

plain pudding; also very nice on toast.—Ohio Farmer.

The Scrap Bag.

TO CLEAN TAFFETA SILK.

Sponge the silk carefully with alcohol, then hang out of doors in a windy place. If very much soiled it may be washed in mild suds. Do not wring.

TO CLEAN HATS.

Soiled straw hats that are beginning to look the worse for the summer's wear may be cleaned as follows: Remove all trimming. Dissolve one or two table-spoons oxalic acid crystals in a bowl of warm water. Wash the hat thoroughly with this, applying it with a nail brush. Rinse well in two clear waters, then dry in the sun.

TO CLEAN COMBS.

Do not wash them. Clean them by drawing a piece of doubled cotton repeatedly through between the teeth.

TO KEEP LEMONS.

Keep lemons in cold water, changing it every day, and they will not dry.

NEW REMEDY FOR FRECKLES.

Horse-radish root, 1 oz.; boiling water, 1 pint; borax, 2 drachms. Apply at night.

A BRUISE.

Rub a bruise with sweet oil and then with spirits of turpentine and it will not likely turn black.

COOKING A STEAK.

Put it into a very hot, dry frying-pan and brown as quickly as possible. Shake the pan constantly, and turn the meat without pricking or cutting to let the juice escape.

WARTS—TO REMOVE.

Moisten the warts several times a day with water and rub them with a piece of washing soda.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.

To remove iron rust from white clothes cover the spot with plenty of powdered alum and hold it over the spout of the boiling teakettle.

TO WASH TROUSERS.

Make a good suds of soap and warm water, and wash the trousers in this, rubbing as little as possible. Rinse twice in cool water, not wringing them but letting them drip. After the last rinsing turn them inside out, and pin to the line by the waistband in a shady place. Use plenty of clothes pins so that there will be no sagging. As fast as water collects in the hems press it out with a cloth. Before they are quite dry press carefully with a hot iron on the wrong side. Finally turn them and crease down the front of each leg.

How a Throne Was Won.

The Orient is still the land of the strange and romantic. Straight from every-day modern life in India comes a story that might have been invented by Scheherazade herself for the entertainment of the Sultan. It is an account, in T. P.'s Magazine, of how the present Gaekwar of Baroda won his throne.

In 1875, after the Maharaja Malhar Rao was deposed, the council sought a worthy member of the family as his successor. Four sons of the house lived in the city, but the council felt that they were all too old and incompetent to become efficient rulers.

In a distant village, in a mud hut, the council found a poverty-stricken family of the royal race. In this family were three sons, each of whom was young enough to be molded into a capable ruler. After some deliberation, the council decided that one of these boys should have the throne, but left the selection to the dowager maharane.

Accordingly, the three brothers—Gopal, Dada and Sampat—were summoned to the city of Baroda. Shortly after their arrival, they were admitted to the presence of the maharane. Her highness asked each in turn why he had come to Baroda.

The youngest was so awed and bewildered by the magnificence of the court, that after smiling foolishly for a moment, he burst into a storm of tears and sobs.

The next in age, who was more stolid, did not behave so hysterically. He answered

the query as any well-behaved Hindu lad of his age would have done. He had come to Baroda, he declared, because his relatives had brought him there.

But when Gopal was asked the same question, he airily responded: "I have come to be the Maharaja of Baroda."

The maharane and her councilors with one accord decided that the youth who gave this bold reply showed the most promise of becoming an able ruler of his people. He was chosen, and there has been no need to regret the choice.

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The Value of a Smile.

The thing that goes the farthest Towards making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most, Is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from the heart, That loves its fellow men, Will drive away the cloud of gloom, And coax the sun again. It's full of mirth and goodness too; With maply kindness blent, It's worth a million dollars, And doesn't cost a cent.

August.

By Susan Hartley Swett.
August, swart and sunburnt,
Stands amid the wheat,
Butterflies in purple
Float about her feet;
Freckled lilies in the woods
Peer like Gipsies in red hoods.

Blackberries spill their nectar
All along the hedge;
Little wafts of sweetness rise
From the flowering sedge;
Hollyhocks like ladies tall
Lean above the garden wall.

Marigolds like sunshine heaped
In broad velvet laps
Crowd the garden borders;
Corn-flowers' azure caps
Are by cobweb ribbons tied
To a stately London-pride.

Wild grapes purple by the brook,
Speckled apples fall
With a cool thud in the grass
By the orchard wall;
Sunflowers passionate and bold
Grasp all day the great sun's gold.

Bees are thick on the red balm,
Like a golden-brown crust;
Little sudden singing showers
Sweep away the dust.
Fireflies flash their torches bright
For the feet of groping night.

Ripe perfection everywhere,
Nothing lost or spent,
Never hint that it is late
Mars the day's content,
Wealth awaiting in gold store,
Beauty shining at the door.

Happy August, what to her
Is to-morrow's cold?
Rest and stillness, ripeness, peace
Do not make life old,
And in tales the crickets weave,
No one ever would believe.

Alexandre Dumas: Chef.

How completely Alexandre Dumas was master of another art than that of fiction, is shown by an amusing anecdote in Madame Judith's witty—and gossipy—"Recollections." A very sociable company was gathered late one evening at her apartments. Dumas the elder, Theophile Gautier, De Banville, and other lesser lights were there. After much conversation and reading aloud, everyone grew hungry. But the hostess had sent away her servants, and had made no preparation for a late supper.

"No matter!" cried the resourceful Dumas. "If the cooks have gone to bed, we'll take their places!" And calling on several of the company to act as his assistants, he started foraging. Soon he found abundant provisions, among which was a hare.

"Fine!" he shouted. "In half an hour we shall have a splendid meal!" And he vanished, with his satellites, into the kitchen.

In thirty minutes the door leading from the kitchen was thrown open, and an extraordinary procession appeared. First came Theophile Gautier, bearing a large platter of food; then Dumas, attired in a chef's full costume,—white apron, cap and all,—proudly bearing aloft the hare; behind came two of the satellites, one of whom carried a big knife, the other a gigantic fork.

"I never ate a better dish," said Madame Judith. Dumas was a capital cook. After the feast he exclaimed: "Are not literature and cooking twin sisters? It is too bad that a good cook is not esteemed as highly as a good novelist. I am just as proud when I make a good sauce as I am when I write a good page."

"Alas! if genius had not been deflected from the kitchen, what astonishing progress the art of cooking might have made! What divine joys would have been vouchsafed to mankind if Corneille, Racine, Moliere and Voltaire had turned their marvelous talents to the invention of new dishes!"

"He is right!" shouted Theophile Gautier.

A MATTER OF NAMES.

"What is the difference between pomme de terre and potato?"
"About two dollars."

A Medieval Household.

The extravagant luxury of the modern multi-millionaire's establishment, with its scores of servants and underlings, is not so remarkable, after all, if it is compared with the elaborate housekeeping conducted by a great noble or ecclesiastic of the middle ages. Take, for example, Gascoigne's account of Cardinal Wolsey's retinue as it is quoted by Mr. F. J. Snell in his recent book, entitled, "The Customs of Old England." After stating that the ambitious churchman had in attendance upon him "men of great possessions, and for his guard the tallest yeoman in the realm," the old chronicler proceeds:

"And first, for his house, you shall understand that he had in his hall three boards, kept with three several officers, that is, a steward that was always a priest; a treasurer that was ever a knight, and a comptroller that was an esquire; also a confessor, a doctor, three marshals, three ushers in the hall, besides almoners and grooms.

"Then he had in the hall-kitchen two clerks, a clerk-comptroller, and a surveyor over the dresser, with a clerk in the spicery, which kept continually a mess together in the hall; also, he had in the kitchen two cooks, laborers and children, twelve persons; four men of the scullery, two yeomen of the pastry, with two other paste-layers under the yeomen.

"Then he had in his kitchen a master-cook, who went daily in velvet or satin, with a gold chain, besides two other cooks and six laborers in the same room.

"In the larder, the scullery, the buttery, the ewry, the cellar, the chandlery, the wafery, there were yeomen and grooms; in the wardrobe of beds, the master of the wardrobe and twenty persons besides; in the laundry, a yeoman, groom, and thirteen pages; in the bakehouse, the woodyard, the barn, there were yeomen and grooms; porters at the gate, two yeomen and two grooms; a yeoman in his barge, and a master of his horse; a clerk of the stables, and a yeoman of the same; a farrier and a yeoman of the stirrup; a maltlour and sixteen grooms, every one of them keeping four geldings.

"There were also the officers of Wolsey's Chapel, and the singing men of the same. And he had two cross-bearers and two pillar-bearers; in his great chamber, and in his privy-chamber, all these persons, the chief chamberlain, a vice-chamberlain, a gentleman-usher, besides one of his privy-chamber; he had also twelve waiters and six gentlemen-waiters; also he had nine or ten lords, who each of them had two or three men to wait upon him, except the Earl of Derby, who had five men.

"Then he had gentlemen cup-bearers, and carvers, and of the servers, forty persons; also, he had of alms, who were daily waiters of his board at dinner, twelve doctors and chaplains, besides them of his chapel; a clerk of his closet and two secretaries, and two clerks of his signet; four counsellors learned in the law.

"And for that he was chancellor of England, it was necessary to have officers of the chancery to attend him for the better furniture of the same.

"All these were daily attending, down-lying and up-rising; and at meat he had eight continual boards for the chamberlains and gentlemen-officers, having a mess of young lords, and another of gentlemen; besides this there was never a gentleman, or officer, or other worthy person, but he kept some two, some three persons to wait upon them; and others at the least had one, which did amount to a great number of persons.

"Now," Gascoigne quaintly inquires in concluding his formidable specification, "having declared the order according to the chain roll, use of his house, and what officers he had daily attending to furnish the same, besides retainers and other persons, being suitors, [that] dined in the hall; and when shall we see any more subjects that shall keep such a noble house?"

"Therefore here is the end of his household; the number of persons in the chain were eight hundred persons."