

About the House.

CLEANING WITH GASOLINE. Though cleaning with gasoline is not a new process, I think I can give a way of doing the work that is entirely new and so far ahead of the old way that all will be glad of the change, says a writer in an exchange writes a correspondent.

Many persons cannot put their hands in gasoline, as it gives them a strange feeling of numbness which often extends to the shoulders and remains for some time. Whether this is harmful or not I cannot say, but it certainly is very unpleasant.

A physician of a neighboring city, who had felt the unpleasant effects of washing garments in gasoline, originated the new plan, and, instead of keeping the fact a secret, has done his best to extend it so all can have the benefit of it.

The clothes to be cleaned are packed, a piece at a time, nicely folded, into a large straight jar, the dark colored ones at the bottom and the lighter ones toward the top.

The jar, which is placed in the cellar, or out-doors away from fire, is then filled with gasoline enough to cover all the clothes. A weight is placed on them to hold them under the fluid, and a thick cloth, wet in cold water is spread over all; this is to prevent the too rapid evaporation of the fluid. A plate covers the top of the jar.

They are then left undisturbed until morning, when the garments can be taken out, and, without rubbing or work of any kind, the spots will have disappeared.

When each piece is taken from the jar allow it to drip well, and then, after shaking, hang out-doors on a line to dry.

FACTS ABOUT SOAP.

The longer soap is kept before using the longer it will last. The prudent housekeeper, therefore, will lay in, if possible, at least a year's supply.

The cleaning properties of soap need no comment. The homes of rich and poor alike are under its control, yet there is hardly any article of domestic use that people are so careless about. Everything else in the house may be scrupulously looked after, but in many families the kitchen soap dish is supposed to take care of itself.

Soap never should be left floating around in a pail of water, nor in a wet soap dish. The pieces that are too small for hand use may be utilized in the dishwasher. A soap shaker should hold these small pieces, and make a nice suds, with a few brisk shakes.

A string will cut soap much more smoothly and economically than a knife; but when the latter is used, the numerous shavings that always follow the knife blade may be used in the soap shaker, or made into a compact ball. It is well to cut them at once, as this is more easily done when new.

Hard soap is the housekeeper's friend in many ways. If the piano pedal squeaks, soap will stop it. If you have a bed spring that squeaks, rub it with common hard soap and it will act like magic upon it. If you have a corn that cries out for relief, bind a piece of soap upon it. If a door hinge groans every time you swing the door open, give it a hard soap treatment. It is often the remedy close at hand that is overlooked.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

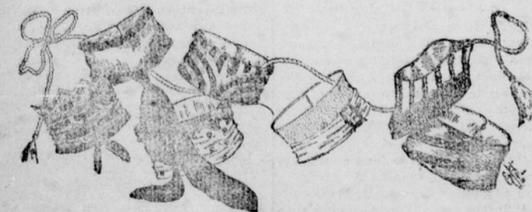
If you heat your knife slightly you can cut hot bread or cake as smoothly as if it were cold.

Soda is an excellent article for cleaning tinware. Apply with a damp cloth and rub dry.

Neuralgia may very often be speedily relieved by applying a cloth saturated with essence of peppermint to the seat of pain.

Pails and tubs may be kept from warping by painting them with glycerine.

To clean linoleum without washing,



Collar No. 1, counting from the left side of the picture, is of heavy corn lace, named, point du chine, or Chinese point. It is a lovely, heavy, deep cream web, woven wholly of silk with the finest and most placable looking dragons worked in the lace in gold. Stout white milliners' wire holds the lace firm about the throat and through the mesh is run a narrow black satin ribbon, shot with gold and fastening at the base of the collar with a woe gold buckle.

No. 2 in the group is a white silk stock with a soft, full blue crepe de chine tie knotted about it, while be

remove all the dust, then take a bit of flannel sprinkled with paraffine and rub the linoleum. It will not only make it appear like new, but will preserve it.

A correspondent says she has cheap cotton cloth tacked on the window frames of the cellar windows and also on the screen doors. She found it kept a good deal of cold out of the cellar, and considerable out of the house as well. It helps keep the poultry shed warm also, by having it tacked to a frame, so it can be set up to keep the wind off.

An excellent salve, good for burns and healing in character, is made by steeping the bark of sassafras roots in fresh lard. Southern housekeepers put a few sassafras roots with the cobs or chips used to smoke hams, to secure a peculiar flavor which they consider appetizing.

A nice way of cooking a cabbage is to quarter it, removing the outer leaves and the heart, and put into plenty of boiling salted water. Boil constantly until tender, take into a colander to drain, and make a cream sauce of one tablespoonful of flour and a little salt in a cup of milk. Mix the flour with a little cold milk then stir in the rest of the milk and let boil till it thickens, then put in the cabbage and let it come to a boil again.

Allow a heaped tablespoonful of salt to each half gallon of water, and skim the cabbage several times. If you want your cabbage "extra nice" add a bit of nice sweet butter to your sauce, from twenty to forty minutes should cook the cabbage, depending upon size.

FASHION NOTES.

Ermine and chinchilla are the half-mourning furs.

Flounciness are one very distinctive feature of the latest evening gowns, and they cover the skirts from hem to waist line.

Paque velvet is lavishly used in the construction of dainty separate bodices, which are as practical as they are artistic.

White chiffon with gold thread and laid over gold tissue is one of the latest and prettiest fancies for vests, collars and the like.

Wide draped belts of silver or gold cloth studded with steel and imitation jewels are applied to gowns of cheviot and zibelines with a rough hairy surface and fastened low in front with a handsome buckle.

HOW TO WASH NEW BLANKETS.

Flannel should always be washed with white soap, or it will neither look well nor feel soft. The water must be warm, but not boiling, as it shrinks flannel to scald it. Wash it in clean water, and entirely by itself. Rub the soap to a strong lather in the water before the flannel is put in, for if the soap is rubbed on the flannel itself it will become hard and stiff. Wash it in this manner through two warm waters, with a strong lather in each. Rinse it in another warm water with just sufficient soap in it to give the water a slight whitish appearance. To the rinsing water add a little blue. Cold rinsing water hardens flannel. When rinsed thoroughly wring it hard, shake well, and spread it on the clothes line. While drying shake well, stretch, turn it. It should dry slowly. Flannel always washed precisely in this way will look white and feel soft as long as it lasts, retaining a new appearance and scarcely shrinking at all.

IMPROVING THE OPPORTUNITY.

My small nephew was ready to start on a long-promised week's visit to his grandfather's in the country. There was an exasperating delay in the appearance of the carriage to take us to the station. The young man worked off his impatience in various annoying ways for half an hour; then suddenly he was seen to kneel beside a chair in the corner and bury his face in his hands. After a few minutes his mother said:

Well, Kenneth, what are you doing? Just getting my prayers said up for while I'm going to be out at grandpa's. There's nothing to do here, and I spect to be pretty busy while I'm there.

CHILDREN BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Slavery as it exists in Northern Parts of Eastern Siberia.

The Russian news of St. Petersburg publishes an account of the Siberian traffic in human beings, sent by a correspondent in Yakutsk, the most important town on the lower Lena River. He describes the pitiful conditions in these northern districts and says they are responsible for the selling of children into slavery.

Three classes of people live there, Russian officials and merchants, Russian peasants and Yakut natives. It is the Yakuts who have the children to sell. The Russian peasants buy them and sell them at a good profit, to the officials and merchants.

The Russian peasants are not living in those bleak and inhospitable regions of their own choice. They were sent into exile from their native homes in Russia, some for crimes and others for political offences. They are scattered through the districts of Verch-ojansk, Kolymsk, and Yakutsk, the most northern parts of Siberia inhabited by the white race. It is winter in these districts for nine months in the year, and we have little idea of the severity of this long winter season and the misery it brings upon the poverty-stricken Russian peasants and the Yakuts.

In the district of Verch-ojansk is situated the pole of greatest cold in the Northern Hemisphere; in other words the records of

EXTREMEST COLD

show a little lower temperature than has ever been observed by Arctic explorers.

And yet in the brief summer season the Russians and Yakuts ripen a few vegetables and cut a little hay for the miserable cattle that are kept in that far-away land. The mining industry is not important, and about the only interest that keeps white men there is the collecting of skins and furs and the trade with the natives who live near the Arctic Ocean and exchange a good many skins for European commodities. The poor white residents and Yakuts also engage in fishing.

In the best of years they earn but a scanty subsistence, but their misery is great indeed when their meagre crops fail. Then starvation stares them in the face. At such times the Yakuts often beg from door to door in the little towns or take to robbery. At such times also the father of the family will sell the children to the Russian peasants, his nearest white neighbours, if he has any to sell. The price is a mere pittance, varying between \$2 and \$25.

The well-to-do Russians of the official or merchant class are the final purchasers of the children. They pay the middlemen who buy the children from the Yakut families about one-third more than the Yakuts receive for them. The children are purchased to be servants.

Such sales are against the law and are made secretly. When the children reach their majority they are free. They can no longer be held in restraint; nevertheless, they are slaves in their younger years. It is not to be wondered that the Yakut population hate the whites who dominate over them. They know that most of the white population are convicts sent out of their country for their country's good; and they see in the better class of Russians only slaveholding officials and merchants.

WILD RUSH OF THE SEAFORTHES.

Australian Bush Poet's Vivid Description of the Events of the War.

"Out of that nine months' campaign, crowded every day with new experiences and fresh impressions, the fact that impressed me most of all was the absolute self-reliance of the old man." Roberts lifted up, promoted or destroyed the army generals—public as big almost as himself in the men—minds as if they were little children. Yes, Roberts had despotic control of 200,000 men and £70,000,000."

The foregoing is taken from a graphic interview in the Sydney Bulletin with "Banjo" Paterson, who was in South Africa as war correspondent, and whom, as a writer of swinging verse, may be termed the Australian Whyte-Melville.

"The grandest picture of war that I saw," he continued, "was the charge of the Seaforth Highlanders. My God! it tightened your breath to see them go across a quarter of a mile of open. There are no bugle-calls in battle now. You see the men lying prostrate on the ground—the bullets squealing and humming over them. When the officer rises—that's the signal for the men to rise and charge with him. And these fellows, led by a subaltern, six feet four inches high—a big Highlander in his kilts—rose with him in a flash.

"There was no waiting, no watching as with a bad regiment, for some one else to rise and first draw the fire. They all sprang up and dashed forward. It was a cruel thing to watch—all your nerves were saying: 'One of these men will go down any moment, any moment, down!' And they went down! down! down!"

PUNCHING HEAVILY helplessly forward, for all the world as if their feet had caught in some-

thing and they hadn't tried to save themselves from falling.

"Oh! every feeling—even the admiration for their heroism—was lost in the feeling of horror! But they rose and dashed forward! rose and dashed forward! rose and dashed forward! and the Boers never waited to give them their revenge.

"Another thing that impressed me was that no actual battlefield in the slightest degree resembled the battlefield of the painter and artist. In a picture, a gun is shown as it appears on the stage. The gunners are all posing. The officer is there in a heroic attitude, with his mouth wide open.

"In a real action, you will see fellows lying asleep beside the gun, while their mates carry up the cartridges quick and lively, load and blaze, while their officer is walking up and down very rigidly. And when the bullets are coming at them fast, you can see that the men are thinking hard about the hotness of things, but they say nothing.

"They do all their work quickly and quietly. And a battery coming into action is a very different spectacle from the artist's conception. There is no flourish, no style about the reality. The animals are broken and jaded; and you will see a driver nursing one wretch and chopping into the other, to get the gun along.

"The effect of the campaign on the Australians will be to make them fifty times more English than before. I'm sure that the bulk of our fellows would, after a few months' spell, assist in any other English war, out of a feeling of comradeship. And another effect of this war on the Australians is that it has killed interstate jealousy among them and has caused them to regard Australians as one people with one destiny."

WINTER WRINKLES.

That defaulting bank clerk was engaged in some other business, said Mr. Bellefield, impressively. What other business? asked Mr. Bloomfield. Steal.

Mrs. Bunk won't let her daughter get married. Why not? She says she has her own husband and two sons to look after and she can't have another man around.

She—Yes, I consider that he paid a very flattering compliment to my good sense. He—in what way? She—He didn't attempt to say anything flattering to me.

Clinton—And so you finally got up courage to ask Miss Pelton to have you? And did she say no? Dumbleigh—No, she didn't go so far as that. She merely said the idea was absurd.

He's a most unreliable man, she asserted. Why do you say that? asked her dearest friend. He asked me to marry him and I said No, and the mean thing never asked me again.

The Manly Thing.—Eleanor—No, I can't bear college theatricals. I don't like to see a man take a woman's part. Rosalie—My goodness! I think it would be cowardly of him if he didn't.

Society is a good deal like a spiritualistic seance. How's that? The people who show they are not in sympathy with it get thrown out.

That silly Ferdie Lester seems to be in great demand with coaching parties. Yes; they take him along to blow the horn.

Fair Helen—I hear you have a secret. Fair Grace—Well, I did have one, but it wouldn't keep.

Maiden Auntie—Now, Geraldine, when I was young as you—Geraldine—Was you ever young, auntie? It seems impossible.

The Ladder of Preference.—1st lawyer—Young Blackstone he has political aspirations, hasn't he? 2nd lawyer—Why do you think so? 3rd lawyer—I notice he calls all the barkeepers by their first names.

Bingley—Well, old man, I'm to be married to-morrow. Naggs—I hope you have thought this over, carefully, Bingley; do you love her? Bingley—O don't be sentimental! The girl has money— Isn't that enough?

I think I'll let you measure me for a sack suit out of this cloth, said Croll, indicating his preference. Very well, said his tailor, I can make you that suit for \$30 or \$100. What's the idea in the two prices? Cash or credit.

Witherby—Now, my dear, I shall be perfectly candid with you. I am going down to the club to-night to play poker and have a high old time. Mrs. Witherby—That's just like a man! You might at least have led me to suppose you were innocent.

Punter—I tell you, doctor, old Casburn is business clear through. Rev. Howland Yale—On the contrary, I know him to be a most charitable man. Punter—May be; but he would examine the balance sheet if all the directors were bishops and Provisional parish doctor some time ago had

EARNING WHILE ASLEEP.

SOME PEOPLE MAKE MONEY WHILE IN A SOMNAMBULISTIC STATE.

Young French Art Student Who painted Picture.—Another Man Wrote a Story.—A Woman Re-taned Chairs in Her Sleep.

An ancient adage has it that "he sleeps who sleeps," and there is a large degree of truth in it, but it might go farther and say that when a man sleeps he earns his supper—sometimes. The qualification is necessary, because the cases of persons who earn money while in the arms of Morpheus are as rare as they are astonishing.

Perhaps the most remarkable was that mentioned at a meeting of a French learned society recently. The money-making somnambulist was a young French artist, named Passe, who was studying under a great painter. He attended daily at his master's studio, and did admirable work in oils.

One day he rushed into the studio with a bulky portfolio under his arm, and excitedly asked his master to examine some water-colour sketches he had. There were more than a dozen of them, all unsigned, and his master said they were excellent, and asked him where he found them. He explained that he had that morning

found them in his portfolio, and how they came there or who did them were bewildering questions. They had been painted on paper cut from his own sketching-block with his old abandoned water-colour paints; indeed, everything pointed to the fact that he had painted them, but he had no recollection of having done so, and could not credit it.

It was decided to put a watch upon him, and for a few nights his fellow-students sat on in his lodgings while he slept. Somehow his discovery seemed to have checked his somnambulist tendencies for a time, for it was not until he had been watched nightly for two or three weeks that the matter was cleared up. The watchers saw him rise from his bed, light a lamp, go to a cupboard, and take a box of paints and a sketching-block. He then set to work and

PAINTED FOR THREE HOURS

on end, in which time he finished an admirable little landscape, which he ripped off the block and put carefully away in the portfolio. Then he deliberately put away the block and paints, turned out the lamp, and returned to bed.

When taxed with his strange conduct the following morning he emphatically denied having done anything of the kind; but, on being shown the sketch, admitted having a dim idea that he had seen it before. Further watchings established the fact that it was on nights following days when he had been particularly hard worked at the studio that he indulged in somnambulist sketching. Two peculiar features of his case were that he had quite abandoned water-colour for oil painting, and all his sketches were of actual scenes which had at some time impressed his mind.

After exhibiting the best of the sketches he sold them, at prices ranging from a hundred to five hundred francs; and on the advice of his friends he put himself into the doctor's hands. He must have felt some reluctance to seek a cure for so lucrative a disease.

There are records of a number of cases of authors, who have been working at pressure upon books, getting out of bed in their sleep and taking up their literary labours where they broke off to retire for the night, or who have dreamed plots for novels and short stories, getting up and writing down the outline of the idea while soundly sleeping. But more remarkable than any such case was the feat performed by a literary acquaintance of the present writer.

He had been in very poor health through overwork and worry, and had been compelled to take a short holiday. Prior to doing so he had conceived and pencilled in a note-book the plot for

A SHORT STORY.

He swore all work during his holiday, but his mind ran on the plot for the story, and it was difficult for him to keep from writing it. It was the first bit of work he did after his holidays, and was sent to the editor of a well-known magazine.

A few days later he was astonished to receive from another editor a proof of a story written round the same plot, and his inquiries into the matter proved beyond a doubt that he had actually written, enveloped, and posted the story, of which a proof was sent him, while he was asleep one night during his holidays; and the somnambulistically written story, after a few corrections, was a better bit of work than that which he wrote after his holidays, and which he, of course, recalled.

It is not at all an uncommon thing for persons daily employed at a monotonous kind of labour to continue their work during sleep when in a bad state of health. Chair-menders are rather prone to this. A provincial parish doctor some time ago had

under his attention the case of an elderly woman who earned a living re-caning chairs. Generally speaking she was able to do in the daytime all the work she had on hand, but whenever she had more than she was able to complete before bedtime she invariably got out of bed and continued the work while asleep, sometimes re-caning two or three chairs in a night, thus earning three or four shillings, unconsciously, and awakening next morning in astonishment at finding

ALL HER WORK DONE.

On one occasion the woman was stopped in the street by a policeman who thought she was mad; it was between two and three in the morning, she was dressed in her night-gown, with a shawl round her shoulders and a bonnet on her head, and she was carrying a chair which she had re-caned during her sleep, and intended to return to its owners. She was fast asleep when stopped.

In some parts of Somersetshire and in other counties, when the roads require mending a number of cart-loads of big flints are shot in a heap by the roadside, and one or two men are set to work on each pile to break up the flints into small stones, being paid so much for each cartload. The small stones are then ready for throwing down.

A few years ago there used to be near Bath an old man who was regularly employed to break up these flints, and night after night he used to leave his bed and return to his stone-breaking, while fast asleep. He was quite aware of this, for he hardly ever left the work until the rumbling of some passing vehicle awoke him when he saw at once the amount of work he had done since leaving off the day before.

But he refused all offers of treatment, on the grounds that, despite being asleep and working in the darkness, he could earn almost as much money at night as in the daytime. The end of it was that he was run down and killed by a trap one night when on the way to take up his somnambulist labours.

WOES OF BRITISH BANK CLERKS.

Summary Laws—Trying on These With Slim Purse.

Bank clerks generally look so sleek and comfortable, and are almost invariably so well groomed, that their grievances, rarely receive a patient hearing, says the London Express.

One who was recently dismissed for the terrible crime of smoking a pipe in a city café during one of the hours sacred to what is called by city courtesy lunch writes giving a list of restrictions, which, he declares, are absurd.

No clerk is allowed to smoke a pipe in the streets during banking hours or at lunch.

The average clerk's salary is not so very high, but, nevertheless, he must wear a silk hat and come to the office dressed as one with double the salary. Wearing a cap to business is not to be thought of, as it is an unpardonable offense in the eyes of the bank officials.

The salary of the average bank clerk ranges from about 38s. per week, but in many banks the salary is much lower and the chances of promotion very small.

A clerk's money is greatly diminished by his having to subscribe to numerous funds, such as a "sports" fund, to keep the cricket or football ground in order, which he himself is never able to see.

Saturday is no holiday for him, as he does not leave the office on those days until about 4 or 5 o'clock.

It must not be supposed that the day's work of a bank clerk ends with the closing of the bank to customers; in fact, it only begins at that time.

AN IMPROVED VERSION OF AN OLD TALE.

He had refused to throw away his cigar when she requested him to dispose of it. It was on the hotel piazza and the cigar was an unusually good one.

Do you know what I'd do, she snapped, if I were your wife? Something atrocious, of course, he answered. What would you do? I'd give you slow poison.

The man smiled. If you were my wife, he said, I'd ask you to change that slow poison for the fastest kind known to the drug profession. And he went on smoking.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.—Shakespeare.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

A man who cannot command his temper should not think of being a man of business.—Chestersfield.

Riches without charity are nothing worth. They are blessings only to him who makes them a blessing to others.—Fielding.

AS SHOWING A MILL FROM MAN KRIM DR. PROS Good happiness and irrit traced instances ney trout vany the the-suffert such-suffe Jordan, view wit his expel saw and turaly a a miller hours of b Some yes exposure trouble, a money in find a ct try Dr. W autumn c assume a fered from back, and and yet many a eyes. My fered from miserable It was w I was ad Pink Pills, Before I I felt much a half doz these, but I felt the stored. In have had the troub Pills soon health sin I have g and sleep as healthy the countr feel is en Pink Pills " Dr. Will the supply blood, and and funct other med symptoms the medicli tiant is sc Dr. Willia to the roo to stay cu waste mo other medic by all dea paid at 5c for 25.00 b liams' Med Fond Man good boy at a you were so in at recess. to-day 'cause couldn't play A It is a mystic ache, Headache, Melancholy, when thou art Bitters will qu suffered for writes Mrs. P "and a lame b dress myself, cured me, and, am able to do comes Conat gives perfect Richards' drug Mr. North German Emp Mr. Shady: gather your He is just 38 y Dose Measles, Sec hausting disea leaves the lit and debilitat from which t cept by the re Food. This pr to the require an invigorating the system as healthy, plump Would you the father of It may be prop THAT HACKY to be lighty t with absolute o acids. Take it the proprietors er,