

gaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not nearly so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I did not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half-an-hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to remain till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to completely eradicate the pest. Of course it should be fresh cucumber peel every night.

A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with doll, rounded scissors and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet," so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he had considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and, half-crying, he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said, quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"Oh yes, sometimes."

"I will," and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with no jar on the nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pieces, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse and waggon and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire and put them into the kindling box; play that's the woodhouse."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.—*Christian World.*

REMARKABLE DOGS.

Get Holland's translation of the worthy Pliny if you want an afternoon's amusement. He will tell you that, if you cut off the tip of a dog's tail within forty days from its birth, it will never go mad, and that the best of the litter is the whelp which gets its eyesight last, or that which the mother carries first into her kennel. Of the dog's faithfulness he has notable instances. It has been known to throw itself into the flames when its master's funeral pyre was kindled. It will breed with the tiger. The Indians cross their dogs in that way. The first and second crosses are too savage; the third can be trained. No matter how fierce a dog is it will never attack you if you sit down—Homer says the same thing in the "Odyssey"—and it may be silenced by holding to it a brand snatched from a funeral pyre. When cremation was given up, this recipe had to be modified; and for the brand was substituted "the hand of glory," which credulous mediæval burglars used to carry, with the view of keeping the watchdog quiet. The most fighting breed was the Molossian, a splendid sample of which

the King of Albania gave to Alexander the Great when he was going to India. Alexander had boars, stags, and bears slipped to it, but the dog lay motionless; whereat the King's anger was roused that such a noble form should cover so sluggish a spirit, and he bade the dog be killed, sending a message to the giver that the gift had proved unworthy of them both. Whereupon another like dog was sent, with the warning that the first dog's inaction in presence of small game was not due to sluggishness but to contempt, such dogs being used to be matched against elephants and lions. Alexander at once tried him with a lion, which he slew, and then set him at an elephant, round which he circled, baying loudly, and with all his bristles erect, attacking first on one side and then on the other, slipping in and avoiding the elephant's stroke whenever he got the chance. At last the elephant grew dizzy, and, falling down, was made a prey by its small-sized antagonist.—*All the Year Round.*

THE OLD DINNER HORN.

I've heard many a strain that hath thrilled me with joy,
But none, I will say, since the day I was born,
Has pleased me so much as when, a small boy,
I heard on the farm the old dinner horn.

The trumpet was tin, a yard or so long,
And was blown for "the boys" at noon and at morn;
The monotone strain was piercing and strong,
But sweet, for all that, was the old dinner horn.

When building the fence or tossing the hay,
Or reaping the grain or ploughing the corn,
With appetite keen, at the noon of the day,
Oh! sweet to my soul was the old dinner horn.

A mother's fond lips pressed the trumpet of tin,
And blew her full soul through the barley and corn,
Oh! I hear even yet the "Welcome, come in,
Come in, my dear boys, to the sound of the horn."

Those lips are now still, and the bosom is cold,
Which sent to us boys the blast of the horn;
She is waiting in sleep beneath the dark mould,
The archangel's trump and eternity's morn.

We like to see the old poetic gems going the rounds of the newspapers. Here is one written in the flush of its author's youth, one which ardent swains were wont to repeat to tender maids, in the glow of the moonlight, twenty years ago. It is the "F. bras Carinyosas," of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and is as follows:

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings,
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there!
The snowy hand detains me—then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love!
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieu. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I,
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.

What! both these snowy hands? Ah! then
I'll have to say good-night again.

In the older editions of Mr. Aldrich's poems, the third line read:

Good-night unto that *perfect* hand,

and the fifth line read:

Good-night to fond *delicious* eyes.

The changes are undoubtedly for the better.

SLEEPING-ROOM DRAPERIES AND CARPETS.

Bearing in mind the danger from foul air, we should exercise care in excluding from our bedrooms all hangings or curtains of woollen or thick cotton materials, as especially liable to retain dirt and disease germs, and in this category I would include carpets made of woollen or cotton. Hard-wood floors, oil cloth, straw matting, in the order named, are certainly the best mater-

ials for use, if we study simply health. If, for other reasons, we wish the warmth and diminution of noise procured by using woollen or cotton carpets, lay over the first material rugs that can be readily removed and cleansed outside of the room. Linen shades to exclude or mitigate the light at the windows, with lace or muslin curtains for æsthetic effect, are all that is allowable in a bedroom.

Of equal importance is the proper care of the bed and bedding. Bedsteads are usually made of wood. Metal is in every way preferable. A wrought-iron or brass bedstead properly constructed; that is of light weight, mounted on castors, so as to be easily moved and readily cleaned, meets every demand. Especially should we seek one readily moved, if we would have it and its surroundings properly cared for by servants. No articles of whatever kind should be kept under the bed. To prevent this, dispense with "valances" and tuck in the bed-clothes. Curtains about the bed are simply filters, sure to catch and retain the impurities as the air from the lungs passes through them.

The mattress should be made of elastic material, not giving way too freely to the weight of the body. Horse hair furnishes the best material; cotton, wool or feathers, the poorest substitute. A well-made hair mattress, resting on a woven wire spring mattress, leaves nothing to be desired hygienically. Hair pillows are preferable to feather pillows where we desire to prevent heating the head. Linen is the better material for sheets and pillow cases, having less power of absorption than cotton. Blankets should be all wool and of the best quality attainable, as in this way we obtain a minimum of weight. For the same reasons cotton comfortables are not desirable.—*Dr. S. W. Bowles, in Good Housekeeping.*

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar. Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling. Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth. Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags. Wrap fruit jars with paper to keep out the light. Sugar should be browned in a dry pan for sauce. Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot. Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.

Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.

Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.

After paring fruit drop it in cold water to prevent it changing colour.

A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.

When sauce boils from the side of the pan the flour or corn starch is done.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.

Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.

Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauces.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.

CUSTOMER (in grocery store): You have been established in business a long time, I understand, Mr. Shortweight? Mr. Shortweight (with pride): Yes, sir. I have sold groceries on this corner for twenty-seven years. Customer (lifting the cover of the cheese box and quickly dropping it): Not longer than that?