

til thoroughly cooked, then the irons will not be nearly so likely to stick.

An Excellent Complexion Mixture.—Mix 1 tablespoon milk with 1 teaspoon salt. Apply at nights.

To Crumb Stale Bread.—Either put it through the meat grinder, or dry it in the oven, place in a paper bag, and crush with a wooden potato masher. If perfectly dry, keep in a sealer for use.

Always let a cake get cold before putting on the frosting.

To make soup a nice brown color, add a little burnt sugar.

Have house dresses made so that the waist will button onto the skirt. If two waists are made for one skirt and worn alternately, a stroke of economy will be achieved, as two waists will easily outwear one skirt, and the fading will be uniform if of cotton goods. House dresses should always be made of washable material, whether cotton or woollen.

To remove rust spots from white garments, soak thoroughly for two or three days in buttermilk.

The white may be very easily separated from the yolk of an egg by breaking the egg into a small funnel.

An application of coal oil is said to be useful in case of frostbite.

When old rubbers have become useless for wearing, cut off the heels, wash the rest well, and hang up in some out-of-the-way place to serve as pockets for holding stove rags, blacking brushes, etc.

A cloth moistened with coal oil will remove every particle of dust from a painted floor.

Line your cake tins with thin white paper, and grease slightly with unsalted beef fat if possible. Butter scorches very easily.

Sew straps or loops at each side of mattresses, then they can be turned or carried about easily.

Do not open the oven door for fifteen minutes after putting in a cake. The fire, of course, should not be too hot.

A Cream for the Hands.—10 cents' worth bay rum, 10 cents' worth glycerine, 5 cents' worth gum tragacanth. Pour ½ cup soft water over the gum and let stand over night. Stir until like jelly, then mix in other ingredients. This is a good mixture.

Stencils.

A writer in House Beautiful recommends buying tinted scrim, or dyeing the plain cream to suit the tones of the room, before stencilling for curtains. For instance, in a room with a shaded green rug and woodwork and furniture finished in "Early English," curtains of a grayish-green are recommended, stencilled in brown and green, or in green, brown and yellow. We have still some stencil sets on hand,—20 patterns with instructions, for \$1.00, or the entire set to anyone who sends us one new subscription and an enclosed line to say that the set is wanted.

Missin' the Childher.

(Sent by F. S. I.)

Whin daylight dies from the cabin floor,
And night winds stir in the big ash tree,
'Tis meself sits lonesome beside the door,
Missin' the childher that's gone from me.
Matt and Mary and Patsy and Mike,
My three strong boys and my girleen dear,
Sure 'tis only a few short days belike
Since I saw thim playin' around me here.
Kind and dacent and aisy to rear—
The bate of my childher was not on earth!
And the only grief that they made me bear
Was an impty house and a silent hearth.
But be sure with so many to clothe and to keep,
And nothin' behind whin rint was due,
I made no moan whin they crossed the deep—
But God and His Mother,—They knew, they knew.
My Mary's a sarvint in Boston town,
And Mike and Matt are away out West,
While Patsy, the rover, strays up and down
Wherever the foot of him likes it best.

But never a wan forgets to write,
With the monthly money and news galore,
But, och, 'tisn't money I want to-night—
But my four fine childher about the door.

Mary keeps sayin'—"In spring, please God,
I'll be landin' back to you safe and sound,
For nowhere is good as the good old sod,
And no one like you in the four seas round.
Sure I'm cravin' a wish for a turf fire smoke
And a sight of my mother, so snug and sweet,
In her white frilled cap and her big blue cloak,
That bade all the fashions in Boston street."

Oh, Mary, my girleen, never at all
Do I be spakin' of pain or ache,
But at night whin the corncriks call and call,
My heart goes wild for my darlin's sake.
Whin shadows fall on the lonesome floor,
And night winds stir in the big ash tree,
Thin I sit by meself at the open door
And cry for the childher that's gone from me.

The Garden of a Com-muter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

As I look back over the years that I have watched garden processes, and sown and gathered my little crop of flowers, it seems that I should now know enough to keep clear of cultural sins both of omission and commission. Yet, when I realize all the things that are uncontrollable, I turn pagan and am inclined to make a series of shrubby grottoes to harbor the deities of Sun, Rain, and Seasonable Weather, so that I may secretly propitiate them with offerings. It was a woman gardener who said feelingly, "Paul may plant, but if Apollos declines to water, what can one do about it?"

In these days, however, all well-conducted dwellers in the country have artesian wells and windmills, and are thereby able, up to a certain point, by means of a diamond-spray sprinkler, to sneeze in the face of so important a person as even Apollos himself.

Of course, we have one of these wells, both for outdoor convenience, and because father has been trying for many years to convince the community that neighborliness does not require them to drink each other's drainage. This they do inevitably on the village and river side of the hills, where wells and cesspools alternate with great regularity. Surely the country life is the healthiest in the world, otherwise the rank and file of people who live it would never survive the liberties they take with themselves!

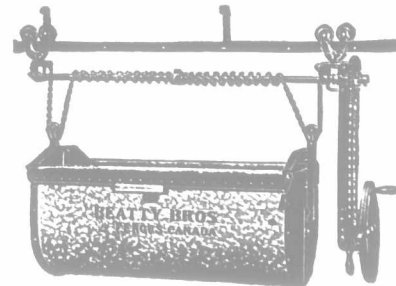
This morning, when father, Evan, and I, followed by Tim and Bertie, arrived at the garden, a further surprise was ambushed behind the rose arbor, in the shape of two men from the florist over in town, of whom father had bought my birthday flowers.

"You see, Barbara," said Evan, shaking hands with himself behind his back, a manner he has of expressing satisfaction, "people always call in extra help at a 'house-raising,' so I thought I would do the same at this 'garden digging'; for if your beds are shaped now, you can in your mind's eye plant and replant until, when spring comes, everything will be decided to your satisfaction."

I laughed aloud and clapped my hands at this new outbreak of one of Evan's strong traits; for the dear fellow had only a few moments before warned me that I could expect to do very little until spring.

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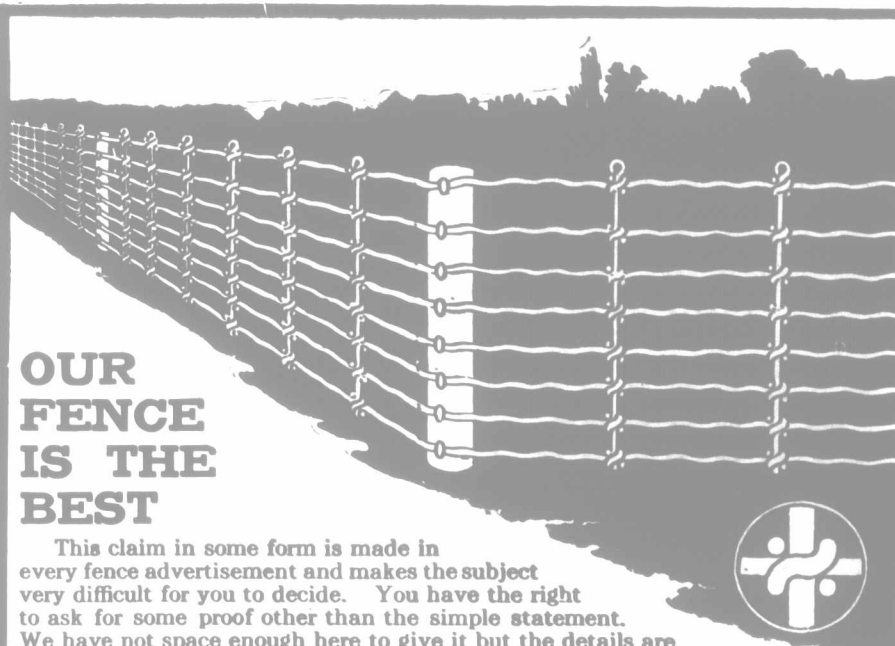
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