



Corks may be made air and water-tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

Three simple meals a day and daily labour, warm clothing, sufficient food, sun and air are the main conditions upon which health can be enjoyed.

To clean a very dirty chamouis skin take a bucket of clean water, making it middling strong with ammonia; allow the skin to soak over night; the next morning rinse it out in pure water, then wash with plenty of pure white soap and water.

The most desperate case of toothache can be cured (unless connected with rheumatism) by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth:—Two drachms of alum reduced to an impalpable powder, seven drachms of nitrous spirit of ether; mix and apply to the tooth.

It is a very common thing for young housekeepers to scorch their linen when learning to iron. Do not be discouraged. Wax your irons thoroughly and keep them in a dry place. This will prevent their sticking. If you find a scorched place expose it to the hottest rays of the sun. It will be obliterated in a short time.

PERFECT SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, one pint of flour, one pint of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water. Beat sugar and yolks well together. Beat the whites separately. Then put the whites into the sugar and yolks and beat thoroughly. Finally stir in the flour, only enough to mix well. Bake quickly in a hot oven, in loaf or sheets.

OYSTER SALAD.—Two small cans Cove oysters, do not use the juice. Chop fine, five hard-boiled eggs. The whites are to be chopped and mixed with the oysters, the yolks are mixed with butter the size of an egg, and beaten to a cream; salt, pepper and celery to suit the taste, the celery must be cut in small pieces; mix all well together with vinegar to make a little thin.

PINEAPPLE.—Instead of slicing some hours before serving, and sprinkling it with sugar, pare it, then dig out the eyes, and with a strong silver fork claw out the fruit in small bits, beginning at the stem end, and leaving only the fibrous core. This is the way in which the pineapple is served in New Orleans, and when it can be had direct from the plant there is no other fruit so delicious.

CHOCOLATE.—Heat one quart of milk very hot and have mixed four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, when it comes to the boiling point add the chocolate and sugar to make it pleasant to the taste, let it boil just one minute, stirring carefully; it is now ready to serve at any time; keep it hot and a tablespoonful of whipped cream in each cup makes it delicious and also looks pretty.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—The celebrated German remedy for burns, consists of fifteen ounces of the best white glue, broken into small pieces, in two pints of water, and allowed to become soft; then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add two ounces of glycerine and six drachms of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

How many of our readers have a veritable workshop in their homes? "Workshop!" says some one in a surprised tone. Yes, workshop. Here is a description of one: A large sunny chamber, the floor painted, no carpet to catch the litter, with two or three light pretty rugs; there is a large "drop" table, hinged against the wall, which may be let down when not in use and the space is wanted for quilting frames, and there is a low, folding table, which every woman who has a family to cut and sew for ought to have a copy of; the chairs are of that comfortable, basket-seat variety known as 'piazza chairs,' stained cherry, varnished, and cushioned generously; there is a sewing machine, a scrap-basket or two, two or three hassocks, a monster 'bangle,' long and narrow, from which hang scissors of different sizes, cushions for pins and needles, etc., and a pretty rack for newspapers, as it is a pleasure and help in the midst of some particularly vexing piece of work to pick up a good magazine or paper and read, if not more than a minute, something that somebody else has done or said. If you can possibly have such a room do so by all means. Think what a comfort it would be to have everything ready, and if you are right in the midst of a piece of work when tea-time comes, why all you have to do is to turn the key in the workshop door and leave everything as it is until you are ready to commence. It saves a great deal of work, too, aside from the ways already mentioned; all the clip-pings, etc., are kept in one room, and the rest of the house is free from it and as neat as a new pin.

At informal receptions where the house is small and where but one servant is kept, two or three young lady friends to assist may be invited. The hall, library and

drawing-room may be beautifully decorated with flowers, or if a quantity cannot be obtained a large bowl of tulips in one room, a hyacinth in the pot, a few roses or carnations, loosely arranged in vases and placed where they will show to good advantage, will be sufficient. For refreshments—salad, either celery and cabbage, oyster, shrimp, chicken or lobster will answer; olives, sandwiches, coffee. On another afternoon chocolate and wafers, small cakes like lady fingers and macaroons may be served. The chocolate should be very hot and in a handsome pitcher. From three to five or four to six is found the most convenient hour. These suggestions are far the most informal affairs.

A "white dinner" given by one of the leaders of New York society, had Puritan roses for the leading decorations while at the corners of the table were little split yellow egg baskets carelessly filled with convallarias. The effect of all this green and white bloom, with the exquisite white porcelain and satin-finished silver, was chaste and beautiful. The above-mentioned willow baskets are also very pretty when filled with narcissuses, daisies or any spring flower. Partridge berries and vines, ferns and wild flowers could be utilized in them by out-of-town hostesses in a charming manner. A dainty device adaptable to ladies' luncheon parties is to put at the plate of each guest her favourite flower.

The newest whim of aristocratic English women who go in for gymnastics and athletics is for cut glass dumb bells. A prominent society lady just returned from Europe brought a beautiful pair of one pound bells with her other baggage. These newest toys are made in sizes from four ounces to two pounds. Some are polished French glass clear and pure as Japanese crystals.

The Empress Eugenie has taken to writing poetry. It is said that her work exhibits remarkable talent. She is also editing letters of her late husband and son for publication. The sale of the book will be devoted to the fund for the relief of the widows of the soldiers who fell in the war of 1870.

There is likely to be a plague of butterflies. They are hovering about every new hat and bonnet. There are great, gaudy, golden butterflies, lace butterflies and natural looking butterflies with pretty plumage. The lace butterflies are the newest; they will be the rage presently.

Miss Merrick, the Kensington artiste, has received a commission from Mr. Henry M. Stanley to paint his portrait, which is to be presented to the Royal Geographical Society after the next Salon, where it will be exhibited. Miss Merrick, it will be remembered, went to Egypt to paint the Khedive, and while there met Perdi, who gave her a sitting while putting the finishing notes in the score of his famous "Aida." She is said to be the best paid portrait painter among the English women, and can get her own price for her pictures. In arranging for an engagement she emphatically refuses to put a price upon her work, insisting that she can only estimate its value when complete. If the subject demurs when the bill is presented she quietly orders the canvas out of the way, and is persistently not at home to the original. Although she has many orders for young and beautiful faces she prefers to paint aged, careworn and strikingly characteristic men and women.

What many a mother has vainly longed for—a 'nursery' edition of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'—Mr. Lewis Carroll has at last given us. In the preface, addressed to 'any mother,' he modestly remarks that he has reason to believe the original work 'has been read by some hundreds of English children, aged from five to fifteen; also by children, aged from fifteen to twenty-five; yet again by children, aged from twenty-five to thirty-five; and even by children—for there are such children, in whom no waning of health and strength, no weariness of the solemn mockery, and the gaudy glitter, and the hopeless misery of Life has availed to parch the pure fountain of joy that wells up in all child-like hearts. His ambition now is to be read by children from nought to five.

TALKING BY THE SEA.

PART I.

We walked down to the murmurous sea one night—
I, and a brother, much beloved. 'Twas in
The earliest blush of the autumnal moon,
Now ris'n to light our footsteps on. Full oft,
Aforetime, had we paced that pebbled beach
'Neath the same full-orb'd moon; and listening there
To the strange ceaseless music of the waves,
Were wont to give a sympathetic play
To our full souls; discoursing, now and then,
Of Life—this brief and fitful interlude
In the Eternal Being; of passionate love,
Inexorable hate, that minister
Their motion to the progress of the world,—
Striking with powerful hands the wondrous soul
Into deep harmonies and discords wild
That jar the universe

And building oft
Fair castles of young hope—pictures that gleamed
About the calm horizon of our life,
In gorgeous setting—so we drank deep draughts
Of life's exhilarating cup, and oped
Our hearts to the full tide of Nature's song
And Poesy's.

There was a cave near by
The water's edge, whose sides and low-hung roof

Of yielding slatestone, bore the frequent marks
Of boyish impress;—snatches of old songs,
And words of half remembered melodies,
And favourite aphorisms of authors conned
In the hush'd early morning-tide that sleeps
In the dim background of all noble lives,
And brooded o'er by holiest memories.
We took our seats upon an ancient stone,
And looked once more upon the moonlit waves.

At length I broke the silence:

"You recall

The last time we were here—ten years ago—
One cool September eve. The harvest moon,
In her full glory, swept the gloomy sides
Of this old cave with amber streams of light,
And on the molten mirror of the sea
Left lines of tremulous splendour.

"And we saw

Move on across this bright'ning track the ships,
White-winged, and disappear like ghosts beyond.
I saw your soul transfigured in your face,
Deep-luminous, and like the sparkling sea
Reflecting stars. Then I repeated low
The Laureate's sweet fragment—"Break, break, break!"
And so you took your pencil and composed
One of your own. Could you recite it now,
As then you wrote it?"

Thinking a brief space,

He gave the lines like one who meets again
A long lost child and welcomes it with joy.

Waves opaline of life's unslumbering sea,
In grand perpetual roll!—
Murmuringly moan your many voices—
The music of the soul!—

A deep, sad undertone of human hearts
With fitful strains of fears,
And wildly clashing discords—voices sweeping
Forth out of our past years.

But there are islands shrouded in holy peace,
And breathing sweetest balm;
And rocky caverns, echoing, or hushed silent
In an eternal calm.

The winds above the sea that rave and roar,
Seek not the depths below;
Those isles no tidal wave of passion vexes,
With sobbing ebb and flow.

Waves opaline of life's unslumbering sea,
In grand perpetual roll!—
Softly fall, to-night, your sweet-toned voices—
The music of my soul!

"Driftwood," he said; "once more hath Memory's waves
Stranded thee on the island of my thought!
Brother, we all are poets in our youth,
Of high or low degree; but I have lived
So much in deed and deep experience
Since then, that all my spheres of high ideal
That once rang music in their daily march,
Are faded into globes of common clay.
My Memnon statue now no more gives sound,
Struck by the first rays of the risen sun;
And I have heard so loud the thunderous earth
Shake, stricken in her orbit, that my ears
Are deafen'd to the music of the stars,
That I once heard in dreams."

"In dreams!" I said;

"Were they but dreams? If so I call Life blank,
A dream, continued from the tearless smile
Which hovers o'er the baby's rosy lips,
And typifies its joy, to the stony gleam
That sparkles in the eye of frosty age.
Life, then, is but a dream, if such are dreams;
And moves out from its clime Elysian,
Taking a real and sober aspect on,
Until the sleeping soul is torn away
By horrid nightmares of a worn-out age.

"If men are poets in their youth, and years
Lead up a songless era,—curs'd be age!—
That wrongs the petals of the blushing rose,
And mocks the gentle lily of the valley.
Hath, then, Experience no myrtle wreath?
And hath it nought to offer for the soul
Of light and joy, and inexpressible beauty,
That it robs men of? Then, indeed, is life
Ungodlike, unprogressive;—every year
Yawns an abyss between the soul and heaven.
Nay! rather call your once sky-colour'd thought
The chaste exordium of life's meaning speech,—
The faultless prelude of life's deeper song."

He smiled to see me kindle into flame,
And then went on.

"Much, brother, have I suffered
Since last we met; much learned—much lost, alas!—
And much endured. Experience, you will find,
Is a most costly teacher; for she takes
Her pay in sweats of toil and drops of blood,
Wrung out from crushed, pain-palpitating hearts.
She robs the past of its strange hallowed light;
And, where exalted beings peopled it,
Are stocks and stones, unworthy of the awe
And reverence of our souls.

"Yet think not thou
That I count all the Past illusory;
Still do I turn, with mingled joy and grief,
To my past years, that stand against the sky
Of the dull present, like a pillar'd cloud,
All glorious; nor count I wholly vain