



An American doctor says he has found the tying of a band or handkerchief over the mouth (if the subject can breathe easily through the nose) to be an effective cure for snoring.

POTATO BALLS OR CROQUETTES.—Four large potatoes, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of cream, the yolk of one egg, salt and cayenne pepper. Boil or steam the potatoes, peel and dry them thoroughly, mash all together and pound five minutes in a mortar. Make into balls the size of a walnut, cover with yolk and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

For rheumatism beat up one egg, yolk and white together, add one wineglassful of brown vinegar, and one wineglassful of turpentine. Let the mixture stand one hour, then put in bottles and cork. Evening and morning rub the part affected by the pains with the above mixture. It is also useful to rub on the neck when the throat is sore, or on the chest when the cold is there.

When curtains are to be put away for the winter they must be shaken gently to free them from dust before being put in the wash-tub. They must be well washed, boiled, and rinsed in plenty of clean, cold water, and dried as smoothly as possible. It is not a good way to starch curtains, or anything else that is to lie away for some time, as the starch is apt to rot the fabric.

A LUXURY OF THE BATH.—A bath bag is a little toilet article that almost everybody finds pleasant to use. It is quite easy to make one by taking the upper part of a fine white or unbleached stocking and filling it with equal parts of barley and bran. Throw it into the bath and allow it to remain until the water feels soft and smooth to the touch. It has a fine effect upon the skin.

BANANA SALAD.—Slice lengthwise about six bananas for nine people. Lay these around a side-dish, leaving the centre free. Make a syrup of sugar and water, rather thick; in this squeeze the juice of one lemon; rub two lumps of white sugar on the rind of three dark-skinned oranges, and let these lumps dissolve in the syrup. Cut up the three oranges, and pile them in the centre of the dish. Pour the syrups, when perfectly cold, on all the fruit, then pile up in the centre, over the oranges whipped cream. This is a delicious dish for either dessert or tea.

LADY FINGERS.—Take six eggs, separate them and beat the yolks with one-half pound of sugar until very light. Sift in one-quarter of a pound of flour with as much soda as you can lay on a three cent piece, and twice the quantity of cream of tartar, which stir into the sugar and yolks as lightly but thoroughly as possible in alternation with the whites of the eggs, which must be beaten perfectly stiff. Make a paper funnel of stiff brown paper and put the dough through it, pressing it out in strips about a finger long and the thickness of a lead pencil. Put on unbuttered paper and sprinkle with granulated sugar; bake in a quick oven, and when cool wet the under side of the paper with a brush and put the fingers together back to back.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

In a room where the glow from a huge fire of logs gleamed on walls tapestried with scarlet stuff almost hidden by pictures, medallions, bronzes, enamels, and faience, over antique and curiously carved furniture in massive wood incrustured with mother of pearl, ivory, and marquetry and blue Japanese vases as tall as a man, filled with palms and ferns, the great tragedienne, Sarah Bernhardt, receives on a couch covered with white bear skins and heaped with fragrant gold-embroidered cushions of violet silk. About her are the trophies of her triumphs—huge bouquets of rare exotics fading amid their streamers of red, pink, and yellow ribbons, flagons, and great goblets of beaten silver and incrustured gold, and crowns of laurel in beaten gold and silver. On a credence table is a curious collection of mechanical dolls, wonderful in the realism of their movement; opposite, a chest covered with antique bric-a-brac of incalculable value; all about everywhere, covering the floor, couches, and chairs, are soft skins of fur, tiger, panther, wildcat, lynx, and beaver, while here and there sculptor's blocks uphold unfinished busts veiled with muslin, whose potter's clay, marked with the artist's thumb, awaits her rare intervals of leisure for completion.

In the studio, no more coffins covered with white satin doing duty as sofas, no longer the silver mounted skull brimming with sparkling wine; even the tame lion is dead, who was wont to bite the legs of importunate bores much to his mistress' delight and her guests' consternation. In her place two handsome dogs, Capitaine, the blooded greyhound and Tesco, the red-haired setter, spring at the coming guest in greeting.

Sarah Bernhardt's life is extremely simple. Her rooms are a rendezvous for dramatic authors and known and unknown poets of both sexes, who come to read their poems to her, who occupy her mornings, to whom she listens so graciously that a friend exclaimed on one occasion: "Oh, how good you are!" "Not at all," answered the actress. "I am not good; at least, I have no natural goodness, which is the only true kind, and which I love and admire

more than anything. I am not good by instinct but by reflection and by my will." If by chance she is free for a morning she devotes the leisure to her sculpture, of which she is very fond. At half past eleven she bathes and dresses for the brilliant breakfast at which she entertains her intimate friends.

A young London artist, Mr. Walter Spindler, has conceived the unique idea of painting in water colours a whole gallery of Sarahs in all her roles. He has already made forty-seven, one of the most artistic being as she is in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in her costume of Roxana, and the most curious is taken from the fourth act of "La Dame aux Camélias," of which all that is seen of her is a bit of her hair from behind an immense white fan.

It looks as though India would become a field of occupation for ladies who, like Miss Orme and Miss Lawrence, have devoted their studies to the law. The examination of female witnesses in India has long been a source of difficulty, from their strong ideas on the impropriety of giving any evidence in a public court. Whenever their attendance has been absolutely necessary, they have come in closed palanquins, and permitted to remain closely veiled. The Nizam of Hyderabad is about, however, to appoint a number of commissioners for the purpose of taking evidence in the Zenanas, which, as long as existing prejudices last, will prevent much unpleasant feeling to native women. The qualifications that these ladies must possess are a knowledge of law, both English and Indian, Urdu, Persian and Arabic, and a good salary and appointments lasting several years are offered. India is at this moment the great outlet for fully qualified lady doctors.

There is a growing favour of theatre waists for ladies. Elaborate costumes are crushed by passing in and out of the aisles and in the narrow chairs of the orchestra and balcony. This is an unnecessary sacrifice, as only the bodice is visible when the theatre cloak is thrown back. A skirt of plain black faille Francaise or silk-warp cashmere, with a variety of dressy waists, answers every purpose. Cheapness of toilet is by no means implied. Think for a moment of the Figaro jacket with belt and buckle. It is made of steel or gold cord, and consists of short rounded fronts and a trimming for the middle of the back united by a stand-up collar. The jacket is edged with finely cut bead drops and hooks into silk loops on a faille Francaise bodice, the hooks being sewn on invisibly. The belt is 1¼ inches wide, and fastens with a handsome buckle to match the trimming.

A ROMAN MAIDEN.

In the course of some excavations at Rome for some new law courts which are to be erected, two sarcophagi have been discovered. One of them proved to be of great interest. In it was the skeleton of a girl, and around her were her ornaments, pieces of the linen which had wrapped her, falling rapidly to dust, broken leaves brown with time, evidently the wreath with which she had been crowned in death, the myrtle emblematic of her youth. On the bones of the finger were four rings, one of these the double betrothal ring of plain gold, another with the name of the betrothed, "Filetus," engraved on it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white, small pendants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, a doll of oak wood beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and delicate nails, the features and the hair carved out in the most minute and careful manner, the latter waving low on the forehead and bound with a fillet. From these remains and from a touching sculpture on the sarcophagus we can tell the story of Tryphæna Creperia, for so her name is given, with nothing more to identify her. It is known that, when girls were betrothed in early times, their dolls were presented as an offering to Venus, so this young girl had doubtless been betrothed to Filetus, who had presented her with the double ring and with one on which was engraved his name, when fatal illness overtook her on the very threshold of life. In the carved stone work of the coffin, Tryphæna is represented lying on a low bed, trying to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her desolate father, who stands leaning on the bedstead, his head bowed with grief. The mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping. Such is the parting; and the ornaments which were to have been for the bridal of their child are laid by loving hands in her tomb, where she has slept unknown for nearly eighteen centuries.—*Selected.*

LUCID.

Less than a hundred years ago, according to the *Irish Law Times*, a proclamation was made at the Market Cross of Inverary, Scotland, which warned off poachers in this mixed style:

"Ta hoy! Te tither a hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an' ta hoy—whist! By command of his Majesty King George, and her Grace te Duke of Argyll:

"If anybody is found fishing about te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecuted wi' three persecutions: first, she's to be burnt; syne, she's to be drown't; an' then to be hang't. An' if ever she com's back, she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death. God save te King an' her Grace te Duke o' Argyll."

THOR.

Here stood the great god Thor,
There he planted his foot,
And the whole world shook from the shore
To the circle of mountains God put,
For its crown in the days of yore.

The waves of the sea uprose,
The trees of the wood were upturn,
Down from the Alp's crown of snows
The glacial avalanche borne
Thundered at daylight's close.

But the moon-lady curled at his feet
Like a smoke which will not stir,
When the summer hills swoon with the heat,
For his strength and his love were for her
And she melted his soul with her sweet.

Empty the moon-lady's car,
And idly it floated away,
Tipped up as she lift it afar
Pale in the red death of day
With its nether lip turned to a star.

Fearful the face of the God,
Stubborn with sense of his power,
The seas would roll back at his nod
And the thunder-voiced thunder-clouds lower,
While the lightning he broke as a rod.

Fearful his face was in war,
Iron with fixed look of hate,
Thro' the battle smoke thick and the roar
He strode with invincible weight
Till the legions fell back before Thor.

But the white thing that curled at his feet
Rose up slowly beside him like mist,
Indefinite, wan, incomplete,
Till she touched the rope veins on his wrist
And love pulsed to his heart with a beat.

Then he looked, and from under her hair
As from out of a mist grew her eyes,
And firmer her flesh was and fair
With the tint of the sorrowful skies
Sun-widowed and veiled with thin air.

She seemed of each loveable thing
The soul that infused it with grace,
Her thoughts were the song the birds sing,
The glory of flowers was her face
And her smile was the smile of the spring.

Madly his blood with a bound
Leaped from his heart to his brain,
Till his thoughts and his senses were drowned
In the ache of a longing like pain,
In a hush that was louder than sound.

Then the God, bending his face,
"Loveliest," said he, "if death
Mocked me with skulls in this place
And age and spent strength and spent breath,
Yet would I yield to thy grace;

"Yet would I circle thee, love,
With these arms which are smoking from wars,
Though the Father up-gathered above
In his anger each ocean that roars,
Each boulder the cataracts shove,

"To hurl at me down from his throne,
Tho' the flood were as wide as the sky,
Yea, love, I am thine, all thine own;
Strong as the ocean to lie
Slave to thy bidding alone."

Folds of her vesture fell soft,
As she lifted her eyes up to his:
"Nay, love, for a man speaketh oft
In words that are hot as a kiss,
But man's love may be donned and be doft."

"Love would have life for its field—
Love would have death for its goal;
And the passion of war must yield
To the passion of love in the soul,
And the eyes that love kisses are sealed."

"Wouldst thou love if the scorn of the world
Covered thy head with its briars;
When soft as an infant curled
In its cradle, thou, chained with desires,
Lay helpless when flags were unfurled?"

Fiercely the God's anger broke,
Fired with the flames in his blood:
"Who careth what words may be spoke,
For the feet of this love is a flood
And its finger the weight of a yoke."

"I bow me, sweet, under its power,
I, who have stooped to none;
I bring thee my strength for a dower,
And deeds like the path of the sun;
I am thine for an age or an hour."

Then the moon lady softly unwound
The girdle of arms interlaced,
And the gold of her tresses unbound,
Till it fell from her head to her waist,
And then from her waist to the ground.