

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Conducted by HELENE

A touching incident was told the writer not long since, which adds another proof of the power of prayer. A little girl, some eight years of age, had fallen when she was three years old, injuring her spine, which resulted in paralysis.

The proper way to clean a rug is to turn it upside down on the grass or snow, if possible, and if not then on a clean floor, and gently beat it. Then turn it right-side up, spread it out flat, and with a not too stiff broom, sweep it from side to side, across the nap.

TIMELY HINTS.

Badly tarnished silver will brighten quickly if immersed for a time in a poisonous preparation of one ounce of cyanide of potassium to one quart of soft water.

When furs are made over, insist upon having all pieces, no matter how small, returned, since even the tiny pieces are available for use on hats and fancy waists.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water warmed will remove fly specks from varnished woodwork or furniture.

Nails driven first into a bar of soap will not split furniture or delicate woodwork.

Bed ticking, not too heavy, makes excellent dish towels, as it has no lint—wash thoroughly before hemming.

Small bags of heavy unbleached muslin made to fit the size of the steps and filled with pieces of an old comfortable laid in smoothly make admirable stair pads.

A ham is greatly improved if, after being boiled, it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour.

A fine remedy for insomnia is to take a sunbath once a day—sit in the sunshine and toast the spine until you feel as if the vertebra would rattle.

To make cut glass sparkle it should be sprinkled with sawdust and then rubbed with chamois.

An easy way to prepare toast is to use end pieces of bread loaves. Over them pour quickly boiling water, allowing it to run off, or use pure milk over the pieces, not severing the crust, and put butter in between the cuts, also on top.

By the time coffee, chocolate or tea is made the "easy toast" is done.

Perspiration stains may be removed from the sleeves of white woollen or silk dresses by sponging them with warm water into which ammonia has been poured, and then with clear water. Press the place before it becomes quite dry.

The following is a good remedy for making shoes waterproof and also keeping them from cracking: Mix together on the fire two parts of tallow in one of rosin, and having warmed the shoes, apply it, melted, with a painter's brush, until they will not absorb any more.

A bag of cotton flannel fitted securely to the brush of an old broom and equipped with tapes to fasten it firmly to the handle makes a good polisher for hardwood or painted floors.

To remove paper from a cake, when the cake has partly cooled, turn it bottom upward and brush the paper with water until it is thoroughly dampened. It can then be easily removed.

TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

The old remedy, where the wound is not too severe, is to simply tie it up in its own blood, and not disturb it until healed.

In the country if a wound has been made by any poisonous, rusty iron or steel, inflammation may be allayed, and lockjaw, mortification, etc., often prevented, by holding the wound over the smoke of burning

wood previously saturated with sweet oil or lard.

Flour bound upon a moderate cut will stop the bleeding. Bound upon a scald or burn, it excludes the air and thus alleviates the pain.

When a large artery or vein has been severed a bandage should immediately be tied, between the wound and the heart in the former case, and on the other side from the heart in the latter. A knowledge of simple remedies in case of accidents should form a part of every boy's and girl's education.

A HOMEMADE FILTER.

How to Make a Cheap but Reliable One—To Mend China.

"In our business we come to acquire a knowledge of how to do many a little thing that the housekeeper would gladly welcome as additions to her store of information," said a man in the house furnishing trade to a representative of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat recently.

"Here is a piece of information that may be valuable, and that is how to make an inexpensive but entirely reliable filter. For this purpose one had better take a stone jar, though for that matter most any receptacle will do. A hole sufficiently large for the stream of water one desires to enter the filter should be bored in the bottom, and after this is accomplished the receptacle must be filled, first with a layer of sand several inches deep, then a layer of bits of sponge, and on this, to a level with the top of the jar, plenty of small gravel or pebbles.

"When the receptacle has been so filled, a piece of wire screen is to be fastened over the top, made secure with bands of wire. The homemade filter must then be inverted over another receptacle, into which the filtered water is to drop, the orifice attached to the hydrant by means of a small hose, and it is ready for business—ready to purify the water and render it as clear as the original crystal. Except for the original cost of the jar and the hose, which may be used indefinitely, the entire cost of the thing will not be more than a couple of cents, and the filtering ingredients may be cleaned each day with hot water without very much trouble, or new sand and gravel used frequently, just as one may elect.

"There is another thing that occurs to me which housekeepers might like to know, and that is how to mend china so that it will not be marred and will stay mended. Take some quicklime and powder it, then pour on this the white of an egg. A pour of vinegar and milk in equal parts must then be made and added to the lime and egg, after which the whole must be beaten well and slightly warmed. The broken edges of whatever is to be mended must then be exposed to the heat for a few seconds, after which the cement may be applied in only a very thin coat, the broken edges pressed firmly together, and when the cement has dried it will be more enduring than the plate or cup itself."

HOW TO CLEAN SILK GLOVES.

To clean silk and thread gloves put them on the hands and wash them in borax water or if very much soiled with white castile soap. Rinse by pouring water over the hands and dry with a towel. Keep the gloves on the hands until nearly dry, then take off, fold carefully and lay between clean cloths under a weight.

HOW TO GLAZE COLLARS.

To glaze collars and cuffs you need a proper polishing iron, one with a rounded surface faced with steel. Iron each collar till quite dry, lay on a board covered with one thickness of calico only, rub quickly over with a clean rag squeezed out of cold water and iron with your polishing iron, pressing hard. The iron should be moderately warm.

HOW TO CLEAN STATUES.

Nothing takes the dust more freely than plaster objects, more or less artistic, which are the modest ornaments of our dwellings. They rapidly contract a yellow gray color of unpleasant appearance. Here is a practical way of restoring the whiteness: Take finely powdered starch, quite white, and make a thick paste with hot water. Apply while still

hot with a flexible spatula or a brush on the plaster object. The layer should be quite thick. Let it dry slowly. On drying the starch will split and scale off. All the soiled parts of the plaster will adhere and be drawn off with the scales.

HOW TO MAKE A WORK SCREEN.

A work screen is much more useful than a workbasket. Make the screen out of denim, canvas, or any heavy material. Make pockets for stockings to be darned, pockets for thread smaller ones for needles and thimbles. Into the pockets for thread set cords or ribbons, run on to them the spools of thread and through eyelets let the ends of the thread hang from the side of the pocket. Over each pocket set a flap to protect the pockets and contents from the dust. Stretch the screen over a frame. Give the frame a solid foundation that will make it hard to tip over, and a most convenient work screen is completed.

HOW TO PICKLE HERRINGS.

Procure a dozen small imported herrings. Cut off their heads and tails and soak in cold water for two days, changing the water several times during that period. Drain, wipe dry, and lay in a stone jar. Put one quart of white wine vinegar in a saucepan over the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of water, two onions sliced, two bay leaves and two blades of mace. Cover and simmer gently for an hour. Set to one side to cool. When quite cold strain into the jar over the herring, adding one table-spoonful of mustard seed, six whole cloves, a table-spoonful of each of bay peppers and allspice and the bay leaves already used. Cover the jar and in three days the herring will be ready for use.

RECIPES.

Cheese Custard.—Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread cut in pieces one inch square, with crust removed, sprinkle thin-sliced cheese over the bread, dust with salt and paprika, or a few grains of cayenne. Add other layers of bread and cheese, seasoning as before, using in all half a small loaf of bread, one cup of cheese and a half table-spoonful of salt. Beat two eggs slightly, add one pint of milk, and pour the mixture over the bread and cheese. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

Spiced Plums.—For seven pounds of plums take 3 1/2 pounds of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one ounce each of cloves, allspice and mace, and two ounces of cinnamon, putting the spice in a thin muslin bag; cook slowly until the juice is a thick syrup.

Salad Dressing.—A delicious salad dressing is made with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs rubbed fine one table-spoonful of oil, tarragon vinegar to taste, and one cup of whipped cream. This is easier to make than mayonnaise.

Grape Preserves.—Pulp and boil the grapes until the seeds loosen; run through a sieve, boil half of the skins in a very little water, put pulp and the boiled skins together, and for every pint of grape add a pound of sugar; boil the whole for fifteen minutes.

Oranges Filled With Jelly.—Take half a dozen oranges that are perfect; make a hole at the stem end about half an inch in diameter; take a teaspoon and remove the pulp, and then soak the orange in cold water for an hour; then scrape with the spoon until they are smooth inside; rinse with cold water and drain on a cloth and put them in ice-box. Prepare pink and clear orange jelly, with the juice of two lemons added. Fill half of them with the pink, the other half with clear jelly, and when they are set wipe clean and cut each orange in four quarters. Heap them in a pretty glass dish for the table.

Fried Egg Plant.—Slice the vegetable thin and dip either into flour or beaten egg, followed by crumbs, and either fry or saute. Another delicious way of preparing egg plant is to drop the unpared vegetable into a kettle of boiling salted water and cook rapidly for twenty minutes. When slightly cooked it is cut into halves, the centre scooped from each piece, chopped fine, and mixed with an equal quantity of fine stale bread crumbs and chopped meat. To

this add a high seasoning of salt and pepper, onion juice, and chopped parsley. Two beaten eggs are stirred in, the mixture is heaped in the halved shells, and returned to the oven for half an hour or more, until cooked and browned.

THE LAST TRYST.

An old woman was walking up and down the long acacia avenue in the garden of the Home for the Aged—under the supervision of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

"Good morning, Catharine," she said, as the old woman reached the door. "Good morning, Sister," was the reply. "I wish my eyes weren't so bad till I'd give you a hand at the mending. 'Twas I was fine at the needle once, but that's a long ago. I'm good for nothing now but peeling the vegetables and sayin' my prayers."

"And giving every one a cheery word," said Sister Beatrice, with a smile. "That counts for a great deal, Catharine. Sit there on the step and rest yourself." The old woman sat down. She wore a coarse black gown, but her long gingham apron and the white silk handkerchief about her neck were scrupulously clean.

"That is a curious crucifix you have there, Catharine," remarked the nun. "Perhaps it belonged to your mother?"

"No, Sister, but to his." "His? I thought you were never married?"

"Nor was I, Sister. Catharine Blake I was born, and Catharine Blake I'll die. But there was a boy I liked once, and he gave it to me when he left home. 'Twas on account of him I came to America."

"And why didn't you marry him, Catharine?" "Sure, I never found him. My people wouldn't have me speak to him, if they could help it. He was shiftless, they said—and maybe he was. But he had a kind heart, and he was fond of me. He was a great singer, and he played the fiddle fine, and a better lookin' boy there was not in the whole barony."

"And you came to America looking for him? That was not very wise, Catharine." "He sent me the address of the place where he lived. I waited seven months till I earned enough money. I was at service with a farmer. When I had the money in hand I came."

"Without telling your people?" "Without telling my people. My mother was dead long since, my brothers and sisters all married. And when I came to New York he was gone—And I never found him."

"That was some time ago, Catharine?" said the Sister, glancing at the withered hands closed about the silver crucifix in the old woman's lap. "Nearly fifty years—no less. But there's never a day since he gave me the cross that I did not say my beads for him. I worked an' I worked, I went here an' I went there, but I never found him. There was a great tale of gold in California in early days, and I came out, thinking maybe I'd meet him. But I never did, Sister dear, I never did. Blessed be the holy will of God!"

It was a strange little procession—inaugurating the Forty Hours. Four of the least decrepit among the old men carried the canopy, while such of their companions as were able followed. Behind came the old women, then the Sisters, chanting the Pange Lingua.

Suddenly from among the group of men a voice chimed in—feeble at first but swelling in volume as it gained courage. A flutter ran through the whole length of the procession. Some of the men looked at one another with a surprised and disappearing shake of the head; many of the women pressed their lips together, hardly able to restrain a smile. Catharine Blake walked at the end with her friend and comrade, Bridget Miles. "God bless me!" whispered Bridget. "What old man is that? 'Twas a fine voice once, though, Catharine." Catharine put her fingers to her lips, and made no sound. But there were tears in the faded blue eyes, and the hands that wrapped themselves about the silver crucifix trembled as with palsy. It was late in the afternoon before the old woman could waylay Sister

Beatrice, for whom she had been watching. At last she saw her coming out of the chapel, where she herself had spent the greater part of the day.

"Sister, dear," she asked, "can you tell me the name of that man in 't' he here a long time?" "His name is Arthur Donahue," said Sister Beatrice. "He is a newcomer—very feeble, but begged to be allowed to walk in the procession today. He meant no harm, poor man, and his voice is remarkably good for a man of his age."

"That is so, Sister," Catharine replied, in a low tone. "But years ago it couldn't be beat in all Ireland. That's the boy I told ye of, Sister dear."

"Are you sure, Catharine?" "Am I sure of my own name? Yes, Sister; that's the boy, I see him. His hair is white now, and his face old, but it would take more changes than them-for me not to know Arthur when I cast my eyes on him. Would you ask the good Mother could I see him, Sister? If he knew, he'd be just as glad as me, I'm sure."

"I will, I will, Catharine," answered Sister Beatrice cheerily. "Tomorrow morning we'll arrange it—and I'm certain, as you say, he will be as glad as yourself. What a strange, strange happening that you should find each other here, after all these years!"

The old women were leaving the refectory next morning when Sister Beatrice again sought Catharine Blake. Taking her by the hand, she led her into the garden.

"Catharine," she said, "I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Sister," replied the old woman, with trembling lips. "You were right. He is the man you knew. Last night he was suddenly stricken and is now dying. It is paralysis. At first his mind wandered, and he called your name. Later he came to his senses and has already received the Sacraments. I will take you to him."

Catharine did not speak. Side by side the two women entered the infirmary, where the old man lay dying. In a moment Catharine was leaning over him. "Do you know me, Arthur?" she asked, wiping the tears from her cheeks with one old shirved hand, while the other rested on his outside coverlet.

"Sure I do, Cathie," he said, quite calmly. "But where are your brown locks?"

"Gone with yours, Arthur," she answered, smiling through her tears. "And where were you all the time?"

"Looking for you mostly till I came to this good place."

"And I thought you went back on me! I thought it—God forgive me, Cathie, I—I was very bitter once—but I never married."

"You were not in New York at the place you told me, and no one knew where you'd gone, Arthur."

"I waited nigh seven months without tale or tidings."

"'Twas my fault, Arthur. I should have come when you told me."

"No, but mine. I was too hot-headed, and a rover always—from the day I was born."

"I knew your voice in the chapel yesterday."

"An' did you? Well, well, 'Twas a crazy thing to do, Cathie, but I couldn't help it. I had to sing out as I used to at home."

"'Twas God did it, Arthur. Praise and thanks be to His holy name. After all our wanderin's we're together at last."

"Will you let her stay near me, Sister?" asked the old man, with a wan smile, as he softly patted Catharine's hand.

"As long as she likes," said the Sister. "All day if she wishes."

"Then I'll never leave him, Sister dear," said Catharine, drawing a chair to the bedside. Sister Beatrice went away. "Do you mind this, Arthur?" asked Catharine, after a moment. He lifted his eyes, and feebly extended his hand, chill with the touch of death. The fingers closed about the crucifix—he pressed it to his lips. "My mother's cross! Oh, Cathie," he murmured, "yours was the brave, true heart, acushla, the loving heart."

OUR BOY

By A

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am sure the letters last children's page. B. D., from little girl of seven. It was her soon again. Henry S. and (elves) must have rollicking rable Aunt Becky ever made. done so, but I do believe I nices and nephews in a "gob ask her brother, who seems to for the "Corner." We wou fifty cents he expected. I hope Billy T.'s sore fin how he managed to break a copy right? No one though by the good old customs hall when I was a little girl, hall Good-bye, dear little always welcome in the corner

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would try and you a little letter. I am a girl of nine. I do not go to but I study my catechism at I have two sisters and a b older and one brother younger me. My sister Rose is writin you also. Good-bye. LIZZ Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was pleased at seeing my letter in the paper this week. try and write every week. I learning my catechism at home hopes to make my first Comm in the spring. We live about miles from the Church. In some times it is very cold to so far. This is all for this Good-bye. RO Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am just eight years old and not write very good, but I like to see my letter in your so won't you put it in. I have big dog. Rover is his name. loves to swim in the river. throw out sticks and he goes them and when he comes in run away, because he likes to up on us and it is not very when he is soaking wet. ISAB Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I live in the country and can't go school regularly. I fee chickens, turkeys and ducks, ar the eggs. We had visitors ly all summer. My aunties cousins were with us and w great times boating and picn in the woods. They are build school-house about a mile from so then papa will drive me to every day. Your friend, MIRA Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have three white mice. My gave them to me for my birth. They have lots of fun scam over the house and cuddle a my neck. I have six dolls an make all their clothes. My b ter cuts them out and I sew I have two brothers and a older than myself and a baby I am ten years old and go to regularly. Papa thinks I am very well for a little girl. Your little friend, KIT Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Can you find room for a from a little girl who lives do the sea? I wanted to write tell you how much I enjoy r the children's page. Seeing little boys and girls' letters me want to write too. I h see this next week. Your friend, MOI Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is from far away Winn wonder how you would like t out this way. We have very waters but have lots of fun d down home-made toboggan sli making snowballs and havin ball fights. I am longing for though sometimes I have to indoors for days at a time. I mer I have no very specia time, as we live outside the and it is very quiet. I had last year with my uncle t York. I rode in the elevate and thought it was just lovely stayed down at Manhattan for Isaac's Harbor, N.S. Granby.

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