

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE CARE OF THE PIANO.

Pianos are troublesome luxuries, even for their owners. They are always getting out of tune. The temperature of the room must be regulated by their needs. They get scratched and smoky on the outside, the ivories grow yellow, the sounding-board becomes warped, the strings collect dust. And inexperienced pianists will play upon them. All of these trials can be rendered endurable by a little care, except, perhaps, the last.

In the first place, a competent tuner must be engaged to come to the house at regular intervals and tune the piano. Different makes require different numbers of tunings, varying from two to six in the course of a year. That is a question which it is wiser to have settled by a reliable musical authority than by the family income.

In winter the piano must be kept in a cool part of the room, never anywhere near the register or heater. Heat will crack the sounding-board. In damp weather the piano should be closed, except when it is in use, for dampness is one of its worst foes. In dry weather the piano should be kept open, so that the dry air may reach the action and keyboard. This will keep the dampness from the action, the keys from sticking, the strings from breaking and the ivories from growing yellow, all of which things happen to pianos which are kept closed too much.

The effect of the sun upon the varnish is to blister it badly, so that unless one wishes the expense of revarnishing, which is by no means a small one, she should never allow the sun to shine upon the instrument. Dampness, on the other hand, brings a peculiar smokiness and dinginess to the varnish. This may be removed by washing with a sponge and tepid water and rubbing immediately with a chamolix, wrung out as dry as possible from water. To obtain a high polish rub with piano oil and then with a piece of cotton flannel dampened with alcohol.

SPRING FURNISHINGS.

It is almost time to take up the winter carpets and to take down the winter curtains. The question which therefore confronts the housekeeper is that of the best spring substitutes for the Brussels carpets or the oriental rugs, and the hangings of silk or heavy woolen stuffs.

When the carpets have been taken off to the cleaner's, it is an excellent time to consider whether or not the floor may be relaid in hard wood. If that is a possibility, the question of floors is settled for many years. If that is not, the familiar staining and oiling processes must be substituted. If the floor is too rough and uneven to allow of even this, there is nothing to do but to buy matting. Matting has many virtues. It is cool. It is easily kept clean. It does not harbor germs as carpets do, and it looks remarkably well. A small rug or two in addition to the India matting covering will make the room cheerful and will take away the air of bareness which matting unrelieved gives.

When the heavy draperies come down from the windows, dimity and muslin should go up. These are prettiest when made in two long draped curtains, with a full ruffle at the edge. They will wash perfectly and the dust be brushed from them frequently and easily.

AN ATTRACTIVE KITCHEN.

The wise woman is she who spends as much thought on her kitchen furnishings as on her drawing-room. She finds it more profitable to retain the affection of cook and housemaid than to please herself and her guests on "at-home" days.

The first requisites of the ideal kitchen are cleanliness and cheerfulness. The walls and cupboards must be of some material which will refuse to absorb grease and from which smoke can easily be rubbed off. Nothing is so delightful as tiles, but tiles are rather expensive. An oilcloth dado several feet high and washable paper are fairly good substitutes. A stained pine dado with a washable paper in blue and white tiled effect has the advantage of being bright and easily kept clean.

The ideal scullery should have a "vegetable" sink, which should be of spotlessly white enamelled iron. In it vegetables should be washed and prepared, and never by any chance should it be used for the ordinary sink purposes. Before both of the sinks a good-sized cork

mat should be placed to save the floor a periodical deluge.

A kitchen safe with glass doors, and bright kitchen china to hang from its hooks and pile on its shelves, will reconcile a maid to various little inconveniences in her position. The homely kitchen utensils should be neatly arranged in closets where they need not offend her eyes after her day's work is over. A window shelf of flowers, dainty, easily washed curtains, a rush-bottomed rocker and a bright carpet mat will finish the appointments of quite a cheerful little room.

A RETREAT AT LA TRAPPE.

(W. L. Scott, of Ottawa, in the Catholic World.)

We were received by the "guest master" or monk charged with the reception of visitors, and were by him shown over the building, our innumerable inquiries being answered with a patience and good nature surprising when one remembers that the ordeal must be for him one of constant recurrence. For here let me say that hospitality is a traditional characteristic of the order, and right royally carried out at the present day. Whether your visit extend for hours, days or weeks you are most welcome, and the best that the monastery can afford is at your disposal. In the new stone monastery, of which I shall speak presently, one whole wing, called the hospice, is set apart for guests, and the first question asked by the porter is, "How long do you intend to stay?" not, as one might suppose, in an inhospitable spirit, but with the view to making immediate preparations for your accommodation. Nor is the hospitality of the monks by any means confined to Catholics. All are indeed welcome, and I may mention that a well-known Anglican clergyman of extreme High Church views, and himself somewhat of an ascetic, occasionally retires there for a week of prayer and mortification, and not content with the ordinary rule prescribed for guests who are making a retreat, conforms rigorously during his stay to the severe rule of the Trappists themselves.

Many are the errors passing current even among well-informed Catholics regarding the life at La Trappe, and of these one perhaps of the commonest is the idea that the Trappist rule is a novelty tolerated indeed by the Church, but owing to its extreme severity refused the formal approval of the ecclesiastical authorities. Nothing could be further from the truth. The rule followed by the Trappists is the oldest of all rules—first both in time and excellence, the model of every religious legislator, the rule laid down by St. Benedict for his followers at Monte Carlo nearly fourteen hundred years ago. The visitor to Oka, at the end of the nineteenth century, sees realized before his eyes the life of St. Benedict and his companions at the beginning of the sixth. How vividly does this thought bring back to us the lasting good that, under the Grace of God, one man may accomplish, St. Benedict after fourteen centuries still living in his works. Who shall be able to calculate the extent of sanctity and self-mortification, of glory to God and peace to men during the long course of fourteen centuries?

WHAT A WORD WILL DO.

Byron reminds us that a word is enough to rouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word—Marathon, for instance, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Appomattox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick and suffering body. In yours, perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts powerfully upon the liver, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetters, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings" and Enlarged Glands.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion.

Hairdresser: Your hair wanted cutting badly, sir. Customer: So you seem to have thought.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

LOOKING FOR MOTHER.

One cold, dreary morning a train pulled out of the San Antonio, Tex., depot. A thinly clad, ragged little girl, with a pinched, white face, occupied one of the seats. She was so busy talking to a rag baby that she was oblivious of the kindly-faced conductor, who looked at her with surprise and amazement.

"Where are your folks, sissy? Who came with you to the train?"

"Dolly came with me," she replied, in a matter of fact manner.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Fanny, but mamma always called me 'little pet.'"

"Where is your mamma—in San Antonio?"

"I don't know where she is, but me and dolly are going to find her. Mamma went away."

"When did your mamma go away?"

"A long, long time ago. They put mamma in a long box when she was asleep, and she went away on the cars."

The conductor sat down on the seat opposite his little deadhead passenger, and by further questioning satisfied himself that the child's mother had died, and the remains had been taken to some other town for interment.

"But you don't know where your mamma went," he said.

"Me and Dolly will find mamma; she told me so last night."

The conductor took one of the child's emaciated hands in his own. Her hand was hot, and there was a feverish flush on her wan cheeks.

"You are not well, sissy. I'll send you back to San Antonio to your papa."

The next moment two tiny arms went around his neck and the child was pleading and sobbing.

"Don't send me back. Let me go with you and find my mamma. That woman will beat me again. Don't send me back and I'll give you my dolly."

The conductor understood it all. The little, half-starved waif was running away from some brutal woman, possibly a cruel stepmother. The conductor fixed her up a nice bed with his overcoat and left her happy chatty with dolly about "mamma," but two tears rolled down his cheeks as he left the car. Several times during the trip he looked into the car and saw his little deadhead passenger sleeping peacefully hugging dolly to her breast.

At last the north bound train crossed the long bridge over the Colorado river and halted at the Austin depot. The conductor hurried to the dining-room, and in a few minutes returned with a cup of coffee and some delicacies for his little friend. Just as he was entering the car he was halted by the conductor of the south-bound train, who had a telegram in his hand.

"Tom, is there a little girl on your train deadheading her way?"

"Why do you want to know?" was the gruff response.

"Because I've got a telegram here from the girl's father telling me to bring back a runaway child."

They entered the car where the fugitive was still sleeping.

"Wake up, little one. Here's some coffee for you."

On the little pinched face was a tear and a smile. "Little Pet" had found her mother.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

The man whose heart is so hard as to object to the Little Sisters of the Poor asking for a few pennies that they may feed their large families of old men and women is truly to be pitied. If the heart of such a miserable man has not been petrified, he would surely be ashamed that he ever spoke one unkind word against the Little Sisters if he could only visit their home. There he would find several hundred old people who have been given a resting-place, and who, without regard to race or religion, are fed and clothed by the delicate Sisters, whose only means of support is the charity of the people. The humility of these noble women was shown by one of them who entered a business place to secure alms, and was addressed harshly by the proprietor. She replied in a gentle voice, "I will take what you have said for myself. Now give me something for my old people." The world is sometimes cold, but neither the bigot nor the miser will envy the man who dares to criticize these angels of

mercy who have no other object in life than to shelter the old men and women who have no one else to care for them in their last days.

To be able to say "Good Day," or "Good Morning," in a foreign language is even so much, and it may lead, under certain circumstances, to friendly treatment and special attentions on the part of strangers. It is a short expression, and if said, with a smile, in the language of a foreigner, it may lead to very pleasant results in the way of future friendships. Here are a few of the different ways in which that salutation is given by the people of various nationalities:—

French—Bon Jour.
Spanish—Buenos Dias.
Portuguese—Bons Dias.
Italian—Buon Giorno.
Hungarian—Io Regelt.
Roumanian—Buna Dimineata.
Maltese—Bongiornu.
Turkish—Sabahirin Khair Olsun.
Russian—Zdrastvooite.
Polish—Dzien Dobry.
Arabic—Sabah el Khair.
Persian—Sabah Shouma Khair.
Hindustani—Salam.
Chinese—Tao Shan.
Japanese—Ohayo.
Latin—Salve.
Greek (Modern)—Kal Imera.
German—Guten Morgen.
Dutch—Goede Morgen.
Swedish—God Morgen.
Norwegian—God Morgen.
Danish—God Morgen.
English—Good Morning.
Welsh—Boreu Da.
Irish—Maidin Magh, or, more generally, Dias Maghair Agat.

FARM NOTES.

Eight pounds of bran a day fed to the cows, even when they are on good pasture, will pay.

Sweet cream butter does not please the average consumer as well as butter from ripened cream.

A spring, or weight and pulley, on the cow stable door is a good investment, as it insures against accidentally leaving it open some cold night.

There are still some people who think that in days gone by when there were none of the modern methods of butter making, the butter was just as good as now. Not as a rule, friends, if ever.

A Kansas fruit grower says that corn is undoubtedly by far the best crop for an orchard that can be grown as it breaks the wind and the trees grow up straight. Insects, as a rule, will not trouble a tree when there is plenty of green fodder and corn for them to work on.

Putting a horse upon the market unbroken and trying to get a good price for it, says a writer, is like putting green lumber on sale and expecting the value of the seasoned and finished product.

An average yield of black raspberries is about seventy-five to eighty bushels; red raspberries, seventy; blackberries, 100 bushels per acre, according to the estimates of Professor Bailey of the Cornell experiment station.

Beans after thrashing should not be stored in large quantities, as they are liable to sweat and mold; it is well to spread them in a dry room for a time, and then put them in sacks to prevent the generation of moisture.

A very handy truck for moving barrels of grain, vegetables, etc., may be made by framing together two pieces of 3x3 scantling and three strips of planks, so as to form a platform three feet long and two feet wide, and resting the same upon four piano casters.

A COMFORT SOMETIMES.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometime only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Rival Orators.—A candidate for Parliamentary honors was practising a political speech in his own rooms. His dog, indifferent to the charms of oratory, started growling and yelling, until at last our candidate ordered his servant to turn him out. "I will do whatever you tell me, sir," said the man; "but, to speak truth, it was yourself who began."