otice !

all intending purchasers

anos

and—

Organs

her NEW OR SECOND-
AND, we would esteem it
indness to hear from you,
uiring re. price and terms
Heintzman Pianos or In-
ments that have been
htly used. We always
e a large number on hand,
will be pleased to answer
letters, giving full parti-
rs, and feel assured you
save money by writing us.

tzman & Co.,

ufacturers of High-class
21 Dundas-st., London,

RMERS

own interests and insure in the
TH AND SOUTH

Fire Insurance Company

E. LYON, Director, Groves
o I. B. HUFFMAN, Agent

lstering

done on short
inmodern sty e, done at
te prices.

ING AND SEWING
IALTY.

. J. SANDERS,

door east Dr. Brown's office

NTED RELIABLE MEN

in every locality, local or travell-
d advertise our goods tacking up
ces, along public roads and all
. No experience needful. Salary
per month and expenses $2.50 per
for full particulars.
PIRE MEDICINE CO., London, Ont.

XCHANGE—House and lot
f Tilsonburg, being lot 49, on
lph Street. The house is one
es, in fair shape, small barn,
p, and on easy terms; or will
erty in the Town of Aylmer.
C. O. LEARN, Real Estate
use Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE.

half of lot 34, Concession
sisting of 100 acres; ten
d maple bush; 50 acres
acres in fall wheat; 22
ed; good frame dwelling
d cellar; barn and drive
; land, which is clay loam,
good state of cultivation;
factory; 2½ miles from
is well tile drained. For
s apply on the premises.

R. McCLINTOCK,
Corinth P. O., Ont.

pash Railway

he route from Canada to
west. The great winter
alifornia, Mexico, Texas
thwestern points.

at 9:00 p. m. a personally
leeping car will leave St.
geles and San Francisco.

" and the "Continental
Buffalo, Chicago, St.
City are the finest and
r seen in this country.

s and all particulars from
J. A. Richardson, Dis't
orth-east corner King and
nto and St. Thomas, Ont.
A. McCALLUM, Agent.

UNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

ATES TO

Resorts !

Coast
a
a
na
ia
na and
Carolina

uides, Time Tables,
ents G.T.R. system.

Passenger Agent.
A. McCALLUM,
Station Agent.

"THE GOSPEL BELL" "A BELL OF ALARM."

The Whole World is to Be Won for God.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Gospel--The Great Consolation of the Sinner.

A despatch from Washington says: —The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And beneath upon the hem of it, thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof, and bells of gold between them round about."—Exodus xxviii, 33.

When Mary, Queen of England, ascended her throne, on the day of her coronation she wore a crown of jewels so heavy she could hardly bear up under it. Xerxes moved around his palace in a robe embroidered with representations of hawks contending with each other. An official, in one of the cathedrals of Paris, pulls open a drawer, and shows you a robe encrusted with diamonds, worn by Napoleon on the day of the christening of the Prince Imperial. All this imperial array may have been more costly, but it could not have been more brilliant than the robe of the High Priest in the ancient temple. I see him moving around in the temple with robe of scarlet and purple, the shoulders adorned with chalcedony, ribbons of deep blue, embroideries of exquisite flowers, chains of gold, a plate hung over the heart, on which you might see a blood-red sardonyx, a topaz, a carbuncle, an emerald, a pellucid sapphire, a diamond, a transparent ligure, an gate, a violetted amethyst, a beryl, an onyx, a striped jasper, within a space of ten inches square, mingling the blue of the sky, the green of the foliage, the sparkle of the water, and the deep glow of the fire. But mark the hem of that high priest's garment—curiously woven with representations of pomegranates, the favourite fruit of that clime; while between those pomegranates there were golden bells that clashed and chimed as the high priest moved about in the ceremonies. Was it mere silliness and child's play that hung those bells to the hem of the high priest's garment? Was it useless display? Was it meaningless adornment? No. It was profoundly glorious and significant. The bells not only called people outside and inside the temple to worship, but they rang out and they rang in joy of the great Gospel dispensation.

I am glad that the first use of bells was a religious use; and hereafter the Gospel of God to me shall be a chime of bells; and whether I hear them in the garments of the high priest, or in the cathedral tower they hill up get to me the gladness, the warning, and the triumph of the Gospel.

These Gospel bells, like those that adorned the high priest's robe, are golden bells. Other bells are made of tin and copper; but these Gospel bells tin and copper; but these Gospel bells Europe that cost three hundred thousand dollars. It was at vast expense that metallic voices were given to the towers of York, and Vienna, and Oxford. But all the wealth of heaven was thrown into this Gospel bell. No angel can count its value. Eternity cannot demonstrate its cost. When the bell of the Russian Kremlin was being fused, the lords came and threw their gold into the molten mass; but when this Gospel bell was to be consecrated, the kings of heaven, the hier-crowns and their sceptres. It is a golden bell. Do you believe it? Hear it ring! "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins."

Glorious Gospel! It is the sweetest sound that a sinner ever heard. It is the grandest consolation that mourner ever felt. It is the mightiest hope that mourner ever experienced.

I tarried two or three days near the tower of Antwerp. Every fifteen minutes the bells of that tower chime so sweetly that it seems as if the angels of God, flying past, had alighted in the tower. But when the full hour comes, then the clock with heavy tongue strike the hour, adding impressiveness and solemnity to the chime of bells.

So this great Gospel tower chimes every fifteen minutes—nay, every moment. Tones of mercy. Tones of love. Tones of compassion. Tones of pardon. And occasionally, to let you know that the weights are running down, and that the time is going past, the heavy tongue of this bell comes down with an emphasis, saying, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation!" "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Weary of sin, the world said to me you are not as bad as you might be. Poor comfort! Standing with both feet in the wet gravel of the grave, human philosophy took my arm and mumbled in my ear its inanities. But religion spoke to me, and my sins perished like tow in the flame; and the grave became only the ploughed ground for an eternal harvest. World without end let God be praised for such a Gospel. It is fit to live for; and if days of persecution should ever again come, shall we not be willing to die for it? I do not think that Hawkes, the martyr, was foolish, when having said to his friends that he would give them some signal in his last hour as to whether the fires of martyrdom were tolerable, in the dying moment; with his hands on fire, he lifted them above his head and clapped them once in great joy, clapped them twice, and clapped them three times—that the world might know what a joyful thing it is to die for Jesus.

I remark, further, that these gospel bells, like those around the high priest's garment, are bells of invitation. When the Jews heard the clash of those bells in the hem of the priest's robe they knew it was an invitation to worship. That is the meaning of every church tower from San Francisco to New York, and from London to St. Petersburgh. It is, "Come—come." Aye, that is the most familiar word in the Bible. It seems to be a favorite word. The word "Come," occurs six hundred and forty-two times in the Bible. It is, "Come to the supper;" "Come to the Waters;" "The Spirit and the Bride say, come." Through all sorrows, through all trials, through all nights of darkness, through all calamities, through all temptations, it rings out, "Come!—come!—Come!" I remember, when I was a boy in the country, of being envious of the old sexton who used to lay hold of the bell-rope, and start the bell that shook the meeting house, calling the people for miles around to prayer. The poorest man, trudging along the turnpike road, knew that bell called him just as much as it called the rich farmer, riding behind his prancing and capering pair. And so this Gospel bell calls to palaces and to huts, to robes and to rags, saying, "Whosoever will, let him come." When the sexton had struck one stroke, why did he not wind up the rope and stop? The people had all heard it. But no, he kept on ringing until, besweated and exhausted, he sat down. When he began to ring there were none present. When he concluded ringing, the roads were full of waggons, and the church door was thronged with people who had come to worship God. And so we must keep on ringing this Gospel bell. Though, perhaps, few may now come, we will keep on ringing, until, after awhile, men shall come as clouds, and as "doves to their windows." Come to Jesus, old man! Come to Jesus my little child! Come to Jesus, ye wanderer, If the prodigal should this night start for his father's house, the father would say, "There is no need of fatting that calf any longer; kill it; roast it—bring forth the smoking meat to my starving boy." And there would be joy in heaven over his return. When Henry II. had his son crowned, the king took off his robes, and put on a servant's apron, and served at feast. O, what condescension! Historians record it. But hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, that the King of the Universe comes to this banquet in the form of a servant, answering your beck and mine. Glorious banquet! Glorious provision! Come to it. Is there any one in this house to-night who is so discouraged he cannot start? Let me encourage him. A fireman was going up a ladder to rescue a child from a burning building. The flames struck him, singed him, scorched him—and he was about to drop; but a man in the crowd shouted, "Let's cheer that brave fellow in his effort to save the child. Three cheers!" The shout went up. The fireman was inspired. He plunged in the burning building, brought down the child, and placed it upon the ground in safety. Are there not some here to-night, who feel the fire of death kindling around about them, and who will give up the effort to rescue their souls unless some cheering word be uttered to-night? Therefore, in the name of my God, I utter this jubilant cheer: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow. Though they be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool."

I remark, further, that the Gospel bells, like those on the high priest's robe, are bells of warning. When the Jews heard the clash and ring of those bells, it was a warning for them to worship, lest God should be offended. On Bell Rock, in the German Ocean, there is a lighthouse, and there are two bells, that every half minute ring out through the fog, through the darkness, through the storm, and over the sea. Beware! beware! The helmsman on the ship, hearing the warning, turns the wheel and steers off. It is a startling thing, at midnight, to hear the heavy clang of a fire-bell, if you live in the third ward, and the tongue of the bell strike one, two, three! If a city is besieged, and the flash of the musketry is seen on the hill-tops, and the cavalry horses are dashing up and down, and the batteries are being unlimbered, all the bells of the city call to arms! to arms! So, my friends, this Gospel bell of alarm. I account it as infinite cowardice and hypocrisy for a man who believes in the Bible to hide from the people the fact that there are appalling disasters coming to those who finally reject God. We can plaster the matter over; we can philosophise about it; we can explain it away, but the Bible states it, reiterates, makes it as plain as that two and two make four, that there is utter discomfiture for the finally unregenerate. That Bible says, "God is angry with the wicked every day," and that He "will turn into hell all the nations that forget God." And yet, with those passages before them, and hundreds of others just as plain, men will speak of an eternity of lavender and rose-water for every man, regardless of his character and of his heart. You know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now, here is coming the Cincinnati express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white fag, and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says, "You are. What did you wave that flag for? In the Great Day of eternity it will be found who of us," standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flagmen. He will be responsible who lets men go on down toward death without giving the warning—waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril. I tried for fifteen years to figure eternal punishment out of that Bible. I have not succeeded. I shall never try it again. It is there. If ever you find me standing here philosophising about unimportant things, or befogging the people with metaphysics, or giving moral essays, when I ought to be sounding the invitations and warnings of the Gospel, accost me on the spot, and charge me with betraying my mission. There is in Moscow a bell that has never been rung. It cost a great deal. It is very large. Perhaps it is the largest bell in the world. They never could get any machinery large enough to hoist it. People come and look at it, admire its size, and admire the composition of the metal, but no one has ever heard the ringing of that bell. It was never rung. We are getting into the Church of God metaphysical bells, and philosophical bells, and transcendental bells, and a great many bells that are very admirable to look at. They are immense; but I had rather be a smaller bell, and of poorer metal, if God will only let me ring out warning and invitation to the people. I had rather be a door-bell, helping to call people into the opening gate of God's mercy and forgiveness; or I had rather be a dinner-bell, inviting them to a banquet of a Saviour's mercy, crying, "Eat, O friends! drink, O beloved!" Eternal peril has come down upon thee, O unforgiven soul. The flames of the lost world have been kindled, and to-night I ring the fire-bell of an eternal burning, crying, "Escape for thy life! Tarry not in all the plain! Look not behind thee, lest thou be consumed!"

I remark, further, that the bells on the high priest's robe were bells of joy. When the Jews heard the chiming of those bells on the priest's robe, it announced to them the possibility of pardon for their sins, and of deliverance. "Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people." Bells have been rung on days of victory. The bells of London rung after Waterloo. The bells in many of our cities rang after the settlement of our national strife. The great bells of York, and Oxford, and Vienna, at some time, have sounded the victory.

These Gospel bells, of which I speak, are bells of triumph. Calvary was the dreadful Bunker Hill of the church, up and down whose sides the forces of darkness and light rallied and fell back. Now one force triumphed; now the other. But the conflict at last was decided. Satan dethroned! The white marble castle of the sepulchre captured! The whole world is to be won for God. Ring all the bells of eternity at the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Now it sometimes seems as if everything was against us; heathenism against us; the formalities of the church against us; false philosophies against us; all the crimes of the world against us; the hosts of darkness, with drawn swords, and thundering ammunition-wagons of hell, captained and generaled by Apolyon the King of Terrors, are all against us. But wait a little. Joshua's men fell back, but only in stratagem, before they took the city of Ai. So the falling back of the forces of God in the earth is only a Divine stratagem by which God will make our triumph the more conspicuous, and the overthrow of sin more terrific and tremendous. The higher an eagle carries a tortoise the more complete its demolition when it dashes on the rock. God is only lifting up sin higher and higher that He may more ruinously cast it down. The day of deliverance comes. The Moors demanded one hundred virgins every year from the nation of the Castilians. The king refused the tribute, and he went out in battle to in battle to put down the infamous he was defeated. The night after the first defeat, he dreamed—so the legend says—and in his dream he heard a voice from heaven saying "To-morrow you shall get the victory." So he rallied his troops; and, as he went into the battle, he saw a milk-white palfrey, and a supernatural being riding upon it, waving a white standard. His army triumphed; and when the day was ended, sixty thousand Moors lay dead upon the plain. So, my friends, we may sometimes be driven back. Our enemies may say, "Aha! God hath forsaken thee. Persecute and take them for there is none to deliver." But in Apocalyptic vision I see the white horse and his rider. His eyes are as a flame of fire. On his head are many crowns. He goes forth from conquest to conquest; and from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, shall yet ring out the bells of a universal victory. Aye, they are ringing now: "All flesh shall see the salvation of God!" "and He shall reign for ever and for ever!" The Bishop of Malta, in superstition, had all the bells of the city rung, in the hope that the storm that was raging in the city might be quieted. That was superstition; but I think it is faith in God that leads us to believe that the ringing of these Gospel bells will yet silence all the storms of this world's sin and all the storms of this world's trouble.

Oh, when Jesus, our Great High Priest, in full robes shall enter into his glory, the bells on the hem of His garments will ring with the music of an eternal merriment.

But, my dear brethren and sisters, we shall have no share in that joy unless now we listen to the Gospel tidings. There is a bell on the other side of the waters, weighing two hundred and eight thousand pounds; and it takes twenty-four men to ring it. But to bring out all the sweetness of this Gospel bell would take all the consecrated spirits of earth—seraphim and archangel. Who in this august assembly will listen? Who will listen now? In New England they have what they call a passing bell; that is, when some one dies in a village word is sent to the sexton, and he sounds the bell just as often as the man lived years; and, when the sound is in the tower, the people are solemn; and they say, "Some one is dead—who is it? For us the passing bell will soon sound. Gone from the family. Gone from the church. Gone from the last opportunity of salvation.

The day is far spent. What thy hand findeth to do, do it. Hours, once dead, can never be recit. Hours, once dead, can never be resuscitated. Among all the drops of dew that fall on thy grave there will not be one tear of repentance. Slipping off the embankment of the eternity, we can never clamber back. William the Conqueror established the ringing of curfew bells. The meaning of that curfew bell, sounded at eventime, was that all the fire should be put out or covered with ashes, all the lights should be extinguished, and the people should go to bed. Soon for us the curfew will sound. The fires of our life will be banked up in ashes, and we shall go into the sleep, the long sleep, the cool sleep, I hope the blessed sleep; But there is no gloom in that if we are ready. The safest thing that a Christian can do is to die. An Italian made a chime of bells for his native village. So sweet was the chime that he took up his abode near it. After awhile war came. The Italian was taken into exile. The bells were captured, and were also taken away. Years passed on. One day the Italian exile, in a row-boat is being rowed up the river Shannon, toward the city of Limerick, Ireland. As he comes near the wharf the cathedral tower strikes the chime; and lo, it was the same old chime of bells that had so, in other days, enchanted him. He recognized them in a moment. His emotions were too great for human endurance. He folded his arms and laid back in the boat. The rowers put down their oars and tried to resuscitate him. His face was toward the tower. But he was gone. His soul had gone out in the raptures of that hour. His life fell under the stroke of the chime of Limerick Cathedral. So may it be with us when going up from this earthly exile into the harbour of our God. May we fold our arms in peace and listen; and, while the rowers are taking us to anchorage, from turret and dome, and palace-gate, an arch of eternal victory may there come rippling upon our soul the music of the bells of heaven.

A QUEEN'S LAUNDRY.

Handsomely Located—Many Employed in the Laundry.

The "queen's laundry," as it is called, occupies the most picturesque site on the borders of Richmond park, which, in spite of its nearness to London, is still one of the most beautiful sylvan scenes in all England. "White Lodge," the home of the Teeks, is also located in Richmond park. A tiny ivy covered cottage guards the entrance to the drive, and the gatekeeper is always at his post, for no intruders are allowed to pass the portals, only those who are in her majesty's service. A beautiful drive lined on either side by green lawns and flower beds sweeps up to the entrance of the house attached to the laundry, where the superintendent lives. After a short conversation with him on the subject one realizes that he is an expert in the art of washing. He says that he has tested every machine connected with washing and investigates and analyzes every soap so as to obtain the best possible means and methods.

The laundry is a large, square building, with a small wing at one side, and herein her majesty's personal linen is washed. On entering the building the first sensation is a very strong odor of soap and boiling hot water, which seems to come from everywhere, although really not unpleasant. Huge cupboards on either side of the stone passageway are filled with several kinds of soap stored away for future use. Usually a ton is bought at a time, and it requires some place where it may have free ventilation.

The entrance hall is stacked with big, square baskets in which the linen is packed, after having left the sorting room, where they are emptied and sorted according to the respective lists that accompany them. One easily realizes that a perfect system is effected throughout the entire laundry. The personal linen of the royal family, however, never comes into this sorting room. Unlike the rest, it has a sorting room all of its own, and travels in wooden boxxes, each bearing a brass plate with the owner's name and number thus, "The Queen, 4; Princess of Wales, 1."

When one realizes that the entire laundry coming from the queen's various homes pesses in and out of this model laundry, it is no small wonder that it requires a large army of persons, who in themselves would form a little colony, and that one man is kept busy attending to the baggage as it comes and ggoes from the different railroad stations.

One mangle is kept constantly going for the towels alone.

Up stairs are the drying and ironing department. The slides which draw in and out over the furnaces are constantly replenished for the things within them dry in a few minutes. The room feels like a Turkish bath house, and the table-cloths, sheets, etc., hung on an infinite number of lines dry quite as well, though not so quickly, as in the slides. This room is chiefly used in winter. The laundry has a splendid drying ground. Rows upon rows of posts support copper wires, and the grass plot looks as if it had been converted into an original kind of maze. Adjoining is a large building of corrugated iron having open ends and revolving shutterlike slides in order to regulate air and sunshine. This is an ingenious invention of the superintendent's and it not only used on damp and showery days, but is of inestimable value on Sundays, when the flow of linen back and forward to the palaces does not cease.

VEGETABLES.

Did you buy those cigars of mine at a cigar store? he asked.

Certainly, she replied. Where did you think I bought them?

I wasn't certain that you didn't get them at your green grocer's.

THEY WOULD NOT SPEAK.

SAILED AROUND THE WORLD TOGETHER, BUT NEVER SPOKE.

O eSaved the Other's Life, But Still They Remained Strangers, and Took Separate Ships for Home From Natal.

First Officer Jas. L. Mumford, of the British ship Canara, lately at the Delaware Breakwater after a voyage of 244 days from Iloilo, in the Philippines, tells a strange story of the long run. When the Canara sailed nearly a year ago from Belfast she had on board two young men who, although not enemies in the common acceptance of the word, still had so little use for one another that they never exchanged a word.

Mr. Mumford said that Francis Clark and Louis Pitt, as he knew them, had formerly been fast friends. He said that the younger, Pitt, apparently had considerable money, while Clark, although of a well-connected English family, had elected to follow the trade of a machinist. They lived in Leeds, England, and were inseparable for years. Disputes, however, became frequent, and finally they stopped speaking and avoided each other as much as possible.

It so happened that Clark was feeling unwell and determined on a sea voyage. He had lots of friends and little trouble was experienced in securing him a passage in the Canara.

Young Pitt's people couldn't understand the estrangement between the pair and they resolved on a novel scheme, no less than sending Pitt himself on the Canara and trusting that the close companionship entailed by the limited quarters on the vessel would again restore the lost friendship.

THE MEETING

"It was a strange meeting," said the mate, in relating the curious episode. "I knew a great deal about the men and of the pride which possessed them and I waited with interest to see what transpired. They simply passed each other on the deck, as though each was an inanimate object. Throughout the entire long voyage to the far East, though we had all worked industriously toward that end, we could not bring them together.

"The eventful passage began in the early spring, and should have been completed in August. In the early part of July the Canara encountered a howling storm little short of a typhoon. For many days she lay on her beam at the mercy of the sea.

THE STORM.

Lashed to the rigging, to prevent being swept overboard, the crew suffered terribly. Sails were torn form their gaskets and left in ribbons streaming from the yards. Young Pitt had lashed himself to the mainmast, Clark, the other strange sailor, with the remainder of the crew, sought shelter on the gratlings. When the storm was at its height the mainmast suddenly broke off close to the deck, carrying Pitt with it.

"The sea was raging in fury and tremendous waves swept the wrecked deck of the Canara from stem to stern. Then in the misty haze the men caught sight of young Pitt still lashed to the mast, feebly wave his hand for help. He had been hurt and could not untie the lashings which held him to the spar.

"Help was asked, but it was risky to give it. The only way was for a man to make his way to Pitt and secure a rope to him, by which both could be drawn aboard. The bravest of them hesitated in that awful sea, and there is no doubt but that the unfortunate young man would have perished had it not been for Clark. He had watched the entire incident in moody silence. Captain Swatridge asked for a volunteer to make his way to the mast. Clark stepped forward. There was little time to lose, for one after another the shrouds were parting fast. A rope was put around Clark's waist and he started on his perilous mission.

THE RESCUE.

It was a stupendous feat. The sea was running mountains high and three times the brave rescuer was swept from it. It required fifteen minutes to reach Pitt and almost as many more to secure the rope. The two men were cruelly battered before they got safely on board. Both were unconscious.

"When the fallen mast was cut away and the storm had abated the Canara, under jury rig, stood for Natal. She reached that port with her crew, exhausted and practically helpless. Neither Clark nor Pitt had recovered consciousness. They were promptly removed to the British hospital, and when the Canara, having completed repairs, sailed on October 27 for the Delaware Breakwater, neither had yet recognized the other, and acted as perfect strangers."

FRENCH HOUSEWIVES.

There are few women so busy or so thrifty as the French middle-class housewife, the bonne bourgeoise of the towns, or the better-half of a man who has retired from business to a small country estate, or even the wives of notaries and doctors in the provinces. Many take an active yet retiring part in their husband's business, by keeping the books and acting as cashier, but when this is not necessary they are the best housekeepers in the world.

In the Autumn they are very busy indeed. They collect the moderate-sized tomatoes that ripen after the main crop has been gathered, see that each one is perfect, wipe them with a clean cloth, and pack them in large earthenware jars, completely covering them with good olive oil, and then tie them down. The air is thus quite excluded from the fruit, and during the Winter the tomatoes come out a few at a time, perfectly fresh, and the oil, being quite clean and good, is used to fry fish or vegetables in. Not the least particle of waste attaches to this method of preserving the popular and wholesome fruit that is even more valued in French than in our cookery.

When the Frenchwoman leaves her country house in Autumn, and returns to town for the winter, she is very particular about closing the rooms in such a manner that there shall be no close or damp smell about them when reopened the following season. Every sprig of mint that has not been dried for Winter is gathered from the garden and strewn about the floors. It dries very gradually as time goes on, and leaves a faint odor, but the atmosphere remains perfectly fresh.

When feathered game is brought in it is plucked and drawn, and the inside filled with small bits of vegetable charcoal. The birds are then sewn up in white muslin or what we call cheese cloth, and hung in a dark place, where there is a continual current of air. Poultry is treated in a similar way, but not plucked.

There are two ways practised of keeping fish fresh for two or three days. One is to cut the principal artery in the neck and remove it. If skilfully done, the smaller veins come away at the same time. Another is to make a paste of white bread crumb and alcohol, stuff as much as possible in the gills and the mouth, and thoroughly wrap the fish up in a big bundle of fresh-cut nettles, covering them with straw, and sprinkling with water once or twice a day.

If there has been a good crop of grapes, it is desirable to keep a few bunches for Christmas and other winter festivities. The French housemistress has them cut with a very long piece of stalk on the end nearest the vine rod, and places this stalk in a bottle of water, with a bit or two of charcoal in it. The bottles must be very carefully placed in a dry storeroom, and the stems wired to prevent them from falling out, and the grapes will keep perfectly. Another plan is to cut the bunches in the ordinary way, and put each in a bag of oiled paper, so large that it does not touch the grapes. The mouth of the bag is gathered up round the stem, and secured with sealing-wax, so that no air gets in, and then the bunches are hung from hooks in a dry, airy room.

While in the country, or whenever she can get fresh sorrel, the French cook will take care of the water in which it has been boiled and wash her sponges in it. This method is quite as effectual as cleansing them with lemon-juice or chemicals, and considerably cheaper.

Here in one method of cooking the mushrooms so abundant in Autumn that is well-nigh universal in France. The peasant practices it as well as the chef, and it preserves both juice and flavor. Use them perfectly fresh, peel, wipe, and lay in a soup plate, or a little eartherware pan, with a lid to it. If it is a soup plate, turn another over it. Put in a good piece of butter and a sprinkling of pepper and salt, and stand on a hot plate or in the oven. Cook till tender, and let no metal touch them unless it be a silver fork or spoon.

Great bunches of heather are often cut and dried. When judiciously picked into sprays, they make capital backgrounds for Winter flower vases, or mixed with freshly-cut blossoms, they make a few go along way, and only the initiated ever know what the light-colored little flower is.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

It is curious to trace how little by little our ordinary conveniences, such as needles and pins, thimbles and crochet-hooks, came into use, and were adapted to the daily needs of feminine work and fripperies. The first needles were probably made of fish-bones, carefully sharpened and pierced, and even before they were invented women pierced holes in the skins and fabrics they manipulated with little bone skewers, and passed fine threads of sinew through the holes thus made. This method is in use among some American Indian tribes to the present day, and the sewing produced is remarkably neat. There were a great many needle-makers in Paris in the thirteenth century, but when Louis Quatorze, was King they had all disappeared. Needles were then made entirely by hand, and were consequently expensive, but by some means the needle manufacture got transplanted to England, and to this day there is no present more valued by notable Frenchwomen than a stock of the best English needles, not simply bought as such, but selected here by someone who knows what needles ought to be. The small case or casket in which ladies kept their precious needles was frequently made of gold, and even set with jewels, and very often attached to the chatelaine which even dames of high degree wore at their waists.

Paris pins had a great reputation in Moliere's time, about 1656, but the pin makers disappeared before the end of that century. England had even then become the home of the industry, but a few were still made at Laigle and Rugles, in Normandy, though the only way of making them popular with French ladies was by selling them in English wrappers. There were then as many varieties as we have now, including black pins for mourning, which, however, it was said, were less used in 1723 than in previous years.

Pincushions have quite a literature of their own. The earliest seem to have formed the tops of boxes, which were often very valuable, and made to contain jewels. They belonged far more to the dressing-table than to the work basket.

Gabrielle d'Estress, in 1599, had a portable pincushion made to hang to her girdle. It is described as being of fine gold, set with diamonds, enamelled purple on one side, and on the other with flowers, and having four large pearls, one at each corner. The shapes of many of these quaint pin cushions have lately been revived and mounted in silver for dressing table ornaments.

HARDLY SPEEDY ENOUGH.

Grace, dear, remarked the anxious mother, do you think that young man is fast?

Yes, indeed, responded the daughter, reassuringly; but he won't get away, mother.