

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There may be something morbid in contemplating anything pertaining to our final dissolution...

FASHIONS.

Ribbon forms one of the important items in the dress question now. The plain styles are quite as effective on fancy stuffs as are the fancy on the plain materials...

Tight, gored skirts never associated amicably with sheer materials, and the skirt now in vogue, full at bottom but not too full over the hips...

Long, graceful lines are the thing desired, and many of the smartest gowns are conspicuously simple in silhouette, but the dressmaker must have some opportunity to display her skill...

The flowered materials are wonderfully lovely this season, and though a majority of the ultra smart thin frocks are in one tone effects, the woman who can spend but little for her summer wardrobe will find one of the thin flowered stuffs a good investment...

TIMELY HINTS.

A tablespoonful of sad soda over which boiling water is poured is good for taking stains of coffeepots.

With this treatment no boiling is necessary.

If by mistake you get a soup too salt add a few slices of raw potato and cook a few minutes longer.

When the windows are washed a tablespoonful of kerosene should be added to a pail of water, and if the woodwork is greasy it should be first wiped off with a cloth dipped in kerosene, then scrubbed with hot suds made by stirring enough pearline in hot water to make a strong lather.

A good veil will last a long time if well cared for, but if it is thrown down in a heap or left pinned to a hat it will soon grow shabby. When it is shabby, put it in a bowl and wet it with alcohol, wood alcohol will answer. Then shake it dry but do not iron it.

Many housekeepers are annoyed by their flatirons becoming rusty from dampness in the cupboard. This may be easily prevented. Before putting the irons away after the ironing is finished rub them with a little warm grease on a piece of soft paper and wrap them in thick brown paper.

RECIPES.

Cauliflower is good eaten cold as well as hot. Boil without breaking the head and throw into cold water until wanted. Tear the roses apart carefully, dry, and put in a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

Tongue Fillets—Cut cold boiled tongue in pieces about four inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. Dip in melted butter and seasoned flour. For eight fillets put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the frying pan, and when hot put in the tongue; brown on both sides, being careful not to burn. Remove and put one more spoonful of butter in the pan and add one spoonful of flour. Stir until dark brown, then add one cupful of seasoned stock, half a teaspoonful of parsley and one tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Sardines with Curry—Make a paste in the proportion of one tablespoonful of butter to one teaspoonful of French mustard and one of curry powder, moistened with lemon juice. Wash the oil and skin from large sardines, and spread them thickly with the mixture. Broil the sardines over a clear fire long enough to heat them through, and serve on hot buttered toast. Baked tomatoes are good served with sardines. Sardines may be served on a bed of boiled rice. Form the rice on a hot platter, and arrange the sardines on the rice. Pour a curry sauce over the whole.

Coffee au Surprise—Mix together in a lined saucepan one breakfastcupful of strong coffee, half a pint of boiled

milk, the yolks of two eggs, and quarter of a pound of sugar. Stir quickly over the fire until the mixture thickens, strain through a sieve into a basin; add one ounce and a half of loaf gelatine. Pour into small coffee cups, and allow it to get cold. Hand the cups in their saucers on a tray as puddings, with a jug of cream.

Strawberry Bank—Make green jelly from granulated gelatine colored with spinach juice, sweeten, add juice of lemon and strain. Pour into oblong mold (a clean baking pan will do). Half fill the mold with the liquid jelly and place it on ice; when firm, cover with a layer of strawberries, and pour over the rest of the jelly. When the jelly is turned out of the mold cover with ripe strawberries on their stems, and decorate with strawberry leaves. Serve with small dishes of powdered sugar.

DON'T WHINE.

A recent number of Medical Talks has an article on the evil effects of "whining." Complaints, says the writer, are usually made in a minor key. This monotony rasps the vocal cords, taxes the nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at all in speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception, a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies.

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work.

INFLAMMABLE FLANNELETTE.

Surely the days of inflammable flannelette should be speedily numbered. The death roll among children who have been fatally injured by the ignition of this perilous fabric is simply appalling. The wearing of flannelette has again and again exposed children to the same risk as if their night-dresses were soaked in spirit. The fabric catches fire as easily and burns with the same intense flame as alcohol, and the flames are not readily extinguished. "An inquest was held yesterday on the body of a little boy, two years old. He was left to play in a room while his mother was absent. He was in a flannelette nightshirt. The mother had not left the room long when she heard screams and found the boy in flames. He was terribly burned and the poor little fellow died within twenty-four hours of the occurrence." Such is the sort of heartrending paragraphs constantly appearing in the newspapers. One coroner alone has stated that last year he held no less than seventy-three inquests on children who had been burned to death, and a large proportion was due to flannelette igniting.—The Lancet.

THE BAD BOY.

Somewhere in His Nature is a Hidden Germ of Manhood.

(From the Ave Maria.) A recent issue of the Catholic School Journal contains a thoughtful paper on a perennially practical subject—the management of the bad boy. The writer disbelieves in the utter depravity of even the worst of boys. "Somewhere in each boy's nature there is a hidden germ of manhood. Find it, stimulate it into healthful growth, and you will have saved your boy from a life of shame, your son from endless anguish." There can be no question that a sympathetic soul can discover in the most unpromising youth bright spots of virtue; nor can there be any doubt that patience, knowledge, love and wisdom are capable of preserving many a boy from the downward path

on which he seems determined to set out. The writer whom we have quoted supports his final advice, "Never give up," by this personal allusion:

"Less than five minutes before this paragraph was written a fine young man and his wife left the house of the writer. Six years ago I was helped from my sick bed to an office, where, to save this same young man from the penitentiary, I gave a check for \$300. Pages would be required to detail his many terrible errors during the next year. Few believed he would ever do as he should. Yet for the past five years he has been one of whom his widowed mother and young wife may well be proud. No one can know what satisfaction such cases are to those who have worked persistently and prayerfully to save such as seemed beyond human power to save."

EDUCATION OF THE CHILD.

The child who has not learned obedience at the age of two never learns it. The child of eighteen months out late at night in the perambulator, whose mother said, "It won't go to bed till we do," had begun the education of its parents very early.—Address of Archbishop of Canterbury.

In a recent case of illness in which a trained nurse was employed the pleasant air of the sick room was noticeable. When commented on, the nurse explained how it was managed. A few pieces of brown paper had been soaked in saltpetre water and allowed to dry. When occasion required a piece of this was laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal skuttle will do), and a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it and a match applied. The aroma was particularly refreshing and agreeable. Another suggestion in the same line applies to the use of lavender in another form. A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly.—Catholic Sentinel.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

SURPRISING CLOCK.

She came all the way down from Willits, in Mendocino county, says a San Francisco paper, to buy a wedding present and confessed to the salesman in the jewelry store that she was to be the bridesmaid and was willing to set back as much as \$8 for the present. "Now, that's a pretty thing, and useful," she said, fastening her eyes on a clock. "How much is that?" "Fourteen dollars," said the salesman.

"My! Isn't that a good deal for a clock?" "That's a very fine eight-day clock, madam."

"I guess that's something new, isn't it? I never heard of one of them before."

"Yes; the very latest; runs eight days without winding."

"For the land's sake! What will they be getting up next? Say, how long will it run if you wind it?"

WAR HISTORY.

An old darkey was watching the G.A.R. parade one Memorial day and was vociferously cheering the band. "I suppose you were through the civil war, uncle?" said a bystander. "Ever' step of it, suh!" "At the surrender, too?" "Ever' step of it, suh!" "What did General Lee say to General Grant?" "Never said nuttin', suh; des chopped off his head an' went on!"

THE WAY WITH CLUBS.

Aunt Ann—How do you girls get along at your club? Miss Mandy—Well, of course, we don't get along at all, but we have a good deal better time than if we did.

THE DOMINIE'S MARE.

Senator Deboe, of Kentucky, tells an interesting story concerning a schoolteacher in his state who was also a preacher, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He loved horses and dogs and he was the owner of a trotter with a good record for speed. One Friday afternoon before dismissing the school he addressed the boys thus: "Now, boys, I suppose you all know that there will be some horse racing to-morrow. Now, don't you go to the races. The track is no place for boys. But, boys, if you do go to the races, don't do any betting. It is not right to wager money on horses. But, boys, if you do go and if you do bet—mind what I tell you—bet on Deacon Abernathy's mare. This is a straight tip." And the mare won too. She was the old preacher-schoolteacher's thoroughbred under another name.



WOMEN IN ANCIENT IRELAND

Women held an enviable place in ancient Ireland as contrasted with other countries. Elsewhere they were regarded as slaves or playthings, and seeing that English law until recently denied to married women the right to own property, and still refused to admit their evidence in many cases in which their husbands were concerned, the tradition was not extinguished.

Equally with men, women were guests at the feasts of kings and nobles, but, as a rule, they sat at separate tables; at Tara they had a separate hall. In an ordinary home the principal duties of the women were grinding the corn, preparing the food, spinning wool and linen, dyeing and making garments, etc. A needle was an implement of high value, and the law fixed the compensation to be awarded for it at a yearling heifer, a two-year-old heifer, or an ounce of silver, according to the kind of needle. These tasks so filled the women's time that it does not appear that they were as a rule engaged in outside work.

Nowadays when the home arts have largely disappeared and nearly everything is bought which formerly was made in the house, women must either be idle or take part in the heavy labor of men. That women shared in the education of their age is clearly evidenced. In pagan times they were admitted among the Druids and, indoctrinated with their lore. The mother of Brandubh, King of Leinster, had her writing style of the sixth century; the daughter of the King of Cualain read Latin at Clonard; girls as well as boys were admitted to the schools founded by the Irish St. Mugin in Scotland, and the Life of St. Brendan makes mention of women's studies in the schools as of ordinary matter.

Music, thirteen hundred years ago, was cultivated among Irishwomen more highly than by women abroad. Gertrude, Abbess of Nivelles, in Belgium, and daughter of Pepin, mayor of the palace, had her nuns instructed in the Celtic Revival in Brittany. The Celtic Renaissance in Brittany, France, is making rapid progress. At the recent Congress of the Union Regionaliste, Brestonne, founded at Morlaix in 1898, there were present scholars, tradesmen, priests and politicians, who, although differing from each other on many questions, were united in one essential particular—love of country. They met determined to resuscitate Brittany and to revive its language, customs and traditions. The progress announced at the Congress referred to the large number of volumes written in the old Breton idiom, to the rise of new poets and writers, to the efforts made to improve the taste of the people, and, finally, to the steps taken to help poor Bretons who had gone to Paris and elsewhere and failed to get back to their native country. Referring to poets, two new ones have arisen—the bards Jaffrenou and Berthon, who are regarded as one day to become as famous as Mistral and Roumanille of Provence. There are also several Breton societies, the members of which go about to fairs and "patrons" to sing for the people songs of a moralizing tendency, and at the same time amusing enough to interest rustic auditors. Also at the Congress, a priest, Abbe Bossard, of Rennes, stood up to declare that the Celts of Brittany were artists from time immemorial. He said that from the sixth to the tenth century Celtic art replaced that of Greece, and it was made chiefly manifest in the light and graceful lines of their church architecture.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905. OUR Dear Boys and Girls: I wonder if you read at all those times. It like it, for if you do have such a lonely, lonely, lonely looks deserted letter. But I think before, and it is not plain now. Some d will remember Your loving

I'll do my best. I may not paint a piece, Nor carve a statue confessed. A miracle of art, yet To do my best. My name is not upon fame, 'Tis on the page of impressed, But I'll keep marking the same, And do my best. And if I see some fellow Far, far above me, s breath I keep on climbing, cl the skies, And do my best. It may not be the grand, But I must try to be It fail to be what's hand— My very best.

"I had a boat," said Tom, "I know what I'd do. The Prince Gladiolus thing else romantic." "That shows what you name boats! Nobody a boat a boy's name. to give it a girl's name one, after somebody something fine." "Oh, Tom," said Dolly, "I do hope you'll be She wished her own name; she wished she had a thing fine. How lovely to have a boat named Tom looked about his odd pieces of work. "I forgot the traces. Dolly! They're Run and get them, like and get back as quick can! I'd go myself, but time. The boats have entered this evening, you But Dolly was already boat, running away to Although she hated fence and was afraid of Dolly decided to run the traces through the meadow past Tilly's cabin, because the quickest way. Within sight of Tilly's was Tilly running up to ing her apron. "Aw, Miss Dolly, hor ma'am, fotch de doctah sot de preserve kettle a here's to death. Run whiles I try to hesh he dassen't leabe her." "Oh, Tilly," said Dolly, "I'm sorry, 'Oh, yes, you kin, he de brook way. Hit's Run right quick, honey chile. My po' little Jij Dolly stood irresolute, weren't finished, and it what would Tom say? "What made Jimmy do it? "I wish she hadn't," hiding the braces in the tangle, and was off across toward Dr. Carter's calling after her: "God honey!"

It was a long way, but on. When she got to the found it much swollen, bridge had been swept followed the bank, trying place to cross. Tom, being by this time, not go for Dr. Carter's would go back to Tom. no bridge across the bro and that was excuse on started back. A lone vine caught at her skirt to stop her. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" She turned at last into the stream, catching as she went. What about there being no b

