

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The right of the range and the of get content from and have open plumbing, the greatest drawback for the district will be to the left and to the right a plan to be made for the unattached dishes. At the back of the sink, hooks should be placed to hold the cups, spoons and knives, which are constant in use. The table should stand in the middle of the room, have four drawers, and a small stationary chopping knives and chopping board should hang at one side. Suspended over the table a rack to hold the saucers, plates, frying pans and strainer. Shelves should be built near the table and over the sink. The porcelain basin, baking dishes, and the articles used for seasoning. A small rack for the kitchen towels, dish towels and stove pads should be near the stove, the kitchen towel rack hanging over the sink. The refrigerator should be on the porch in a cool place, or built in the wall of the kitchen and have a sliding door. In an ideal kitchen vegetables are not kept in the kitchen, but in a cool box; a bin made of iron is hung beneath the floor and is divided into several compartments. The bin has a trap door and the vegetables are withdrawn as they are needed. The coal, of course, is kept outside the kitchen and the water is possible to be accessible from the inside of the kitchen. Every necessary cooking utensil should be in a well-regulated kitchen; the one who rules in that domain needs all the conveniences of a kitchen.

THE NURSERY. There is nothing that costs so little and is worth so much as politeness. Not the studied politeness of etiquette, but spontaneous, natural politeness in every day life. It is the spring from a sympathetic nature and goodness of heart. A brusque, rude manner, even in girls, is so much the order of the day, that one is quite impressed if one comes across a person who gives the sign of life. It is the spring from a sympathetic nature and goodness of heart. A brusque, rude manner, even in girls, is so much the order of the day, that one is quite impressed if one comes across a person who gives the sign of life. It is the spring from a sympathetic nature and goodness of heart. A brusque, rude manner, even in girls, is so much the order of the day, that one is quite impressed if one comes across a person who gives the sign of life.

HOW LITTLE THINGS SHOULD BE DONE. It is the little things of the household work that give the most trouble. When systems are once established in doing them order prevails. Where an open grate is in daily use, it is necessary to clear out the corolla and remove the ashes before dusting. In sweeping, a light stroke should be given the broom. Once a week the carpet should be gone over carefully with a broom dipped in warm water. For dusting furniture and wood work a soft cloth should be used, the dust should be gently wiped up, and not off on to the floor to settle again on the carpet, and other articles in the room. Pictures and mirrors hung high are easily washed with a brush. Windows should be given daily attention by being dusted, and once or twice a month, as will be found necessary, the glass should be washed in warm water, to which a little powder of borax is added, and the wood work wiped off.

THE DINING-ROOM. Nature does not intend that a very large quantity of liquid shall be used with meals, as she has provided an abundant flow of secretions to uphold the digestive processes. Liquid hinders the work of digestion rather than aids it, as it dilutes these fluids and interferes with the food into the stomach without its being properly assimilated and mixed with the saliva. Not over one glass of liquid should be taken as a general rule, and there are a great many cases in which almost no liquid is stomachic at all. It is very showy, where it is best not to take any liquid at all. There are cases where there is much heaviness about the stomach after meals, and sometimes liquid can be felt in the stomach by making a sudden pressure upon the organ.

THE KITCHEN. Next to bedrooms, kitchens are the most abused rooms in a house. People seem to think that any old sort of a room will do and any old thing good enough to be put in it. No kitchen should be in a house. Much attention should be paid to every little detail, and above all, to light and ventilation. Everything should be built and placed so as to attract attention. The floor should be polished white and be washable, the floor linoleum or hardwood, and with a drain so arranged that it may be flushed after it has been scrubbed. The range should be placed at one side of the room where plenty of light can be had and where an iron ventilator will be over it to carry out the steam. The sink should be placed to

THE WRITING NEWSPAPER MAN.

girl had some lingering hope that her love would remain loyal, but when she offered him his release he promptly accepted, and for the time being that the girl was left a widow. A wealthy relative, whose sympathies were enlisted, desired the young body some very handsome property, which was her father's inheritance. This was in the form of plantations, and against a family connection, she was placed in the hands of her lover. I think they are now abroad. These are the sad facts, and it seems to me they involve a very pretty problem in psychology for one of these modern analytic story tellers.

Charles Stanley Lee in the Atlantic. In every city of the land the newspaper man is an outcast. He knows more people to be a stranger to than any other being in the world. He has no holidays. His Christmas is the record of other men's joy. His New Year is a dreary return. Even the fourth of July and Sunday, servants of the common man, refuse him their cheer. The Fourth of July is the day he must be in every place in one, because everything is happening and everything is to be done. He must not be absent, because nothing is happening. His labors are our pleasures. He gets his vacation by doing another man's work, and earns his living by watching other people live. The very days and the nights turn. He must not be absent, because nothing is happening. His labors are our pleasures. He gets his vacation by doing another man's work, and earns his living by watching other people live. The very days and the nights turn. He must not be absent, because nothing is happening. His labors are our pleasures. He gets his vacation by doing another man's work, and earns his living by watching other people live.

THE BOER WOMEN. To-day the Transvaal occupies the center of our political stage, writes Sannie Kruger, and the Boer women have naturally taken first place in human interest. Gallons of ink are being spilled over them, some truth and more nonsense finding its way into print. The Boer women talk the popular language of the day, and are not a bit of a Hottentot, as ignorant as a Kaffir, or as bloodthirsty for battle as a Zulu chief. I am a Boer girl, descendant of a long line of Boers. My grandfather's name is Kruger, and my mother, a Boer girl, was a sister of the present wife of Oom Paul. My father is a nephew of President Kruger. Therefore I am doubly related to them—a grandniece to both the President and his wife, by side of which as well as marriage. I am a thousand times of this, my Boer ancestry, than of the slight English strain that is also my birthright. Let me show you my countrywomen as they are, not as popular fancy has caricatured them. Boer women have one striking accomplishment in common—the use of the pistol. The Boer girl of this generation aims as surely as her mother who guarded the seasons from beasts of prey when trekking the wild, or in times of war, loaded guns for the men, and, if need be, fired them. Boer women are strong. They hunt with their brothers, sitting their horses with superb ease, dismounting a saddle-shooting game, big or little, with unflinching aim. General Joubert's wife can be taken as a type of Boer woman who does not fear the whiff of bullets, ready to risk life that her children may enjoy liberty. In peace or war Mrs. Joubert is always at her husband's side. I have often heard of her during the last war she drove sixty miles in a Cape cart, accompanied only by a little negro girl. It was a very dark night, and the enemy fringed the way, but the men gallantly fighting the Boer women were brave for their food, and her cart was full of bread, a precious load of rusk and bread. So Mrs. Joubert, forgetting the dangers

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that best her way, drove on to the starving soldiers. The women are ready to pay any price that necessity demands. Not a few of a carnage, but devotion to her country, and a wealth of relative, whose sympathies were enlisted, desired the young body some very handsome property, which was her father's inheritance. This was in the form of plantations, and against a family connection, she was placed in the hands of her lover. I think they are now abroad. These are the sad facts, and it seems to me they involve a very pretty problem in psychology for one of these modern analytic story tellers.

your papers, and willing to let every one have the first reading of them? "Certainly," said Uncle Dave, "for I know that an item clipped from a paper is much more interesting than all that remains to some people, at least." "Well," said Rob, closing the book, and rising, "as it is a rainy day, and we cannot have our match ball game, I will go and look over the weekly accumulation of papers and make a beginning at once. Why, Uncle Dave, every item you pour in your book makes it of more value. We have to write a short paper on a different subject every week at school, and often we are allowed to choose our own subject, and I never know where to go for interesting information." "Meantime," said Uncle Dave, "while your book is still in embryo, you may have free access to mine." "Oh, thank you, Uncle Dave! I shall look at it every week, and I shall now with pleasure instead of dread," said Rob, as he left the room with a happy look in his eyes. "Nothing like giving a boy something to do, and something to think about," said Uncle Dave, as he laid the precious book away in the drawer, "particularly when it is in keeping with his studies." MEN OF THE DAY. In Europe at the present time there is considerable discussion regarding a successor to Pope Leo. An Englishman, perhaps, the most popular of the candidates, is the present time Leo XIII. has two most talented Cardinals as Ministers, who have for some time now shaped and directed the policy of the Vatican—Rampoldi and Devo, the latter is said to be the cleverest diplomat in Europe, but he is bitterly antagonistic to the Quirinal. Rumor has it that Leo has expressed a wish that he should be his successor, but it is considered by the Vatican as the official Secretary. He is confidential adviser to the Supreme Pontiff, and "he knows too much," as a well known Jesuit expressed it. Yet his abilities, as a statesman, eminently fit him for the office. He is of noble birth; for many years he was Papal Nuncio in Spain, and he would most certainly receive the support of that country. On the other hand, he omits out such a high position in Spain, his personal unhappiness with America, that his elevation to the Papacy would not meet with approval in the United States. Cardinal Proch, Vice-General of Rome, is perhaps the most popular prince of the Church. He is a fascinating personage, one of the strongest members of the Sacred College, but considered retrograde in his ideas. His history is a most remarkable one and that of the most illustrious of the Roman Church. His first light in a little altar in Genoa, where his father was a miller in a very humble way. By perseverance and his own splendid ability alone has he risen to the present high position of a Cardinal. He lives in a modest house in one of the poorest streets of Rome, and it is considered a great honor indeed to be invited to one of his receptions, to which, however, all his great wealth is never welcome. My own personal impression is that he will be the next Pope, and this view is shared by a number of men who are supposed to know the opinion of the College of Cardinals. BUILDING STONES MADE OF GLASS. Glass building stones will no doubt soon become a substantial building material. These "stones" were invented in France, but are now made in Germany. They are hollow and filled with rarefied air. They vary in shape; some are cubical, some are hexagonal and some are brick-shaped. They are laid like bricks, in special mortar, the corners being filled out by half or quarter stones. These smaller patterns are necessary because it is impossible to trim the stone. An opening room at the Elizabeth Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, in Caspel, has recently been constructed of these stones. There are no windows, excepting those above. The walls are airtight, keeping out heat as well as cold, while vapor is not condensed upon them. They are placed in the entrance of day light, and at the same time diffuse the direct light of the sun. They also act somewhat like mirrors, reflecting it into the room. Although they allow light to pass through them they are not transparent and one on the outside cannot see what is going on within. The walls may be readily washed, and must be airtight. If laid building material should become popular, we may yet live in glass houses, despite the old proverb that it wouldn't do to throw stones—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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