

The Household.

Removal of Spots and Stains.

The following concise rules are extracted from a German journal:

Matter Adhering Mechanically—Beating, bruising, and currents of water, either on the upper or under side.

Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc.—Simply washing with water at a hand heat.

Grease—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lye. Colored cottons, wash with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with bonzine or ether.

Oil Colors, Varnish, and Stains—On white or colored linens, cottons, or woollens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol lye, and their soap. On silks, use benzine, ether, and mild soap, very cautiously.

Stearine—In all cases, strong, pure alcohol.

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine, and Red Ink—On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water; colored cottons or woollens, wash with lukewarm soap lye or ammonia; silks the same but more cautiously.

Alizarine Inks—White goods, tartaric acid, the more concentrated the elder are the spots; on colored cottons and woollens and on silks, dilute tartaric acid is applied cautiously.

Bleed and Aluminized Matter—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepper or the juice of carica papaya can be procured the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances are applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute tartaric acid, with little fragments of tin. Or fast-dyed cottons and woollens oxalic acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies—White goods, simple washing. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks are moistened, and very carefully dilute citric acid is applied with the finger-end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits—White goods, simple washing, followed up by chlorine water. If a fruit color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia with the finger-end. In case of delicate colors it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste with water and apply it to the spots.

Tanning from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather—White goods, hot chlorine water and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away and reapplying it several times.

Tar, Cart-Wheel Grease, Mixtures of Fat, Resin and Acetic Acid—On white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Colored cottons and woollens, rub in with lard, let lie; soap, let lie again, and treat alternately with oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of the oil of turpentine.

Scorching—White goods, rub well with linen rag dipped in chlorine water. Colored cottons, re-dye, if possible, or in woollens raise a new surface. Silks, no remedy.

Hints.

An improvement on making rag carpet: Measure your strips exactly the length of the room, then take to the sewing machine and stitch through the middle of each rag until you have stitched through four rags in succession. Then cut between the middle stitching. It will not require binding, and saves work and carpet and looks so much neater.

If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth be mixed in the white of six wall beatens, and applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

Articles of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of water and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half or even for two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.

Never put a particle of soap about your dress if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants washing, take a piece of soft leather and rubbing and rub hard. The proprietors of one of the object

silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia say that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap-suds, as it makes it look like pewter."

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

To remove ink stains, wash the cloth thoroughly in milk, then in hot water with soap, and the stains will disappear.

Something for Desert.

As the weather becomes warmer, puddings, custards and creams, take the place of rich pastry, and the making of these light, fanciful dishes is a pleasure to most cooks. A few receipts are given below which have become favorites with all who have tried them. Never add to or take from a receipt given for trial, and then pass unjust criticism upon the same.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Make a cake with one cup of sugar, one cup sweet milk, a well beaten egg, a piece of butter size of an egg, little salt, teaspoonful cream tartar and one teaspoonful soda sifted in two cupfuls of flour. Beat all well together and pour the batter half an inch thick into a common long tin. Bake quickly. Make a soft boiled custard by heating four cupfuls of milk in a pail set in a kettle of hot water or in a double boiler; when scalding hot, pour a cupful on to three eggs beaten with a cupful and a half of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of corn starch; then pour all together, and cook till it begins to thicken, pour through a thin strainer, and flavor with lemon. Lay the cake, cut in small squares on a platter, sift over powdered sugar, and put a slice of jelly on each piece. Serve by filling a saucer half full of custard and laying on a slice of the cake.

MINUTE PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of flour. Boil the milk after adding the salt; when the milk begins to rise, stir in the flour and as soon as it is well mixed, the pudding is done. Tails should not be made until after the sauce as it should be eaten as soon as made.

SAUCE.—One coffee cup of sugar, one scant half-cup of butter, one egg, one lemon and a small nutmeg and three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the egg well beaten, all the juice and half the grated rind of the lemon and the nutmeg; beat ten minutes and then add the boiling water, a tablespoonful at a time. Keep the sauce hot over steam or in the top of the teakettle, but do not allow it to boil.

LEMON JELLY.—A little less than one quart of boiling water, one-half box of gelatine, one cup of sugar, two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the gelatine and when it is dissolved add the sugar, juice and grated rind of the lemons. Strain it into moulds that have been dipped in cold water and set away where it is cool or in the refrigerator. When the jelly is perfectly cold it will be stiff. One half of this recipe fills a small mould which is often sufficient for a desert. Measure a pint of water and then take out one tablespoonful; this will make the proportion about right for one half the other ingredients.

SPANISH CREAM.—Take one box of gelatine, one quart milk, beaten yolk of three eggs, one small cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flavoring, and a pinch of soda. Soak the gelatine in the milk for two hours. Stir in the soda, and beat, stirring often. When scalding hot, pour upon the beaten eggs and sugar and return to the farina kettle. Boil one minute, stirring constantly. Strain through muslin, and when cold flavor and put in a mould. Set on ice or in a cool place.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British American Starch Company's make will be found absolutely pure and of delicious flavor.

Parson Gray, who is at the head of a congregation of colored folks in Denver, has been preaching sermons that reflected severely on the morals of some of his people. James Hawkins thought the coat fitted him, and not only put it on but talked back bravely to the pastor. Then Parson Gray got a pistol and put it in his pocket, and the next time he and Hawkins met there were more high words and the pistol went off and Hawkins was hurt. And now the pastor is on trial, charged with assault against this black sheep.

Young Folks' Department.

Some Remarkable Parrots

History and tradition tell us of some most remarkable parrots. In the seventeenth century, during the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering like a rational creature many common questions. The parrot was at a great distance from his residence, but so much had been said about it that the prince's curiosity was aroused, and he directed the bird to be sent for. When pretty Polly was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, the bird immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language,

"What a company of white men are here!"

They asked, "Who is that man?" pointing to the prince.

The parrot answered, "Some general or other."

The prince was ignorant of the language, and when the attendants carried the bird to him, he asked it through the medium of an interpreter,

"To whom do you belong?"

The parrot answered, "To a Portuguese."

He asked again, "What do you there?"

The bird answered, "I look after chickens."

The prince laughed, and exclaimed, "You look after chickens?"

The parrot in answer said, "Yes, I, and I know well enough how to do it!" clucking at the same time in imitation of the hen to call together her young.

Early in the present century, there died the celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Reilly, who lived in Half Moon Street, Ploccidilly, London. This wonderful parrot sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants and give her orders very much like a human being. She could repeat a number of sentences and answer many questions put to her. When singing she beat time with all the appearance of science, and she would often correct her mistakes in singing. This parrot died at the age of thirty years. Parrots frequently live to the age of one hundred.

In a bird-store once open a time, the keeper of the shop taught his birds to say out things, and when a young lady called to buy a parrot he brought out a green parrot that was small and meek-looking. The dealer asked the bird to "Say something sweet to the pretty lady." The bird, to the surprise of all, rolled one eye knowingly and croaked out, "I ain't as green as I look."

A common gray parrot having been brought from Guinea by a sailor with a coarse, rough voice, and afflicted with a cough, the parrot learned to imitate the exact tones of his master, even to the cough, so closely that the sound of his voice was often mistaken for that of the sailor. The bird was afterward taken in hand by another instructor and taught a softer tone, but it never forgot the harsh voice of its former master, and often amused bystanders by relapsing into sea-larg. Interspersed with the cough of the sailor.

While Dean Stanley was a canon at Canterbury, a gentleman who had been invited to breakfast with him found all the servants assembled in the garden, where the master's parrot was at large in a tree. The master came out at that moment. The parrot looked down at him, and said, in a low but distinct voice—exactly like the dean's—"Let us not pray." The bird was eventually captured by the aid of a fishing-rod.

A gentleman in Yorkshire was attacked with a fever about Christmas time, and his parrot was removed from the dining-room to the kitchen, where its voice was less likely to disturb its master. It remained there for several weeks, during which time it stole the rubins intended for a plum pudding. The cook in anger threw some hot grease at it, and scalded its head. When the gentleman got better the parrot was removed to the dining-room. The master came in with his head newly shaved, whereupon the parrot turned one eye upon him, and slowly said, "You bald-headed ruffian! So you stole the cook's plum, did you?"

A parrot belonging to a hotel in Philadelphia walked about on the window ledge one night. The window was open and the bird lost her balance and fell on the pavement below. A policeman picked up the bird, and as he carried Polly into the hotel, she said,

"Polly's sick."

Blood trickled from its green feathered head, and as the officer handed it to the clerk the bird said again, as it closed its eyes,

"Polly's sick."

While its wounded head was being washed and bathed, the parrot repeated several times,

"Polly's sick."

For an hour it lay perfectly quiet with its eyes closed, and then suddenly repeated again,

"Polly's sick."

A moment later the parrot fell over dead.

AN ANCIENT TOWN.

Where Thirteenth Century Fortifications Still Exist.

It is written in olden records that Julius Cæsar had a beautiful breastplate, made of gold studded with British pearls, which he dedicated to the Venus Genetrix. One of the pearls in the English crown is said to have been found in an English river, but the halmy days of English pearl fishing are over. Few and far between are the rich pearls found in English rivers now. One of the most famous rivers in all Britain for pearl mussel is the Conway, in Wales. Here were great fisheries, and it was doubtless from the Conway that Julius Cæsar drew his fine pearls for the breastplate of the Venus. The Conway rises in a little dark tarn among the Welsh hills, and winds its way for 80 miles through a smiling country to the Irish Sea, where its waters mix with the briny flood.

THE TOWN OF CONWAY

stands on the river's bank, about four miles from the sea and about forty five miles from Liverpool, and is one of the quaintest of mediæval towns. It is almost incredible that there should exist such an ancient, sleepy, romantic, little walled city near a great, bustling, nineteenth-century place as Liverpool. In two and a half hours, the steamboat carries the traveller from Liverpool to Llandudno; and a few minutes in the train takes one away from this modern watering place to the peacefulness of a thirteenth century fortified town. The castle of Conway is one of the most beautiful in a country of beautiful castles, towering grimly and grandly over the ragged little town that nestles beside it. Very odd it seems to stand on the crumbling battlements and look down on the town which is enclosed within the battlemented stone walls of the same age and fashion as the castle. Six long centuries have come and gone since the First Edward conquered Wales, and built his strong fortresses to keep the wild Cymry in subjection; but every hill-top and valley is full of suggestions of the ancient and little known race. A few names have come to us from out the mists, such as Caractacus, Llewellyn, and Owain Glyndwr; but few to-day have any idea of the fierce bravery of this ancient race or how desperately they fought for their fatherland. On every mountain-side and hill-top there are remains of

ANCIENT FORTRESSES.

of a rude type, built for defence in the long past time; of cromlechs, built for worship or for sepulture, of traces, in one form or another, of a brave and home-loving race. There is a saying among the Welsh that "Wales was Wales before England was born look you"; and an old Welsh family had written, in the midst of their family records, "About this time, the world was created." How old these ancient Britons were when Wales was first peopled, no man can say. Certain it is that the little principality has borne a brave part in the world's history, and its people have been true to their traditions. Centuries have passed since Edward conquered them, but they still speak their own language. Many a change has come over the fashions of the bairn, but the frugal and industrious Welsh still fears God, an lifts his voice in praise on the Sabbath day. The walls of Conway are now crumbling ruins, the ivy and flower have taken possession of the grass grows green in the places of the forgotten great

Mamma "Why, Nellie, look. Here I've been sick returned from an on par." "Yes, but I'm better."