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## THE RESTLESS BOY IN CHURCH.

How he turns and twists,  
And how he persists  
In rattling his heels;  
How uneasy he feels,  
Our wide-awake boy in church!  
Then, earnest and still,  
He attends with a will,  
While the story is told,  
Of some hero bold,  
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!  
But our glad surprise  
At his thoughtful eyes  
Is turned to despair,  
As he twitches the hair  
Of his little sister in church.  
Still, each naughty trick dies  
At a look from the eyes  
Of his mother so dear,  
Who thinks best to be near  
Her mischievous boy in church.  
Another trick comes:  
Yes, his fingers tremble,  
Or his kerchief is spread  
All over his head,  
And still we take him to church!  
He's troublesome! Yes,  
That I'm bound to confess;  
But God made the boys,  
With their fun and their noise,  
And He surely wants them in church!  
Such children, you know,  
Long, long years ago  
Did not trouble their lord,  
Though disciples were bored;  
So we still keep them near Him in church.

## HOW JONES MISSED THE DUMPLINGS.

Have you ever seen a real apple dumpling? I do not mean the lily on it; that solid chunk of indigestion and misery that graces most tables, and is composed of toughened dough and sour fruit; not that, but a dainty, puffy, flakey little ball, dripping with cream sauce, and exhaling an aroma like incense. When the fork is inserted, and the crust is pushed aside, with a slight touch of an epicure's eye, as a pink-tinted, tart-sweet apple, with its sprinkling of nutmeg, lying within its covering like Venus in her shell.

Now if there is any one thing Jones did like, it was such a dumpling as I have attempted to describe; but Mrs. Jones was not a success at dumplings. How many heart-rending sighs and bitter tears she has wasted over her dumplings, no one but herself will ever know. All the leading cook books and fugitive recipes had been read and studied, but all to no purpose. The dumplings—by courtesy—were inevitably the same unhappy looking lumps of grayish color, that scorned all the coaxings of a fork, and generally resisted a too heavy pressure by popping out of the sauce upon the tablecloth or floor. If by accident one did succumb to a deliberate and well calculated stab of the prongs, what met the eye? Simply a small, guilty, shriveled-looking object, which appeared to sink into a corner, thoroughly conscious of not having accomplished its mission. No, dumplings were not Mrs. Jones's forte.

But dumplings were not the only thorns in Mrs. Jones's existence; the queen thorn was her quarrelsome bosom friend, Susan Wilkins, and two sharp little prickles were Liddy and Sally, mournful "has-beens," who called Mrs. Wilkins "ma." If people's faces were indicative of their chief accomplishment or calling, physiognomists would immediately class Miss Liddy Wilkins among the pickling genus; but physiognomists, like common mortals, are not infallible. Miss Liddy could do up pickles well enough, but her "chef d'œuvre" was a dumpling, and Mr. Jones knew it. Now the Wilkinsons, mother and daughters, were fond of giving little dinners to one or two congenial spirits, and they were, in a culinary and gastronomic point of view, wonderful successes. What tomato soup! What luscious tenderloins of beef! What salads! And then a glass or two of dry wine to whet the appetite for the delicious dumpling that followed.

The Wilkinsons occupied a suite of rooms in an apartment house, fourth floor front. One small girl did the heavy chores, and Mrs. Wilkins, with the Misses Wilkins, attended to the rest of the house—more correctly speaking, room-keeping. How well Mr. Jones knew that fourth floor front! How his heart quivered when in response to the nervous jerk of the fourth bell, the door clicked, and mysteriously opened! Up the four flights in twice as many jumps, and Jones stood within the parlor of that fourth floor front, where Mrs. Wilkins, in the giddy girliness of her four and sixty years, gushingly welcomed him, and the Misses Liddy and Sally stood by, not doing anything in particular, but anxiously watching Mrs. Wilkins. In fact, Mrs. Wilkins was the social ruler, and without her guidance the Misses Wilkins were altogether at sea when in the parlor.

And was Mrs. Jones blissfully ignorant of the dinners, dumplings, and siren fascinations of that fourth floor front? Not a bit of it. Hardly a time did Mr. Jones sip his wine, roll the tender morsel of a dumpling under his tongue, and after all pipe his little song to the confused accompaniment of Miss Sally, that Mrs. Jones did not know all about it, and wearily moan and bewail her lot in her dreary home. Occasionally she would drown her grief in a new experiment with dumpling; once successfully got the knack of an eatable dumpling, and she knew that Jones would be all her own again.

On a certain bright Sunday in April many years ago, Mr. Jones was up betimes, and there was great scouring and brushing, and oiling and perfuming. So slick and spruce and shiny did Mr. Jones look at the breakfast table that bright Sunday morning that Mrs. Jones felt her heart sink within her, and in a desolate voice asked,—

"Are you going to town to-day, Jonas?"

There was a painful pause, and then Mr. Jones replied deliberately, and with his eyes on his coffee-cup,—

"I am going to town to-day."

The conversation ended there. Mr. Jones was a man of many ideas, but few words.

Standing by the window, and looking after the retreating form of Mr. Jones as he diminished down the street, Mrs. Jones suddenly had an inspiration. She was a woman of inspirations. Her eldest sister was just so, too, but that is neither here nor there, and has no connection with this particular inspiration of Mrs. Jones. Consulting the clock and timetable, she found that she could reach town in time to say one or two prayers at church, and then she would dine with Susan Wilkins. She would overlook all past differences, and pay a friendly call. What better day to forget and forgive. Could any other thoughts or motives influence Mrs. Jones in her desire to break bread with Susan Wilkins? My pen blushes at and scorns such a base imputation.

In due course of time Mrs. Jones arrived at the temporary abiding place of Mrs. Wilkins. Finding it unnecessary to ring the bell, as the main door was open, she laboriously labored up the flights of stairs. On the third land sounds of music assailed her ears, and when the fourth floor front was reached, she not only heard the tortured piano, but a voice, but whose voice? Mrs. Jones's heart gave a great thump. It was—was it Jones! With a trembling hand she knocked at the door, but there was no response. The singing—yes, singing, I will not let my pen be guilty of a harsher word—continued. Again Mrs. Jones knocked, again she was unnoticed; she did the handle; the door was locked! Misses! What should she do? In desperation she this time gave a tremendous rap. The piano stopped with a snap, as if it had been stabbed, and gave up its life with a discordant groan; the voice wailed away in a trembling moan, and there was an intense silence for several seconds, succeeded by much rustling of gowns, and skimming about the room, with an obligate accompaniment of closing doors. Then all was peaceful and the key was turned in the lock. Miss Sally's face appeared at the narrow opening, with her lips pursed to ask the person's business; but her lips lost their cunning, and her jaw fairly dropped, as she recognized the visitor, who, without waiting for any ceremony, pushed into the room, and after a quick glance at the sofa and chairs and under the piano, demanded in a suppressed voice:—

"Where is he?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Miss Sally, with her eyes quite out of her head, and nervously tearing two rosebuds from the neck of her gown.

"I know whom I mean—Jonas."

Miss Sally, with a great gulp, and looking as if she were right on the verge of a convulsion, stammered out:—

"I don't know what you mean. He has not been here."

"Do you mean to tell me, Sally Wilkins, that my husband was not here, singing?"

"I do," maintained Miss Sally, a greenish hue spreading over her features.

At this juncture Mrs. Wilkins made her appearance, and Miss Liddy brought up the rear, with a flushed face, and the fragrance of dumplings clinging about her.

"And you, Susan Wilkins, and you, Liddy, and you, Sally, mean to tell me that Jones was not here ten minutes ago?"

"We do," responded mother and daughters in unison, something after the manner of a trio in a certain modern popular opera.

Mrs. Jones looked at the three stolid faces, and, doubting her own sense, sank into a chair, overcome with tears for the pushed into the room, and after a quick glance at the sofa and chairs and under the piano, demanded in a suppressed voice, through the open door rushed into the room the odors of all manner of good things preparing in the rear.

When Mrs. Jones had collected herself and Mrs. Wilkins and Miss Sally—Miss Liddy having retired to the back regions—had somewhat recovered from the shock, Mrs. Wilkins said in an injured voice, and with a magnanimous and Christian like spirit of forgiveness:—

"You are very suspicious and unjust, Maria, but let that pass. Take off your bonnet and dine with us; we will give you what little we have."

Mrs. Jones raised her head, and glanced into the next room, saw a table decked out with gay china and glassware, a bunch of real roses in the center, and four places. That malicious imp, suspicion, once more took possession of Mrs. Jones and she said:—

"I see there are four covers laid, Susan."

"Yes," quickly responded Miss Sally. "I expect he'll come now; but I do not believe he'll come now."

Miss Sally gave a little choke, and received an approving glance from her ma. In a short time Miss Liddy showed herself at the door, and with a jerk and a snap announced dinner. Could ever a table be sweeter or more inviting? First, there was the tomato soup, and then the beef, and then the salad, and finally the dumplings. Eight of them. Such beauties! Mrs. Jones looked at them with a feeling akin to awe.

As the dinner progressed, the spirits of the partakers sank in reverse ratio, and when the coffee was reached, there was a peculiar odor of dolefulness and depression about even the inanimate objects. Just as the dumplings were placed upon the table there was a suppressed and strangled sneeze, that appeared to come from nowhere in particular and to belong to neither sea nor land; but it had the effect of making three of the diners give a violent stare and turn livid. Miss Sally giggled—in spite of her terror, she certainly giggled—but that was one of her idiosyncrasies.

I shall now have to beg my readers to

leave the luxuries of the dining table, and step with me across the threshold to the adjoining room. It was a sort of large, dark pantry, where were many shelves, filled with glass jars containing the last successes of Miss Liddy; also odds and ends of all sorts, and a large box with a lid used as a coal bin, but now holding more precious ware than that useful but smutty article. If you should lift the lid with me, you would see no less a personage than Mr. Jones sitting in a horrid, cramped position on top of the bushels of coal that still remained in the bin. Mr. Jones was burning with wrath and indignation, but Mr. Jones was helpless. Aside from his humiliating predicament, Mr. Jones suffered the pangs of hunger, which were only more aggravated by the clatter of dishes and penetrating odors that leaked through the cracks of his place of retirement. The steam and aroma from the dumpling was too much for him, and caused the uncanny sound that so startled the trio in the dining-room.

Two hours or so after finishing her second dumpling Mrs. Jones took her departure, and there was a simultaneous rush by the three ladies, for the pantry. A chair was brought, and Mr. Jones was assisted to alight. Brushes called into requisition, and soap and water were freely used, but few words said Mr. Jones. With a dignified and injured air, he solemnly took his leave.

The next Sunday Mrs. Jones timidly said at the breakfast table:—

"I hope, Jonas, that you will be at home to-day, for I'm going to have some dumplings; Liddy Wilkins has told me just how to do it."

"After a pause, Mr. Jones in rather a severe way said:—

"Thank you, but I am not eating dumplings this year."

And be it here recorded that Mr. Jones never to his dying day could be prevailed upon to touch a dumpling, and even the odor of one would make him ill.

## The Names of the States.

New Hampshire gets its name from Hampshire, England. Massachusetts is derived from an Indian name, first given to the bay, signifying "near the great hills." Rhode Island has an obscure origin, the Island of Rhodes, the "Island of the Rhodians," a Dutch origin, "Red Island," the first seeming to have the best historical support. Connecticut is an Indian name, signifying "land on a long tidal river." Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia have a royal origin. Maine was named from the fact that it was supposed to contain the "mayne portion" of New England. Vermont has an essential question, except that it is claimed to have been first an alias—New Connecticut, alias Vermont. Kentucky probably signifies either "a dark and bloody ground," or "a bloody river," or "the long river." Tennessee comes from its river, the name being derived from the name of an Indian village on the river, "Tan-nassee." Ohio is named after an Indian name, signifying "something great," with an accent of admiration. Indiana comes from the name of an early land party. Illinois comes from the Indian—a name of a tribe. Michigan is claimed to mean "lake country," it probably came from the name of the lake, "Great Lake," which bore this name before the land adjacent was named Louisiana, is from the French, Arkansas and Missouri are from the Indian, the former being doubtful; the latter is claimed to mean in its origin, "muddy water," which described the river. Iowa is also Indian, with double meaning. Texas is popularly thought to be Indian, but may be Spanish. Florida is Spanish, "a flowery land." Oregon has a conjecture the origin is probably Indian, but a Spanish origin is claimed. California comes from a Spanish romance of 1510. Nevada takes its name from the mountains, who get theirs from a resemblance to the Nevada of South America. Minnesota is Indian, "sky-tinted water." Nebraska is variously rendered, "shallow water and woody land." Kansas is from Indian root, Kaw, corrupted from the French. Mississippi is "great water," or "whole water." Alabama is Indian, the name of a fortress, and a tribe, signifying, as is claimed, "here we rest."

## A Famous Duelling Ground.

Bladensburg, the old duelling ground, named from the little town that lies near, is just six miles from Washington on the Baltimore turnpike, and along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and the aspect is perfectly peaceful. To the east of the village is the ground that was usually chosen for hostile meetings—a valley, wooded very lightly now, with clumps of trees here and there. A considerable ridge rises on the south of the spot, running east and west, and abutting miles away on the Potomac. From the north a little stream flows through the town, its water clear and limpid, showing beds of gravel beneath. On the west bank of this stream the hasty levies of troops, won by Maryland militia, met the British 5000 strong in 1814, and attempted ineffectually to save the capital. Close by the duelling ground, to the north, stood the family mansion of George Calvert, the lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore. —Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Agricultural items: Plant your pitchforks under the shade of your cherry trees, points up. Should your neighbor's boy fall from the tree, they might prevent him from striking the ground. Cover your cucumber beds with concrete. It may kill the vines, but that is the only sure way of destroying the striped bugs.

## Scotch Funerals.

Everybody knows that there is no service at the grave in Scotland, although the clergyman under whom the deceased "sat" is often, indeed usually present. The hats of those in attendance may be taken off the moment after they have lowered the coffin into the grave just for an instant, but even this is not always the case. This habit of dispensing with religious exercises had its origin, no doubt, in the Scotch horror of doing anything that might give a color to the charge of following the Roman Catholic fashion of praying for the dead. The reading of a chapter of the Bible and a short prayer in the house before the cortege sets out for the church yard is the sole religious service, and the preliminaries to this are sometimes of a kind to raise the idea that care is taken to disconnect it from the peculiar circumstances of the occasion.

Twenty years ago I was at a funeral in the country of which the minister and his colleagues of the church to which the deceased belonged attended. After the company had assembled, some decanters of wine and a tray with cakes were brought in and set upon the table. The daughter of the deceased, herself a clergyman's wife, then suggested that the senior minister should "ask a blessing." This request served as an excuse for a long prayer appropriate to the circumstances of the occasion which brought us together, and after it was over cake and wine were handed around. Then a request was made that the junior clergyman should "return thanks," and he readily enough indulged in a prayer, in which he gathered up the fragments of the preceding prayer, and his colleague had omitted, and that was the whole religious service—simply a grace before and after meat.

That terrible scourge, the cholera, which visited the country in 1832 gave a fatal blow to the bacchanalian orgies with which it had been the fashion to celebrate funerals in Port Glasgow. Men were willing enough to pay the last possible mark of respect to the dead, but naturally took every precaution to avoid exposing themselves to unnecessary risk. So, instead of meeting in the house, as had been the custom, they simply gathered in the street, and followed the hearse to the place of burial. The old Port Glasgow gentleman, who is my informant, would not enter into particulars as to the proceedings prior to that date, but he made the significant remark that while the new fashion involved the loss of an hour, under the old system attendance at a funeral meant the loss of a whole day.

When an invitation is being given verbally to a funeral in Scotland the person invited usually asks, "When do you like to go?" "At what hour is the funeral to take place?" The manner of conveying the coffin from the house to the place of interment, still followed in Eaglesham, a village in the south of Renfrewshire, abundantly explains this phrase. As can be well enough understood, hearses and coaches are institutions belonging to towns and cities, not to villages. In the latter the coffin is borne to the grave on three poles, which are passed under it, long enough to leave a sufficient portion for two men to grasp on either side. Of course it is impossible to place these "spokes" in position in the house, so a couple of stools are brought out to the street, the coffin is placed upon them, and when the cortege is ready to go the spokes are passed under, the coffin is "lifted" and the procession moves off.

Though Eaglesham is not ten miles distant from Glasgow, the old fashion of warning everybody to the funeral is still followed, and as the houses generally are small, the company often meets in the church. Even in the sacred edifice, after the performance of short religious exercises, trays with glasses of wine or occasionally brought in and a supply of liquor served out to all who care to partake of it. In this village it is also the custom for the entire company to wait in the churchyard till the burial has been quite completed, Eaglesham in this respect presenting a favorable contrast to other places, where only one or two of the nearer relatives are left to see the sexton complete his work. The last shovel of dirt having been put in, the chief mourner gets up on a stone, and taking off his hat, says in a loud voice: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your company," which is the signal to disperse.

I feel persuaded that it is one of the "things not generally known" that "waking" the dead has been practiced in one of the northern counties of Scotland from time immemorial, and is still in vogue there. When a death occurs in Glen Urquhart, the survivors in the household are never suffered to be alone with their dead till the day of the funeral. The body is not to be laid till the day of interment, for the simple reason that the coffin has to be made by the village joiner after death takes place. A house with a corpse in it becomes for two or three days and nights that intervene between death and burial the rendezvous of all the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—ghost stories have a decided preference—evidently to keep the bereaved family from feeling eerie, but really for the purpose of entertainment. Such gatherings differ from Irish "wakes" in this particular, that tobacco and pipes are not provided by the relatives of the deceased, each attendant bringing his own supply of these luxuries; but whiskey is supplied by the family in whose house the wake is held, and pretty freely dispensed. Such gatherings are the favorite resorts of blushing lasses and strapping lads who are courting, and are

often the scene of more laughter than tears.

The funerals in this locality present an imposing spectacle, often as many as a hundred men, decently clad in black broadcloth, winding in slow procession through the valley, in the rear of the bearers who carry the coffin. But here again we have an illustration of local variations of customs; for though it is the habit to invite all the male inhabitants of the district, the next door neighbor of the deceased would not go to the funeral without receiving a direct invitation, while over the hills, in an adjoining glen, no invitations are issued, but everybody is expected to attend. Of course, where drink is supplied at the wake it is not withheld at the funeral, and besides the round served out at the house, there is another often at the churchyard. Enough drink and bread and cheese to supply a hundred men is no light weight, and where the cortege has to go a few miles to the place of interment, it is usual to send a small pony cart bearing the refreshments after the party. A jar of whiskey invariably forms part of the contents of the cart, whatever may be the more solid portion of the refreshment provided. The people are Free Church to a man, but they are not teetotal, and it is nothing out of the common, after the grave has been filled up, to see an old Free Church elder standing, possibly on a flat tomb-stone, engaged in asking a blessing on the refreshment about to be partaken, with a bottle of whiskey in the one hand and a glass in the other. —[Macmillan's Magazine.]

## Old Anecdotes that Never Die.

Samuel Rogers tells one of the best stories of absent-mindedness that we have ever heard. His friend Maltby was his hero, and it was to this effect: One day, while the two were at the Louvre looking at the pictures, a lady entered who spoke to the poet. When he rejoined Maltby, who was completely absorbed, he said: "That was Mrs. Blank; we have not met for so long that she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers." Maltby simply said, "Well, and was it?"

Robert Kettle of Glasgow, was of a joyous nature. Every object seemed to beam upon him, and the very things which would have irritated others only excited his mirth. Having left some temperance tracts at the house of a friend, he found them, on calling a few days after, serving the purpose of paper-curls to one of the young ladies. "Well," said he, "I see you have made use of the tracts; but immediately converted to fusion into merriment by adding, "Only you have put them on the wrong side o' yer head, lass."

The accident of the two cats, which has been told of many learned men, originated with the painter Barrett. His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked for what purpose he gnawed them there. Barrett said they were for his cats to go in and out at. "Why," replied the friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly man," answered the doctor, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?" "But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?" "Egad," said Barrett, "and so she could; but I never thought of that."

AN EASY CREDITOR.—The parson extended the box to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give something," said the parson. "Can't do it," said Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" he asked. "Yes, good enough; but I am not able to give anything," answered Bill. "Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give me a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe Heaven a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson; but Heaven ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors." —[Old Anecdotes.]

A story is told in an old journal which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. The Dean of Gloucester, during the rebellion in America, published a pamphlet, in which he argued that the possession of immense colonies was not an advantage to England, but a weight and impediment to her highest progress; while on the other hand, the condition of dependence was slow death to the colonies themselves. As the dean was a good man, his politics did not cause his removal from court, where they were only ridiculed. King George, meeting him, said:—

"Ah, ha! so you want to rid us of America, Doctor? If you had a bishopric, would you part with it as quickly as you want me to strip myself of my kingdom? Hey? Hey?"

"It is impossible for me to judge, your majesty. I am not in that case. No one but you can put me in that case."

The king smiled, nodded and said: "Wait a while, Dean." "But," adds the recounter, "that was two years ago, and the dean is waiting yet."

## Emerson's Philosophy.

The devil is an ass.  
No great men are original.  
Beauty is its own excuse for being.  
To be great is to be misunderstood.  
What belongs to you gravitates to you.  
Great believers are always reckoned infidels.  
Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.  
Talent makes counterfeit ties; genius finds the real ones.  
Character is a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means.  
Every man is a quotation from his ancestors.

## HOUSE AND FARM.

A cow eats from 100 to 120 pounds of green grass per day.

Main and Vermont are the best farming States in New England.

Small pastures and few cows in them are better than large ranges with a large number of cows.

Silk farms are being cultivated at Aberdeen and Corinth, Miss., and there is talking of starting one at Meridian.

Never, if you can otherwise avoid it, go between the bees and their flyhole, and you will escape many a sting.

The Colorado potato beetle has put in an early appearance in Indiana, and commenced early work in gardens where early varieties were planted.

One praiseworthy act of the Iowa Legislature was the adoption of a law directing that at least twelve shade trees shall be set out in every school-house yard.

Several West Tennessee exchanges are complaining of the ravages of the army and cut worms. They are doing a great deal of damage to the growing wheat crops.

It is said the average crop of beans an acre in Massachusetts in an ordinary year, is 30 bushels. The crop is none too large to keep the Boston bean pots in running order.

The Massachusetts Ploughman says a cow that has been overfed with meal rarely ever recovers, and unless is particularly valuable, might better be turned in beef.

Mr. R. McCrone writes to the Iowa Homestead that the secret of raising winter squashes is to plant late, and when the borer gets in, cover the vine six inches deep with earth.

The general condition of the farmers in Michigan and Wisconsin is not surpassed by that of the farmers in any portion of the country. If a few of them are not very wealthy they "average up well."

To meet the demand of many, the manufacturers are bringing out a limited quantity of printed laws. These laws are of soft finish, without starch, and look like mull. The figures are large and small pulls dots, and flower and figure designs resembling those on the foulards, stateens and percales.

## What Girls Should Learn.

By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. Most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so short-sighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed his success in life depend in a very great degree upon the food he eats; in fact, the whole household is influenced by their diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats, hot bread and other indigestible viands, day after day, and they will need medicine to make them well. A man will take alcohol to counteract the evil effects of such food, and the wife and children must be physicked. Let all the girls have a share in the housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house is properly swept, dusted and put in order, or to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels that enervate both mind and body and unfit them for every day life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces by doing housework. Their sedentary habits, in over-heated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework. Why should not we? —[Baltimore Sun.]

## Certain Rules about Tea.

No matter what variety may be used, there are certain rules for all. To begin with, never use a tin tea pot if any earthen one is obtainable. An even teaspoonful of dry tea is the usual allowance for a person. Scald the tea pot with a little boiling water and pour it off. Put in the tea, pour on about a teaspoonful of boiling water, letting it stand a minute or two for the leaves to swell. Then fill with the required amount of water, still boiling, this being a small cupful to a person. Cover closely and let it stand for five minutes. Ten minutes will be required for English breakfast tea, but never boil either, above all, in a tin tea pot. Boiling liberates the tannic acid of the tea, which acts upon the tin, making a compound bitter and metallic in taste, and unfit for human stomachs.—Our Continent.

The most artistic novelties in nuns' veilsings have one-half the width of the goods in silk broche effects in oriental and medieval designs, flowers, leaves arabesques on dark or pale tinted ground in the new and aesthetic colors, the other half of the stuff being plain. Made up by an artist dressmaker, these veiling costumes will be the choice full dress toilets of the most fastidious women. The goods are forty-eight inches wide and cost \$3 50 a yard.

Two ladies exchanging notes on the method in which they spend the day: "You see, I always get up at ten and ring for my maid, and get dressed." "How long does that take?" "Oh, ever so long. You see, the girl takes a full hour to do my hair." "A full hour! Mercy! What do you do while she is fixing it?" "I go out into the garden and take my morning walk!"