

### No Mark of Gentility.

There is a sentiment among a certain class that to seem regardless in the matter of expenses is quite a mark of high breeding. The reverse is rather the fact; and such a motive shows much ignorance of the higher walks of social life. Large incomes, when the expenditure is on a magnificent scale, are often disbursed with a system as exact and economic, in its way, as that which is found in a most methodical, humble household. This system reaches even to the most minute details of the larder and kitchen. Wastefulness is usually regarded among well-bred people as a distinctive mark of vulgarity and "newness" in the upper social plane.

A woman who a dozen years or more ago did her own work for her family, washing included, in a room or two in Harlem, after a sudden "rise," could find nothing sufficiently good at Stewart's to suit her fastidious taste, so she ordered, through them, an entire suit from Paris. The wheel of fortune gave another turn, and the auctioneer's hammer made short work of her finery. An indifference to expenses, even in small things, is one of the surest ways in which to swamp a fortune. It is in the details of the table that a wide sphere is opened to a cultivated woman to economize expenses, while she still sets a most elegant, generous table. When cooking is accounted one of the fine arts in which our daughters are duly trained, with the diligence we expect them to bestow on their music, we shall have a better order of things in the household.

With close attention to minutiae, one can prepare a dainty tea, or a wholesome, abundant dinner whose savory odors will gratify more than the sense of taste, on a very small sum. Enough good food is wasted in many a thriftless home to provide, if properly used, for another family.

Let the little girls be early trained to take an interest in the domestic economy of the household. This can only be done by giving them a part in its workings. "Begin small," and take the rule of "one thing at a time." Be very patient with mistakes, and when you are tempted to fret at the child's awkwardness, just sit down and write a page with your left hand. Then remember that a child is all "left hand." ETHEL.

### Conserve of Roses.

Cut the roses when in full bloom, and pull out the petals. This can be done for several days, until your fragrant roses are done blooming. Spread the leaves or stir them up, that they may not mildew. When done gathering them put the rose leaves into a preserving kettle with a little water, cover them and boil until they are soft and tender; then add sugar and boil till you have a nice syrup; put away in your fruit cans or jelly glasses. Taking a tablespoonful of this on rising in the morning, before eating anything, is regarded by the Syrians as one of the best remedies for indigestion.

This delicious preserve or conserve of roses is also passed around on a little silver tray to guests to taste of, and talk about, and praise, etc. Ladies, you will find it a delightful flavoring for puddings, cakes and pies, as it retains the rose flavor and fragrance for any length of time. A little of the syrup in pudding sauce is very nice. A little of the leaves, as well, in your mince pies is a great addition.—*Christian Witness*.

### Cheap Table Plants for Farmers.

Table decoration is one of those innocent fancies which may be indulged in by all classes. Many farmers' wives and daughters are also gifted with excellent taste and wonderfully acute inventive powers. Not a few of them, however, who have no green-house despair of having table plants for their dinner parties. These, however, are quite within their reach. Nothing can be easier than to grow a few of the finer hardy plants or annuals in pots, or, simpler still, take up a nice batch from the garden when wanted, place it in a pot, vase, basket, or china basin, set one, three or more, such on the table, and remove back to the garden next morning or as soon as they begin to fade. Polyanthus, Primroses, Auriculas, Aubretias, Arabis, Forget-me-nots, Stocks, Wallflowers, and nearly all bulbs may be treated in this way, and have a fine effect. A few common Fern fronds, cut from the hedge-rows, add much to the beauty of some of these. But nothing can equal the natural foliage of most of them, especially the leaves of Auriculas.—*Agricultural Economist*.

### The Superannuated O. G.

"I have been called a superannuated old goose," remarked a woman about fifty years of age, as she entered the central station yesterday.

She sat down and looked at the captain for half a minute, and then continued:—

"I have been called an ignorant old dodo, a centennial parchment, a relicous old living pyramid, and several other hard names, and I want a certain woman arrested right off."

"It was a woman, eh?" queried the captain.

"It was a woman, sir, and when I shut my eyes her image comes before me as plain as a photograph. You can find her on the market."

"You had a fuss, did you?" he asked.

"We had a dispute," she replied, as she unrolled a white handkerchief and held up a banana. "She had some of these bandanas for sale, and when I asked her how she sold bandanas, she laughed in a mean way, and said she hadn't a bandana on her stand. There they was right before my eyes, and yet she said she hadn't any."

"You called them bandanas, while you meant bananas," said the captain.

"There you go, too!" she exclaimed, as she rose up. "Don't you s'pose I know what a bandana is?"

"Yes, ma'am, but that—"

"This is a bandana!" she shrieked, as she waved it round.

"That is a banana, ma'am!"

"It's a bandana, or I'm a fool!"

"It's a banana, or I'm a villain!"

She stepped back as if she meant to throw it at his eye, but after a little reflection she calmly remarked:—

"There's two of you against me, and some of us are fools. I'm old enough to be your mother, and I've called these things bandanas for over fifty years. Now, I want to find out if I'm a living Egyptian pyramid, or if you sit up behind that desk to make fun of me. Where's the city directory?"

"The directory won't settle this dispute," he replied, as he stepped down. "Come to the door, and we'll see what others say."

She followed him out, and in half a minute along came a boy.

"Bub, what's that?" said the captain, pointing to the fruit.

"She's a banana," answered the boy.

Thirty feet behind was another boy, and he said it was a banana. In the course of five minutes three or four men had passed by, and each one had called it a banana.

"There—are you satisfied now?" asked the captain, as he turned to go in.

"I hate to give in, but I've got to," she sighed. "I've been called a superannuated old goose, a relicous pyramid, and a centennial parchment, and I guess I am. I've read of folks eating bandanas and tying up bundles in bananas, and fifty years of my life has been lived for nothing. The woman was right, you are right, and the next time I'll inquire for lemons and find out that everybody else calls 'em string beans. Good-by, squire."

### Van Dyck and the Bishop.

There is a tale that Van Dyck, just before his departure, was sent for by a bishop (whose name being Anthony, has been wrongly supposed to be the Bishop of Trieste, a firm friend of the artist) to paint his portrait. With the insolence of his rank, the prelate, regarding the artist as he did one of his lackeys, when he came in did not rise to receive him, nor make any acknowledgment of his presence. Van Dyck had seen in the anteroom his easel and implements, which he had sent before, and vexed at his reception, without waiting for an invitation, seated himself and gazed steadily at the bishop without saying a word. As that worthy in this silent strife found he was matched by the artist, after some minutes he said, abruptly:—

"Have not you come to paint my portrait?"

"I am at your Eminence's disposal," replied Van Dyck.

The bishop waited; the painter sat immovable.

"Why," cried the prelate, "don't you get your tools? do you expect me to seek for them?"

"As you did not order your servants to bring them to me, I thought it possible that you intended to do me that service," answered Van Dyck coolly.

Reddening with rage, the bishop rose, and, in a wrathful tone, cried:—

"Anthony, you are but a little asp, but you have great venom."

Van Dyck moved toward the door, and when on the threshold, at a safe distance from the burly priest, bowed mockingly, as he retorted:—

"Anthony, you are large enough, but, like the cinnamon-tree, the skin is the best part of you."—*Harper's Magazine*.

### Facts About Colors.

There are many little arts which may be used about colored clothes when washing them which tend to a look of newness as long as they are worn. These are some of them: A spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it previously to washing. A tea cup of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods. Nankin should lay in lye before being washed; it sets the color. A strong, clean tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water, for pink or green calicoes, will brighten them. Soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.

**PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.**—Nothing is so certain to bring genuine happy smiles to our own faces as to watch such smiles grow in those of others as the result of our sympathy, our gentle words or helpful deeds. Who ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like fastening a knot of violets and mignonette in the button-hole, just where their perfume may rise deliciously to our sense all day. And what a pleasure it will be, when the present trouble is over, to remember that even in darkest days we found time and inclination to give to others some portion of that tenderness or practical helpfulness which was the overflow of that generous spirit which finally bore us through it all to a happy and peaceful ending! "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

**CARELESS WIVES.**—It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and so economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very true of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the careless waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be hardly less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the ways to turn everything in household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

**ABOUT EYEBROWS.**—While the Danes profess to know a man who is a wehrwolf by his eyebrows meeting, the current saying in the South of England is: "It is good to have meeting eyebrows; you will never have trouble." In China, according to Dr. Dennys, the people say that "people whose eyebrows meet can never expect to attain the dignity of a minister of state"; that "ladies with too much down or hair are born to be poor all their lives," but that "bearded men will never become beggars."

There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow—"Excuse half, and forgive the rest."

Give a helping hand when you may, and, if in need of assistance yourself, gratefully take it if it is freely offered; but never wait for it. Independence is always honoured; therefore be independent, and by self-reliance show that at least you are deserving of success.

\* Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

On being asked why he went into bankruptcy, he replied: "Well, my liabilities were large, my liabilities numerous, and my probabilities unpromising; and so I thought I'd do as my neighbors do."