

The Nepenthes Hookeriana

Is the name given to a curious specimen of the pitcher plant, of which we give an illustration. The name pitcher plant is a general one given to plants with leaves wholly or partially transformed into receptacles for water. This occurs in plants widely separated botanically. The most striking of all the pitcher plants are furnished by the genus *Nepenthes*. They are inhabitants of tropical swamps in India, Australia, etc., etc., and now number over 30 varieties. The water found in some of the *ascidia*, as the pitchers are botanically termed, may have been collected from rains, but in others the mouth of the pitcher is so protected that it is impossible for the water to have been derived from this source. These wonderful plants have been erroneously said to secrete water for use of travellers in arid regions where no other supply exists, but the fact is that the plants are only to be found in swamps, and cannot endure a dry atmosphere. The Australian pitcher plant, the subject of our engraving, has a very short stem, bearing ordinary leaves of an oblong form. The pitchers or flowers, which are not showy, are borne on a long spike, and in a well grown plant they are arranged in a close circular tuft, and in color are green spotted and shaded with purple or brown.

Baby-Kissing.

We know a mother who positively refuses to let any one kiss her baby in her presence, and has given strict orders to her nurse not to allow it to be kissed when she takes it out for its daily airing. "I wonder if Mrs. B. thinks her baby is any better than our babies," and "Mrs. B. need not be so afraid that everybody wants to kiss her young one; it is not so pretty," are some of the complimentary remarks made by certain female friends who have offered a kiss and been refused; but we think that Mrs. B. is to be commended for her wisdom, and that it would be a good thing if all mothers were equally as nice and prudent.

This habit of baby-kissing is full of hypocrisy any way; nobody really cares to kiss a baby except its mother and own home folks, and, besides being hypocritical and foolish, the custom is often the cause of disease. People with sore throats and fever blisters on their lips are just as ready to "kiss the baby" as though their breath were as sweet and pure as the baby's own. In fact, the sore-mouthed and the people who suffer from chronic cold in the head, are often readier to bestow a hearty kiss on the babies of their acquaintance than the really kissable people, who, by the way, are as one to ten of the unkissable.

It is bad enough for girls and grown women to indulge in the habit of kissing each other on all occasions: so do let us spare our helpless babies the disagreeable and dangerous infliction, even if we are to paste an ugly strip of sticking plaster over their pretty mouths whenever we see a chronic kisser coming our way.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES.—It is my desire this month to say a few words about *gossiping*, by which there is wrought a never-failing amount of evil. Many would be horrified if accused of being gossips; but stop and consider for a moment. We can all do great harm, perhaps quite unconsciously, by listening to some idle tale, and then "just mentioning" it to our dearest friend, giving credit to the story by the expressions of the face and the intonations of the voice; straightway the one who hears tells again to some one else, with additions, slight, perhaps, but material. So the story increases, looking more serious each time, until it becomes a settled fact in the minds of the public. This may perhaps be prompted by mere love of fun, as half the gossip in the social world is of the unthinking kind, indulged in merely from a

dear girls, as the heartless murderer of character—the foe to humanity. Remember that "a judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity." Make it a principle of your lives never to speak ill of anyone; then, if an erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting in the downfall.

MINNIE MAY.

The prize essay on "The Sunshine and Shadows of Life" will be found on next page. Over twenty very excellent essays were received, and it was not an easy matter to come to a fair conclusion, but I think you will all join with me in congratulating Miss Jessie Robertson, to whom we have decided to award the prize.

Next month a beautiful silver napkin ring, with the owner's initials engraved, will be given for the best essay on the subject, "Woman's Influence."

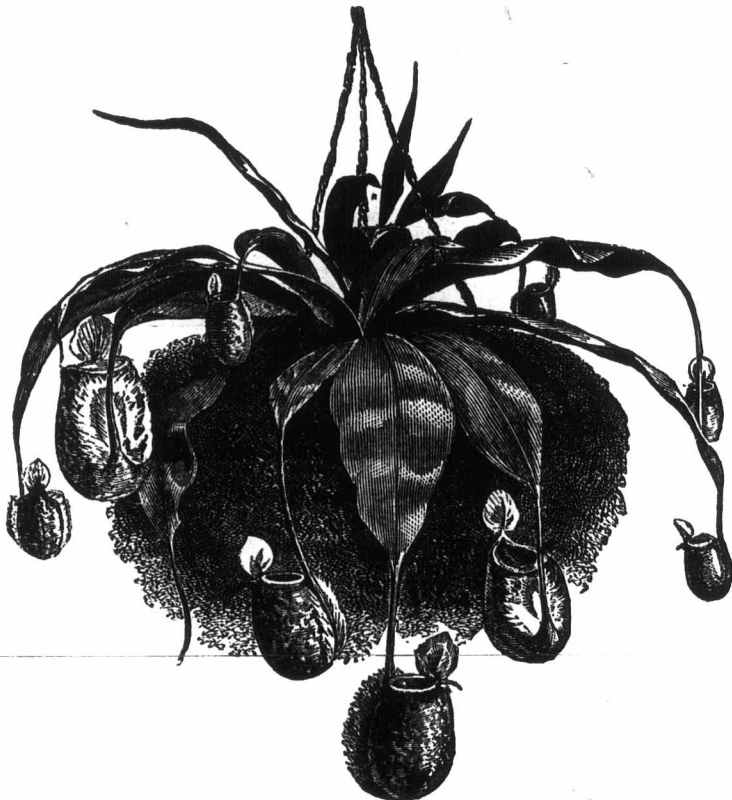
Answers to Inquirers.

G. I. E.—It is rather a difficult matter to describe "crazy patch-work," as there is no definite rule for making, but we may be able to give a few hints. It requires a person with patience, ingenuity, and taste in blending colors, to make it a success. No two pieces are exactly alike, each varying in shape, size or color from the others. The first thing necessary is to have a piece of unbleached cotton, not too heavy, the size of the article you wish to make, on which baste the pieces of silk, satin and velvet, turning in the rough edges. The size of pieces used depends upon the article; if or a bed-spread they should average from two and a half to three and a half inches, but for a sofa cushion they must be smaller to look well; while pieces of one or one and a half inches in size make very pretty toilet cushions, brackets and tidies. One important thing is to have as great a variety of shapes as possible, which are obtained not only by cutting the silk in odd shapes, but also by

laying one partially over another, as a point of one color over some portion of another color, etc. Do not be afraid to use plenty of white and very light shades, as they tone down the very bright colors and give character to the darker ones. When the pieces are basted on, work all seams with gold-colored silk, either in herring-bone or feather-stitch, and if desired embroider pretty designs on the plain silks, or some border all around the pieces with nice contrasting silks.

G. T.—1. It is quite correct for a gentleman to offer his arm to a lady when taking a walk in the evening, but it remains with the lady to accept or not. 2. When introduced to a lady a bow is sufficient, unless you see that the lady is offering her hand, in which case you should immediately give yours.

D. S.—The poem beginning—"In an old New England kitchen," is by Eugene J. Hall; we will give it in our columns as soon as space will allow.



NEPENTHES HOOKERIANA.

spirit of drollery. But far worse is that other sort of talk which begins in malice and ends in slander; which separates friends, and sunders the ties of years of intercourse with its sharp, jarring discords. But bear in mind, my young friends, that *gossip* is *scandal's* twin sister, and when we idly approach the first we may in time find our words distorted into that monster *scandal* by idle, careless tongues. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company, if the conversation bears in the least upon scandal. "You say we must talk 'about something.'" Yes, and through that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, by so thoroughly interesting ourselves in other and better things that we must refrain from making the affairs of our neighbors the topic of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand, therefore let us avoid personalities, and teach our eyes to find beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemish. Shun the gossip and slanderer,