

Ladies' Department.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Tidies or covers for stands that are made of ribbons and lace combined, may be finished with antique lace around the edges, and between each scallop or point a small silk tassel may be put, or tassels made of crewel with the crewel picked out with a needle so that it looks fluffy.

A convenient article for the kitchen is a stout tin box, in which may be kept the stove polish and brushes, and cloths used about the stove. It should have a handle and a cover; it will pay for itself over and over, in lessening the cleaning of the shelf upon which brushes and blacking are usually kept, and it will be found also that more attention will be given to the stoves, where the necessary means are so easily carried about from room to room.

A great deal of attention should be given to the proper airing of the mattress every morning, and at least once a week a stiff brush should remove the dust which will accumulate, even in the best ordered house, around and under the tufts of cotton, or the bits of leather or whatever is used to tack the mattress with. Attention should also be directed to the edge of the mattress where the sheet is sewed on, for dust sifts under that. Where the bedroom is also the dressing room, dust cannot be avoided, but it may be at least changed, and it need not be allowed to accumulate.

Cold fowl left over from dinner may help to make an excellent side dish; cut it into rather small pieces, put a large lump of butter into a saucpan, and brown the meat in that; sprinkle pepper and salt and some flour over it, and when the meat is brown add half a pint of stock, which need not be very rich to be good, and a pint of peas (canned ones); heat to the boiling point, and then serve. Mushrooms may be used in place of peas, and the proportions given above may be regulated by the quantity of fowl you have.

It is said by some authorities that the pillow sham is going, but the demand for handsome ones still continues, and it will be a long time before all good housewives give up the use of an article which adds so much to the attractive appearance of the bed during the day, and gives it a look of neatness it could not otherwise have, for a rumpled pillow case does not look neat, and it is not easily arranged so that they may be changed every morning. The latest style of pillow sham is made of linen, or of very fine cotton, and is trimmed with broad open-work Hamburg; a band of ribbon is put under the Hamburg, and when there are spaces large enough, it is pulled up loosely through them and is left looking like a tiny puff. The entire pillow sham may be lined with blue or other colored silks to match the ribbon used. A ruffle finishes the edge of the sham.

Panels of satin now have, instead of a plain band of plush across the bottom, a scalloped band, one large round one in the centre, and a half scallop at each side of it. The band across the top is plain.

A young goose, not more than four months old is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully, sprinkle pepper and salt and a little sage in the inside; put a lump of butter in also, to moisten it; then put it into a pan, and then into the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt and a little bacon fat. Serve with brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple-butter. Cover the platter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan; then lay the goose upon it.

Ginger wafers are made of half a pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, one desertspospoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the peel of half a lemon grated, and the juice of the lemon; mix these all together, then add enough molasses to make a sort of thick paste; beat it thoroughly and vigorously. Butter large tins, or the dripping pan, spread the paste upon them, as it should be as thin as possible and yet be perfectly even and smooth. Bake in a moderate oven. When it is done draw the tins to the oven door, and before it cooks at all, with a sharp-pointed knife cut the cake into pieces about four inches square.

An excellent breakfast cake is made by taking a large cup of bread dough and adding

a small cup of sugar and a lump of butter about the size of half an egg; mix them well, and let this rise all night; in the morning roll it out into a flat cake and put it into a tin; cut apples into slices, not too thin, and cover the top of the cake with them, pressing them down into it just as far as possible so that the top of the cake will be nearly smooth; then take half a cup of sugar with water enough to dissolve it and with cinnamon for flavoring; let this come to a boil, and then pour over the cake; bake in a quick oven. This is nice warm or cold.

Novel tidies are made of one square of satin, about a quarter of a yard each way, and for decoration they have a head worked in outline. The tidy is trimmed around the edge with lace. For the library a pretty fancy is to have the head of a poet or of some prose author represented. Other designs, of course, may be employed, but the head alone is a newer thought.

Now that Christmas is over a woman may conscientiously do a little fancy work for herself, and it is not too early to look forward to the fresh adorning of the house in spring time; for it is most satisfactory to have some new article to bring forth when the house is beautified by perfect cleanliness.

A Model Kitchen.

Mrs. Busyhand's kitchen had a floor painted brown; the woodwork was brown and the wall painted buff. "They can be wiped off, then, the same as the floor, and are tidier than paper." There were buff linen window shades, and wire screens in summer to both doors and windows all about the house. "They are expensive at first, but it does save such a worry. Before we had them the flies were swarming in, but now there are hardly more flies in the kitchen than in the bedroom."

When I first saw the gay, dazzling kitchen, on the day when we made our camp-books—the sun shining in—the buff curtains and the buff wall, and shining dark floor, one window filled with scarlet geraniums, another hanging garden with cactus, the kitchen table with its oilcloth cover, the neat little cook-stove, the great rug of clean rag carpet in the middle of the room, two or three old chairs cut down low and cushioned with cretonne, a sewing chair, and the gay pictures and cambrics for the books scattered about, it looked so gay and neat a place that it was a rest to enter it.

"My kitchen is one of the compensations," Mrs. Busyhand was wont to say. "If I did not do my own work, I could not expect it, I suppose. That is what people tell me." There was a sort of cupboard, of dark wood, in the room, and across the top of it hung a brown crash scarf, clean and fresh, with stitched figures along the ends and knotted fringe. And on the tops of the safe, not tin pans or rubbish, but the soup tureen and blue jars, where were kept the newspaper scraps in these cracked but pretty dishes. The tin and the cooking utensils were in a commodious pantry. The walls of the wood kitchen had many a fine wood cut on their buff paint. A crash towel on a roller hung on the door; an almanac was on the chimney, and corner shelves on each side. There was a braided rug before the sink; a sliding top covered the sink when not in use, and made a not inconvenient ironing table or cutting board. The cook stove stood high, the wood-box was on stilts, so as to save back-stooping, and there, under the wood-box, was room for the chip basket, the waste-paper basket, and kindling. A match-box on one side of the wood-box was just in the right place. There were hanging tin lids on the walls. In short, there were so many little devices, always pretty, for saving steps and room, as I can give no idea of, although it is quite distinct at this moment in my mind. The window filled with glass had the low chair beside it, and commanded the best view of any in the house. In the drawer of the cupboard she kept her diary book, recipe book, her fountain, her diary, her market book, and order tablet.

In a candle box that was papered and had two shelves across was a little library. There was a Bible there, and Isaac Walton; there were cook books and Miss Havergal's poems, and precepts of Fenelon. Perhaps

the low chair by the window and the books have some connection, and, more than the flowers in the casement, helped her with the duties of the day, the potty duties, so often perplexing and wearying. Have I found the secret of Mrs. Busyhand's brightness, and desire to make the best of things? Have I discovered the source of her strength and helpfulness, the reason of her sunny rooms and sunny temper?

How to Color Feathers and Ribbons.

To ten cents' worth of common varnish add a few drops of Japan drying. With this liquid and an ordinary long handled bistle brush varnish your straw hat or what ever you may wish to bronze. Then take your gold or silver bronzing powder, pour it into a small saucer, and, with a small piece of velvet, dust the powder over every part of the article you are ornamenting. Go over the article until every part is smooth and even in appearance. The feathers of ducks and Leghorn fowls make beautiful tips when bronzed in this manner, or they may be colored by the following process:

The mediums used for coloring, plumes, ribbons, or velvet, are the Winsor & Newton oil-colors in tubes, and gasoline. Suppose that you have a white, or cream, ostrich plume or tip, which you wish to change to a delicate shade of pink. If only a tip, take what pink madder would go on the point of a pen-knife, and dissolve it in two tablespoonfuls of gasoline. A large, flat plate is a good article on which to color tips. Then lay in your tip, and with a small sponge go over it until thoroughly wet. Press out the extra liquid, and shake in the air until dry. If a cameo pink is wanted, take of carmine and Chinese vermilion each a small quantity, and dissolve in the gasoline. Then dip in your plumes, or ribbon, or velvet, or satin, and you will obtain desirable results. We would recommend running ribbon through the solution about a quarter of a yard at a time, having liquid according to the quantity of the ribbon. Do not wring velvet, satin, or ribbon, as you may do with a plume, but press out the liquid very carefully with the ends of the fingers. As a rule, the liquid absorbs so rapidly in fabrics that there is little to press out. Only the gros grain, ottoman rop, fine brocade, or satin ribbons color well. But cotton velvets and ordinary satins color very nicely. If you wish to color light blue into tan, use burnt sienna, or if you wish to color cream into a rich reddish-brown, use brown madder. Almost any shade of green may be produced (if the ribbon or plume is white or cream) by using chrome, emerald, or terra-verte green. A little experimenting on small pieces of ribbon or velvet will teach one how to shade nicely. Light yellows and yellowish browns are made with lemon yellow and white for a very light yellow; and lemon yellow and Vandyck brown for a rich yellowish-brown. Use scarlet lake with a little carmine for producing a rich crimson, and add a little ivory-black to scarlet and crimson lake for a wine color. Vandyck brown makes a pretty shade of brown, if colored on light blue. Cadmium yellow colors on cream or white make a rich dark yellow.

One Thousand Wives.

Do what they may, no Mormon leader will ever equal the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mulay Hassan, who has just added the thousandth wife to his harem, and has celebrated this unique millenary by a brilliant feast given to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine; or, rather, to the other six hundred, for four hundred are either dead or pensioned off. Like the Mormons, the sultan does not keep all his better halves at one place, but distributes them among his winter and summer residences at Fez, Morocco, Taflet, etc. Even then, unless he has more palaces than fall to the lot of most emperors, there must be enough in each house to seriously interfere with harmony now and then. We wonder if he felt as much pride and satisfaction when he added the thousandth to the number as Baron Tauchnitz did when he published his thousandth volume of his convenient "Collection

of British Authors." For we imagine that after a man has married his three or four hundredth consort—though on this point we must speak with the doubt arising from a total lack of personal experience—he cares very little for a new wife, as a wife, and regards each further addition much as a collector looks upon a new Elzevir, or a new specimen of Japanese pottery, or another pipe, which he does not care to smoke, another violin, which will hang upon his wall untouched. It is the pleasure of the miser who heaps up stores; a pleasure which, in this line of hoarding, only one man in the mode: a world, fortunately, is allowed to have. It is curious, however, to observe that while what might be called the physical wonders of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments"—the carpet or the horse that traveled a month's journey in a day, the talisman that conveyed one's words at once to the distant lover—that while these and the like are coming true by the power of modern science, the social wonders, as they seem to Occidentals, are beginning to fade away. A son of this very sultan, the Prince Muley Edris, not long ago married an Italian governess, who did not give up her religion, and who stipulated that she should be the only wife; and a brother of the sultan, the sheriff of Wezian, has an English wife.

The true Heaven on Earth.

If there is any heaven on earth, it is where just the right man marries just the right woman, and there is no way to be happy except with perfect liberty. I hate a man who thinks a woman should obey him. I had rather be a slave than a master. I had rather be robbed than be a robber. All that I ask for womankind is simply liberty, and let the man love the woman as she should be loved. As one of the old sacred books of the Hindus says: "Man is strength—woman beauty, man is courage—woman is prudence, man is strength and woman is wisdom, and when there is one man loving one woman, and one woman loving one man, in that house the very angels love to come and sit and sing." I believe, then, in perfect freedom; I believe in perfect justice, and where a man loves a woman she never grows old to him. Through the wrinkles of age and through the mask of time he sees the sweet maiden face that he loved and won. And where a woman really loves a man he does not grow gray; he does not grow decrepit, he is not old, but to her he is the same gallant gentleman forever that won her heart and hand.—Col. Ingersoll.

A Trying Position.

In the lately published Croker papers a pretty picture is given of the scene in which Queen Victoria announced to her eighty-three councillors her intention of allying herself in marriage with Prince Albert. "Her majesty was handed in by the lord chamberlain, and bowing to us all round, sat down, saying: 'Your Lordships (we are all lords at the council board) will be seated. She then unfolded a paper and read her declaration. I can not describe to you with what mixture of self-possession and feminine delicacy she read the paper. Her voice, which is naturally beautiful, was clear and calm, neither bold nor downcast, but firm and soft. There was a blush on her cheek, which made her look both handsomer and more interesting, and certainly she did look as handsome and as interesting as any young lady I ever saw.

Her Only Cosmetic.

"The only cosmetic I have ever used," said an old lady, "is a flannel wash cloth. For forty years I have bathed my face every night and morning with clear water as hot as I can bear it, using for the purpose a small square of flannel renewed as often as it becomes thick and felt-like. My mother taught me to do this, as her mother had done before her. No soap, nor powder, nor glycerine even has touched my face, and this is what my skin is at 60," she finished, touching with pardonable pride a cheek whose peachy bloom and fine, soft texture gave effective emphasis to the recipe.