

DOMESTIC READING.

About the Fair Daughters of Eve, With a Few Notes on the Latest Styles in Feminine Attire.

No one, said an active and sensible woman in confidence the other day, no one knows how busy our rooms really are except one's self. In his aphorism he was the whole secret of good house furnishing and home making. It is an art, this secret, and skillfully hiding defects in the architecture and making the most of such characters as our apartments may possess.

This is intrinsically offered for the lively and successful of women. Few of the arts or professions of that matter—lead themselves more pleasantly or in a more judicious manner to the feminine skill and industry than does the art of furnishing our living places.

This has been conceded in a mild domestic way always, but as a means of livelihood it is not to be despised. For a truth, the ready hand should be accepted. For a truth, the ready hand should be accepted. For a truth, the ready hand should be accepted.

It is to be noted that there is this neglect, since it is indeed wide, and it is feared that many in search of a suitable and lucrative use of their time, and sometimes capital, go much further afield and fore worse than would be the case were more consideration given to this practically home industry.

Again, considering the art more aesthetically, an accomplishment it adorns all—apparently the place and the humblest home; and these who, by natural intuitions or by their personal application are by these means enabled to brighten up the surroundings of themselves and others owe no small gratification to a knowledge of what permits them to accomplish it really a great deal at a not burdensome cost of time, patience, or money.

It is, perhaps, the better plan to give the few hours, the time we possess for the benefit of the workers, for the latter reason, than to dilate at greater length upon the money-making side of this employment, although there are many who, in their estimation, would be glad to see the light of the money-making side.

Naturally, the chimney corner is first thought of. In modern homes they are uniquely stationed in halls or reception rooms, but when we find them in the middle of a blank wall excepting on either side, there is no need to draw them into nooks of more or less roominess. They may be set up in them our penates of books on shelves, bric-a-brac in cabinets, or tables for games or writing.

The fire-place itself needs much consideration. It is most often a sore trial to housekeepers when it is a receptacle for real fires; dust and smoke are tantalizing. In city houses they are most often given up to bright and warm gas stoves, but in the country, where the wood-burning mantels are still the proper thing, but when an old tombstone marble one is afflicted upon you, paint it either black or light terra cotta, and then proceed. Relegate to the "rags, iron, stores man" all the ornate elaborations of cast-iron, brass, and bright tin—brass andirons and fenders and a rich colored rug, and you have a spot a sacrilegious pharisee might say his prayers in.

An upright piano is now stationed so as to cut into the straightness of a side wall. This often exposes its back, which to hide has given rise to the elaborate drapings of emerald, deep red, and black, silk, velvet, and tulle. The covers formed by such an arrangement are often given up to low-cushioned, long seats, running along the side of the wall, as the ends of which are placed pedestals for holding jars of tall vases, vases or statues.

The spot recently occupied by the sideboard now, in artistic houses, is pre-empted by the old-fashioned dresser. It is usually a low-topped chest of drawers, of dark oak or mahogany, or yet walnut or cherry, with four or six shelves above, running up the wall to a height in proportion to the height of the room. These shelves offer a capacious and suitable place for the display of china, glass, and silver, and are never out of use at home anywhere in the house save the dining-room.

In addition to the fragment potpourri jars, as are adding to the collection in our parlors hand-painted ginger jars. Pretty bows of handsome ribbons are tied artistically around them in most instances.

Another novelty, in houses where everything exhibited regarding expense, are footstools of real Russian leather ornamented with brass ball heads and unique brass bands in filigree designs. These may be copied by handy women in much less expensive material.

A fashion which seems to have come to stay is the introduction of lamps—tiny fairy lamps, useful and lamps in glass and bronze, and lately several lamps in the most elaborate designs of the Rococo period.

They certainly are an improvement over the dripping candles of a season since, yet unless they are most particularly and properly taken care of they have their disagreeable features.

We are able to give our readers six rules for their care, which we are sure every careful housewife will gladly paste up for future reference.

1. Let the wick always touch the bottom of the lamp, and trim the top square and even, cutting off the corners. In student lamps rub off the crusts on the wicks and never cut them.

2. Fill lamps within half an inch of the top. To fill the oil runs out, and especially in the night, greasing everything that touches them.

3. In lighting, turn the wick up slowly, that the chimney may heat gradually, and thus not crack. If too low, a poisonous and explosive gas is generated.

4. Fresh draught is an necessary with a lamp as fire so keep it clear from dirt.

5. Wash chimneys in hot suds and polish them with old newspapers.

In using student lamps never let the oil accumulate in the cup below the wick, but pour it out at least once a week. Let everything used about lamps—rags, scissors, or extra wicks—be kept in a small box together, an empty match box being best. Burn lamp nose every week.

6. Allowed to be filled with oil, poisonous combustion often takes place, many fires having been caused in this way.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

To keep highly-polished brass absolutely bright and free from tarnishing, thinly coat with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

To preserve goods from moths, do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar-paper laid in fur boxes and in closets are a better protection.

A sponge dipped in turpentine and placed in the drawer over furs, &c., are kept will kill insects in a short time. The furs should be combed afterwards.

One half ounce of camphor dissolved in one pound of melted lard, the scum removed, and a little graphite mixed with it, is said to be excellent to keep tools from rusting.

Silver spoons that have become discolored from contact with cooked eggs may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt. A lump of gum camphor in the closet where the silver or plated ware is kept will do much toward preventing tarnish.

When washing windows, dissolve a little washing soda in the water if the glass is very dirty and scrub quickly, as if trying to make it run on the sash, but wash each pane with an old flannel; dry quickly with a soft towel; polish with a chamois skin.

A method of clarifying water has been devised by Prof. DeBorlaine, of St. Petersburg. He uses first a solution of perchloride of iron, and follows that with a solution of carbonate of soda. The quantities are said to be three grains of the perchloride of iron and four grains of the soda crystals per gallon of water.

Chocolate cream may be made by mixing one-half cup of cream with two cups of powdered white sugar; boil and stir for five minutes; set the dish into one of cold water, and pour the syrup until it becomes hard. Melt one-fourth of a cake of chocolate by placing it on a teakettle, and roll the sugars in the melted chocolate.

To cure round shoulders, practice the following exercise several times a day—Hold the arms out at full length in front of the body, the hands touching each other; then throw the arms backward quickly, as if trying to make the back of the body. You should also procure a pair of dumb-bells (a light pair to begin with), and do through the same exercise. Perform the exercise as rapidly as possible, and with persistence, an improvement should soon be perceptible.

BROWN BREAD.—This receipt for brown bread will make a good-sized loaf—Two cups of yellow Indian meal, one cup of rye flour, one cup of whole wheat flour, one cup of oatmeal, three teaspoonful of baking powder, and enough milk to make a stiff batter. Pour into a buttered mould and steam three hours and a half. When done, brown in the oven.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Sprinkle the carpet with tea leaves; sweep well, then use soap and water for the grease and dirt spots; this freshens up old carpets wonderfully. Rub the wet spots dry with a clean cloth. In sweeping carpets use a new broom, sweeping nearly dry, but do not soil the carpet.

SOFA SCONES.—One pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, buttermilk, put the flour in a basin with the salt, carbonate of soda and tartaric, mixed well together. Make it all into a soft paste with buttermilk, sprinkle plenty of flour in a bake-pan, and turn the paste out on it. Roll it into a sheet half an inch thick, and cut with a lid or round cutter; lay a griddle or hot plate, on which place the scones, and bake for five minutes.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.—Wash and peel your potatoes, cut them in half, and reject all that are not perfectly sound. Put them into a saucepan, and cover with milk, to which one-fourth its bulk in water has been added. Let them simmer till quite soft, pass through a colander, and season with salt and pepper, and a tiny pinch of herbs, adding a tablespoonful of the clear liquor from tinned tomatoes, or the juice of a beetroot, whichever is preferred. Put into a well greased dish, and bake in a quick oven till a firm, brown crust forms on the top. Then garnish with parsley, and serve hot.

HOW A COLORED MAIL CARRIER GOT \$5,000.

An Atchison (Kas.) colored mail-carrier, A. L. Robb, says in the following account: I have been in the U. S. P. O. employ as a mail-carrier for several years past. My attention was called to the Louisiana State Lottery, and made up my mind that I would buy a ticket. For seven consecutive months I invested one dollar a month as regularly as the month came, and up to April I drew a blank. I concluded to give one dollar more, and I was going to quit. I sent my dollar as before, to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and received check number 23,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery, for a prize of \$5,000 and I deposited it in the Exchange National Bank of this city.—Atchison (Kas.) Champion, May 3.

NATURE MAKES NO MISTAKES.

Nature's own remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, cholera, cramps, vomiting, sea sickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which can be obtained of all dealers in medicine.

KISSING IN AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSES.

An amusing divorce suit is reported in the New York papers, which throws a light upon the kissing in American boarding houses. Mr. Pyle sought a divorce from Mrs. Pyle, on the ground that all the boarders in the house where the pair lived had drifted into the habit of kissing Mrs. Pyle. Here is a Mr. Dempsey's evidence:—

"Did you ever see Tompson kiss Mrs. Pyle?"

"Lots of times; and when I did not see him I heard him. There was a plaintive sobbing gurgle about it that reminded me of the exhaust of a bath tub; it could be heard all over the house."

"When did Tompson kiss Mrs. Pyle?"

"Whenever he had a chance. The only time that he did not kiss her was when he was not there."

"Who did kiss her then?"

"I did; I liked her myself."

"Did not Mr. Pyle object?"

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

MUTTON STEW.—Take a knuckle of mutton, cover it with lard, six capers, some fine cut pepper and salt, let it steam, simmer gently for one hour and a half, and then have ready melted butter and pour over, allowing it to steam or simmer for twenty minutes. A very rich gravy will have collected and the meat will be as tender as a spring chicken.

SIXTEEN LIVER.—Lard a calf's liver with strips of pork, brown nearly a quarter of an hour in a stewing-pan, roll the liver all over in it, add salt, pepper, onions, carrots and herbs, with some wine; cover very tightly and cook two hours and a quarter. Shake the pot frequently so that the liver will not stick to the bottom. Half an hour before removing the pot from the range add some carrots cut into long, square strips and a few little onions. Serve with liquid and vegetables poured over as usual.

STRAW MADE FROM COLD BEER.—One pound of cold beer, one ounce of lard, one ounce of minced onion, and one of parsley, one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour, one of lemon juice, one wingless of wine and one of yolk of two eggs. Fry the onion a light brown in the butter; stir in the parsley and a cupful of stock; add the flour, then the beef, pepper and salt. Simmer for a few moments, remove from the fire and add the yolks of the eggs and the wine.

HAMBURG STEAKS.—Scrape the lean meat from the sinews of a rumpsteak; season it with salt and pepper and form it into flat, round cakes; mince an onion and fry it brown in butter; then fry the steaks in this until they are a delicate brown in color. They may be rare or well done, according to taste. Gravy or sauce piquante is served with them. This sauce is easily made. Put into the pan in which the steaks were cooked one tablespoonful of minced parsley, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a little salt, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a cup of broth or stock; simmer for a few minutes, strain and serve with the steak.

CREAM CAKE.—Take one cup of powdered sugar and one cup of sifted flour, in which has been mixed a large teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix with three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Bake in two layers. To make the cream for filling, put one pint of cream in a tin, and when it boils stir in one tablespoonful of corn starch that has been mixed smooth in a little cold milk, two eggs and two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar; let it boil for two or three minutes, when it is cool flavor it with vanilla.

DELICATE CAKE.—Three-quarters of a cup of butter beaten to a cream, with two cupfuls of powdered sugar; three cups of flour sifted, with one cup of sweet milk, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and the whites of six eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in flat tins and cover with icing when cold.

PLAIN CAKE.—Take half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat the eggs very light, the whites and yolks together; put in about two tablespoonfuls of milk, and one of oil. Bake in a tin when it is fresh it is very nice, and cannot be distinguished from a more expensive cake.

Consumption Surely Cured.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send you bottles of my remedy, make to any of your readers who have consulted me, they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, BRANCH OFFICE: 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE CIDER CURSE.

About the ugliest, sorest drunkard on the globe, is the cider drunkard. He does not need to drink any, his saloon is down cellar; and he drinks and swears, and swears and swears, until he makes his home a hell and life a burden to all around him. There are some who object to drinking rum or brandy, but think there is no harm in drinking cider. The stimulating and intoxicating principle in cider, wine, brandy, gin, rum, lager beer and all these other intoxicants is the same; it is alcohol, and alcohol is the same poisonous and deadly agent wherever it is found. Distill the alcohol out of cider, wine, beer or brandy, and what is left would be simple dish-water. No man would drink cider if the alcohol was taken out of it. "But sweet cider does not do any harm," says one. No; and a man puts a barrel of sweet cider into his cellar; he drinks a glass of it, and it is sweet; he takes another and it is sweeter; he keeps drinking and drinking until the barrel is empty, and the last glass is the sweetest of all, and then he is ready to tap a new barrel. You can no more tell when sweet cider becomes sour, than you can tell when a boy becomes a man, or when a pig becomes a hog. The man who commences with sweet cider is likely to proceed to rum, whisky, and all the rest of the alcoholic poisons which ruin mankind and desolate the world. Boys, let cider alone!

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and majestically in soothing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will exclude the poor from its benefits.

WOMEN WHO WORKED.

Lucy Larcom was a mill hand. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse. Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people. Ann Dickenson began life as a school-teacher. Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest estate was Jeanne d'Arc, who fed swine. Adelaide Phillips, the singer, now dead, was a very poor girl, and so was Sarah Jewett, the actress.

Maud Granger, with the gold-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing machine.

Nell Wynne sold oranges in the streets and theatres. From the pit, while venting her views, she took a fancy for the stage.

It had been ventilated by a contemporary that the least enterprising editor commonly knows enough, if he wishes a graphic report of some "social event," to send a woman. She will penetrate closed walls through a smaller oratory than any man, see more after she gets there, and bring out her booty in better condition. It does not follow that she likes the aspect of her work, but people naturally come to take a pride in whatever they do well, even if its beginnings were distasteful.

CATARH IS NOT A BLOOD DISEASE.

No matter what parts it may finally affect, catarrh always starts in the head, and belongs to the head. There is no mystery about the origin of this direful disease. It begins in a neglected cold. One of the kind that is "sure to be better in a few days." Thousands of you know, and it is by sad experience that it has been ventilated by a contemporary that the least enterprising editor commonly knows enough, if he wishes a graphic report of some "social event," to send a woman. She will penetrate closed walls through a smaller oratory than any man, see more after she gets there, and bring out her booty in better condition. It does not follow that she likes the aspect of her work, but people naturally come to take a pride in whatever they do well, even if its beginnings were distasteful.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Treat men as pawns and nineties, and you shall suffer as well as they.—Emerson.

Jon. Beaudin, M.D., Hull, P.Q., writes:—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale, which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of Rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it in a case of calera puerilis, several Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and not one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in the United States and Canada.

HAIR CROQUETTES.—Take one quarter of a pound of grated ham and mix with it two ounces of mashed potatoes; add the minced, season with a little pepper, a very little stock, a little powdered sweet herbs and chopped parsley, until quite hot; then add the fire, the yolks of two eggs; lay the mixture on a plate to cool; make it into croquettes, roll them in eggs, dip them in browned bread-crumbs and fry in hot lard; serve with fried parsley.

BOOKS.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

"Dr. R. S. McCosken, Philadelphia, Pa., says: 'I have used it in nervous dyspepsia with success. It is a good nervous tonic.'"

STOP!

Stop shirking your duties. Stop neglecting to return borrowed books. Stop indulging in tales that one hundred people of self-conceit to the square inch. Stop supposing that the world could not get along pretty well without you. Stop looking at the dark side of life. Stop riving away to fault-finding. Stop furnishing your friends with the minute particulars of your bodily ailments. Stop taking pessimistic views of men, things, and the theory of the universe. Stop working too hard. Stop working not hard enough. Stop writing to famous people for their autographs. Stop procrastinating. Stop sending to newspapers "something I've just dashed off and haven't stopped to correct." Stop telling a busy man to hurry up, as a pretense to an hour and a half's attempt to talk his arm off.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had his hands tried by East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-creatures. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with payment, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. 39—Scow.

PLUCKY IRISH GIRLS.

At one of the Bodkye's sittings the police, armed with staves and rifles, amid the execrations of the populace outside, rushed into the house first and the deputy-sheriff and the bailiffs followed. A scuffle went on inside for a few minutes, and Colonel Turner ordered that every one found in the house should be arrested, and Francis Macnamara, Ely's Cream Balm cures colds in the head and catarrh in all its stages. Not a sniff nor a word.

Mme. Antoinette, the oratorio singer, is a descendant of President John Bradford, of St. Paul's, London, who was burned at the stake in 1555. She was killed by lightning at Blue Springs, Neb., recently, was sitting on a spring lounge with her lover. The lover escaped uninjured.

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STOP!

Stop shirking your duties. Stop neglecting to return borrowed books. Stop indulging in tales that one hundred people of self-conceit to the square inch. Stop supposing that the world could not get along pretty well without you. Stop looking at the dark side of life. Stop riving away to fault-finding. Stop furnishing your friends with the minute particulars of your bodily ailments. Stop taking pessimistic views of men, things, and the theory of the universe. Stop working too hard. Stop working not hard enough. Stop writing to famous people for their autographs. Stop procrastinating. Stop sending to newspapers "something I've just dashed off and haven't stopped to correct." Stop telling a busy man to hurry up, as a pretense to an hour and a half's attempt to talk his arm off.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had his hands tried by East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-creatures. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with payment, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. 39—Scow.

PLUCKY IRISH GIRLS.

At one of the Bodkye's sittings the police, armed with staves and rifles, amid the execrations of the populace outside, rushed into the house first and the deputy-sheriff and the bailiffs followed. A scuffle went on inside for a few minutes, and Colonel Turner ordered that every one found in the house should be arrested, and Francis Macnamara, Ely's Cream Balm cures colds in the head and catarrh in all its stages. Not a sniff nor a word.

Mme. Antoinette, the oratorio singer, is a descendant of President John Bradford, of St. Paul's, London, who was burned at the stake in 1555. She was killed by lightning at Blue Springs, Neb., recently, was sitting on a spring lounge with her lover. The lover escaped uninjured.

women.

The male prisoner was remanded in custody to the next Fulla Petty Session, and he was marched about all day in charge of an escort of police and military until the expedition left in the afternoon on its return journey to Fort Anne. The magistrate subsequently informed the Press representatives that the girls accused on the hill were now standing the national capitol. Under the title "Metlakahla," Z. L. White tells, with illustrations, the story of the complete civilization of an Indian tribe on the Northwest Coast. They were fierce savages, cannibals, murderers, and regarded as wholly irreclaimable. In the July instalment of "Olivia Delaplaine," Mr. Fawcett leads his readers out of the elegant circles of wealth and fashion, and introduces them to the less refined but perhaps more amusing society gathered at the table of a New York boarding house. The Rev. S. W. Culver, President of Bishop College (Marshall, Texas), gives an interesting account of colored schools in the south-west. Gunadon, Mexico, the site of the cleft in the clouds—nearly a century ago—was the scene of the national worship of the Virgin. Arthur Howard Noll describes the founding of the shrine, the magnificence of the buildings, and the peculiar ceremonies that take place during the annual festa. An illustrated article on Literary Life in Philadelphia, by Moses P. Handy (Editor of *The Daily News* of that city), gives a brief but interesting account of some of the famous in the world of letters. A promising field of industry for women, in the cultivation of fruits and flowers, is the subject of an article by George R. Knapp, preventing some instances, in detail, of remarkable success. Book auctions and bibliomania are sketched by Eric Lee Farrell; Longfellow's home, by Clarence Addison Young; and a wilderness in Vermont by F. Blandford. There are three completed stories in this number: "Mrs. Hardy's Encounter with a Ghost," by Sarah Marshall Hayden; "The Dominant," by Arthur Dudley Vinton; and "A Sudden Disappearance," by William O. Stoddard. Edna Dowling Proctor offers a graceful tribute in verse to "The Lady of the White House," Henry W. Austin preserves "The Legend of Crystal Spring" (Medford, Mass., 1875) in an illustrated poem of considerable length. Shorter poems are contributed by Laura F. Hinsdale, F. W. Clarke and others. The Supplement contains the short essays of "The American Politician," letters to the editor on "Timely Topics," and an illustrated "Portfolio," of humorous anecdotes.