

Hints to Housekeepers.

THE muskmelon usually has nine ridges, which are separated by narrow strips of smooth skin, and these strips are green, the melon is a good one to have alone.

It is convenient to have an iron holder attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons, and is always at hand.

There is no better diet for children than milk, with cream, which is apt to be a little too rich for the stomach. As a soporific nothing equals a glass of milk taken just before retiring.

To make waterproof writing ink, an ink which will not blur if the writing is exposed to rain: dissolve two ounces shellac in one pint alcohol (ninety-five per cent.), filter through chalk, and mix with best lampblack.

An original use of glass has been devised. Various colored pieces in odd sizes are pierced by three or four holes on the edge, and caught together by wire until they form a mesh or fretwork large enough for a panel in a transom.

To take grease stains from leather apply benzine, and then rub over with whisked white of egg, and to remove them from marble make a paste of fullers earth and benzine, lay it on thickly, leave it for twelve hours, and then wash off with warm water.

Grease may be removed from white marble by applying a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part ground pumice-stone and one part chalk, all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble, and finally wash off with soap and water.

Avoid a bare corner in your room. A table with a few selected pieces of bric-a-brac upon it will look well here. In a setting-room, in what was once a dull corner, stands one of the pretty cabinets, now so often seen, hung with dainty curtains of plush, lined with satin. The shelves are lined with books, bits of bric-a-brac, etc., the whole making a most attractive feature of the room.

An English genius has invented a tray containing a night-lamp and a small sauce cup for holding infant's food. This mechanical arrangement can be attached to the bedpost, and is invaluable in a home where there is an invalid or a baby and few or no servants. The night-lamp emits sufficient heat to keep the child's food warm. When not required for service the tray is a convenient place for a book.

In washing clothes, grass stain is particularly obstinate to remove. It will sometimes disappear by dipping the spot with molasses, and letting it lie a few moments. Rinse the molasses out in clear water, and the stain will disappear with it. A more effectual method, however, is to dip the spot in a solution of tin chloride, and immediately wash it out in an abundance of clear water. Many stains which are too firmly set to yield the treatment with boiling water will come out by dipping the spot in warm chlorine water.



The Prince Imperial Napoleon Eugenie Louis Bonaparte.

THE Prince Imperial Louis Napoleon, on whom the hopes of the Bonapartists were centred, and whose tragic end at the hands of the Zulus not many years ago, all will remember, was the son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie. He had pursued his military education in England, and when the war broke out received permission to join the army of the nation of which he and his mother had for eight years been the guests. Brave, bright and gifted, his death was a sad blow to many; upon his mother it fell with crushing force.

The young prince, in his early childhood, was very popular at Compiègne, Fontainebleau and Biarritz, and at that time it is stated he showed remarkable promise as an artist. The sketch accompanying this article is said to be the *fac simile* of an original one, a childish sketch, drawn at Palais de Tuilleries in 1863, done partly in pencil and partly in ink by the young prince, when he was but six years old.

It is told of him that a couple of years later, in 1865, when there was a model being made of him by Carpeaux, this little fellow procured some of the clay and did a head of his father which, though rough, was considered wonderfully like the original. Not satisfied with the attempt, and showing by his perseverance that his artistic proclivities were something more than a passing whim, he took two soldiers engaged in warfare for his subject, the result being successful. The work was excellent and full of spirit, and the bust of his tutor, which he afterwards modelled, was said to be such a striking likeness that few sculptors could have done better.

The young prince was devotedly attached to his father, and the following story recorded of him would seem to show that pride of his name also was inherent with him. On one of the Empress's adventurous sea excursions in 1867 at Biarritz, the night was very dark and the boat striking upon a rock, the party was in great danger. A sailor was carrying the little Louis through the surf to the rock when the empress called, "Don't be afraid, Louis." The little fellow turned and said, "My name is Napoleon."

About two years later, while at camp, he carried himself so well, and his general bearing was so cool and dignified, that his resemblance to his father, as he was when a boy, was remarked upon. The young prince's boyhood was soon gone. He and his father spent much time together, the son sharing in the father's tastes to a great extent. A fresh invention was said to be a toy to both. The prince was also associated with his father's more arduous tasks and severer studies, and watched

him surrounded by savants working at his "Life of Cæsar."

It is stated that the *Washington Post* of July 25, 1888, contained the following: "It is said that the wedding gifts to be presented by the Empress Eugenie to Princess Letitia will include the very celebrated fan which the Prince Imperial, killed by the Zulus, gave to his mother on her birthday in 1876. On this fan is the first drawing which the Prince Imperial made, surrounded with precious stones, costing over \$100,000."

It is stated that probably the sketch here offered is almost as early as the one just mentioned.

In many of our homes there are, no doubt, treasured childish drawings that money could not buy, though the juvenile artists' names are not of royal lineage, and may never be known to fame. That the early effort of the beautiful Eugenie's son should be placed before the eyes of our interested young folks to compare with their own productions of the pencil is due to the peculiar taste and zeal which inspires collectors.

Just Turned Eleven.

PERHAPS your eyes are not like mine
At three-score years and seven,
To see what depths of richness shine
In eyes just turned eleven.

We have a diamond left by a twain
We loved, few know how dearly;
Bearing their love, it seems to gain
In liquid luster yearly;

Yet naught, howe'er embalmed, of earth,
Can smacks so sweet of heaven,
As eyes, so sad or brimmed with mirth,
Of boy just turned eleven.

Our sample's awkward at the board,
Like most boystall and lanky;
But no lithe squire nor proud young lord
Could show more grace on "Spankey."

He's rough with dogs; and—"mother cat"—
E'en yet he likes to tease her;
But you'd enjoy his manly oar
While reading "Julius Cæsar."

His gun—(it is a marvelous thing,
All boys so love the tragic)—
Quails, doves and rice birds on the wing,
"Come down to that," like magic.

When he accosts a stubborn cow,
You'd feel disposed to pity her;
But mark his gentle accents now,
While reading gems from "Whittier."

His thund'ring tread and boist'rous words
Sometimes suggest a hummer;
But list his "horse-hair" woo the chords
In "The Last Rose of Summer."

To school? Well, souls are rare, indeed,
Like Ascham's, long since sainted,
Born the rich potencies to read
On youth's green tablets painted.

And so, for fear of shallow maid,
From Pixie's land or Yankee,
We've called, till now, no other aid
But music's Queen and "Spankey."

It may be well to have a change,
God, there above, knows better;
We value freedom, grasp and range;
There's spirit, while there's letter.

Some hours apart with Colburn's train,
With Harkness, Prescott, Guyot;
And some to trace each planet's gain
Through "Gemini," "Cancer," "Leo."

To scan the bones of "Jyp," who died
And note the corn seed swelling;—
We'll risk his chance on these beside
"False syntax" and apt spelling.

Each implement upon the farm,
From sulky-plow to reaper,
He knows each bearing like a charm,
And just the way to "keep her."

He drives horses to drag and mow;
Makes all folk proud to serve him;
Thus learns relations, force and flow,
Gains confidence to nerve him.

Sure that from mastery culture grows,
We'll take this twain together,
And step by step, as learning goes,
Her feet to use we'll tether.

Freedom will reign thro' all the land,
Suit 'mergency and season,
When knowledge guides the active hand,
And lust weds law and reason.

Mayhap your eyes are not like mine
At three score years and seven,
To see each human interest shine
In eyes just turned eleven.

To me, there's naught that's named on earth
That smacks so much of heaven,
As eyes, so sad or brimmed with mirth,
Of boy just turned eleven.



Louis Napoleon

DRAWING BY THE "PRINCE IMPERIAL" LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT SIX YEARS OF AGE.

(Reduced Fac-simile. Size of Original, 12 by 16 inches.)