfeiters of continental or state
bills of credit should have their ears
cut off and should be whipped and
fined. A dollar "would go further in
those days," said Henry Evans said,
and it was worth a great deal more
than it is today.

Among the early documents printed
by order of congress was a history of
the American Indians, "with their
customs, descent from the Jews, &c.,
compiled from official sources," by J.
Adair, and Henry Evans to succeed
to his office in regular order in case
of death. All of these gentlemen
were then abroad on diplomatic
duty.

The department of foreign affairs
(now the state department) was cre-
ated in 1781, and it was provided that
the secretary "shall have liberty to
visit congress." The departments of
finances, war, and marine were estab-
lished in the same year, with a "su-
perintendent" of finances and secre-
taries for the various offices. The
chief officers began to be a bur-
den to the powers as early as 1787,
for John Jay reported to congress in
that year on the application of Sir
Edward Newenham, that his son
might be appointed consul at Mar-
seille, and that "thousands of resolu-
tions, very little money, and much
trouble" were the only funds on
which congress could draw rewards
for its friends. Not long after that
a resolution was passed reducing the
salaries of government clerks and pro-
viding that no clerk should receive
more than \$450 a year and no mes-
senger more than \$150. The pampered
clerks of congress who draw \$2,500 a
year would scorn to accept the sal-
aries that were good enough for their
predecessors a hundred years ago.

HOW TO SALT BUTTER.

Mr. F. C. Curtis gives the following
method of salting butter: "I assume
that it is generally considered that
butter absorbs salt, which it does not.
In proof whereof I will state that
some two months ago I worked up a
pound of butter and a small ball with-
out salt. This butter was kept im-
mersed in strong brine until the pre-
sent time, when I found, on cutting it
open, no trace of salt, except near the
outer surface of the ball. Salt prop-
erly exists in butter only as dissolved
in the water remaining in butter; it
is found in the butter in an undissolved
state, objection is made by any good
judge of butter. From this reasoning
it will be seen that the amount of
salt in butter depends somewhat upon
the amount of water in the butter
when the salt is added. Let us sup-
pose we have a quantity of drained
granular butter with 26 per cent.
of water in it—our object is to salt
only half the water, but that is an im-
possibility; we must salt all the water
in the butter. Hence, if we are re-
solved to have no more salt in the
finished product, twice as much
salt must be taken, for half of it will
come out in exuded brine. There is
no danger of getting in too much salt,
provided no more salt is put in than
will dissolve. Sometimes twenty
pounds of butter, after salting in the
granular state, will exude three or
four quarts on revolving the churn
and working it into a mass, and
sometimes not more than one pint.
The difference is undoubtedly in the
fineness or coarseness of the granules
when the salt is added."

FATTENING RATIONS.

The president of the National Swine
Breeder's association at Chicago gave
the following as his experience in the
selection of an effective ration for
fattening pigs: "The nicest food I ever
gave for slaughtering is wheat and
oats ground together about half and
half. It does not require a great deal
of it, and I don't know but it is as
cheap as anything I have used. To
which replied one Mr. Grossman:
"That has been my experience exactly.
I have raised wheat and oats together
for five years, and I grind it and feed
it in that way. I cannot get good
results from any other ration. It is
years ago I noticed that my hogs got
into the newly planted corn and rooted
it up and did better than with what
I gave them dry; so I started giving
soaked corn, and have done it ever
since, and I never saw pigs grow finer,
fatter, or easier than they do." Then
the president put in: "Allow me to
suggest, by way of personal experience
that you can put too much salt and
ashes before hogs. I don't think there
is any danger if it is kept always by
the side of the trough, and if you
wood ashes) to one of salt. Nothing
is better for their appetite."

CONSTANT DROPPING.

"I saw an amusing experience in
Kansas City," said Henry Weller of
Omaha. "Some one stated that no
man could stand a quart of water
dropped onto his head, drop by drop,
from a height of two or three feet.
A bystander bet twenty dollars to
one dollar that he could, and the
wager was accepted. In less than a
minute there was bluster on the man's
head, and in less than three minutes
his face gave evidence of intense suf-
fering. Before a pint had dropped he
gave up exhausted, and described the
sensation as the most terrible one he
had ever experienced. The man who
pocketed the twenty dollars offered to
bet that if he could stand a quart of
water on his head, drop by drop, he
could stand a pint of water dropped
on his head, drop by drop. When he
could get no takers he volunteered
the statement that no one could have
gone through the ordeal and retained
his senses. He offered to bet no one
could stand a quart of water on his
head, drop by drop, and he was
contradicted."

As there was no president to re-

CORNER FOR WOMEN

SOMETHING ABOUT STITCHES IN TIME AND FASHIONS.

What to Wear and How to Wear It—Window Gardening—Household Hints.

One of the most distasteful of
housekeeping duties is the weekly mend-
ing, and still worse, the monthly
mending—for the inch darn that would
have been all sufficient three weeks
earlier now demands a full half hour
of steady work that raises strong
doubts as to whether the game is
worth the candle, while toes and
heels have come through stockings
that needed only a few stitches when
first noticed. The woman who host-
esses about mending at the outset,
nipping decay in the bud, as it were,
is assuredly less so far as any further
satisfaction in the neglected garments
is concerned, and every time they are
washed fresh gaps are sure to appear.
The smallest thin places should be
darned as evenly as though it were
embroidery, and the darning stitch is
often used for this purpose. When
fine and regular, the work is really
beautiful, and imparting this fact to
a child will greatly mitigate the woe
of the mother in darning. The evenness
and regularity of a darn give it
dignity and elevate it into a work
of art.

It is important, however, to know
when to darn and when not to darn.
A most women's time in these days
is that of far more value than of
ordinary material in a half-worn con-
dition.—Harper's Bazar.

COMING FASHIONS.

Black birds, canaries, seagulls, swal-
lows and birds grotesquely dyed in
various brilliant hues are seen on bon-
nets which look smaller than the de-
coration, so large are some of the vic-
tims to the brutal and perverted taste.

A Boston authority says that blue
and really a lavender and blue com-
bination, will be the leading color this
fall, cornflower blue ranking second;
then metallic blue, innumerable shades
of tan and brown, much green, some
Egyptian red, magenta, and a great
deal of the lavender color. Blue is
seen on everything in the line of
Parisian millinery.

The Cleopatra colors in bronze,
tawny brown, golden tan, chestnut,
Havana, a rich russet brown, and all
the deep tints, and mustard dyes
will be in high vogue this autumn
season, and French milliners and
manufacturers have added to these favor-
ed colors bright aniline, mauves, and
the new "India pink" that is merely
a much-softened magenta.

Entire costumes will this winter be
made of Persian lamb and other vari-
eties of fur. One day last week a
noted importer exhibited among other
winter garments a coat and skirt of
Persian lamb, the skirt made exactly
as of serge or tweed would be
fashioned. The jacket, which was
quite distinct from the skirt, was
made after the style of a double-
breasted walking coat with wide
revers pointed at the top.

One of the new sleeves on dress
follies—the "Flektonic" model—has
light from the wrist to several
inches above the elbow. The large
leg-of-mutton shape still appears upon
some of the newest and handsomest
French gowns. The cavalier cuff
finishes many of the tailor-made cost-
ly frocks. The jacket which has a
full jabot drape of some rich con-
trasting fabric placed on the outside
of the arm from shoulder to elbow,
and is made slightly flaring at the
wrist.

Many of the new sleeves for the
autumn are slitted through the box-
pleat of the huge puff, from the top
of the shoulder to the turn of the
arm at the elbow. This throws extra
fullness on each side of the shirring,
which is sometimes covered with a
band of handsome passementerie, or
again it is cut in a deep V-shape.
Another popular sleeve is accordian-
pleated at the armhole, and again at
the elbow with a deep Cromwellian
cuff turned back at the elbow above
the close coat portion, the cuff cov-
ered with a rich beaded galloon.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Woodenware when not in use, should
be turned bottom side up.

Poorly ventilated kitchens make poor
cooks by destroying the sense of taste
and smell.

A person who is ill should not be
overworked with too much or too
heavy bed clothing.

A fresh egg beaten and thickened
with sugar, freely beaten, will relieve
hoarseness, and the skin of a boiled
egg, wet and applied to a boil, will
draw it out.

CROUTONS in tomato and bean soup
add to their attractiveness, and are
easily prepared by buttering a slice of
bread on both sides, cutting it into
thin squares, and browning them in
the oven.

Boiled milk, with a little salt added
to make it palatable, is one of the
most healthful drinks. It soothes an
irritated stomach, nourishes the flesh
tissues and tends to make the com-
plexion clear.

A brown paper should be used in pit-
ting ribbons and silks for preserva-
tion; the chloride of lime in white
paper discolors them. A white satin
dress should be pinned up in blue
paper, with brown paper outside, seven
together at the edges.

For cleaning mirrors keep for the
purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth
and a silk handkerchief, all entirely
free from dirt, as the least grit will
scratch the surface of the glass. First
spray the glass with a little spirits
of wine or gin and water, so as to
loosen all spots; then dust over it
powder blue, tied in muslin. Rub
it off lightly and quickly with the
cloth, and finish by rubbing with the
silk handkerchief. Do not rub the
edges of the frame.

There is almost as much nutrition in
a pint of milk as in a quarter of a
pound of meat, and it is digested in
one-third of the time. Milk is human
food and should agree with every

young person. It is not appreciated
as it should be; the prejudice against
it is unmerited. A little lime water
will make cold milk agreeable with
a whimsical stomach, and anybody
can drink boiled milk with salt. Next
to pure milk comes milk foods—cereals,
custards, purées, etc.

A cup of clam broth made from
fresh clams and unseasoned is a most
acceptable bit of nourishment after a
sick headache. Often the stomach
will tolerate when all other forms of
food are exasperatingly distasteful. The
broth should be made strong, and can
then be diluted according to taste.
A little of it may be frozen, or di-
luted with ice water, if cold food is
advisable. If at a distance from sup-
plies, it is well to have a few bottles
of clam juice in the store room.

SIDE-LACED GARTERS.

Side-laced garters were very popular
about twenty years ago. They were
most fitting and always looked well
on the feet. The process of lacing
was, however, very tedious, and when
button shoes were introduced they at
once jumped into popular favor be-
cause of their ease of adjustment. The
indication, now, are that along with
congress, the side lace is again coming
into favor. The old style, with the
lacing running up the center of the
inside quarter, will appear in most of
the lines, but some of the houses mak-
ing fine goods are introducing a new
cut side lace. An imitation button
lap is put on, but the method of
trimming rests with the manufacturer.
If a circular vamp is used, the out-
side wing may be cut the usual length,
but the inside wing should be shorten-
ed very abruptly in order to open
the foot forward and allow it to
go on easily.

But one lace is used. At the lower
end the lace is carried over and over,
as in most men's shoes, through about
six pairs of eyelets. Above that the
lace zigzags over small eyelets, and
is caught at the top over a stump-
nose clasp. This method entirely does
away with the old annoyance with
laces, and a lady can fasten her shoes
as readily as she does her gloves. The
line of studs follows the curve of the
inside of the ankle, back of the ankle
bone, to avoid any chance of striking
in walking.

MOST WINDOW GARDENING.

Most window gardens are filled with
a miscellaneous selection of so-called
flowering plants whose few poor, scat-
tering blossoms scarcely pay for their
cost and which will profit little, com-
pared to those without beauty of flower,
but whose foliage is at least attrac-
tive. Indeed, so often is this the case
that many householders are banish-
ing all flowering plants, depending
solely upon palms, aspidistras, etc.,
for their window gardens.

But, if one prefers flowers to foliage
and most people do—this is all
wrong. A few fine flower plants are
indeed attractive, but they do not
take the place of fragrant blossoms
that meet the eye half so lovingly as
those without beauty of flower,
but whose foliage is at least attrac-
tive. Indeed, so often is this the case
that many householders are banish-
ing all flowering plants, depending
solely upon palms, aspidistras, etc.,
for their window gardens.

1. Select only such plants as are
water bloomers.

2. Choose only those that will
thrive in the temperature at which
you keep your room. Select carefully
to suit the amount of sunshine or
shade in your window.

3. Examine every plant to make
sure that it is free from insects
before bringing to the window in
the autumn.

4. Show the leaves of your plants
once a week to keep down dust and
insects. If insects appear, fight them
at once, and never give up until they
are kept.

5. Keep flowering plants in small
or medium sized pots. See that the
soil is rich, the drainage an inch deep
at bottom of pot, and a crust of hard
earth is never allowed to form at the
top of the pot.

6. Water only when dry, then give
sufficient water to wet to the bottom
of the pot. Be chary of water in
severely cold weather.

7. Turn the pots frequently, pinch
off wilted flowers and faded leaves.
Allow all Holland bulbs to rest six
or eight weeks in the dark before
bringing to the window.

8. Give weak liquid manure once
a fortnight to all plants showing buds—
never to half-grown plants.

To continue a little on these rules,
it is useless to select summer bloom-
ers for the house in winter. A
few begonias, abutilons and petunias
are practically ever-bloomers, but
most plants must have their season of
rest.

Few roses, geraniums or fuchsias
bloom well in winter, but these few
are the most useful. Alliums, acer-
atums, cannas, cyclamens, cinerarias,
petunias, neotomas, callas, the Ori-
ole orange, hyacinths, paper white
and double narcissus, anemones, and
Chinese sacred lilies, are among the
surest bloomers for the beginner.

Nearly all plants can be grown in
a moderately warm room, but in either
a very warm or quite cool room the
choice must be more restricted.

For instance, begonias, heliotropes,
impatiens, santalis, salvias and tor-
tentinas would soon come to grief in
a low temperature unless protected
well at night, while they would
flourish in the warm room. The exact
reverse would be the case with car-
nations, ten-week-stocks, and cam-
elias. In the same way begonias, prim-
ulas, neotomas and a few other plants
will flower well in a shady window,
while roses, geraniums and helio-
tropes must have sun, and plenty of
it, to bloom.

Pay attention to the minutia of
plant culture that makes the success-
ful amateur. Yet these rules are not
burdensome to the true flower lover,
for it is not a task to minister to our
friends' reasonable wants, as our
plants' wants are. Clear, well-fed
plants are always ready to bloom if
they have half a chance.—Boston
Globe.

CORNER FOR WOMEN

SOMETHING ABOUT STITCHES IN TIME AND FASHIONS.

What to Wear and How to Wear It—Window Gardening—Household Hints.

One of the most distasteful of
housekeeping duties is the weekly mend-
ing, and still worse, the monthly
mending—for the inch darn that would
have been all sufficient three weeks
earlier now demands a full half hour
of steady work that raises