

THE QUESTION OF DANCING.

The Logic of It.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

'Twas Mardi Gras—the midnight hour was o'er,
Still waited the damsel on the ball room floor,
More like a Natch girl than a Christian maid,
In robe dechiffon, only half arrayed;
And not a blush her maiden shame to speak,
Save that which art had painted on her cheek.

Now in the arms of one—now of another
Wine-flushed Adonis (neither sire nor brother)
She thought no longer of the Virgin Queen,
[Whose modest, shirking child she erst had been].

Nor of the lover of all lovers best,
Who 'mongst the lilies doth delight to rest.

The last waltz over—to a vacant place
Among the look-on—with heated face,
Her cavalier escorted her, and there
Left her to languish in a velvet chair,
Her locks dishevelled and her bosom bold
Displaying [O, the shame!] a cross of gold!

Sudden, beside her, as he piled her fan,
Uprose a sterner-haired and keen-eyed man,
Who, on her face a smile sardonic-bent,
And, bowing low, with gesture eloquent,
Pleaded: "Dear maid! with many beauties
graced,
Please, may I twine my arm around your waist?"

"Sir! you insult me!" flamed the angry girl,
Giving her fan a most indignant twirl;
"The manager shall show you to the door,
I'm sure I never saw your face before!
What right have you?" "The right [his scorn
rang clear]
'Of all these stranger youths assembled here?"

"Free were they all, unchecked to come and go,
To clasp you close, to whirl you to and fro;
Their right's my wrong, but, if sweet music's strain
The insult vells—then bid it sound again!
That I, like these, who have your charms embraced,
May, unrebuk'd, inclasp your yielding waist!"

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

Borax water will remove stains from the hands.

Remove egg stains from spoons by rubbing with salt.

A small box filled with lime will absorb dampness.

Gum camphor scattered about mice haunts will drive them away.

Cream and acids do not curdle, but milk and acids will.

Emery powder will remove ordinary stains from ivory knife handles.

To remove fruit stains dip the spots several times in scalding milk.

Leather chairs may be revived by rubbing with the white of an egg.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by scrubbing with ammonia and rinsing in clear water.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware. Apply with a damp cloth and rub well and wipe dry.

Spirits of camphor applied with a flannel cloth will remove unsightly white spots from furniture.

After peeling onions rub the hands with celery or mustard, and the odor will be entirely removed.

A teaspoonful of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give the stove a fine and lasting luster.

When boiling cabbage tie a piece of dry bread in a bag and drop it in the pot to remove the disagreeable odor.

To keep jellies from molding, cover with pulverized sugar to the depth of a quarter of an inch; they will keep for years.

For starching muslins, gingham and calicoes dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hickory-nut for every pint of starch. This will keep the colors bright for a long time.

Leaking cakes may be prevented from cracking, when being cut, by adding one teaspoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg; beat all together and sugar until as stiff as can be stirred.

THE TEASPOON IS BANISHED.

The teaspoon has been banished from the table of the ultra elegant. Its use has long been forbidden to assist in eating any sort of kernel and soft vegetables, but it survived for a time as an aid to consuming what our grandmothers called "sauce," and certain desserts of a custard nature or ices and ice cream. Now its employment is considered as the fashionable woman told her child, "worse than wicked—vulgar—" in any such service. So, like Fatima in the "Arabian Nights" eating her grains of rice, we pick at all those yielding, gelatinous and elusive substances with a little fork. The teaspoon is restricted to the teacup, and that alone.

BABY'S FIRST SHOES.

In buying the baby the first pair of shoes, great care should be taken that no

squeezing takes place, for it is owing to this that so many misshapen feet are tramping round the world belonging to men and women who could not tell their toes were cramped and whose comfort as well as comeliness was sacrificed to a mother's vanity. The sole of baby's bare foot is not unlike a wedge in shape, the broad part being at the toes. The ideal shoe should conform to this shape as much as possible and be neither too loose nor too tight. It should be amply wide across the big toe joint, allowing room for spreading, instead of compressing the "little pigs" that went to the market "uncomfortably close together."

DO YOU? HOW?

Do you answer your letters?

"Of course we do," comes from an overwhelming chorus of voices that spurn the notion that the hastily scribbled notes are not answers to the epistles sent them by their numerous friends, yet hardly one woman in ten—yes, in twenty—really answers her letters.

Have we not all been to the verge of desperation by the anxiously awaited communication that is to set our minds at rest on many points, arriving, and with apparently studied rudeness, the writer has skipped over every detail and question that prompted our own effusion, and indulging in bit or miss comment on ordinary happenings with a nonchalant disregard for our questions that was simply maddening.

Would we be so rude if engaged in conversation? Suppose, for instance, Miss Wilson is making you a call, and you say: "How is your mother, my dear?" and she replies: "You ought to have been to the dog show, it was just too lovely." Would you not consider Miss Wilson a very rude young person? Yet every day letters are flying back and forth through the mails with questions and answers as entirely irrelevant as the foregoing.

Do not, in your anxiety to relate the social happenings or domestic troubles of your own circle, forget to be polite, for you are talking by mail, and though your questioner may be hundreds of miles away, he or she expects an answer, or they would not have asked you what may seem utterly trivial and unimportant to you, yet which interests them far more than the two or three pages of your own doings, criss-crossed until hieroglyphics would be clear in comparison.

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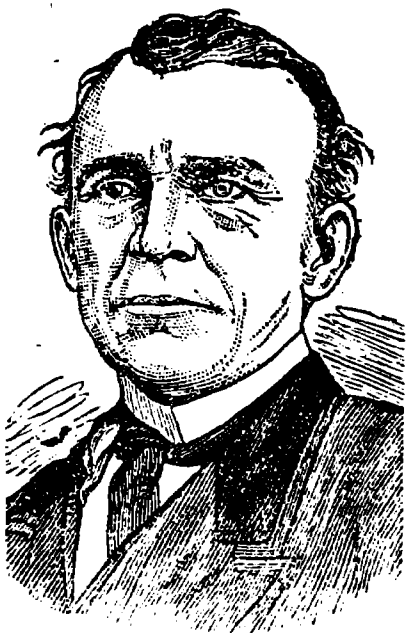
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Speaks.



MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have seen one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself: Me srs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,
THOMAS CUMINES,
Welland, Ont.

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