

Domestic Economy.

ALL ABOUT LAMPS.

A housewife who has to use lamps a great deal, desires to know what will keep the wicks from smoking. If the wick is soaked in vinegar before it is put in the lamp, and thoroughly dried, it will not smoke. The bowl of the lamp should be kept full of oil; but when the lamp is not in use, the wick should be turned down low, to keep the oil from oozing out upon the burner. The common kerosene lamp which is used in almost every household will give a bright, clear light, and it will be a source of comfort to the family if properly kept. Never use inferior burners. They are cheaper at first, but they soon get out of fix, so the wicks cannot be turned up or down, and do not give a good light. A clean lamp gives no disagreeable odor when burning.

Lamp chimneys are not liable to break upon exposure to changes of temperature if they are put in a pan of cold water and allowed to heat gradually until the water is boiling hot. When you wish to clean the flues, wash them in suds made by dissolving pearline in hot water, rinse in clean, warm water, and wipe dry with a towel free from lint. Polish with old newspaper. See that the flues all fit closely. Lamps should always be filled by daylight; and always put in a new wick before the old one is burned out.

FURNISHING SMALL ROOMS.

In furnishing a small room two necessary points must be considered: First, that space is gained by making things as flat as possible against the wall; and, second, that stiffness is prevented then by introducing plants and breaking the lines by pulling out a table a little or turning a chair.

A low seat sixteen inches in height, running around a corner and along one side of the room to some break of door or window, saves space and furniture, and adds a charming effect. It should be upholstered, and have only an occasionally rather small and carefully selected pillow. Low book-shelves, too, built against the wall, furnish without furniture, but care must be taken that they are not extended in too continuous a straight line. A carpet of a solid color greatly increases the effect of space.

HOW TO DRINK MILK.

Sip milk slowly. Take four minutes at least to finish a tumblerful, and take only a good teaspoonful at one sip. This is the ideal way in which to drink milk. When milk finds its way into the stomach, it is instantly curdled. If you drink a large quantity at once it is curdled into one big mass, only on the outside of which the juices of the stomach can work.

If you drink it in little sips, each sip is curdled up by itself, and the whole glassful finally finds itself in a loose lump, made up of little lumps, through, around and among which the stomach's juices may percolate and dissolve the whole speedily and simultaneously. Many people who like milk and know its value as a strength-giver, think they cannot use it because it gives them indigestion. Most of them could use it freely if they would drink it in the way described.

TO BRIGHTEN A CARPET.

Wiping a carpet with a cloth wrung out in warm water and ammonia in which a tablespoonful of kerosene has been mixed, cleans and brightens the colors wonderfully.

ORDERING SEEDS.

Of course you have begun to think about ordering seeds. Many of you, no doubt, have already made out your lists. I hope you have not neglected to include sweet peas. Of all our annuals these are my favorites. They are so sweet, so beautiful, so lovable! They make me think of butterflies when I see them hovering over the vines, nodding, dancing in every breeze, so bright and cheerful that you feel like smiling at them as you would on a group of happy children. Have so many of them that you can cut from them every day for yourself and for your friends. If you want to grow them well, you must sow them very early—in April—and quite deep. It is a good plan to dig a little trench for the seed, five or six inches deep, and sow them in it, covering only an inch or two at first. As the young plants start up, cover more and more, until you have the earth levelled about them. In this way you get the roots down in the soil where they will not be likely to suffer if dry weather comes your way. The secret of success with sweet peas is early and deep planting.

LEMON VERBENA.

Be sure to put down this plant in your list this spring. Small ones in thumb pots grow very rapidly through the summer, and one leaf is so fragrant it will perfume the handkerchief if it is put in the pocket. In the fall, take up carefully, put in a large pot or box, and place in the cellar. Cut the top off, dry the leaves and make several bags, place the dry leaves in, and put among the sheets and pillow cases or in drawers. The perfume will last for months.

FLOWERS FOR SPRING.

All lovers of flowers are now beginning to study what it is best to plant and sow the coming spring; but do all understand that many flowers that were considered perennials and bulbs can be grown from seed and will bloom the first season? Last season instead of buying dahlia bulbs, which are quite expensive, I purchased two



HOLE HEAD, AND "PARSON AND CLERK."

packets of seed, one double and one single, sowed in a box the first of April, transplanted out the middle of May, and had blooms the first of August, and such a variety of colors in the double and such beautiful blotched and striped ones in the single I was richly repaid for all trouble. Hollyhocks sown in March blossomed the last of August. The Marguerite carnation, a most beautiful and fragrant flower, bloomed in four months, and now in February is still blooming. Cosmos also richly repays a little trouble in sowing early, producing beautiful flowers in September, and blooming profusely until frost.

Something about Devonshire.

IV.

Teignmouth folks are naturally proud of their long stretch of sandy beach, which extends from the harbor-mouth to Hole Head, the big headland of red sandstone through which the train passes between Teignmouth and Dawlish. This is a distance of over two miles, and can only be traversed on foot at low tide, although at very exceptionally low tides in summer the adventurous may go still further, and scramble over the rocks at its base, the principal of which are known as "The Parson and Clerk," and about which there is of course a legend, and one very much to the discredit of any "cloth," whether clerical or lay. The story goes that a vicar of Dawlish and his clerk had been over to Teignmouth collecting tithes, and were riding home together. The night was wet and wild, and they lost their way. They came to a house hitherto unknown to them, with windows brightly lighted, and from which issued sounds of mirth and gaiety. A window was thrown open, and a cordial invitation to come in was shouted to them. From that moment they seemed bewitched, "for they said words and sang songs unfit for



SMUGGLERS' LANE, WITH LAUREL TREES.

parish priest or layman." The story goes on to say that "with giddy heads and unsteady legs they went to get their horses, declaring they must have a guide, even if it were the devil himself; whereat the same man who had invited them in undertook to put them on their way to Dawlish. He led them on to the top of the road, and then bade them go straight on. This they essayed

to do, but although they had been on dry ground but the moment before, they found the tide rising higher and higher. Boisterous laughter echoed around, but the guide had vanished. They shouted and he came back, revealed to them by a bright flash of light. It was the devil himself, jeering and pointing to the sea, into which they had ridden. Morning dawned, but the parson and clerk were never found again.

Their horses were caught straying on the beach, and at Hole Head there have stood ever since, daily washed by the tide, the two irregular-shaped rocks bearing their names." To which story there is a moral. The outline of the parson rock remains much as I remember it, but there seems a comical twist about the neck of the unfortunate old clerk, who is standing much farther out at sea, which seems to threaten his losing his head altogether. From the Dawlish side the outline is so changed that one would imagine that the clerk had disappeared bodily, and that it was the parson's effigy only which remained, the confusion in one's mind being accounted for by a side view of still another prominent rock, chipped off as

from the cliff, known to fame as "The old maid." But to what vagary or misfortune the old lady owed the honor of a natural monument, deponent sayeth not. Probably she was the giddy young parson's maiden aunt, who, waiting in to rescue him, was petrified with fright, and ended by sharing his melancholy fate.

I know no more delightful walk than that along the sea-wall as far as one can go upon the Teignmouth side to the big cliff, Hole Head, the scene of the tragic story I have tried to tell you. Just before the entrance to the tunnel, you come to some steep stone steps, rather slippery, but protected by iron railings. These lead you down to an archway under the railway, where by a somewhat narrow ledge you pass to the foot of a most charming little byway called "Smugglers' Lane," once the scene, so it is said, of wild escapades and bloody encounters between the coast-guard and the defrauders of the revenue, the coast lending itself to the adaptation of its caves as hiding places, and the lane to the conveyance of the smuggled goods to receivers inland. If I am fortunate enough to have space permitted for the insertion of my little picture of Smugglers' Lane, you will see that much of its wilder beauty is gone, for it is, on either side, the limit of the grounds of private residents who, according to their several tastes, plant laurels, laurestinus, or other thickly-growing shrubs to ensure their privacy, and most jealously do they guard it by lock and latch-key whereby to let themselves get outside, but never to let any inquisitive tourist get inside, so that it is left to one's imagination to picture how romantic and beautiful must be their surroundings. Most of the residences must have fine views of the sea, and possibly some may have, by steps in the rocks or by other ingenious contrivances, means of access to the shore. A rustic bridge, such as you may see in the picture, across one elevation to another, connecting one property or that of two neighbors situated on either side of one of Devonshire's pretty green roads, is by no means an unusual feature, and a very effective one too, but I must confess to a longing to get through one of those jealously guarded gates, and upon one of those pretty bridges, and see what it is all really like below for myself. But to do that is, I know, a futile wish, for truly an Englishman's house is his castle, and he takes every precaution to make sure that it shall be so. Before I leave Smugglers' Lane and say good-bye to you for the present, I should mention that the section of it shown in the illustration is that of a part which is considerably more level than the rest. You have climbed up to that level as to a temporary resting place. You have passed the running brook of clear water by its side, and you have seen the leaves of the fern and the bracken and the tangle of ivy and other wild plants through a fence which prevented your filling your hands with them, and now you have to make up your mind for another scramble forwards, until you get to the Dawlish Road, by which you can either return to Teignmouth, or if you are so inclined, go on to Dawlish and return by train. But whether you elect to do the one or the other, you are pretty sure to take a good long rest upon one of the broad iron benches you will find considerably placed in this as in many other places around the neighborhood, for the comfort and convenience of pedestrians. H. A. B.

"Johnny," said the pretty teacher, "what's a kiss?"

"I can't exactly put it in words," returned the boy, "but if yer really wanter know, I can show yer."