

THE HOME.

Thrifty Housewives.

There is every commendation in the world for an economical woman, but a stingy one has no one's sympathy. Economy is a virtue when not ridden as a hobby. When all the waste that exists is taken into consideration, it seems strange that housekeepers and mothers do not, or will not, exercise their ingenuity to prevent it, or rather, make all things go as far as possible, and thus save the surplus and assist those in need. One housekeeper we have in mind, keeps house for five persons on less than any one we know of. There is not a sign of stinginess in anything about her work, and her table is always laden with good things. It is true it does not show the best the market produces, but the way she cooks and takes care of what she has is the only secret. We have never known her to throw away or burn anything that could be utilized again.

Many housewives do not care to take the trouble of saving or fixing over things, especially where the table is concerned. The waste in some homes is simply deplorable. We have seen a friend of ours when clearing up the remains of a meal, take two or three potatoes, meat, bread—food which had never been removed from the dishes on which they were brought to the table—and burn. If remonstrated with she would answer, "Oh, pshaw, that would be too much trouble." She is one of the most generous souls who ever lived, but is improvident and lavish where her table is concerned. She must be either very indifferent or lazy, and as a consequence the waste in her house would positively make an economical person angry.

So-called economy may be carried to such an extreme as to amount to stinginess, and is sometimes ludicrous. One woman was so remarkably careful that over her new carpet she first tacked a muslin cover and then placed newspapers wherever she thought it would have the hardest wear. Again many people want to be so economical that company is altogether out of the question with them. They never can afford to give a beggar a bit to eat when he comes to their door. They cannot go here nor there because it may cost something. They shut themselves out from so much of the pleasant and beautiful in the world that life to them must be a burden. A writer not long since said of the thrifty housewife:

She takes note of the kitchen fire and closes up the dampers when she is not using it and makes one fire do all the work it will at once. She saves her nice "drippings" and makes them serve in cooking instead of butter. She saves all the odds and ends of bread and meat left over from meals and works them up into appetizing and nutritious dishes, instead of throwing them away. Her clothing she keeps clean by the use of aprons; she has quite a closet suitable for dirty work. She "turns" her sheets when they grow thin in the middle. Her worn tablecloths are cut up into napkins for every-day use. She keeps rugs spread over places in the carpet that are subjected to the hardest wear. She carefully dries her tinware so it will not rust. She keeps old brooms for rough use, and so prolongs the term of service of her best broom. She uses up her worn garments in making quilts and comforts or in rugs and rag carpets, and so in a thousand ways she saves what is wasted would be pure loss, and do nobody any good.

"Thank You."

Just a simple little "thank you," but how cheerful and light a duty may be made to appear or how pleasant an act of kindness or civility will seem if only rewarded by a gracious "I thank you." Politeness is never beyond the reach of anyone, and it is the truest sign of good breeding. It is not more than right, and it should be expected of everyone to thank people for any kindness they might show us, whether it may be their duty or not. How much more willing we are to do for one when we know that our work will be appreciated by a grateful thank you! If a friend takes the trouble to send any little token of love, no matter what, common sense, if not decency, should dictate that an acknowledgment, either verbal or written, is expected.

Suppose, for instance, you would wish to surprise a friend. You buy some exquisite roses and smile in anticipation of the pleasure they will afford. You give them to her and exult in their beauty and fragrance and all that. What would be more discouraging and painful than have her receive them with no thought of thanks, or answer you with an uninteresting "Yes, they are nice." We are afraid it would be long before you would take her roses again.

Do we ever think of thanking those about us for services they perform for us? We become so accustomed to have this and that done for us that we look for it as our due. We never think of thanking the little ones whose tiny feet run so many errands. "O," you say, "they have nothing else to do." Perhaps not, but surprise them once with a "thank you dear," and the effect is magical. No doubt they are willing enough now to do for you, but politeness is cheap, and, like charity, it should commence at home. It is sad to see how impolitely members of a family treat each other. One takes from the other ever so many kindnesses without even a thought of thanks. Be profuse in your thanks rather than not say enough, but be sincere.

Useful Recipes.

Oyster Sauce.—Thoroughly drain the juice from a dozen large oysters. Butter the shallow cutlet dish and when very hot lay the oysters in, in single layers. When brown on one side, turn and fry the other, and while cooking keep adding a little butter. This with the juice of the oysters forms a brown skin that should be served with the smoking hot shell-fish. Season with pepper and salt.

Roast Mutton Chaffle.—This is the nicest way of using up cold lamb or mutton. Cut the meat in small slices about half an inch thick. Put a tablespoonful of butter in the chaffing dish and when melted add 3 tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, a dash of cayenne pepper and a little salt. Then lay in the slices of mutton, heat through and serve hot. It will taste very much like venison.

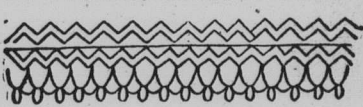
Meat Croquettes.—Chop any cold cooked meat very fine, add a third as much cold mashed potato, a raw egg and a tablespoonful of melted butter to 4 cups of material. Pepper and salt to taste. When thoroughly mixed flour the hands and form into round flat cakes. Keep in a cool place until needed. Then melt a little dripping or lard in the chaffing dish, lay in the croquettes and fry a fine crisp brown.

Cheese Fondue.—This requires 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 cup fresh milk, 1 cup fine bread crumbs, 2 cups grated cheese, 2 eggs, a salt spoonful of mustard and a very little pepper. When the butter is melted in the cutlet dish over the lamp, put in quickly the milk, bread crumbs, cheese and mustard, seasoned with a little pepper. Stir constantly and just before serving add the 2 eggs, beaten very light.

Chicken or Veal Fritters.—Beat 2 eggs to a light froth, add 1-2 cup milk and pour the mixture over 1 cup of flour into which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been well sifted. Beat thoroughly. Cut cold chicken or veal into thin slices and season with salt and pepper. Dip them in the batter and fry in the chaffing dish.

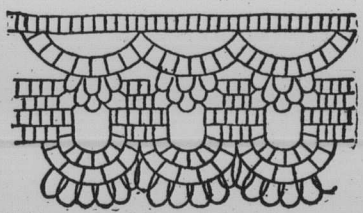
Useful and Ornamental.

No. 1 shows edging suitable for trimming many articles of the wardrobe and is especially suitable for children's



No. 1.

dresses, as it is very durable, being composed of fancy braid and crochet. Take a piece of wavy braid double the length required; double the braid, making points meet, and with No. 40 thread, sew the points together, passing the thread down the middle line. Use No. 16 crochet cotton. Make a chain of 9; loop into the point of braid and continue to end. Second row, chain 6, loop into center of the last row, then chain



No. 2.

4; loop in again onto the same, and continue thus to the end. By using one row of braid and repeating crochet to correspond with the other side, makes a nice insertion, and thus a pretty edging and insertion can be made to accompany each other. No. 2 is very simple and needs no explanation.

MOST REMARKABLE OF ALL TREES.

Has No Trunk, Enormous Spreading Branches, and Probably a Relative of the Giant Boabab.

What is probably the most remarkable tree on earth was lately discovered on the promontory of Kinsembo, south of the mouth of the Congo. It has not even the vestige of a trunk, but spreads its immense branches directly on the ground. Naturalists say that this curio from nature's workshop is a relative of the boabab, the well-known giant tree growing on the prairies in many portions of the Dark Continent, which has a trunk measuring sometimes nearly fifty feet in diameter, while the branches often extend seventy-five feet and more, their ends touching the ground, so that the tree forms a huge skeleton tent.

For a short time every year the boabab shows a scant display of meagre leaves, but generally the tree is bare except for the large melon-shaped fruit. The shell of the fruit incloses a dry, white substance which can readily be reduced to a powder and in that form serves as a specific against fever. In some districts the negroes eat the leaves. The trunk of the common boabab is often hollow; such hollow trees are used as the burial places for the "sorcerers" of some tribes, that the earth may not be polluted by their evil remains.

Adamson pretends to know that one of these trees, which he had seen himself, shows evidence of being 5,150 years old, while the untutored savages still look upon the boabab as a puzzle old and big enough for worship.

Lively Fishing in Australia.

Fishing in Moreton Bay, Queensland, is scarcely sport; it is a piscatorial battle. You are hauling up from the bottom, fathoms down, a burden which taxes all the strength and makes the perspiration ooze from every pore; yet it is grand fun for awhile. The fish bite fast and furious. As your line after yielding its captive is recast, it throws out coruscations of silver in its rapid descent. Soon your eye discerns, fathoms deep, an almost impalpable flashing to and fro, as if a burnished platter were gyrating in an eddy; it assumes a lovely pink hue as you bring it nearer the surface, and then in a twinkling a burly snapper of seven or eight pounds is flapping vigorously and noisily on deck. Sometimes it is a fish at every haul, and under these circumstances not the least amusing part of the sport is the spectacle of a score of excited men jumping round a score of big fish, which are doing their best to convey their amazement and indignation to an unfeeling world.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

A Girl Suddenly Stricken Speechless.—Longevity of a Turtle.—Weighing Common Air.—Experiments in Beard Growth, etc., etc.

A GIRL STRICKEN SPEECHLESS.

Miss Agnes Eck, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Willoughby Eck, of Topton, is in a trance. Two weeks ago last Friday she was apparently as well as ever in her life, and she was a healthy girl. Suddenly she said to her mother: "My tongue is growing stiff and I cannot talk." A few minutes later she was speechless. She has not spoken a word since. On Thursday last she was found on the floor unconscious, and she still remains in that condition. The doctors say she is suffering from catalepsy.

LONGEVITY OF A TURTLE.

When Mauritius was ceded to the British, in the year 1810, one of the soldiers, who had a liking for natural history, discovered a turtle in the military barracks which competent authorities said was then over 200 years old. The repulsive-looking old reptile is still alive and healthy, and bids fair to live to the end of this or probably the next century. He has enormous strength, and can with apparent ease carry two large men on his back.

A MULBERRY'S GROWTH.

In the year 1884, 61 years ago this last spring, Captain A.S. Allen, then a boy on his father's farm near Zebulon, Ga., stuck a mulberry sprout in the ground. At that time the sprout was not larger than a lead pencil, and had been used by the boy as an "ox gad." To-day it is a tree almost nineteen feet in circumference at a distance of two feet from the ground, and is said to be the largest mulberry tree in Georgia.

THE HAIRY BOY OF VINDIEQ.

The greatest curiosity of Western France is a modern Esau, in the person of Leon Fernerod, the nine-year-old son of well-to-do parents, living in the little village of Vindieq. The boy was born in May, 1886, and from the day of his birth has been covered with a heavy growth of curly, straw-colored hair. Several attempts have been made to remove this queer hirsute growth, but so far all attempts have been in vain. The boy dislikes very much to be called "the hairy boy," and even his parents are said to be very sensitive on the subject.

THE MOST CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The most peculiar and remarkable animal in the world is the ornithorynchus paradoxus, the famed egg-laying mammal of Australia. It is shaped like an otter, has fur like a beaver, is web-footed like a swan, has a bill like a duck and a tail like that of a fox. It is the only known fur-covered creature that lays eggs. A corresponding oddity among feathered bipeds would be a bird that brought forth its young alive.

WONDERFUL EYES OF INSECTS.

The "facets" of the eye-masses of some species of insects are exceedingly numerous; in some cases, in fact, the number is entirely beyond belief. Each of these separate "facets" is a perfect eye, and they are so arranged as to give their insect owner a commanding view of all the cardinal points and every conceivable intermediate direction at one and the same time. In the ant, the little creature which we have had so many "curious notes" concerning, there is not to exceed 50 facets in the great compound eye. It has been argued that this is nature's provision, because the ant spends so much of its time under ground. This may be true, but what is the naturalist going to do about Blaps mucronata, the most sluggish of the European beetles? This last named creature spends 99-100 of its time in the dark, yet has 250 eye facets. Meloe, another insect of similar habits, has over 500 facets in each eye-mass. In certain varieties of the dragon flies the aggregate of facets in the compound eye often exceeds 12,000. It appears to be a general rule, notwithstanding the exception cited above, that the swiftest insects have the greatest number of eye facets. The swift-winged butterflies have from 10,000 to 17,000 in each eye-mass, and the Mordella, the swiftest and the most active known beetle (a resident of Britain), has no fewer than 25,000 facets in each of his enormous compound eyes.

WEIGHING COMMON AIR.

The weight of air has often been tested by compressing it in receptacles by the air pump. That it really has weight when so compressed is shown by the fact that the weight of the vessels is increased slightly by filling them with compressed air, and that such vessels become specifically "lighter" as soon as the air contained in them is exhausted. Many elaborate experiments on the weight of air have proven that one cubic foot weighs 536 grains, or something less than 1 lb. 4 ounces. The above experiment on the weight of air is supposed to be made at the surface of the earth with the temperature at 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Heated air, or air at high elevations, is much lighter.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

One hundred and twenty years ago, in 1775, the Paris Academy of Sciences withdrew its standing reward of 500,000 francs which had been offered for a "perpetual motion machine." It was plainly stipulated in the offer that the machine should "be self-active; so much so, at least, that when once set in motion it shall continue to move without the aid of external forces, and without loss of momentum, until its parts are worn out." During the year that the above reward was the standing offer, thousands of men became insane over the problem. At last, at the time of the date given in the opening, the impossibility of constructing such a machine having been demonstrated, the offer was formally withdrawn. No Government or society of

standing now offers a reward for such a machine.

BEARD GROWTH.

Who knows what finally became of Chas. Peterman, the bearded freak of Jackson County, Missouri? Eight or ten years ago he was the proud possessor of a crop of whiskers which extended far below his knees, and of a mustache which could be thrown back over the shoulders and used as a cloak. Prior to the period of which we speak, Peterman had allowed his beard to grow to a length of over four feet, but such growth being very inconvenient he finally had it shaved off. The below-the-knees growth alluded to above was one of only seven years' duration and it was Peterman's boast that he proposed to keep his hirsute appendages in good growing condition until they broke the long-beard record of the world.

MICE THAT DANCED TO MUSIC.

A nice little animal story is given in this month's Nature's Notes, which raises the interesting question whether mice have a fondness for music. It is contributed by a musician, who says:—"One evening I was somewhat startled at hearing my piano suddenly giving forth sweet sounds, apparently of its own accord. A mouse, so it proved, had got inside the instrument and was making music on the wires. Whether this was intentional on mouse's part or not I can not say; perhaps he was trying to make a nest for himself there. Some years ago, however, while the piano was being played in the dining room of my old home, several mice came out upon the hearth rug and began to jump about, apparently with delight at the sound of the music, and one was either so absorbed or overcome by it that he allowed himself to be carried away in a tongs by the housemaid."

WORSHIP OF RANK.

The Extent to Which It is Carried by Some People in England.

Idolotrous worship of rank is one of the foibles of English character. The Duke of Edinburgh, when he was an admiral in command of a fleet, landed in naval uniform one day at a British port from a steam-launch, and was surrounded by a crowd of awe-struck admirers. He sent an attendant to fetch a carriage, and gazed at the throng with undisguised amusement. An energetic newsboy, who did not allow the dignity of the royal presence to interfere with opportunities for trade, boldly approached the prince and asked him what paper he wanted.

The prince smiled and taking a paper from the newsboy tossed him a three-penny piece, waving him off when two pennies were offered in return. The prince then strode off in the direction of his carriage.

Some of the spectators expressed astonishment at the liberty the newsboy had taken in selling the paper to a member of the royal family with as little ceremony as though he had been a costermonger. The boy was roughly admonished that he ought to have more sense and better manners. One indignant person expressed the opinion that the police did not do their duty in not preventing such an outrage.

Another bystander, a well-dressed woman, followed the boy a few yards from the landing pier, and then touched him on the shoulder.

"I want the coin," she said, with eager interest, "which his royal highness has given you for the paper."

"I would rather keep it myself," answered the boy.

"But I am willing to pay you well for it," said the excited woman.

"Well, you will have to bid high for it in order to get it."

"Here is a half-sovereign. Take it and give me the prince's coin."

It was a good bargain, and the newsboy promptly handed her the coveted three-penny piece, remarking that he had received a good deal of money for a penny paper.

The excited woman gazed at the coin as though it was a pearl of great price. It had touched the hand of a member of the Queen's family, and was associated with the royal presence!

This is an extreme example of the deference paid to royal rank by English people. Probably there are few subjects of the Queen so foolish as to exchange a half-sovereign for three-pence simply because the smaller coin had been handled by royalty. The obsequious devotion to the great personages of the court is carried to lengths which are often incompatible with self-respect.

A story of an opposite character in which a lack of even civil deference is rudely shown, is told of a famous master of Balliol College, Oxford. He was out for a long walk, and came to a turnpike gate where toll was demanded. Putting his hand into his pocket he found that he had left his money at home.

"My good man," he said to the gatekeeper, "it will be all right. I am the master of Balliol College."

"I don't care what you are master of," said the gatekeeper, inexorably. "If you are not the master of twopenny, you don't go through this gate."

Rents in London and Paris.

Some interesting figures concerning house rents in London and Paris have recently been published in the Journal des Debats. It appears that in Paris its population of 2,250,000 pays nearly as much rent as London, with twice the number of inhabitants. The 2,250,000 Parisians have only 83,000 dwellings to live in, while the number of houses that the 5,000,000 Londoners occupy is nearly ten times as many. In Paris, where the people live in flats, there are on an average over 270 persons residing in each house. In London the average is only seven persons to a house. Yet for much less comfort and space the Parisians have to pay little short of double the rent paid by Londoners. The total annual rent of Paris, says the Debats, is now 775,000,000 francs, or \$155,000,000, while Londoners who are twice the number of Parisians, only pay \$185,000,000 for far more comfortable dwelling accommodations. The average rent paid by Londoners is between \$35 and \$40, while in Paris it is nearly \$70.

ABOUT THE CINQUE PORTS

BRIEF SKETCH OF THEIR PAST AND PRESENT POSITION.

Lord Salisbury is Now Warden of the Cinque Ports—His Duties and Privileges—The Cinque Ports are Five in Number—The Office is One of Importance.

Sullen and silent and like couchant lions; Their cannon through the night, Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance The sea coast opposite.

So sang Longfellow in October, 1852, in his poem, "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," which office had in the previous month been vacated by the death of the Duke of Wellington. This post has now been accepted by Lord Salisbury. The governorship of Dover Castle is annexed to the wardenship. It is also the warden's duty and privilege to preside at the Courts of Brotherhood, and Brotherhood and Greeting, local tribunals still held at Shepway, near Hythe. As admiral of the ports he exercises maritime jurisdiction over the southern coast, from Seaford, in Sussex, to Burlington, in Kent; this district being included in the liberties of the ports. The warden has also the appointment of justices of the peace in every place in which his authority is recognized. The Cinque Ports originally were five in number (as the name implies), viz., Hastings, Hythe, Romney, Dover and Sandwich. Jeakes mentions these five in his "Charter of the Cinque Ports," and states that they were enfranchised in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

THE OLDEST CHARTER

now on record, dealing with the liberties of the ports is dated the sixth year of Edward the First. It refers to the older charters of William the Conqueror, and Edward the Confessor. The five original ports were incorporated for the defence of the south coast, in default of a permanent naval force. This defence of the coast was undertaken by them even before the Conquest, and it is to be noted that the first resistance made to William's invasion was at Romney previous to the battle of Senlac (Hastings). Going thither in person, after that memorable 14th of October, he in the words of the Saxon Chronicle "took what vengeance he would, for the slaughter of his men."

Up to the time of Henry VII. the Cinque Ports furnished nearly all the ships and sailors for the English navy. Even subsequent to the establishment of a permanent fleet they made heavy contributions to the naval force. In return for this they were allowed in ancient times to hold a local parliament at Shepway. This assembly had power to regulate the Yarmouth fishery; had appellate jurisdiction over the local courts, and was empowered to decide cases of treason, sedition, false coining, etc. To the original five ports were afterwards added Rye, Winchelsea, and other places, and the liberties were so widely extended as to cover in some cases places many miles away. For instance, Pevensey, a place nine miles distant, is included within the liberties of Hastings.

THE ANCIENT PRIVILEGES

of the Cinque Ports were eleven in number, viz., 1. Exemption from "tax" (the regal) and "tallage"; 2. "Soc and Sac," or criminal and civil jurisdiction; 3. "Toll and Theam," or right in levying toll and holding serfs; 4. "Blood with and Fledwith," or the right of punishing murderers and fugitives from justice; 5. "Fillory and Tunbrill," or the right to use these instruments of punishment; 6. "Infangtheof and Outfangtheof," being the power to imprison, and execute felons; 7. "Mundbreich," or right to erect dykes and sea walls on any man's land; 8. "Waives and Strays," or right to seize all cattle, and lost property, not claimed within a year; 9. Right of "flotsam, jetsam, and witsom," or ownership of whatever is cast ashore by the sea; 10. The right to impose taxes; 11. Right of assembling in "Portmote," or Port Parliament. The members of the Cinque Ports form a considerable contingent of the House of Commons; and formerly had the right to the title of "Baron" while sitting in parliament. But in 1606 the use of this term, in a message from the Lower to the Upper House, drew from the Lords this protest, "that they would never acknowledge any man that sitteth in the Lower House to the right of the title of Baron in parliament." Thenceforth this title of courtesy was dropped. In these days the burdens imposed upon the Cinque Ports having become less onerous, their privileges have suffered a corresponding curtailment. Yet the office of warden is still one of importance, he having entrusted to him the defence of the southern coast of England, that coast on which the French guns once roared so mightily and then, as Fuller quaintly remarks, "forever after lost their voice."

They Were Both There.

If a man is going to play the bully, he ought to have good muscle or a clever wit. A little adventure into which one such braggart stumbled is thus narrated by an exchange. He was a "smallish man with a large voice."

He and a companion, who, he it said to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in, stood in the hotel rotunda on Saturday night. The little fellow was talking about Ireland and he said many hard things concerning the country and the people.

A big man stood by listening to the little fellow's vapors. He merely smiled, until the little fellow said, in a very loud tone, "Show me an Irishman, and I'll show you a coward."

Then the big fellow slipped up, and touching the little fellow on the shoulder, said, in a heavy, bass voice, "What's that you said?"

"I said show me an Irishman, and I'll show you a coward," said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him.

"Well, I'm an Irishman," said the big fellow. "You are an Irishman? Well," and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl. "I'm a coward."