



Applying kerosene with a rag when you are about to put your stoves away for the summer will prevent them from rusting.

Never allow soap to be *rubbed* upon flannel, as it causes the long woolly pile to knot together, and the fabric becomes what is known as "felty."

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains, have been found effective in many hospitals.

To wash a coloured silk handkerchief, make a soap solution with soap and boiling water; add cold water till quite cool. Rinse the handkerchief well in this—squeeze, but do not rub. Rinse again in cold water, and hang out in the shade in the open air till half dry, and iron while damp.

There are few things that will collect mould as quickly as old boots or shoes, more particularly if in a close receptacle, such as a dark closet. Consequently, when they are laid away for any length of time, they should all be taken out into the light and air occasionally, to keep them in fair condition.

**WHAT TO EAT.**—We may eat potatoes and salt and—exist. We may eat fish and become—"cranks." We may eat bread and butter, without limit, and—die of dyspepsia. We may eat meat only, and become gross and coarse in mind and person. We may eat fruit and content ourselves with the assurance that "in Adam all die." We may eat anything and everything, miscellaneous given and carelessly received and make of our stomachs a bric-a-brac repository and a physical junk shop. But is it well to do this?

**DRYNESS OF THE LIPS.**—This is caused by a feverish condition, or from irritation in the alimentary tract, causing dryness of the mucous membrane lining the mouth and lips. Take a dose of pyretic saline occasionally. Take lime juice, or lemons squeezed in water; eat plentifully of grapes, apples, oranges, &c., especially before breakfast. Let the diet be as bland and mild as possible; use milk in preference to tea and coffee; take animal food only at dinner-time, and then sparingly. Avoid pastry, condiments, and stimulants. For an outward application to the lips use lanoline cold cream, or carbolic glycerine and rose water, or citron ointment.

**THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CATARRH.**—The great remedy for catarrh is to keep the mouth shut. Years ago George Catlin, who gained much of his knowledge on health matters during his open-air life among the Indians, wrote as follows:—"There are many mineral and vegetable poisons which can be inhaled by the nose without harm, but if taken through the mouth destroy life. And so with poisonous reptiles and poisonous animals. The man who kills the rattlesnake, or the copperhead, and stands alone over it, keeps his mouth shut, and receives no harm; but if he has companions with him, with whom he is conversing over the carcasses of these reptiles, he inhales the poisonous effluvia through the mouth and becomes deathly sick, and in some instances death ensues. "Infinite insects also, not visible to the naked eye, are inhabiting every drop of water we drink and every breath of air we breathe; and minute particles of vegetable substances, as well as of poisonous minerals, and even glass silex, which float imperceptibly in the air, are discovered, coating the respiratory organs of man; and the class of birds which catch their food in the air with open mouths as they fly, receive these things in quantities, even in the hollow of their bones, where they are carried and lodged by the currents of air, and detected by microscopic investigation.

**AXMINSTER CARPETS.**—Axminsters are the most costly and magnificent of British-made carpets, thick, soft, and luxurious to the tread, and are only found in the rooms of the more wealthy classes. They are almost identical with those of Tournai, and are similar in make, but considerably finer and

softer than those of Turkey. They are made almost entirely of fine wool, front and back, knotted in tufts upon the warp threads, by the hand of the workman, and held together by an invisible groundwork of linen thread, a shadowy outline of the pattern being traceable at the back. They are still made, but the sale is limited, in consequence of their cost, incident upon the slow process of knotting in the tufts. A short time ago one was made for the Sultan of Turkey, the cost of which was £1200. Patent Axminsters are a close imitation of the above, made by a cheaper method invented by Mr. Templeton of Glasgow. The process is a species of double weaving. In the first instance long strips of chenille are made, which in appearance have a mottling of colours thrown in indiscriminately, but which, in fact, are the elements of the future pattern. A loom is then set up, with heavy longitudinal threads, which is worked by steam power, and the strips of chenille are employed as the woof, the result being that the seemingly confused tints or colour arrange themselves into accurately defined patterns, and a heavy velvet-piled carpet is produced, with a hard linen back, instead of the soft woollen back of the original Axminsters. Their comparative cheapness arises partly from the application of steam power, but chiefly because the same effect can be produced with half the quantity of wool used in the real Axminster, sufficient only being required for the velvet surface, while the back is made up of cheaper material.—*Boston Transcript.*

### A BALLAD OF BRITTANY.

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

FYTTTE THE FIRST.

High on a cliff of Léonais,  
With the brown moorland at its back,  
And not far from the Breton sea,  
There stands the keep of Kerouillac.

Ede had been turned to wife from maid  
Not many months—but only three—  
When with her spouse, Lord Eudes, she strayed  
On the slope nearest to the sea.

A wearied man clomb up the steep,  
The froth was on his horse's mane,  
A missive gave, then to the keep  
Rode in with slackened bridle rein.

The Baron led his ladie dear  
Full well and stately into hall,  
Then quickly donned his warlike gear  
And took his arms down from the wall.

"Now, whither goest thou, good my lord,  
Now tell me whither art thou bound?  
Why takest thou thy casque and sword  
And call'st not for thy hawk and hound?"

"I go not now to fly my hawk,  
Nor do I go to hunt the hern;  
I only seek the forest walk,  
To track a red roe in the fern."

"Dear love, do men don mail to course  
The dappled deer? Do barons call  
Their fierce retainers, foot and horse,  
To hunt in proof and armed all?"

"Fair dame, a Breton chief of pride  
Without his train should ne'er be seen,  
And I bethink me now to ride  
A joyous joust upon the green.

"Sweetheart, go call your bower-maries,  
Go busk your hair, my bonny May;  
'Tis woman's part to smile and tease,  
'Tis man's to arm and ride away."

In hottest haste his men did ride  
With him and wended towards the sea,  
And sad Ede heaved her breast and sighed:  
"My own dear lord deceiveth me."

FYTTTE THE SECOND.

"Ho! helper oldé, quick unfold  
What may this sudden mounting be?"  
"O lily ladie, I am old  
And nothing now they tell to me."

"Little lithe page, say an' you can  
Where goes my lord? when comes he back?"  
"Lady, I would I were a man,  
To strike with him for Kerouillac.

"Three days on end the stout March gales  
Have steady blown, three days and more;  
Full three days the brown English sails  
Have hovered on the Breton shore.

"And to the shore I ween my lord  
Hath led his menyé all amain,  
To smite a stroke with edge of sword  
And prick with lance for fair Bretagne."

"Lead palfreys out, my maid-maries,  
With our own hands put pillions on,  
For my lone heart is ill at ease  
To know where my dear love hath gone.

"Don on thy shoon, thou little foot page,  
And swiftly run thee by my knee,  
Though boy in years, be man in age,  
And guide us down towards the sea."

As rode fair Ede, afeard and lone,  
All downward where the pathway stooped,  
Three magpies chattered on a stone,  
A snake hissed near, a brown owl whooped.

A hare skirred fast athwart the hill,  
A crow flew by with heavy pace,—  
Quoth Ede: "These warnings omen ill;  
Saint Briec hold us in his grace!"

Her anxious way Ede seaward made  
When on the lower level down,  
But met nought fearsome till she stayed  
Hard by a hammock bald and brown,

Whence she could hear the wild alarms  
And din of battle sounding sore,  
And tramp of hoofs and clash of arms  
Come in fierce gusts up from the shore.

She heard the good swords ring on mail,  
The clash of lances shred like reeds,  
The whiz of arrow-shafts like hail,  
The gruesome shriek of wounded steeds,

The war cries shrill, the charges' crash,—  
All these she heard—ah! woe is me!  
And behind all the angry wash  
And booming of the breaking sea.

FYTTTE THE THIRD.

Just where the pathway, no ways broad,  
Up to the land ascended higher,  
A rift of grey rock closed the road,  
And on the rock there grew a briar.

Two cross-bolt casts from where Ede stood  
There came upon the dusty way,  
Around the spur and scrub of wood,  
Two men who led a charger grey.

The charger's coat was flecked with red,—  
A wounded steed is sore to see,—  
Down to its knees it drooped its head  
And bubbling blood dropped sullenly.

A dead man, lank and limp and tall,  
Across the selle was thrown, I ween;  
One stayed him by the shoulder spaul,  
The other steadied at his feet.

Off his bared head the long fair hair  
Dripped in wet rings, and his clenched hand  
And frowning brow seemed as he were  
Yet grasping the revengeful brand.

They came anear and gently laid  
The dead chief on the grassy plain,  
And one man, shame-faced, faltering said:  
"Lady, the good Lord Eudes is slain."

Shrill piercing shrieks from Ede outrung,  
Her beating heart she wildly pressed,  
And passionate herself she flung  
Upon the dead man's bleeding breast.

"Dear love," she moaned, "one kiss, but one,  
Though thou can'st not give one to me;  
Eudes, thou art dead, and under sun  
I cannot live withouten thee."

A roving arrow, random shot,—  
O fatal arrow and waly woe!  
Could it not find some meaner blot? †  
Malison on the English bow.

That sped the sharpened point that fell  
'Tween her fair shoulders as she lay.  
O cruel fate! O loved donzelle!  
That willing sighed her soul away.

The fight was done, the foemen fled,  
The wind came moaning from the sea,  
But Ede and her dear lord lay dead,  
Her arms around him lovingly.

And when the northeast wind pipes shrill  
And landward scuds the driving wrack,  
They say these lovers' ghosts haunt still  
The lonely keep of Kerouillac.

\* All of these being mens in the superstitions of the Bretons.

† Blot—the centre of the target in archery.