

The Conrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XV.
It was night. Helen Montauban had entered her apartment, and, securing the door, gave way to the passionate feelings born of a dire suspicion, which had been rankling in her breast for hours. The interview between her father and Rose in the morning, the hint at a confession, the thousand slight yet convincing tokens of feeling witnessed that afternoon and evening in her close yet silent and stealthy watch over actions and words, something peculiar in the manner of the marquis, and the occasional glances of the serious looks of the Count de Clairville—all combined to awaken within her the bitterest and most tormenting distrust and suspicion.

"I will know—I will know," she said to herself. A little while she waited, till she was able to assume a manner of perfect composure, and then, lifting an electric lamp from the table, she crossed the gallery and entered the apartment opposite.

Rose had dismissed her maid and was brushing out her hair, whose rich folds, falling around her radiant shaven yet unconcealed with their shining veil. She turned from the mirror as Mademoiselle Montauban entered, and a lovely smile brightened over her sweet face.

"Ah, I am so glad you have come, Helen," she said, running to her and throwing those fair, snowy arms about her in an innocent, loving and happy embrace.

And Helen Montauban, bending her beautiful head, calmly and with seeming kindness and sympathy, looked at her forehead. The girl shuddered.

"How could you see, Helen! Are you my dear little Rose?"

"No, I am not, dear child, and I think it must be because you are so warm, so excited, so happy, that you imagine me to be cold. I have come to sit with you a little while before I retire."

"You were kind to come. I wanted to see you; I was waiting for you." She sat down by the side of Mademoiselle Montauban and put her arms about her again.

"Well, you wished to see me—is that all?" asked Helen, attempting something like playfulness in her manner.

"I wished to—well, you know, and now I have not the courage." Rose hid her face on her companion's breast again. "Helen, it was not—Lionie."

Those sweet eyes were hidden; it was well; they could not see the stony fierceness of that wild, white face above, that grew wilder and whiter as the girl's timid confession was made.

Helen Montauban, crushing with calm and terrible force the thousand mad emotions in her breast, that struggled to have way, compelled herself to utter, softly:

"Go on, Rose; I am interested—I am listening; go on."

And Rose told her all—on her beginning to end, with her fair head lying on that stormy heart, whose gathering fire her innocent, whispered, beautiful words fed with a fearful sustenance. Helen Montauban listened. She heard all this—every word, every syllable of this confession, and each word, each syllable, struck her with a deadly blow. The deliberate stab of the midnight murderer tells with no deeper power. Yet she listened, and stirred not; she spoke sometimes, made some remark or comment, and then listened again. There was a kind of savage agony within, that dwelt upon that simple love story in its every detail, and comprehended it with sharp and greedy eagerness; but at the close, all memory of those details departed. All that was left of that story, gathered into three words—three simple words, that Rose, with beautiful joy, whispered as she finished: "He loves me—Lionie loves me!"

And Helen Montauban said to herself: "He loves another; he does not love me! The words were branded into her heart; they were written there in characters of fire; they were indelible."

"You are not going yet? do not go yet, dear Helen," murmured Rose. "Stay with me a little longer, if you can." Her soft eyes, raised so tenderly, so pleadingly, to that face, whose with a divine beauty, the gold-tinted tresses, flowing about her graceful head, were like the glory that surrounds the brow of a saint. Thus, seated for the young girl, as she stood before the dark, stately Helen, whose proud face was calm and quiet, whose splendid eyes shot forth no shaft of the smothered fire within.

But Helen Montauban uttered some few words, and then turned away. She had Rose a pleasant good night before her went out, and then, taking her by the hand, bent down once more and kissed her. With that kiss she swore hatred—undying, eternal; revenge, speedy and sure, to the one who had robbed her of his love. And Rose sought her pillow to dream such dreams as youth and joy may bring, even while hate and revenge, with sleepless eyes, watched over her.

ress de Clairville had kissed and congratulated her, and she had returned his content. Everywhere there were smiles, everywhere there were happy hearts, save in one bosom.

The young count had taken his cousin Helen out upon the terrace; he had told her the morning, the hint at a confession, the thousand slight yet convincing tokens of feeling witnessed that afternoon and evening in her close yet silent and stealthy watch over actions and words, something peculiar in the manner of the marquis, and the occasional glances of the serious looks of the Count de Clairville—all combined to awaken within her the bitterest and most tormenting distrust and suspicion.

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and Countess de Clairville, with Lord Egerton, had arranged to continue their route to Paris, and as they had been endeavoring to persuade their host and his family to accompany them and spend the time with them there until their return, before the union of Rose and Louis, it was decided to let the proposed plan and remain some days at Lyons on the way, in order, if possible, to hear something concerning Hugh Lamotte.

This course having been fixed upon, preparations were immediately commenced for the journey. The Countess de Clairville could not suppress her joy at this arrangement. Rose began to recover the gentle vivacity and animation natural to her; and Louis, charmed at observing the change, was the happiest of men.

Nor was Lord Egerton the one least satisfied of the party. He had looked forward to his departure from Helen's presence with feelings of the utmost pain. He had been restless—disquieted. Nothing but the participation of her return thither had relieved his dissatisfaction. His pleasure, then, in the prospect of the approaching journey was as intense as his discontent had formerly been.

And how was it with Helen Montauban? It was well known that she was pleased with the arrangement. She had expressed her satisfaction more than once in alluding to it, and took an active part in the preparations making for the occasion. But there was no one in all that party—not even Rose Lamotte herself, seeking to fill her father—who took so deep an interest in the thoughts of this journey. For Helen Montauban had a purpose—the bare skeleton of a plan as yet—over which she had been brooding in secrecy and silence through many a day past. Her desire, her wish, her longing was fierce—unquenchable. Long had she been meditating upon the mode of its fulfillment; but her hands had been in a measure bound; the necessary facilities for action were difficult to be attained. Now, however, she was at hand; the approaching journey opened to her ways and means that she only too eagerly snatched at. With calm and unimpassioned deliberation but she assured a more terrible consummation of her hateful desire, she meditated upon the new assistance afforded her now; she looked forward to the method to be adopted, and carefully made her calculations—carefully and coolly. She had no fear—no hesitation. Her eyes shone brightly—strong and fiery, and deep and deadly as well. Love and hate had equal violence when roused in her breast; the love was forgotten now; the hate was uppermost; it was meat and drink to her; it had turned her heart to steel, and her hand to iron. Her eyes were dimmed. The fiends themselves could plot no more mercilessly than this woman, when vengeance had once become her object.

A smoldering fire lay in those proud, dark eyes, as she left the old chateau on the morning of the departure for Lyons. She leaned forward from the carriage window as they would slowly along the road leading northward, and looked upon the dark pile that rose against the blue, serene air of the declining autumn.

"See," said Louis, gaily, "Helen is taking a sentimental farewell of home."

"Nay, cousin, I was thinking of our return," answered she.

"Then why he thinking already," said the marquis, "of returning already? You are half inclined, Helen, to believe that you really regret leaving the chateau."

"So soon?—why, that scarcely augurs favorably for the enjoyment of your trip to the gay capital, Helen! I had an impression that you anticipated a great deal of pleasure during our sojourn there."

"So she does—so she does, I am sure!" joined in Rose, as she took the hand of Mademoiselle Montauban affectionately in hers. "We shall both enjoy ourselves—she and I."

"Undoubtedly," was the reply; "how can it be otherwise?" and she smiled.

"Monsieur," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, "this journey is, of all things in the world, one of those which I most desire."

"She leaned back in the carriage and said no more. Gradually they entered upon the road skirting the forest, and then the chateau and its neighborhood was lost to view.

(To be continued.)

A Tabloid Proposal.
"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."

I excel! at That.
"Are they good to eat?" asked the visitor, looking at the pet raccoons.

"That's about all they are good for, Miss," replied the young man who owned the animals. "It costs me a mighty near half a dollar a day to feed 'em."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CHILDREN'S AFFECTIONS TRAINED AT HOME.

By Cora Roche Howland.

When you come to think of it, is it not strange that our mothers had such nice children? In our own case the marvel will be if our children are not paragons, so hard do we strive after perfection. But our mothers—their methods, compared with our own, were quite elementary. They just brought us up in the best way they knew, and they did not say much about it, for they took it for granted that everybody knew that was what they were spending their time in doing. To-day many of the duties which our mothers took upon themselves have been relegated to the school. In the past education was specifically the work of the home. The school's first concern was with the child's mental habits. Beyond this its only care was that its own routine be as little disturbed as possible. The element of affection might enter into school life through the personality of the teacher, but it had no place in the curriculum. However much the parents might help the school in its recognized function, the school authorities did not feel themselves under any obligation to return the courtesy. Certainly a step has been taken forward. Home and school have become, as they should be, interdependent. The parent is learning how to supplement the work of the teacher. The teacher, for his part, is no longer the mere taskmaster; he is the parent pro tem, to whom during school hours the child looks for sympathy and recognition.

There is no better way of learning how to train the affections of your children than by harking back to your own childhood and considering how your own parents satisfied or failed you. Was your mother's voice tender as she sang you to sleep in front of the low baseburner? Did your father always have a greeting to you the minute he turned the corner and saw your eager, watching face pressed close against the window pane? When you came home from school at noon were you so certain that you would find your mother there that you never had to speculate about it? Have your glorious memories of stories that your father used to tell you; of afternoons in the sand pile when your mother made villages or mediaeval castles for you and the neighbors' children; of marches in the dusk of evening with fluttering banners, paper caps, and Chinese lanterns? Were you allowed to share in the housework, making the beds, or filling the woodbox? Could you always give your parents your childish confidence with a comfortable certainty they would never laugh at you nor tell anyone else about it? If it happens that you have all these things and others like these to remember, you do not need learned disputations about ways of training the affections of children.

LABOR UNIONS BENEFIT MEN.

By C. F. Yerkes, Railway Magnate.

American labor unions have a tendency to raise the mental standard of the men. They train a man's intelligence. The man who is most fit gets ahead. I believe in the survival of the fittest. What is in a man will come out if he has a chance. The brainiest mechanics, the men who think and have a chance to show the results of their thinking, are the men who make the best capitalists. I believe every mechanic should have a chance to train himself to be a capitalist. By this I mean that he should have the opportunity to train his mind so that he could, so far as his mental equipment is concerned, be in a position to guide and direct as well as execute the orders of others. I tell you there is nothing so grand in the world as an intelligent mechanic. He is of use in the world. I believe in labor unions. I do not believe in trusts as

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

He stopped at the wayside well,
Where the water was cool and deep;
There were feathered ferns 'twixt the mossy stones,
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stooped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep, creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's side
The water splashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy,
As he stooped o'er the brim to drink,
And muddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the rim of the old straw hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh,
Nor could footman or coachman tell
Why the master stopped, in his ride that day,
To drink by the wayside well.
—Walter Lears.

MISS PRISCILLA'S LOVE.

If, therefore, you can make up your mind to trust your dear life to an old soldier who has given his best years to his queen and country, but can offer you an unflinching and respectful devotion—

Miss Priscilla Bentley dropped a letter into her lap and covered two smooth, pretty pink cheeks with her thin hands. The man with whom she had played when her soft gray hair stuck straight out from her head in a stiff little brown plait had been back in the old home just a month now, and they had met after a lapse of forty years, and he had—remembered.

"Thank you!" she whispered—tact very ably, and as if even this tacit admission of a satisfied want was a thing unmanly and blameworthy. "Oh, God, thank you!"

And then she crossed the room to an old-fashioned bureau and took up a pen-holder with a shaking hand.

they are to-day understood. Labor unions have the same right to organize that capital has. The interests of the one are in a parallel degree the interests of the other. In the United States to-day we have some splendid labor unions, managed in a way to challenge admiration, and we have some of the worst. But the tendency has been forward. The day will come when American labor unions will have reached such a point of excellence in organization, under competent management, with logical minds at the head, that capital will have to recognize them. Arbitration will then be the rule to settle differences. Strikes will be known only in history.

But the battle for labor is not yet won. It will not be until all of the unions have rid themselves of the minority of rascals who now rule some of them. These men are good talkers; they are eloquent on the platform, yet if you go off all they say you will not find a single practical idea. Yet in some of the labor unions in this country to-day these men, even now in the minority, rule the others. Labor unions, to succeed, must be logical.

THE DECADENCE OF FEMINE BEAUTY.

By Lady Penne.

Looking at the pictures and miniatures of a by-gone age, one often wonders whether beauty is a fact or a question of opinion. The pictures of the women of those days do not impress us with a high standard of what we consider beauty. They are all more or less of a manly type, and do not convey any idea of the delicacy and refinement we associate with real feminine beauty. Queen Elizabeth is wonderful in appearance and expression, but she is not beautiful. Queen Mary and the women of her day are simply ugly. When we get to the highest exhibition of beauty and charm which the world has ever seen—beautiful, bewitching, unhappy Mary Stuart—we are fairly baffled, for, though there is grace and dignity, she does not represent to us the beauty which was the cause of bloodshed, conspiracy, and crime, and expiated its sins on the block at Fotheringay. The beauty of Mary Stuart must have been a dream, no matter of opinion, for the men who fought and died for her did so, in many cases, from a passion inspired by her dazzling and un-speakable charms.

It is not, however, till the days of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney that we are compelled to admit that there may be some truth in the opinion of many that there was more real beauty in England in those times than there is to-day. The Duchesses of Devonshire, Lady Spencer, Lady Tavistock, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Linley, the grandmother of the three beautiful Sheridans, Kitty Fisher, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Graham, and the Duchess of Cumberland are women whom any painter must have exulted in painting, for they possessed a beauty of feature and coloring which no criticism can gainsay. But, thereafter, with the exception of a few dignified pictures by Lawrence, the beauty, or the power of reproducing it, seems to have disappeared. The women of our day have not deteriorated or lost the charm of their grandmothers, but there is not the same beauty in the early Victorian era, and it is, we believe, because the fashion was ugly, grotesque, and unbecoming to the highest degree. The long waists, the crinolines, the poke bonnets and beflowered skirts would have ruined the beauty of a Venus, while the rignets, the bandeaus, and chignons utterly destroyed the beauty and shape of every head and the hair which covered it. There is no beauty so great, so absolute, as not to be enhanced by the framework in which it is set, and the lovely women of every age owe some of their charm to the background in which they stand.

more muddled since then those young Miss Bentley settled ten doors lower down than you could count in a month of Sundays! She ate your bit of sole last Thursday week, and never—'you'll go and sit down, mum, and I'll take your boots off!'"

Miss Priscilla, white suddenly to her very lips, was staring incredulously at the keen-eyed old woman before her. "Aunt—delivered by hand, Betsy? But it wasn't a mistake. It—it can't be!"

Betsy sniffed.

"Well, the boy said he'd got orders to take it on to No. 32, immediate, and a scoldin' from his master into the bargain! I told 'em—bless me, I'll make you a cup of tea in two minutes, Miss Priscilla!"

Miss Priscilla's groping hand had gripped a hard, horny one, as though to save herself from falling.

"I'm all right, Betsy"—there was a strange, piteous expression in her blue eyes—"quite right. Yes, I'll go and sit down. But I don't want any tea, or—or to be disturbed for half an hour, please, Betsy."

She passed on into her small, sun-bathed sitting-room, and closed its door behind her.

Miss Bentley? Why, of course! She had seen Major Duff walking with her after church on Sunday. Such a young, pretty woman, too—Miss Priscilla cut out her hands with an odd, involuntary gesture, as though she were avoiding a blow. And then she remembered the letter she had posted an hour before, and she flew to her face, and she covered in her chair with the shame and the hurt of it all—a little, shrunken old woman who had told a man who did not want her that she loved him.

That evening the somewhat unwilling Betsy set out to deliver a letter which had been penned three times over before its characters were firm enough to satisfy the writer.

"Dear Major Duff, it ran—'I have sent on your letter, which was left here by mistake, to Miss Penelope Bentley. I was always the mischievous one in the old days, dear friend, but by this time you will just be having a good laugh over the joke which a naughty old woman could not resist playing upon you in pretending that she had applied its contents to herself! It really was too bad of her! Please forgive her, and accept very warm wishes for your happiness, from your sincere old friend."

"PRISCILLA BENTLEY."

Miss Priscilla peered between the laths of her blind with dim, scared eyes until Betsy's thickest figure passed out by the garden gate. And then she got down on to her knees. She had told her first lie.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

From Paris.

Mix 1½ cups of flour and half a cup of sugar. With the tips of the fingers work in two-thirds of a cup of butter and make to a stiff dough with the yolks of three eggs, more or less according to size. Flour well a deep pudding form. Break off small portions of the dough, pat and roll out, then press against the bottom and sides of the pan until it is entirely covered. Brush with white of egg and stand aside to chill while preparing the fruit. Wash and stone some fresh prunes, add sugar to sweeten well and a rounding tablespoonful of flour for each quart of fruit. Fill the pastry about two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven. When about done beat the yolks of three eggs, with three rounding tablespoons of sugar, add a cup of hot cream and six macarons crumbled fine. Pour over the pudding and bake until it is a delicate brown. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add three rounding tablespoons of sugar and vanilla to flavor. Mix irregularly over the top and bake slowly until firm to the touch.—What to Eat.

Cold Catsup.
Peel ripe tomatoes and chop them small. Turn into a colander and allow all superfluous juice to drip off. Put the tomato pulp into a stone crock and stir into four quarts of the tomatoes a cup of salt, a gill of graded horse-radish, a half-cup each of white and black mustard seed, three small red peppers, minced, three celery roots, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of celery seed, a small cup of brown sugar, a heaping tablespoonful each of ground allspice and ground cloves, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and mace, and four cups of strong vinegar. Stir together thoroughly, stand for several hours, mix again, pour into bottles and seal.

Gingerbread.
One pound of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of black molasses, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of powdered ginger. Mix the flour and baking powder thoroughly, mix the butter and mix it with the molasses and ginger, then incorporate the whole of the ingredients, which will form a soft, dark-colored dough. For thick gingerbread place the whole mass in a shallow tin, well buttered, and bake in a moderately hot oven for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Strawberry Fond.
Allow a level tablespoonful of arrowroot to each pint of fruit juice (or two-thirds fruit juice to one-third water) and enough sugar to sweeten. Strain the fruit juice, heat to boiling, add the arrowroot rubbed to a paste with a little cold water, and cook until it is perfectly clear, adding meanwhile the sugar to taste. Take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and set aside to cool. Serve in small punch glasses or cups. Half fill them with finely cracked ice and cover with the soup. Eat with a teaspoon.

Pickled Cherries.
Choose the finest Morella cherries with stems, and put them in salt and water for twenty-four hours. Then pour off this, and pour the vinegar over the cherries. The flavor of the fruit needs no additional seasoning. Set the jars of pickle, well closed, in the sun for a day or two, and the pickle is ready.

Portuguese Cakes.
An equal quantity by weight of flour, butter and powdered sugar, half the weight of currants; use ten eggs to a pound of flour, leaving out three or four whites, adding them if needed to mix; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs and flour alternately, then flavor with a half glassful of rose water. Bake slowly in small muffin pans.

Potato Cake.
Mix mashed potato with pepper, salt, a small proportion of flour and a little baking powder. Mix with milk to proper consistency, roll out to the thickness of an inch and cut in cakes; grease the frying pan, lay in the cake and turn as griddle cakes are turned to cook both sides.

Mutton Broth.
Take a pound and a half of fresh mutton, free from fat; cut it into thin slices with a sharp knife; put into a saucepan, salt, pour over it one quart of cold water, let simmer for an hour, then boil an hour longer. Strain off the broth. Season with more salt if desired.

Apple Tart.
Choose firm but tart apples and run a stick through the center of each. Boll two pounds of brown sugar in a saucepan with a little water. Boll until stringy, then dip the apples in it and turn them over and over until they are covered. Set on a buttered pan to cool.

Figs in a Creme.
A very rich fruit dessert is figs in a creme. Steam large figs for fifteen minutes, cut open at the widest end, and fill with a mixture of apricot jam and chopped English walnuts. Close the figs, roll in powdered sugar, and serve with whipped cream.

Suggestions.
A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it, and scrubbing with a scrub-brush; rinse in clear water.

To clean cotton or linen window blinds the blind should be spread flat on a table and then rubbed well all over with bread crumbs. This will make it look quite clean and fresh.