

relieved with great cactus blossoms done in white silk. The set consist of the tablecloth, one dozen napkins, and one dozen doilies. The finish is a hem with bordering of Irish crotchet lace, of very delicate design, the lace on tablecloth being about six inches wide, and that on napkins four inches wide, and that on the doilies two inches in width.

The plain satteen tablecloth with side ribbon borders, which now comes in complete sets, is admirable for decorating, and is extremely handsome.

In the fancy of the moment for white on white in table-linen embroidery, delightful effects can be secured by powdering the centre with blossoms or floral sprays, or with fruits, and between the bands of the bordering may be a floral garland or a fruit design; or, with the surrounding garland a mat of flowers may be massed in three of the corners, with the owner's monogram in the fourth corner. Nor need the embroidery be confined to white, unless absence of color be practically considered in the use of several different sets of china. Gold-color, red, and blue on white linen are very charming in embroidery, or the coloring may be after nature.

ARTISTICALLY FOLDED NAPKINS.

Needlework is going out of date, painting and spatter-work have lost their charm, and knitting never was a fashionable waste of time.

The cheapness at which the apparatus for amateur photography can be produced has "commonized" that art, and aside from the hard work and scientific skill necessary to make a good tennis-player, the sport is limited to youth and beauty. Hence the need for a new device to occupy pretty hands and display delicately molded wrists and beautiful jewels.

For the nonce the gay world is folding table napkins. The snowy napery is sent upstairs in the silver-basket to madame and mademoiselle, who proceed to transform the cedar-scented linen into Mikado fans, *fleur-de-lis*, cardinal's hat, *poissoniere*, Neapolitan buckles, etc.

These are popular forms, and then there is a more difficult series, including a pagoda, Cinderella's slipper, the Oxford, Cambridge and Carlton tower; historical crosses, the iris, swan and peacock, and the crest of a half-dozen principalities.

It must not be supposed that these napery designs are originated; on the contrary, they are the result of long and close study from imported paper patterns.

The models are done in antique paper, and the creaser so well pressed that it is quite an easy matter to restore the design after opening.

These ornate fancies are arranged in the flat, never in a tumbler, placed on the cloth between the knives and forks, and in the petals or folds the *boutonnieres*, the flower pin and frequently the finger roll, now so fashionable, are inserted.

WORN OUT SHOES HAVE THEIR USES.

The Italian scavenger who rakes up your ash-barrel and sends the dust flying over your door-step knows this well, and his black eyes glisten at the sight of old leather. If the shoes are not worn to shreds, he sells them to a second-hand dealer and they are patched up and resoled; but if they are past mending, he takes them home to his cellar and rips them all apart, or his wife and children do. The pieces he sells to a manufacturer. From the larger pieces after being soaked till the leather is soft, the uppers of

children's shoes are cut. The soles are cut into small pieces to make up the layers of the heels of other shoes, the iron pegs that are not bent, can be used over again, and the little scraps that are left after all this are subjected to a treatment that makes them all one pliable mass from which a kind of artistic leather is rolled out. This is used for covering chairs, books, trunks, boxes, etc. Many fancy patterns are stamped on it, and the trade in this kind of "embossed" leather in the United States is a well established one.

A PRETTY BAG.

Suitable for duster or work-bag; and so pretty one would not imagine the foundation to be what it really is—a piece of ticking thirty inches long and twelve wide. Cover each white stripe with a wide "cat-stitch" of colored embroidery silk, using any bright assortment of light and dark shades. Then, in the middle of the dark stripes of ticking, sew a row of gilt or silver tinsel.

Line this piece with surah or silesia, with an interlining of crinoline. Then with a strong thread gather the long sides and draw each up tightly and fasten. On each side put a ribbon rosette and hang by a band of ribbon passing from one bow to the other.

"Pig in a poke" is the latest novelty in sachets. A little bag is made of silk or satin ribbon, or anything desirable, many are made of brown linen.

There is a shirr at the top and a small silk cord or twisted silk thread with a small tassel or ball on each end, is run through. This is drawn tightly around the neck, or just below the fore feet, of a little china pig. The remainder of piggie is in the bag.

A SUGGESTION TO HOUSEWIVES.

It is astonishing to think what sort of things we have to eat, and in what condition. I consider the kitchen as being the devil's own organized kingdom against the kingdom of health in the human family. The want of economy, springing from the want of knowledge; the gross food, the greasy food, the want of delicacy and regard for the finer elements of health and life—is amazing, it is piteous, it is heathenish. The heathens live better than we do oftentimes in that regard. We do not want any French morality, but we should like some French cuisine. The art of rendering the poorest meat and the cheapest, such as are within the reach of all, into such tasteful and relishful dishes as shall perfectly satisfy the men that gorge themselves with pork and with rude beef and all that, and teach young women how wisely and economically and delicately to cook as to lay a foundation for their future married life that will avail much. I would not hold back any moral or religious element but the kitchen has a great deal to do with grace in civilized society.

Forty years ago there were more distinguished authors in the United States than there are to-day. At that time Irving, Poe, Cooper, Hawthorne, Bryant, Prescott, Emerson, Willis, Bayard, Taylor, Simms, and Powell, were living American writers. Of these, Lowell alone survives, and he has written very little for five years. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation as an author scarcely began before he was fifty, grows garrulous with his four score years. Whittier, the Quaker poet was another plant that bloomed late. He is now past three score and ten, and, unlike the Poet Laureate of England, is rarely inspired to write.