



SPRAINS.—In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it, keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—Hair that is brushed regularly night and morning, if only for a few minutes at a time, will require less frequent washing, and meanwhile will be clean and glossy. Too much washing renders the hair harsh and dry.

NAPKINS.—It is said that the French fashion of using very large napkins is obtaining in a great measure. Those who wish to be in the extreme of fashion buy napkins a yard square, putting a heavily embroidered initial in one corner. Opposite corners of the table-cloth are decorated with the letter several sizes larger. Occasionally the whole name is embroidered diagonally across one corner in old script. Heavy overlaid embroidery is used for these decorations, no open work being allowed. The fashion of having one's name, initial or monogram wrought in the linen is fast giving out. Hotels and restaurants have a monopoly of that.

JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for an hour or more. It is an advantage to soak gelatine over night when convenient, because it is then more easily dissolved. Boil six ounces of lump sugar in a pint of water, skimming it until clear; then throw in the soaked gelatine, let it boil slowly for five minutes, removing all scum as it rises. Dissolve in a basin one quarter of an ounce of citric acid, in lump, in half a gill of boiling water, pour the jelly on this, when more scum will rise, which should be carefully taken off. Now add a gill of wine and a little lemon flavoured, and, when nearly cold, put the jelly into a mould. Lemon juice can be used instead of the citric acid, but the jelly will not then be so bright.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE TABLE.—The present style of low floral decorations for the dinner table is provided for by a variety of flower bowls in several sizes, the smaller ones to be placed at each plate and larger ones in the centre of the table. Some very beautiful bowls are in cut glass, and their diamond-like glitter, especially under the gas light, adds much to the brilliancy of table decoration. Other charming table ornaments are china sprays of leaves and flowers, forming a capital decoration; for instance, the thick green stalk, leaf, bud and full-blown water lily, artistically designed and most delicately coloured. There are long and short sprays to suit every taste and table. One in particular, with a large, broad leaf with curled edges, would hold berries and, with moss or ferns in the open flower, make a picture of daintiness. Another novelty is the tulip shaped ornament. This is a centre piece, and smaller pieces are made for the corners as well as buds for menu holders—a combination both novel and pleasing.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—A use for old tennis balls: At the end of the lawn tennis season, when balls that have been well played with become rather soft and are discarded as useless, is the time for an energetic caterer for bazaars to step in and make off with her spoil. The most attractive babies' balls can be made by covering them with worsted. A tray of red, green, orange, pink, and blue balls, heaped up one upon the other, labelled "Baby's balls," soon attracts the attention of purchasers. The work is easy and very pleasant. Hold the ball in your left hand and bind a piece of string over it to form six divisions, keeping your finger and thumb tightly on; take a needle and thread, secure the string at each end, and fasten off; then, with a needleful of worsted, work round and round till the ball is covered, passing the needle under, and then twice over each piece of string to form a ridge all the way round. If the needle is merely passed round the string—that is, once over—the surface is smooth. Odds and ends of wool can be used by making circles of colour. It is pleasant work for old ladies and invalid children. With odds and ends of arrasene or chenille the effect is very rich.

REMEDY FOR HEADACHES.—When in certain painful affections the physician advises the use of cold applications, and if the affect from them is not pleasing, then that hot should be tried, the patient is likely to consider it rather an uncertain sort of treatment, of doubtful value either way. It is, indeed rather a curious thing that heat and cold can often be used interchangeably with like effects. Extreme heat will destroy the skin, and extreme cold will do the same. Now, headache is sometimes relieved by hot applications, and yet in some instances it aggravates the trouble. In case of the latter, oftentimes the cold applications will effect a cure. As a general rule a throbbing headache, with tenderness and soreness of the scalp, can best be relieved by hot applications. Whereas, when the head feels full and "bursting," if cold be applied to the head and heat to the neck and spine, the effect is most agreeable. Probably one of the best external applications which is most serviceable in the different forms of headache is menthol. A solution of that should be made in about the proportion of one drachm of menthol to ten of alcohol. It can be applied on a thin strip of cloth large enough to cover the forehead. That should be kept wet with the solution. It is very cooling, and the effect in many cases of headache is very agreeable from the first.

THOMAS HOOD.

BY ERNEST SMITH.

This celebrated and popular poet and humorist was born in April or May, 1798. Very little of importance is known of him up to the time of his attaining the age of seventeen. He was a very sickly, puny boy. Thomas Hood was the son of Mr. Thomas Hood, partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, booksellers and printers, whose place of business was situated in that historical part of the City of London known as the Poultry. He does not appear to have distinguished himself by any marked progress at school. After leaving school, owing to his delicate state of health, he was articulated to an engraver. This occupation was not, however, so conducive to health as had been at first anticipated and he was sent to Dundee, his father's birth-place. While there, surrounded as he was with picturesque scenery, he wrote many simple sketches, and at the end of two years he is seen floating on the sea of literature, with apparently but slight chance of success and every possibility of failure. When he was twenty-one, the editor of the *London Magazine* having been killed in a duel, Hood was appointed sub-editor, and in that capacity he remained for some years. This was his first introduction to the literary world. It was his duty as sub-editor to read over and correct manuscripts sent in for publication. He also edited *Answers to Correspondents* in the "Lion's Head," of which "The Echo" in *Hood's Magazine* was a continuation.

Here are some of his whimsical answers, all of which are characteristic of him who wrote them:

A chapter on bustles is under consideration for "our back numbers."

VERITY—It is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one, and such a hemorrhage as mine, than a spitting of spite.

N.N.—The most characteristic mysteries of London are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assaults, accidents and other features of metropolitan interest. If N. N. be ambitious of competing with the writer whom "he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid, yellow "November Fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, "obscure, unwholesome and favourable to vice and "violence."

The position which Hood held on the *London Magazine* led to his introduction to Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hartley Coleridge, Rev. Julius Hare and many other eminent men. Conjointly with Mr. Reynolds, he wrote and published (anonymously) "Odes and Addresses to great people." This book had a tremendous run, and caused much speculation among *litterateurs* as to its authorship. This, the following interesting letter, written by S. T. Coleridge, to Charles Lamb, clearly shows:

MY DEAR CHARLES,—This afternoon, a little, thin, mean looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, printed on dingy outsides, lay on the table which, the cover informed me, was circulating in our book club, so very grub-streetish in all its exteriors, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no motive in play) I came to look at it. Least of all, the title, "Odes and Addresses to Great Men," which connected itself in my head with "Rejected Addresses" and all the Smith and Theodore Hook synod. But, my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you or under you or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gilman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to "Peter Bell," the "Ode to the great unknown," speaks doubtfully of Hood and Reynolds. No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are, nine in ten, good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendent. And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities, contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses—saving and except, perhaps, in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your lays. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say. So, Mr. Charles, hang yourself up and send me a line by way of token and acknowledgement. God bless you and your

Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A copy of the first volume of Hood's Comic Annual was sent by Mr. Hood to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who acknowledged its receipt,

at the same time asking Mr. Hood to favour him by giving some inscriptions for a door of sham books, to be fixed at the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth. His Grace intimated that such inscriptions as "plain dealings," "a chapter on wood," etc., were overdone and wearisome, and that he wanted something strikingly new. Mr. Hood made up his mind not to weary the Duke so he sent a long list of fictitious titles, among which were the following:

Danté's Inferno or Description of Van Demon's Land.
Percy Vere, in forty volumes.
Lambe's Recollection of Suett.
Lamb on the Death of Wolfe.
Tadpoles, or Tales Out of my Own Head.
Boyle on Steam.
Autographia, or Man's Nature known by his Sig-nature.
Peel on Bell's System.
Chronological Account of the Date Tree.
Cursory Remarks on Swearing.
In-i-go, or Secret Entrances.

The whole list so much pleased the Duke that, when acknowledging the receipt of them, His Grace asked the favour of being allowed to thank the author in person. After this, many communications passed between the two, and the Duke continued to be Hood's friend and benefactor until death removed him from the literary world. At the end of 1834, Hood, in common with many others, was thrown into great pecuniary difficulties by the failure of a firm. He struggled against the tide of misfortune for some months, but never gained any headway. Many of his friends advised him to put an end to his anxieties by one or other of those sharp, but sure practices, which the legislature had so neatly provided for all such evils. Nothing, however, was further from Hood's mind than the adoption of such plans, and he determined to wipe out his liabilities with his pen rather than with legal whitewash.

He, therefore, sold all his effects, and leaving every shilling with his wife, he procured an advance on his future labours and set out for Rotterdam in the Lord Melville. He had a fearful voyage, his body being racked by the pangs of seasickness, and his mind doubly distressed from the knowledge that his wife was very dangerously ill. This was the saddest thing about it, for it would be impossible to find a more united couple than Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hood. Hood attributed much of his illness to the mental and bodily strain he experienced during his journey to Rotterdam.

When he was settled, he wrote a long letter to his wife (always his first thought), telling her how the Lord Melville had been nearly swamped, and giving her instructions how to come out to him. He knew her delicate state of health, and it is wonderful how careful he was not to distress or frighten her. He told her that such storms only come once in seven years, and that unless she saw four men at the helm she must consider herself perfectly safe. When she saw four men at the helm she might anticipate some rather rough weather.

When S. T. Coleridge wrote to Charles Lamb criticising the anonymous "Odes to Great Men," he said that although this was a volume of personalities there was not one word or reference to be found in it at which any one could possibly take offence. This can be said indeed of every line written by Hood. He was one of the most sensitive of men, full of humour, and at the same time most careful not to hurt the feelings of either the rich or the poor. Nearly all his poems have some object in view, principally that of arousing sympathy for the oppressed. It has been said that his true character was never known; that he had greater ability than was ever shown in his writing, and that this deeper, purer tone was kept back on account of his poverty. He wrote for cash, and he was obliged to write to please the popular taste rather than express the true sentiments passing through his mind. It is a fact worth noting that those poems (I refer to humorous poems), which have caused most merriment were written during his saddest moments. He was decidedly unselfish, and, as I have said, had something to write for when he wrote.

It was dangerous to attempt a practical joke upon him, although he was himself an adept in the