

About the House.

THE SITTING ROOM.

The sitting room should be one of the most enjoyable rooms in the house. It should always have a bright and cheerful appearance, and anything approaching stiffness or formality, should be banished. It is essentially the living room of the home, and for this reason, every article of furniture should be selected with a view to utility and durability. Luxurious divans, costly draperies and bric-a-brac would be quite out of place in such a room, indeed; in it there should not be one really expensive or perishable article, it being a most restful and inviting place at very little expense.

The carpet should not cover the entire floor. A large rug of some warm, cozy shades should be placed upon the floor, the edges of which are stained or painted, thus enabling it, the rug to be frequently and easily removed and shaken, in order to insure cleanliness. The walls should be tinted, or covered with a cheerful looking paper, harmonizing with the carpet and other furnishings, a few pictures and a rack or two being appropriate additions.

The curtains and portieres should also be in harmony, being composed of serge, felt or the ever useful denim. A centre table is a necessary adjunct in order to give an attractive and home-like appearance to the room, and this should be covered by means of a felt or denim cloth, upon which should rest papers, magazines, work-baskets and a lamp, with its softly shaded evening light, inviting workers and readers.

Soft crimson shades are perhaps the most suitable for decorating such a room, but old blue is also very lovely and serviceable, the former looking at its best during the winter months, while the latter is most attractive in the summer time. If the crimson shades are employed throughout, they should be relieved by touches of gold, but if old blue is used, it should be relieved by lighter shades of blue. For instance, the table cover could be made of crimson felt, and this could be decorated by a bold, conventional design worked in two or three shades of yellow Roman floss, or the coarser and more effective rope silk; or it could be made of dark blue denim, embroidered in the deep shades of filo silk floss.

The curtains could also be decorated in the same manner, the upper ends of which being allowed to fall over about half a yard, a fringe of the floss being knotted in, and above the fringe some simple design could be embroidered in Roman floss.

A low, broad lounge, several substantial and comfortable easy chairs, with the addition of a few footstools or hassocks, should complete the furnishing of this most delightful nest.

An open fireplace should always, if possible, form part of the family sitting room, for it is there that the first fires should be lighted at the approach of Autumn.

IN HOUSECLEANING TIME.

Wipe tarnished or fly-specked gas and lamp fixtures with a damp cloth; let dry, then cover with a coat of white paint; when this is dry, re-gild.

When the mica in stoves becomes discolored, take out the pieces if possible, and put them in a vinegar bath for a few hours; then polish with a soft dry cloth. If they cannot be removed, rub with a cloth dipped in hot vinegar and polish as before.

When ink is spilled on a carpet or garment, at once cover the place with a thick paste of starch and cold water to the depth of an inch and let dry. Or take up with blotting paper, wash well in sweet or sour milk, then cover with white corn meal and leave twelve hours. For dry ink stains, soak in milk, and repeat the above several times.

To make a serviceable covering for a dining-room or kitchen floor, nail, wrong side up, an old Brussels carpet to the floor of the attic or outbuilding, then paint with a thick coat of linseed oil and burnt umber. When thoroughly dry, give a coat of good varnish. Let it lie ten or twelve days. It should be tacked to the floor loosely, as it shrinks some during the process. Clean the same as oilcloth.

A novice can paint window sash nearly as well as a professional by using a piece of tin the size of a pane with a handle. Wipe off any adhering paint with a cloth moistened with kerosene. To imitate frost glass put some putty in cheese cloth and twist the ends to form a pad then with it pat the glass until well covered with a milky white satin. When perfectly dry give a coat of good varnish.

Do not wrap silver or plated ware not in daily use in flannel; it contains sulphur, which is likely to tarnish it. Wrap in blue tissue paper, then in unbleached cotton flannel, and enclose in heavy wrapping paper to exclude the air as much as possible. To polish silver that has become badly tarnished, moisten a soft cloth in sweet oil; then with any tested polishing powder rub the silver until the spots have disappeared. Then rub with chamois skin and the powder, and finish polishing with a clean piece of chamois.

For sizing to be used on whitewashed walls before papering, dissolve half a pound of glue in a little hot water, then pour it into a pailful of boiling water, stirring carefully until well

mixed. Apply hot, and let dry a few hours before applying the paper. Take great care to cover every part of the wall. Note that the part near the ceiling and baseboard is not overlooked as there the brush is likely to slip. A professional painter gives the following receipt for paste: For a medium-sized room, sift 3 pounds of wheat flour and make it into a stiff paste with cold water; stir into it slowly two gallons of boiling water, stirring constantly until it swells and turns yellow. Winter wheat flour makes the best paste. A little carbolic may be stirred in to repel insects.

TO MAKE GOOD SANDWICHES.

Celery Sandwiches.—Cut white celery very fine and stir it into a thick mayonnaise dressing until you have a mixture you can spread. Butter thin white or graham bread for this.

Pate de Foie Gras Sandwiches.—The pate which comes in small tins for sandwiches is much improved if it is softened with a little mayonnaise dressing before it is put on the bread.

Imitation Pate de Foie Gras Sandwiches.—A good imitation of foreign pate may be made by pounding to a paste a boiled lamb's liver, seasoning it with onion juice, paprika, lemon juice pepper and salt, and working into it enough melted butter to make a smooth paste. It may be used as directed in the foregoing recipe.

Apple Sandwiches.—Flavor half a cupful of smooth apple sauce with grated lemon peel and a little nutmeg or cinnamon, add to it a couple of tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and spread upon graham or whole wheat bread.

Raisin Sandwiches.—Seed and chop half a cupful of layer raisins and moisten them with a little wine. Spread thin graham bread first with butter then with cream cheese, and then with the minced raisins.

Roast Beet Sandwiches.—Mince fine rare roast beet, season it with salt, pepper, a little Worcestershire sauce and a couple of chopped pickles; season it with melted butter and spread on white or graham bread.

Olive Sandwiches.—Stone and chop olives—the large Queen olives are best for this—stir them into mayonnaise dressing and spread on thin graham bread.

Nut Sandwiches.—For this almonds, peanuts or English walnuts, may be used. Chop rather coarsely and stir into mayonnaise dressing, or mix with cream cheese.

HOT CAKES FOR BREAKFAST.

English Muffins.—One quart of flour one half teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one quarter pints of sweet milk. Have batter a little stiffer than for griddle cakes. Have a griddle hot and greased, lay greased muffin rings on it, fill them half full, and turn when risen to the top, with cake turner. Do not bake too brown. When done pull apart, toast slightly and butter. Serve at once.

German Puffs.—One pint of sweet milk, one half pound of flour, two ounces of butter and four eggs. Separate the eggs, and beat the yolks until thick; warm the butter and milk until the butter is melted; when cold stir in slowly the yolks of the eggs; mix with the flour. Whisk the whites dry stir through very lightly and bake in buttered cups not half full.

Oatmeal Gems.—One pint of cooked oatmeal, one pint of sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and enough flour to stick together. Bake in hot gem pans in quick oven.

Breakfast Muffins.—One cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one pint of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of salt.

Pop-Overs.—One egg, white and yolk beaten separately, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of flour, and a pinch of salt. Bake 20 minutes.

WORTH KNOWING.

A celebrated cake maker gives some valuable suggestions on the art of cake making: "First, I always use the best of everything. I buy my eggs direct from the farmer; my butter is fresh and carefully washed and kept on ice until I want it, and flour, sugar, nuts, flavoring, whatever I use, in fact, has to be as good as can be found. I find a dash of brandy, just as the cake goes to the oven, helps to make it light and also to bake more evenly. My cakes are mixed in various ways according to the sort I am making. The eggs are always very cold when broken, and whipped light in a cool place. I sift my flour two or three times until it is like light snow. My idea of cake and icing is that they should never be sticky or clammy, yet always soft enough to be eaten with a spoon."

In cake making one should give as much attention to baking as mixing. After you place the cake in the oven do not open the door for at least 15 minutes and then do so very cautiously; a slam has caused the fall of many a promising cake. Then, too, never let a cake stand after it is mixed; the oven should always be ready for baking before mixing the cake.

A SIMPLE CODE.

Emily—Why are you waving your handkerchief?
Angelina—Since papa has forbidden Tom the house, we have arranged a code of signals.

Emily—What is it?
Angelina—When he waves his handkerchief five times, that means, "Do you love me?" and when I wave frantically in reply, it means, "Yes, darling."

Emily—And how do you ask other questions?
Angelina—We don't. That's the whole code.

On the Farm.

ESTABLISHING A PEACH ORCHARD.

When planting the trees I cut off all broken roots; also about half the length of the long ones; cut off all the limbs and about one-third of the top of the small trees so when set they look like so many sticks stuck in the ground, writes Mr. Bliss. If the trees start well, and throw out plenty of little limbs, I pinch off those I don't wish, and so am able to grow the tree very near vase shape, with open top, so plenty of sunshine can get in. For plant food I use chemical fertilizers solely. The phosphoric acid I supply with fine ground bone and potash in some form, usually from high grade muriates. Ashes are excellent for the peach orchard. Nitrogen comes from the bone and what clover is plowed under. In setting the trees I use two or three handfuls of fine ground bone mixed with the soil, and after the roots are covered, put on a few ashes, then finish filling. After the first year sow broadcast over the land bone and potash separately.

I believe the word cultivation means a large part of the success that will come to us as fruit growers, or if we will take the two words intense cultivation and follow thoroughly on this line, we will be able to secure an excellent growth of wood and foliage of large, long leaves, of the darkest green color. If we are so fortunate as to have a good set of fruit, and it has been properly thinned, we shall have every reason to expect beautiful and luscious peaches. But to get them we must keep up this intense cultivation until the very last of August or first of September. Best fruit grows on the trees with large, healthy foliage. If the buds are not killed by the cold winter or late frosts, we get a full bloom and the peaches will set very thick, especially with some varieties. Then we have no small job on our hands thinning the little peaches; we don't thin the fruit very much until after the pit is formed in the peach, because there is what is called the June dropping, and as it would be rather unwise to do the thinning until nature had done its share. But we like to get them off before the pit gets very hard, as it takes a large supply of plant food to grow them. This so there will be no two peaches within four inches of each other; six inches better, but it requires the closest attention to get the men to thin them.

GYPNUM IN THE SOIL.

It has generally been supposed that gypsum when used as a fertilizer is valuable largely because it attracts moisture and furnishes some material which nourishes the plants in extremely dry weather. As a soil for producing vegetation, it has never been considered, indeed it has not been supposed that plants would grow in it, but some experiments at agricultural stations show that plants will flourish in pure gypsum and make an almost phenomenal growth. Grain and plants were raised in this soil with the most surprising results. Experiments also have been made in growing plants in clean, white sand. The results of these efforts may, it is said, almost revolutionize the growing of certain forms of vegetation. As a case in point: Some years ago a family moved into a new house which was built upon an unpromising gypsum bed. The mistress of the house was extremely fond of flowers and bewailed the fact that she could have no flower garden. Finally her house plants became so troublesome that she turned them into the sand bed, digging holes and dropping them in regardless of order or system, and left them, as she supposed, to die. Her astonishment may be imagined when she grew such verbenas, petunias, geraniums and other plants as she never raised in her life. The neighbors insisted that she must have used some commercial fertilizer, but the fact was that the roots found abundant nourishment in what would usually be considered absolutely worthless soil.

HEALTHY POTATOES.

Potato growers who want to have potatoes with bright, clean skins, free from scab, should not neglect to use the necessary precautions to have them so. First, plant on new soil, or that not already infested with the scab fungus, for it is proved that the fungus lives in the soil for a year or two. Planting should be done where some other crop than the potato has been grown for two years previous. Second, having washed the seed potatoes, immerse them in a solution of corrosive sublimate in order to kill any scab fungus on the tubers. Use two and a quarter ounce of corrosive sublimate in fifteen gallons of water. Dissolve the corrosive sublimate in two gallons of hot water, and then add thirteen gallons more of water. Use a large tub or a barrel; metallic vessels will be corroded by the liquid. Place the potatoes to be treated in a large, coarse sack, and sink it into the liquid, allowing it to remain an hour and a half; at the end of that time lift them out and turn them out on a floor to dry, when they can be cut up and planted. The sack of potatoes can be conveniently handled, in lifting it in and out of the barrel, by means of a lever on a post near the barrel, suf-

ficiently high to work easily, something like an old-fashioned well sweep, and which any one can easily and quickly rig up. This will be necessary only when a considerable quantity of potatoes are to be treated. As the corrosive mixture is poisonous, care should be taken not to touch it to the hands, especially if the skin is broken, also, to keep the treated tubers away from poultry or cattle.

RYE FOR EARLY PASTURE.

A field of rye seeded last fall will make excellent early pasture for sheep and hogs this spring. Other heavy animals are liable to injure the plants severely unless the ground is unusually firm. Feed the horses and cattle ensilage for succulent food and let the sheep and hogs have the rye.

CAUSE OF KIPLING'S POPULARITY.

His Remarkable Faculty of Appealing to All Classes of Readers.

It has been generally suggested that the workingman's enthusiasm for Kipling is due to the omniscience of this writer of 34 years; that the soldier reveres him for his knowledge of a soldier's work, pleasures and woes; that the railroad man swears by him because he understands so well how an engine is built; that the sailor and the fisherman, the public school boy, the city clerk, the mechanic, find the fascination in his perfect acquaintance with their life. No doubt this clinches the charm, but certainly a broader principle underlies the popularity which the poet and fictionist has won with the masses. This is that he appeals to the emotional side of his readers as well as to the intellectual.

A man like Matthew Arnold, he never so great, finds himself, perhaps with some approval, cut off from all but those readers in whom there is some unusual degree of intellectual training and refinement. Kipling masters such readers, too, with his magnificent certainty of phrase and healthful vigor, and with his soul-stirring dramatic faculty proceeds to capture the rest of the world that knows better how to feel than to think. Doubtless, too, his brilliantly early successes as a popular author is due very largely to his choice of subjects; to the vigorous launching of his genius into the topic of the hour, the present problem of the nation. Thus as good a poem as "The White Man's Burden" might easily have been unnoticed by the world at large had it none of the tremendous public interest which has brought that noble utterance into the mouths of millions of Americans.

Here Mr. Kipling has in his poetic work an advantage and a danger analogous to those which are before the lesser singers of stage topical songs. A palpable hit is certain to fetch the whole house; on the other hand, the populace is expecting a hit every time, and few performers can invariably meet its demands. Mr. Kipling seems to be such an inevitable sort of a fellow that one is surprised even to hear that he ever writes things over twice before giving them to us. But he assures the rare and happy interviewer that most of what he writes goes into the wastebasket.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN OLD ENGLISH.

Here is the Lord's Prayer in the English of former times, the best example of how the language has changed:

A. D. 1258: "Fader ure in hevene, haleweide beoth thi neune, cumen thi kueneriche, thi wille beoth don in hevene and in erthe. The suerish dawe bried gif ous whilk dawe. And vorzifure dettes as vi vorzifren ure dettores. And lede ous nougt into temptation, bot delyvour of eiel. Amen."

A. D. 1300: "Fadir our in hevene. Hallowyd by thy name, thi kingdom come. Thi wille be done as in hevene and in erthe. Oure urche dayes bred give us to-day. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive oure dettores. And lede us not into temptation, bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen."

A. D. 1582: "Ovr faterh which art in heaven, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, in earth also. Give us to-day our super substantial bread. And lede us not into temptation. But delivere us from evil. Amen."

A. D. 1611: "Our faterh which is in heaven, hallowe be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heauen. Give us this day our dayly bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede us not into temptation, but delivere us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for euer. Amen."

HAIR RISES ON END.

An eminent medical man, whose treatises on human hair have attracted much notice, among many other striking statements as to woman's chief beauty, remarked that "bristling" hair when used in speaking of the human hair is not a figure. The hair is subject to and influenced by almost every passion of the human mind, and emotional hair, of which he has treated especially, he claims is quite common. Hair looks, feels, and falls differently when a person is in sorrow, joy, surprise or dejection. After a day or two of deep mental study or violent bodily exercise, a most visible difference may be detected by a practical observer. The day is fated to come, he maintains, when this coloring in the hair will be a valuable aid in identification.

Young Folks.

STAND UP FOR YOUR COLORS.

Stand up for your colors, dear boys, fear not
To show yourselves brave and true
To all you profess in the cause of right,

In all that you say and do.
Stand up for your colors, be not ashamed,
The others may scorn and jeer,
If your flag is the signal for all that is good,
Stand up for it without fear.

Stand up for your colors! A soldier are you,
As you march in the ranks of life.
In all life's chances for weal and woe,
You will have your share of the strife,

But look to it, boys, as you march along
That the flag which is waving above
Is spread to the breeze of honor and truth,
Of righteousness, peace and love.

And under the flag, as you daily tread,
The path where your Captain leads,
You will feel inspired, believe me lads,
To do and to dare brave deeds.

Then hold up your heads in the manly pride
Which comes from the knowledge of right,
And let the world see how you firmly stand,
For the colors 'neath which you fight.

LITTLE TIM'S ADVENTURE.

It was little Tim's birthday, and his father had promised him he should go to see the traveling circus and show that had arrived in the village the day before—just in time for his birthday, little Tim thought. As he lay awake in his bed, at dawn, he began thinking what a short distance separated him from all the wonderful things he was longing to see, and how easy it would be to reach the spot in less than twenty minutes. And once this idea had come to him, he could not rest in bed any longer. He jumped up, dressed himself quickly, slipped quietly out of the house, and started to run toward the village. He would stay only a few moments, he thought, and be back again before he had been missed. In any case, he knew he would not be scolded, because it was his birthday.

There was no one about at that early hour, and Tim ran along the solitary road with a sense of pleasurable excitement and anticipation. On reaching the common where the show had established itself, however, he found to his great disappointment that all the tents and cages were closely covered up, and nothing but strange, unfamiliar noises—growls, squeals, snorts and barks issuing from beneath the covering—betrayed the presence of the different inmates within.

Little Tim was just turning away with a sense of keen disappointment when suddenly a large tarpaulin that covered a great cage on wheels slipped to the ground, disclosing the form of a huge, hairy creature, peering at him from between the bars with blinking eyes.

Little Tim knew from the pictures he had seen in his father's books of travel that this must be a gorilla, one of those powerful creatures with almost human features. He had looked at those pictures with ever fresh wonder and curiosity, but it was only now that he realized how far off they were from the living, moving, breathing reality, which inspired him with a strange dread as he stood motionless in front of the cage.

As he gazed at the monstrous, uncouth figure, the creature began to leap about the cage, frowning and grimacing in a diabolical manner at the child. Then it began pulling at the bars of its cage, and little Tim noted with sudden terror that one of them was slightly bent, and that it would not require a very strong effort on the part of the gorilla to bend it still further, sufficient, in fact, to allow of the animal's passing between.

It was evidently as aware of this fact as Tim was, and gave a vigorous wrench at the bar. Little Tim was so scared he could neither move nor speak, but only watch and wait—with his eyes fixed on the animal in front of him.

One more wrench and the gorilla was swinging himself down toward the motionless, spellbound child. Tim never could have told afterward how long this instant had lasted, but to him it seemed like hours—hours of terror.

Suddenly a strong man's loud voice a man's heavy tread and the crack of a whip brought it all to an end. The monster disappeared into its cage again, and another man who had followed, the first comer, seeing the white terrified face of the child, lifted him up kindly into his arms. The little fellow, who neither uttered a sound nor made a movement, during the horrible suspense of the preceding moments once in the security of the kindly, protecting human arms, leaned his face against the man's shoulder, and sobbed out: "Oh! take me home, take me home!"

COULDN'T HEAR.

Did you enjoy the opera?
No; I didn't hear it.
Why not?
Two women sitting in front of me were explaining to each other how they loved the music.