

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

My Dear Nancy:

Do you remember the discussion a few of us had some little while ago about the first publicity given to woman writers, and on Agnes Repplier's name being mentioned, Hortense remarked that the Philadelphia Times was the means of bringing her to the fore. Strange to say, I came across a brief sketch by Matilde Well in the September Critic, which I thought would prove interesting especially to two of the party who came from the land of the frog and which I append for your benefit and theirs:

"To her friends, Miss Repplier is a never-failing fount of sympathy and affection. She will take the most inconceivable amount of trouble on their behalf and go to any length to serve them. Her morning hours are the only ones in which she can work with comfort, yet she is more than patient under interruptions.

"Although a Philadelphian born and bred, Miss Repplier has passed much of her life abroad. Two years ago she spent the winter in Italy and Southern France and for the next year she is planning a trip to Egypt with some friends, with a houseboat on the Nile and a yachting trip upon the Mediterranean as its principal features. Unlike most authors who have travelled a great deal, Miss Repplier rarely writes anything connected with her travels, her works so far comprising six volumes of essays, her 'Fireside Sphinx' and the volume of Philadelphia in the 'Stories of Cities' series. Like most writers, Miss Repplier began with journalism, contributing half a column every week to the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia Times. The Atlantic monthly, however, introduced her to her public. The magazine was at that time under the editorship of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had a peculiar genius for finding out new authors, instead of waiting, as so many editors do, until a reputation is made and then attempting to secure the author for their firm."

"Have you decided yet as to how you are going to remodel your house gown? This is the day when to be ultra-fashionable one needs to introduce the touch of Orientalism. Cloth of silver and gold, and net embroidered with precious stones gives the desired effect. By the way, I saw an exceedingly handsome costume at Mrs. B's tea. For your new fall gown I feel sure you could choose nothing more becoming. It was fashioned a la directoire, in one of the deeper green shades. Cashmere, which is again being extensively used by the best dressmakers, was adopted for this costume. The seams extended to the shoulders and the closing was at the back. The fulness at the seams in the skirt portion was creased into plaits below the hips, rest of the same color, extending a yard in an inverted box-pleat at the back. A fancy bolero of chiffon velvet little below the bust line in front, and fitting closely to the figure in the back, gave a dressy touch to the costume. Short, full sleeve-caps fell gracefully over the full elbow-sleeves. The bolero was profusely trimmed with rich embroidery on the collar, front and sleeve-caps. The lower edge was cut in large scallops from which fell a dainty fringe of lace.

"I think this suggestion will be helpful to you who are going out into the western wilds for a couple of months. You did not care to go to the expense of getting a man-tailed riding habit as you would have so little use for it in the city. How about the following? An extra short, tight-fitting, unlined cloth skirt with a deep hem; this should be heavily stitched and leaved with small weights; also a plain wash shirtwaist with high turnover collar and four-in-hand tie. If you wish a hat get a small dark straw fastened with elastic and a pair of heavy walking gloves and heavy-soled calf-shin shoes are needed. A loose box coat of tan cover cloth will be all you require for warmth.

"Mrs. F. seems to have a never-ending supply of 'new ideas.' She, as you know, does her own housework, but always manages to look neat and tidy. While washing dishes or clothes she tucks a folded newspaper over her apron. This she throws away when the work is done, and her apron is kept perfectly dry. This is worth giving a trial, is it not?"

"You intend having a farewell celebration for Miss H., I understand. Well, I think a Japanese tea would

be most unique and not at all difficult to arrange. An oblong table is the first thing necessary, which, with a centerpiece of red silk, carries out the Japanese flag idea. On this will rest a candelabrum having small lanterns for shades. Place tiny flags on pins round the edge. A China figure might be placed at each corner holding a basket containing salted almonds. Let the first course be grape fruit. Be sure to stick a little paper umbrella in each. I trust these suggestions will be of service to you, and should you avail yourself of any I will be so pleased to hear.

Yours sincerely, HELENE.

TIMELY HINTS.

To clean bronze ornaments, take one dram of sweet oil, one ounce of alcohol and one ounce and a half of water. Apply quickly with a soft sponge, but do not rub.

To clean black cashmere wash the goods in hot suds containing a little borax. Rinse in very blue bluing water, and iron while damp.

To prevent thread from knotting, always thread your needle at the end of the cotton as you undo it from the reel, and make the knot at the end that is cut off. If this is done your thread will never knot.

The water in which onions have been boiled, if rubbed over gilt frames, will remove dust and specks and brighten the gilding wonderfully.

If curtains are allowed to dry before being starched, they will last clean much longer.

A simple expedient for ridding the house of mice is to place a little oil of peppermint or sprays of the fresh herb round their haunts, as they have a great antipathy to the odor. For cockroaches, potato ash formed by burning the parings to a cinder on the back of the stove, will effectually banish them if scattered about the places where they congregate. Water bugs, that pest of the city apartment, will vanish if all cracks and crevices where they run are sprayed three or four times a day with water in which carbolic acid has been dissolved in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of acid to one pint of water. Care must be taken in handling the acid.

RECIPES.

Kentucky Catsup—One gallon of chopped cabbage, one gallon of chopped green tomatoes, one quart of onions, eight pods of green pepper, an ounce of mustard, ginger and celery seed, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, horseradish and mace, a pound of brown sugar. Add the spices to half a gallon of vinegar, pour over the catsup and boil three hours.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—Pare three or four cucumbers and remove the end, cut each one in two and take out the seeds with an apple-corer. Put a tablespoonful of salt and about four cups of cold water in a basin and then add the cucumbers, and put them in a cool place until the filling is made. Put half a cup of milk and a few bread crumbs in a sauce pan on the stove and let cook until a smooth paste is formed, add a quarter of a pound of chopped veal and a spoonful of butter, season with onion juice, thyme, salt and pepper. Remove the cucumbers, dry them on a soft towel. Fill with the forcemeat, put them in a stewpan and cover with veal stock; let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Serve on dainty slices of toast.

Japanese Salad.—One cup of hot boiled rice drained dry and mixed with a small onion chopped fine. While the rice is still warm, mix with a French dressing and set aside to get cold. Open a can of sardines, wipe them dry of oil, and remove the skin and backbones. Carefully mix the rice and sardines, then heap in the centre of a dish of crisp lettuce leaves and cover with French dressing. Sprinkle chopped chives over all. Beet shreds are also good as a garnish for this salad.

Cheese Balls With Tomato Sauce.—Mix together two cupsful of grated cheese, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne and a cupful of fine bread crumbs. Add two eggs beaten stiff, shape into small balls, roll in crackers crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve on small squares of buttered toast, and pour over them a tomato sauce.

TOO BUSY TO BE KIND.

"I sometimes think we women now-

adays are in danger of being too busy to be really useful," said an old lady, thoughtfully. "We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, everyday neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see we haven't a minute to spare. But everybody who needs a cup of cold water isn't calling the fact out to the world, and there are a great many little pauses by the way which are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of garden flowers over the back fence and friendly chats about domestic matters helped to brighten weary days and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to enquire for the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It is a comfort to the mother's lonely heart that which means so much to her, to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindnesses in our own home." May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind.—The Young Woman.

HOW TO CLEAN WRINGERS.

To clean wash wringers loosen the screw and wipe the rubbers very dry then wet a dry rag with kerosene oil rub all over the rubbers until they are white; slip a clean piece of old muslin between them (the rubbers) and put wringers away. To keep wash boilers from rusting, rub boiler dry and hold over the gas flame or put on the cooking range until perfectly dry. Then with a dry rag saturated with kerosene oil rub it all over (the inside of the kettle) and put away, or better still, hang it up in a dry place.

THE NURSERY WALLS.

The trouble with flowered wall papers is that they do not admit of pictures. Few children are content with a bedroom or nursery without pictures, and if their tastes are consulted, as they surely should be, the pictures selected for any room will be more or less miscellaneous; therefore the nursery or sitting room sacred to youth should be furnished with a view of permitting latitude in decoration. The walls should be plain buff, brown or green in softest tones, and the woodwork, for preference, white. With such a background almost any decorative color scheme may be followed. Boys need to be encouraged to fit up their own rooms, and so, in these emancipated days, do many girls. The instinct is sure to sleep if made to order rooms are given to children.

THE MASTERY.

(Sunday-School Times.) To lose self-control is to lose the key to any situation. No man who cannot hold himself in hand can expect to hold others. It has been well said that, in any discussion or disagreement with another, if you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose your temper, and if you are in the right, there is no occasion to. Or, as a lawyer has wittily put it, "possession is nine points of the law; self-possession is ten."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

CAUSE FOR WONDER. They tell this of a certain editor's little boy, but it is safe to say that the editor doesn't live in Chicago. Chicago editors are supposed to know everything. Said little Tommie with contempt: "I asked papa when the millennium was comin' an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was goin' to rain next Fourth of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

"Uncle James," said a city lady who was spending a few weeks in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn."

"Why, certainly, to be sure," said the young lady. "How stupid of me. I can see the horns on his ankles!"

A READING LESSON.

It is a well-established fact that the average school teacher experiences a great deal of difficulty when she attempts to enforce the clear pronunciation of the terminal "g" of each present participle. "Robert," said the teacher of one of the lower classes during the progress of a reading exercise, "please read the first sentence."

A diminutive lad arose to his feet, and amid a series of labored gasps breathed forth the following: "See the horse runnin'!" "Don't forget the 'g,' Robert," admonished the teacher. "Gee! See the horse runnin'!"—Lippincott's.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" a Chicago mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader." "We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said Evan. "That was nice. What did you do?" "I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told the teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I could bring one every day."

LEFT THE CHURCH.

A Kansas farmer went to the pastor of his church and asked that his name be stricken from the church list. "What is the trouble, Brother Jones?" asked the surprised minister. "I supposed you were a faithful follower of the lamb."

"Well, I sorter thought that myself, but there is just no use in talkin', a man can't serve the Lord where he has to milk five cows in fly time. After the first heavy frost I'll try this church business again, but now I'll either have to sell my cows, or give up church work, or be a damned hypocrite."—Topeka (Kan.) Capital.

THE SCIENTIST.

A good story is related at the expense of a scientist in the Department of Agriculture at Washington who is as well known for his absent-mindedness as he is for his scientific achievements. One evening the wife of this scientific gentleman on returning home after an absence of some hours observed that the house was unusually quiet, the children, rather a noisy lot as a rule, being nowhere to be seen. Upon remarking as to this fact the professor explained that as he had some important documents to consult he had gained the necessary silence by himself putting the youngsters to bed without assistance from the maid.

"I trust they gave you no trouble," observed the wife. "No," replied the scientist, "they did not—that is, with the exception of the one in the cot. He objected most strenuously to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went out for purposes of investigation. Pretty soon the scientist heard a burst of laughter from her. When she again came into the room where her husband was engaged he inquired the cause of her mirth. "Why," explained his wife, "that little Sammy from next door that you've put to bed."—New York Times.



THE POET'S CORNER.

IMMORTALITY. Two caterpillars sprang on a leaf, By some strange accident in contact came; Their conversation, passing all belief, Was that same argument, the very same, That has been 'proed and conned' from man to man, Yea, ever since this wondrous world began. The ugly creatures, Deaf and dumb and blind, Devoid of features That adorn mankind, Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife, To speculate upon a future life. The first was optimistic, full of hope; The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope. Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation," Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation. Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates And bar our entrance through the golden gates. Suppose that death should take us unawares, How could we climb the golden stairs? If maidens shun us as they pass by, Would angels bid us welcome in the sky? I wonder what great crimes we have committed, That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied, Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving; 'Tis plain to me that life is not worth the living." "Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied. "Let's take a look upon the other side; Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers, Are we to blame for being caterpillars? Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth, A pray to every bird that's given birth, Forgive our captor as he eats and sings, And damn poor us, because we have not wings? If we can't skim the air like owl or bat, A worm will turn 'for a' that," They urged through the summer, autumn night, The ugly things composed themselves to die; And so, to make their funeral quite complete, Each wrapp'd him in his little winding sheet, The tangled web encompassed them full soon, Each for his coffin made him a cocoon. All through the winter's chilling blast they lay, Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay. Lo! spring came forth, with all her warriah and love; She brings sweet justice from the realms above; She breaks the crystals, she resurrects the dead; Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head; And so this emblem shall forever be A sign of immortality. —Joseph Jefferson.

MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vex and try us, The worrying things with which our souls are met; The hopes that, cherished long, are still denied us, Let us forget. Let us forget the little slights that pain us, The greater wrongs that rankle and that fret, The pride with which some lofty one degrades us, Let us forget. Let us forget our brother's fault and failing, The yielding to temptation that beset, That he, perchance, though grief be unavailing, Can not forget. But blessings manifold, past all deserving, Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng, The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving, Let us remember long. The sacrifice of love, the generous giving, When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong, The fragrance of each life of holy living, Let us remember long.

ANGELS UNAWARES.

O days of toil, I shrink from you no more; Ye are my friends, unrecognized before. Ye bring God's golden opportunities, Sweet as a prayer upon the reverent knees. O days of toil, Ye bring me rest at night, And happy dreams that strengthen for the right. Ye are God's angels, sent to help me climb The stairs of earth that shall reach Heaven some time. —Jennie T. Hiles.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Look up and the skies are cheerful! Look down and the dim shadows fall About life's way In the heat of the day, When there's sunshine above for all! Our lives are just what we make them, In the struggle and sweat of years; The world so bright— In misfortune's light— We spectacle only through tears. It wants but a little courage And a purpose, so strongly planned To bravely fight Till the lonely night Stalks gloomily over the land. There are loud infonings many, From Niagara's deep despair, But sorrows grow dumb And feelings numb, In the peaceful valleys of Prayer. —William J. Fischer.

Only love can keep from bitterness.

Only love can keep from bitterness; love is stronger than the world's unkindness.—Edna Lyall.

Dear Girls and Boys—

What is the matter? would never be able to mail this week. But afraid I have been fore up, little girls, get you on. Nut-gathering time season that I am sure something to tell me notice the little squirts their winter stores, from you all. Your love

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been reading to the True Witness and see none for quite a while on a farm. We have and six horses. I spent sent vacation of three weeks. I have three there. I went to Hu on the 8th of September nice time. I will now to see my letter in main. Your loving n Kensington, Que.

BASTING THREE

"I must have it—you if I speak." The tone was stern, and Maudie Frost's ed even more than her "Yes, dear, I know anything else that is wear, but I must go to mother in spite of that; not needed me very much never have sent a tele sponded Mrs. Frost, v riously packing a travel Maudie's frown was s ceeded by a brighter ex she exclaimed: "I can do it myself! best one in the sewing year? Why, of course There's all to-morrow as for those that take tertainment, and as I'm entertainment, and as I'm singing I can have my home." Mrs. Frost glanced d the table where rested Maudie's dress, all finish broad hem at the botto "Would you measure a baste it very carefully? Maudie laughed. "Why how to do it. I often work for the younger g "I know—but that was ent. You must use fine fold it perfectly even b gift to sew." "I wish you'd trust There comes the hack n your pocketbook. I hop find grandma very ill. father and Miriam an your messages. Now 'em all."

"And remember," said "to lay the skirt on table flat and smooth, an Maudie laughed. She mother dearly, but trou very old-fashioned in "Just as if everything t by rule!" she said to Maudie was to recite a tainment on Wednesday this was Tuesday. She knew very well th to study and rehearse th and over again, but she book to finish, and it w curl up in one corner There was no one in th say, "Come, Maudie, yo studying your piece."

When Miriam, who ta high school, and Louis, pupil there, came home, surprised to learn of the parture. "I'm sorry for mother and mother," "And sorry too for y there's no one to help y You'll study it this eve you?" "Of course," respond "You talk as if I always that girl till I know ev her recitation? I tell while you don't exactly shaky. You keep your in a state of terror unti the platform." "Oh, thanks!" and M low to her brother, "ha

FIT'S CURED

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