



French Clocks and Bronzes.

CLOCK—"ROI SOLEIL."

A GENUINE Louis Quatorze *pendule*, made by the famous Boule, who gave his name to the style of ornamentation which he created during the time when he was highly favored by that king, is a slab supported by four pillars, two front and two back, the whole of ebony and garnished with the incrustation of gilded brass, which is distinctive of this peculiar style. The pendulum in the shape of a sun, having a cherub's face in the center, and also of gilded brass, was so made out of compliment to the "Sun King," as the fourteenth Louis was called by his admiring courtiers and favorites.

Among the very beautiful bronzes by French artists which have found their way here is the "Angel Demon," a female figure of graceful *pose*, and of a countenance half angelic, half diabolic. It belongs to and is a repetition of a kind of statue now frequent in the *ateliers* of Paris. The bronze duplicate is two-thirds the size of life.

"The Dragon Fly" is another exquisite bronze of the same style. It represents a female figure which has the wings of a dragon-fly, and appears to have just touched the earth with swift feet. In the hands are flowers. This idea is unique.

What are called "napkin rests" are another and convenient innovation. They are squares a foot long and wide, of water-colored monograms, with flower designs, over which is placed glass, the edges being protected like that of a *passé-partout* frame. Lace is then set around the ribbon which binds the edge over the paper edge which is pasted on. This lace is full. The napkin is then knotted in a peculiar manner and laid upon the rest. In this way the napkin remains near the hand till the repast is over. It is then slipped through the ring and laid back on the "rest." While uncovered by the napkin, the "rest" is a pretty and novel ornament to the table. Some designs are heraldic, and heightened with gold and silver leaf.

The substitution of pages for bridesmaids at weddings—the lads being the best looking boys among the bride and groom's relatives—is a new idea, which it is said has given great offense to the young lady relations, who naturally look to fill the places usurped by the good-looking striplings. Nor is it thought that the effect of the bouquet-bearing pages is by any means as picturesque as that of the beautiful maidens before chosen. It is argued, too, that the mode is a forerunner of train-bearing pages, and that, it is stoutly maintained, is much too far behind the times to be tolerated.

Cordial bottles now bear the most exquisitely decorated labels. An antique flask of the celebrated "Est-Est-Est," of Montefiascone, has a modern decorated label as brilliant as an illumination in a *châtelaine's* prayer book. It is in water-color, and was seen at a late select dinner-party.

The taste for brass house-decorative objects, after embracing bedsteads, clocks, candlesticks, sconces, mirrors, and hand-glass frames, and water pitchers for *carafe* tables has now covered coal-scuttles with embossage and incrustations, and mantel-pieces with falls in high and low relief, which correspond, of necessity, with your brass-handled shovel and tongs and your griffin-headed and lizard-backed andirons. The effect is not only bright but handsome. After a while we shall give in to Eastlake's opinion as to the artistic

necessities, and do away with all unsightly objects in our houses and homes.

Ice cream "pails" have been "inaugurated" by the lavish fancy of an English gentleman who had ices served at an entertainment at his house in small pails of silver filigree lined with glass, each one bearing the word "Souvenir," below the monogram of the guest. The pails were presents to each person invited, and during the dance which followed the supper, the effect of the little filigree ornaments attached to the fan-support, the bouquet-chain, or the belt is said to have been pretty, though odd. The gentleman guests had their pails as well as the ladies to take away with them.

A set of superb tables of corresponding size, intended for the four corners of a reception room, have tops painted in imitation of ivory. This is done by an ivory-white enamel, and on that surface is a group of flowers, suggestive, each cluster, of a season. On the first is the crocus mingled with clover, for spring; on the second, roses and butterflies for summer; on the third, corn, flowers, and wheat, with poppies intermingled, for autumn, and on the fourth, holly berries and mistletoe for winter. The painting is all in water-color, protected by glass and bound with brass, the feet of the tables being bamboo.

Antique Wares Imitated.

IN wares a new style imitates the pottery discovered in Troy by Schliemann. It is rainbow-hued as to shading, but very dark in body. Vases, tapers, jars, etc., are presented, and precisely follow the models in form. They are singular but graceful, and not of exorbitant price.

The new *compotiers*—a novelty with us—are of iridescent glass, and a trifle too fragile for *compote*, which is a thing that a mind, unless very well balanced, is apt to yearn after more than once at the witching hour of lunch. But even Dundee marmalade, in a *compotier* that looks as though a breath would shatter it, merely suggests the frightful possibility of such a catastrophe, and makes one prefer the solid if heavy majolica. Everybody knows by this time that there is majolica and majolica, and that the coarse garden peacocks, dogs, *e tutti quanti*, are as far removed as possible from the dainty *tête-à-tête* set in which the cup handles are butterflies, and the ware itself only a little coarser than the heavier *biscuit*.

Nothing can exceed, in the new and fanciful pottery of which the profusion and beauty is absolutely bewildering, the beauty of the small "flower supports." These we have had no specimens of till now, that is to say, no small "supports," of which the design and shape points them out as not only intended for flowers, but as, in a manner, incomplete unless so used.

Of these one of the prettiest is the wheelbarrow drawn by a brace of doves. Another is a chariot to which two very rebellious Cupids are attached, one of whom is prostrate upon his face, and weeping with rage. Another is a broken egg upon a pea-hen's back. Still another is a barrel to which are tackled a small frog and a gigantic butterfly, whose incompatibility of temper is demonstrated by the fact that they have succeeded in overturning the barrel in their struggles, so that flowers placed therein appear to be falling out—a most charming fancy, to fully understand the gracefulness of which the "support" itself should be seen.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

WHEN I proposed that the girls should form a housekeeping class, I did not dream of their electing me for teacher, but they did pay me that compliment, and so our class began. It differs, how-

ever, from most classes in one point; the scholars ask the questions, and the teacher answers them to the best of her ability.

We have decided on that plan, because one of the girls complained that instructors always took it for granted that those they were addressing knew a good deal about the subject, when they were, perhaps, really very ignorant sometimes, and never grew to quite understand the matter, because they had not begun at the very bottom of the ladder and climbed up.

But in our class, as Jennie, one of its brightest members, says, the ignoramuses have it all their own way, and may follow their own sweet will in torturing their teacher with as many questions as they choose to ask. It was also voted that no one should be ashamed to confess her ignorance. This morning, for instance, when the subject of keeping the parlors in order was introduced, Lucy Little declared that, although she could sweep and dust to perfection, she couldn't wash a window if her life depended on it.

Miss Kitty Frelinghuysen turned up her pretty, aristocratic little nose at that, and remarked that washing windows and sweeping were entirely menial occupations, and could not be thought necessary for real ladies to learn, as everybody had servants for such work.

But everybody does *not* have servants for such work, is Sophie Mapes' stout-hearted reply. Sophie's mother is a widow, and has rather hard work to keep her two boys at college. And it is a brave answer, for most of the girls stand rather in awe of fashionable Miss Kitty's opinions.

"Well," say I, going back to Lucy's remark, "washing windows is one of the fine arts, and, like most of them, requires the inevitable three P's; practice, perseverance, and patience."

"But," interrupts Jennie, "hot water and soap have something to do with the matter, to say nothing of darning a *pas de seul* on the stone sill to get at the outside of the window. Fancy the admiration of the neighbors and the frenzy of papa, when I figure as performer."

"That is a very unnecessary and dangerous performance," say I, after we had done laughing at the vision of the lively girl, washing windows in the style favored by the room cleaners in hotels.

"I knew a lady whose chambermaid fell and broke her neck, by standing on the outside of a third story window to wash it. Neither do I think much of soap, in that connection. I had a housemaid once who made my windows glitter like diamonds, and she never used soap. Neither did she stand outside and risk her life. Her plan was to dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a pail of cold water, and throw the water upon the outside of the window, with a dipper. Of course the sashes have to be raised to wash the windows in this way; first the lower one has to be lifted, and the water thrown on to it, and then the upper sash lowered, and by reaching over it, the water can be thrown upon it without any trouble. Then the window should be shut, that it may dry quickly, and a sunny day and hour should be selected, as rapid drying has much to do with making glass clear. At least, that is what my housemaid said, and she knew, I think, for her success was uniform."

"Did she throw water on the inside too, and spoil the carpet?" asks Lucy Little.

"I should not be recommending her way of doing the work, if that was her plan. No; she dipped a sponge in tepid water, squeezed it dry, and rubbed each square of glass till perfectly clean, wiping off the moisture with a soft linen cloth, and finishing by rubbing till perfectly dry with paper; newspaper is the best for the purpose. I have had girls clean plate glass with whiting or prepared chalk, and then polish with chamois leather, but I have never seen the windows look

as well as when this girl did them, with only water and newspaper. Now I think it is very likely that none of you girls," I went on to say, "will ever have to wash windows yourselves, but it is quite right that you should know the best way of doing it, and then you can correct other people's faults, when they do it improperly."

"Could a looking glass be cleaned in the same way?" asks Sophie.

"Yes, indeed; a wet sponge and plenty of newspaper will make the dirtiest mirror resplendent. Speaking of mirrors, I noticed in one of the New York dailies, that if the water in which onions had been boiled were used to wash looking glasses with, flies would avoid them next summer. I intend to put that assertion to the test of trial."

"Fly specks are heart-breaking," says Jennie, "they are bad enough on the glass, but that can be cleaned. I would forgive them if they would only let the frame alone."

"That can be dampened with the onion water too, and not wiped, the paper said. But if you have a frame that is already defaced by fly specks, and it happens to be of the dull, or satiny-gilt, instead of the polished, you may be able to restore it, by using Bessemer's gold paint, according to the directions that are given with the bottle."

"Now that I have told you what I know about cleaning windows," I continue, "do you want me to throw any light on the subject of sweeping, or is that an accomplishment you all possess?"

"I should never think of calling it an accomplishment," says Jennie, "but I am not ashamed of saying I know how to do it. If the Princess Louise can tuck up her dress, and go to sweeping the ward of a hospital, that she found in a neglected state, I don't think I need be above doing it."

"Well, I think it is right and proper, that every woman should know how to do everything that belongs to house work; if she does not, she is utterly at the mercy of the servants, who soon fathom the depths—shallows it is in some cases—of their mistress's knowledge, and govern her, if she cannot govern them. I do not think of another case that more truly shows that knowledge is power, than the relation of mistress and servant. After all, it is possible that you may not sweep in the best possible way, with all your boasted proficiency. Do you raise a dust when you sweep?"

"Oh, terrific," answered Jennie, with a young lady's usual misapplication of adjectives.

"Then," say I, "you have not mastered the science yet. I have an old 'Complete Housewife,' which says, 'good sweepers raise no dust.' I don't quite think that is possible, but I do know that the best sweepers make very little dust. They sweep slowly, lifting the broom but little, and keeping it close to them instead of at arm's length. But allowing that there must be more or less dust, it is best to prepare for it by covering the furniture, and putting all the books and trinkets from the tables and brackets carefully into a clothes basket, and carrying them out of the room. The curtains, too, should be protected by turning them up and pinning them; this prevents their being defaced by contact with the broom. After the sweeping is over, it is a good plan, if the carpet is a rich one, to go over it with a broom that has a thick, damp towel pinned over it. If this is done, the room will not need sweeping again nearly so soon as if it is omitted. Then the base board should be wiped with a soft, damp cloth, and by that time the dusting may be begun; but not with a feather duster, for that only sets the dust flying from one thing to settle down upon another. The best duster I know of, is an old silk handkerchief, or a breadth out of an old foulard silk skirt. It should be, not exactly damp, but not really dry, then it will hold the dust but not injure the furniture."

Famous French Women.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

GEORGE SAND.

AMANTINE-LUCILE-AUORE DUPIN, the famous George Sand of our day, was born in 1804. Her mother, dying ere the child had reached the age of four years, confided her to the care of her grandmother, the Countess de Horn, a woman of brilliant wit and of many superficial accomplishments, who was rather proud than otherwise of being the illegitimate granddaughter of King Augustus II. of Poland and Aurora von Königsberg. The countess was imbued with all the irreligious ideas of her time; she set the philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau above the gospel, and tried to educate her young ward in accordance with her own peculiar notions.

At fifteen, Aurore was a graceful dancer, and an adroit equestrienne; she could also fire off a gun and manage a sword. She was a lively, petulant amazon, a charming, but thoughtless, young creature, skilled in all sorts of athletic sports, but she had never been taught to make the sign of the cross.

The pious restoration had but little sympathy with the doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and did not approve of educating young ladies after his fashion. It was therefore decided to send Aurore to a Parisian convent for religious instruction. Here, seduced by the poetry of Catholicism, she often yielded to transports of religious fervor. Like Saint Theresa, she passed entire days in ecstasy at the foot of the altar. Her grandmother's death only confirmed her ascetic ideas; she left the convent to pass a few weeks with a relative, and returned firmly resolved to become a nun. It required all the authority of her family to induce her to abandon this idea, and to marry.

She married a Baron Dudevont, a retired soldier, who had become a gentleman farmer, well versed in his chosen pursuit. He was a man with a bald forehead, a gray mustache, and a cold, severe glance—an exacting master, before whom all trembled. Absorbed in outside things, he gave little thought to his young wife, and did not see that Aurore, with her seventeen years, her refined mind, and her exquisite sensibility, must languish in this prosaic existence. Never were surroundings more uncongenial. Madame Dudevont at first bore her sorrows with resignation. Two beautiful children came, as years passed on, to console her lonely heart; but a time arrived when she could bear up no longer. She fell dangerously ill, and was ordered to drink the waters of the Pyrenees. The husband, fettered to his live-stock and his plowshares, did not accompany his wife on the journey.

She went first to Bordeaux, bearing letters of introduction to old friends of her grandmother, which brought her into the society of many agreeable people, and gave her her first knowledge of the great world. Wherever she went, polite attentions and admiration were lavished upon her, both for her own sake and for that of her family.

When she returned home, the young wife found her husband as indifferent, and life as monotonous as of old. Ideas of revolt, even at that early day, had entered her mind; she fought against them by surrounding herself with congenial society, and by calling poetry, art, and science to her aid.

A young law-student, Jules Sandeau, was in the habit of passing his vacations at his birth-place, which was near by, and became a frequent visitor at Château de Nohant. He was the first to direct Aurore's glance toward that literary horizon where her star was to rise ere long, and outshine all others.

In 1831, she resolved to go to Paris and try her fortune as a writer; her husband's jealousy, and an ever-increasing estrangement, had rendered life with him intolerable. She had brought him a fortune of nearly half a million francs. A large portion of it had been wasted in stock-buying and other agricultural experiments, but she gladly consented to leave what remained, in exchange for her liberty and a poor yearly pittance of fifteen hundred francs. Her first refuge was the convent where her early years had passed, but that quiet retreat had ceased to be congenial to a soul which had tasted the delights of worldly society, and was filled with vague longings for the independence and triumphs of a successful literary career.

We next find Madame Dudevont in a little attic of the Quay Saint Michel, where Jules Sandeau soon discovered her in a state verging upon absolute destitution. Sandeau, the son of an attorney in moderate circumstances, received only a small allowance from his family, and was himself struggling with poverty. Madame Dudevont had some slight knowledge of painting, and obtained some candlestick trays and box covers to decorate; but the work was both tiresome and unremunerative. Sandeau, meantime, had applied to Delatouche, a former acquaintance, now editor-in-chief of *Figaro*, and had obtained occasional work on that journal, which he shared with Madame Dudevont, who now abandoned the pencil for the pen. She did not, however, possess that gift of improvisation so necessary to successful journalism, and, finding this work unsuited to her tastes and inclinations, she resolved to write a novel. Sandeau assisted her, and *Rose et Blanche* was the result. No publisher would accept the manuscript, until Delatouche helped dispose of it for the sum of four hundred francs.

"What name shall we sign?" asked Aurore. "I cannot use the name given me by my husband on the title-page of any book."

"My father will never forgive me, if he finds I am neglecting law for literature," said Sandeau.

"Cut Sandeau in two," advised Delatouche, and your father will not suspect you of being the author of the book."

Delatouche's advice was followed; the book was signed *Jules Sand*, and its authors believed their fortune made. The law-student, who was of an indolent nature, idled away his time more than ever, and seemed to imagine that the four hundred francs would last always. About this time Aurore adopted the masculine costume, so as to visit the theaters, libraries, and public galleries unattended, without giving rise to scandal or remark.

Meantime the four hundred francs vanished, and the young authors were again destitute. Aurore was advised to journey to Berri to obtain a legal separation from her husband, or, at least, larger alimony. She went, having first drawn up with Sandeau the plot of *Indiana*. They divided the proposed work into chapters; Aurore took her share of them, and promised to work diligently during her absence. Sandeau made a similar promise; but with him indolence was stronger than resolve, and he worked only in his dreams. Upon Aurore's return he had not finished a page.

"I have not been idle," she said; "see here! Read and correct." She then placed in his hands the entire manuscript of *Indiana*.

"There is nothing to retouch," said Sandeau, when he had finished the reading; "your story is a masterpiece."

Aurore wished to have this story published under the name of Jules Sand, like the other; but Sandeau would not consent. He declared that as he had no part in the work, he could not appropriate the fame honestly won by another.

Delatouche being called upon to settle the dis-



The Rush of Modern Life.

It is only a wide experience that enables us to understand that law of compensation, of which we hear so much, but of which the majority know so little. All conditions of life, all circumstances, asserts the philosopher, have their compensations, but we do not stop to consider this in making a grievance of whatever happens to be our special environment.

Years ago, when railroads were scarce and the telegraph and telephone unknown, people traveled less, but enjoyed their home life much more. If they had no gas, they had also no gas bills to pay, and oil and candles were much cheaper. If they had no furnaces by which the whole of the house could be warmed, their fuel bills were kept at a minimum instead of a maximum. If they had no kitchen ranges, they did not do half the cooking that is done now-a-days, and ate bread and milk occasionally with a better relish than we give to our scalloped oysters or *omelette soufflé*.

Every change from those benighted times is recorded as an advance, and greeted as an improvement, and doubtless they are so, but the old times had their compensations, and the new times have their disadvantages, and one of the latter is the complex character or shape which everything, small and great, has taken upon itself. Everybody is hurried to death, driven by so many necessities that the best good, its sweetness, its truth, its humanity, in short, seems to be taken out of our lives and expended in talk, in theorizing over social problems and social necessities.

It costs so much more to live than men can earn, that every one is compelled to take to the field, and battle for their own subsistence. Meanwhile, the life of the home, the interior life, that upon which the souls of men, women, and children grow and thrive, goes to waste for want of cultivation, and in its midst spring the seeds of decay and dissolution.

The desire for activity is natural to the young and the strong, but let them wisely limit their efforts to what they can do best without sacrificing their duty to others. This is the kind of activity that bears good fruit, and prevents the absorption in the mad rush and whirl of lives bound by no ties, held by no obligations, and only eager for participation in the maddest of the giddy evolutions, without thought of inevitable consequences. Let those who are "tied" to the simple routine of a quiet life find some satisfaction in the utter weariness of all created things that they escape, and try to fill the mental void by active interest in whatever is going on about them, and by intimate acquaintance with the admirable authors whose works give us the world for a possession shorn of its cruelty, of its barbarism, of its treachery, its disappointments, and its cares, and filled with the beautiful light of their illuminating genius.

French Phrases.

It is very much the custom, now-a-days among young writers and a certain kind of society people, to interlard their conversation, their sentences, and general talk, with a variety of French words and phrases. As a rule, such persons know nothing at all of the language; but they pick up a

society word, here and there, and sandwich it in with an air as if French were so natural to them that they could hardly avoid mixing it with the mother tongue. Of course they sometimes make humiliating mistakes in sense or pronunciation, but as they are not often aware of their blunders, these are not of so much account. The point to be made is the dishonesty and affectation of such artifices, which sometimes misrepresent them in the minds of good people, and always create a prejudice with the cultivated and intelligent.

Some of these affectations have been fastened on society generally by the adoption of the current tricks and fopperies of society years ago, and the difficulty of getting rid of them when once established. But although it is somewhat difficult to lead a reform, there is no necessity to add to these evidences of weakness personal affectations and pretenses of our own. The acquisition of the French language is a very desirable thing to a young man or a young woman, and not only adds infinitely to the comfort of going abroad, but opens up a wide field of pleasure and profit at home. But those who are thoroughly acquainted with French have usually been first equally good students of English, and know well that either language is better for being spoken or written simply and purely, without any attempt at an interlarding of phrases or a hybrid mixture, which is an impertinence to those who may not be able to understand one part of it.

Social customs may be observed, especially in neighborhoods where departures provoke comment. But truth and honesty are always the best, and that which is neither true nor honest should be discouraged by those who understand how little abuses soon grow into great evils.

View on the Lake of Geneva.

THE charming spot known as the "Bosquet de Julie," or harbor of Julie, is so named after the "Julie" of Rousseau's *Confessions*. It lies between Clarens and Chillon, facing the valley, and is famous for its lovely vistas, as may be readily seen from the picture. It is only a short distance from Vevey, said to be the most beautiful country in the world, and also from Chillon, with its famous castle which was built in 830, and whose dungeons were tunneled below the surface of the lake, which is here upward of three hundred feet deep, into the solid rock.

The beautiful harbor of Julie, however, has little in common with so grim and ghastly a subject. It seems made for lovers, and one cannot see the clear surface of the water, or look through the leafy glades without feeling a strong desire to seek congenial companionship, and live and die in the contemplation of so much natural loveliness. The picture is in itself a gem fully equal, and, indeed, superior in finish to many oil paintings, and will certainly be appreciated highly by the intelligent reader.

The May-Pole.

THE May-Pole will call vividly to the minds of our readers the scenes which were formerly common in "Merrie England" during the blithe and beautiful month of May. The May-Pole, twined about with flowers and gayly-colored ribbons, is set in the midst of the village green, and around it a jovial circle of men and maids are celebrating its advent by tripping gayly to the inspiring sounds of a pipe and fiddle. A castle with its tower stands in the background, and shows glimpses of a broad domain and the ancestral park. Lords and ladies of high degree mingle with the revelers who are engaged in vigorously prosecuting all sorts of games, some of them more original and

grotesque than polite, and the church, with its banner spread to the breeze, evidently sympathizes with the spirit of fun that is abroad, and perhaps participates in it. The solid air of good living which pervades the different groups, speaks well for the condition of the larders at home, and the mingling of young and old, and high and low, of the general good feeling which pervaded those primitive communities.



My Housekeeping Class.

NUMBER TWO.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"BEFORE anybody asks any questions," says Lucy Little, at our next meeting, "I should like to say, for the teacher's encouragement, that I've kept the parlor looking-glass in such a state of glitter, ever since our lecture on glass cleaning, that mamma says she has discovered three new wrinkles on her forehead that she never would have suspected if she hadn't had such improved facilities for looking at herself."

"I should think the opportunity to discover new wrinkles, or any other defects, was a questionable blessing," says Miss Kitty.

"Not in the least questionable," says I, rather sententiously, perhaps. "One had better realize their defects, whether of person or of character—acquaintance with the latter sort would assist in their correction."

"Very likely," says Miss Kitty, with a pretty little shrug that she picked up in Paris last summer. "But what are you going to do about the former sort?"

"If I had read the books of Lola Montez and Mrs. Haweis on dress, and beauty, and kindred subjects," I reply, "I might give you a more intelligent answer; but, as it is, I can only say, that if one discovers their own faults of face or person, and knows of no way to remedy them, compensation must be sought in the charm of agreeable manners and conversation, and the cultivation of whatever gifts nature has bestowed. Some extraordinarily popular women have had plain faces."

"That's a comfort," says Jennie, with a resolute little nod. "I'm going to shine up my looking-glass, when I go home, and see if the daily contemplation of a large mouth and a pug nose won't give me a more ardent longing to practice my singing lessons."

"But, after all, I don't see what this has to do with housekeeping," remarks Miss Seymour, a very practical young lady with a note book in her hand.

"Not much, indeed," say I, penitently. "But women are proverbially 'prone to wander, prone to stray,' so I suppose we are faulty, like our sex."

"There is altogether too much said about women's faults," says Miss Kitty. "Why are men's faults so much less discussed? I don't mean their vices, like drunkenness; but ordinary things."

"If that is so," I answer, "I suppose it is because our faults, or traits, are so different from their business-like ways, that they seem very objectionable to them. I honestly think that women deserve grave censure in one thing, and that is the irregular and unmethodical way in which many of them manage their houses."

"But it is so tiresome to be forever bothering about things in the house, up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber."

"Yes, you will find it a bother, if you make it so, but order and system will do much toward oiling the wheels of domestic machinery, and making them run smoothly. We all admire a well-ordered house, and a well-regulated family, but such results require some good management to produce. There are few good things to be obtained without trouble, and much of the charm of a refined home, is due to the close attention of its mistress to small details."

"I don't see exactly how attention to small details, as you call them, has much to do with the looks of a house," says Jennie, "although I should like to see, because my mother wants me to take care of the housekeeping every other week, and I would be glad enough to have the house look tasteful and refined."

"Of course you would," I assent, "and one important means of making it look so, is perfect cleanliness."

Some of the girls looked rather indignant, and Miss Kitty treats us to another little shrug, but Miss Seymour makes an entry in her little notebook, Jennie says:

"I suppose everybody tries to keep their house clean."

"And I should think keeping it clean, was the business of the servants," says another young lady.

"So it undoubtedly is, but it is also the business of a mistress to see that they do so," I say, "and in apology for my implication that every one does not have a clean house, I must tell you that the author of one of the delightful series of 'Art at Home' books, lays it down as a fundamental principle, that nothing compensates in a house for dirtiness. Which shows that she regards want of tidiness as a not uncommon fault."

"I don't think that it makes it any more excusable," says Sophie Mapes, modestly.

"Oh, not a bit," I agree.

"Well, if you won't laugh at me," says Nellie Greene, a new member of the class, "I should like to ask how you go to work to get things clean. I don't have any very great luck myself."

"It is not a question of luck, I should say, but a matter of perseverance and industry; and suppose," I went on, "that I give you my idea of how a parlor ought to be taken care of. Not that I consider that the most important part of a house, but perhaps it is the most interesting to you."

"Suppose then," I say, "that the room is not the family sitting-room through the day, but used for that purpose in the evening. Once a week in that case, will probably be as often as it will need sweeping. The servant will, it is most likely, attend to that, and if she is allowed to follow her own sweet will, in performing the operation, it will not be surprising if the general appearance of the room is dirtier than it was before she began. But before she begins, you must prepare for the storm of dust her vigorous broom-handling will create, by taking all of the smaller furniture out of the room, and covering the sofas and other large pieces with old sheets. If there are wood carvings in the room, they also should be carefully covered, and pictures with elaborate frames should be protected in the same way. All the little articles of bric-a-brac should be laid upon a waiter, and taken into another room, and while the sweeping is in process, those of them which are of a washable nature, such as china vases, plaques, etc., should be wiped with a damp cloth, or if they need it, washed with warm water, soap, and a soft brush. If your maid is of the more intelligent order, perhaps you can impress her with the idea that a broom and a spade are to be differently handled. At any rate, you can make the effort;

tell her to first pick up the shreds that may be on the carpet, and then sprinkle it with damp, not dripping tea leaves, which may be saved from the tea-pot every day, and kept in a jar for the purpose. Then she should go over the carpet lightly, with a broom that is never used for any other room. Hard sweeping injures the carpet, and throws the dust into the air only to settle back again on the floor or on something else. The sofas and tables should be pushed to one side of the room, and when the other side has been swept, they may be rolled back to the clean side, and the other gone over. If there are curtains or portieres in the room, they should be pinned up before the sweeping is begun. After it is over, the windows on each side should be left open, that the draft may blow out some of the dust that is floating in the air."

"I have given these directions," I go on to say, "under the impression that none of you were going to sweep the rooms yourselves, but if you do, all the better; the exercise will do you good, and help to give your cheeks the charming color that we envy our English cousins for. But even if you don't sweep the room, I advise you to go over it, before you replace the furniture, with a broom wrapped in a slightly dampened towel, to draw off the loose dust which has escaped the broom, or has settled down since. If there is a marble mantel it may be washed or wiped with an old silk handkerchief. If there should at any time be iron stains upon the marble, they can be taken out by moistening them with vitriol, or oxalic acid. If they do not come out readily, leave the acid on for half an hour. Grease spots can be taken out by spreading on them a paste made of lime, pearl-ash, and water, and leaving it for a few hours, when it must be renewed, if it has not accomplished the work. If there is an uncovered marble hearth in the room, it should be washed clean in hot soap-suds, and then wiped dry. After that it should be rubbed with a flannel dipped in oil, linseed oil is the best, and wiped with a clean cloth. It may not need either of these applications as often as once a week, and probably will not, unless your family treat themselves to the luxury of an open fire, which, picturesque and refined though it may be, makes a great deal of extra work for the person who has charge of the parlor."

"Now, to return to the furniture that was carried out of the room. Before it is taken back again, brush the upholstered parts with a furniture brush, and dust the woodwork with silk or linen. Occasionally, the wood should be rubbed with a mixture of turpentine and beeswax, or with a reliable furniture polish. Whichever is used, the effect is much better if it is thoroughly rubbed in with the hand, instead of smeared on with a cloth."

"It makes my back ache to hear of such opportunities for exercise," declares Jennie, emphatically.

"But," I say, "it doesn't make your back ache to hear of an opportunity to dance half a night, I dare say."

"Exercise to music is quite a different thing."

"Get a hand organ to play 'Secret Love,' or some other gem while you pursue your distasteful task," says Miss Katy, with a half sneering laugh.

"No, I thank you," replies Jennie, humming the air under her breath. "When I work I work, and when I play I play, and I don't mix them up. Besides, when I dance I don't want a broom for a partner."

"I think I could suggest one more appropriate," I say, laughing, and wishing the light-hearted girls good-by, for our time is up, and we shall have to postpone giving the last touches to our parlor till we meet again.

A Friendly Talk on Shopping.

BY L. R. FEWELL.

SHOPPING is said to be the delight of feminine hearts, yet in spite of this purely masculine dictum, I will venture to say there are hundreds of women in the length and breadth of our land, neither strong-minded, nor exceptions to the sex, who regard their spring and fall trips to town for this purpose with far greater dread than pleasure. And how many weary sisters, limited, like myself, to a narrow income, are, even while I write, tossing on sleepless pillows in the vain endeavor to contrive a way to make one dollar do the work of ten in the buying of spring supplies.

For the benefit of these, especially if they live so far in the country that the work of many days has to be crowded into one, I would offer a few suggestions, which may, at least, save them the blistered feet, aching head, shattered nerves, and irritated temper, which so many of us have carried back from such excursions, making our return anything but a source of delight to those we have left behind. It is said an ounce of precaution is worth a full pound of cure, therefore preparations should begin at least a month before the time fixed for your shopping excursion, by endeavoring to ascertain what are likely to be the prevailing styles for that season, as all women are more or less followers of the fashions. This can be easily done by sending fifteen cents to Madame Demorest for her "What to Wear," which is always published both spring and fall in ample time for any one to lay up a store of information in regard to all articles of feminine wear. Having settled to your own satisfaction, by means of this book, the style likely to suit your taste and means, both for yourself and children, ascertain from your dressmaker, if you are fortunate enough to possess one, or else from the bought patterns which are so easily procured, the quantities of material and trimmings the styles require, and enter them carefully on the sheet of paper, that, with a pencil attached, should repose for all these weeks in your work-basket or machine drawer.

A few days before the time fixed for the trip, take this piece of paper, full of erasures and addenda—I am not now writing of or to the pattern women of the sex—and carefully sift from its incongruous contents the *must haves*, copying them carefully first on the list under each head of the memorandum book which can be furnished you by any firm with which you deal, or easily made by yourself by folding and sewing sheets of paper. Following these "inevitables" may come the "like to haves," which always exceed in number and duration the first named, for while all of us echo with our lips the axiom of the great moralizer,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long;"

our hearts respond to the truth of the following couplet

"'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in my song,"

and feel now more than ever before that however little they may want, they may want it *long*, whether it be cloak, sacque, or dress.

The eventful day having ushered itself in with a clear sky, let us hope, arise in time to dress yourself in clothing so genteel and yet so suitable that it will leave no impression either pleasant or unpleasant upon your own mind. As you love yourself, eschew a dress so nice that it has to be taken care of, or new shoes, no matter how large. Give yourself time to eat a comfortable breakfast, and yet reach the station with ample space to buy your ticket, and take your place in the early train. Employ the time of the rapid transit in mapping out the

Primrose Gatherers.

(See full-page Steel Engraving.)

THE lovely picture which we present under this head is purely English in its detail and conception. The green, velvety grass, so soft, and humid, and redolent of the soil, which grows so luxuriantly, and in which children roll and tumble the livelong day, is almost unknown here, the utmost care failing to produce that which is an outgrowth and feature of the moist temperate climate rarely visited by the sharp and sudden contrasts to which we are constantly exposed. Primroses are also a peculiarly English flower—among the earliest to make their appearance, their sweetness, their profusion, the fact that they are usually found in the lowliest spots, to which they lend a grace and charm that poets have sung and memory treasured, endears them to the English heart.

Happy little primrose gatherers! whatever life holds for you, no fairer or brighter experience in after years will ever be able to take entirely away from memory and consciousness the happy hours spent in the green meadows under the trees; the sunshine glinting, the shadows falling, the primroses waiting to make the little hearts happy with their modest beauty and their fragrance.

Sunset in the White Mountains.

(See full-page in Oil.)

UNDER this title we present to our subscribers a charming picture after C. H. Chapin, a well-known artist in water colors, which is executed by a new process, and furnishes a vivid reminiscence of the beauty of earth, air, sky, and water of that famous region. No one can ever know exactly what constitutes the charm of the Switzerland of America, without a visit there during the beauty of the autumn as well as the loveliness of the summer season. The greatest attraction is in the ever-varying features of a landscape made up of the strongest contrasts—the most rugged mountains,—the greenest and most rugged valleys—a very work-shop of nature, where lake and river, forest and hill, that diversify and render picturesque more populous and commonplace regions, seem to have their beginnings, and be turned out as children are turned out of ancestral homes, to make a place for themselves in the great world. The striking characteristics of this celebrated region, which has been the favorite summer resort of so many tourists, are well illustrated in the beautiful picture which we offer as a souvenir to those who remember with pleasure a sojourn among the White Mountains, and as a promise of what is to come for those who still have that as a treat in prospect.

An Art Excursion to Europe

Has been organized by Prof. G. F. Comfort, Dean of the College of Fine Arts of the Syracuse University, which promises to be one of the most useful and attractive that has ever been planned on a large scale. The party starts June 28, by the *City of Berlin*, of the Inman line, and will return early in September. The route takes in all the great art-centers and almost every place and object artistically worth seeing, together with the most picturesque scenes and objects in the Old World. All the arrangements are first class, and the cost, lights, service, and fees included, is only \$540, a small sum indeed to cover so much that is worth seeing and knowing.

Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE Museum of Art has been removed from the old Cruger Mansion, in Fourteenth Street, to the permanent fire-proof building erected for it by the city in the Central Park. Its collections already include many that are rare and valuable, in addition to the famous Cesnola and Kurium antiquities. The value of such an art-center cannot be estimated, and it is most desirable that its influence should be strengthened and its capacity for aiding study and research increased by every possible means. The trustees, in appealing to the public for aid in a gigantic work which has been largely carried on by private munificence, present the following statement of objects and intentions:

To form, as heretofore, loan collections of pictures, statuary, and other objects of art, similar to the practice of the Kensington Museum.

To obtain carefully selected series of casts of antique and modern sculpture for the use of art students.

To increase and perfect its collection of art antiquities and archaeological specimens.

To make large additions to the collection of pottery and porcelain.

To purchase architectural models, with casts of valuable examples.

To establish a collection exhibiting the progress and position of the industrial arts. To include in compact form, in each department, the raw material, the material in process of manufacture, and the completed work, with models or samples of the tools and machinery used. This collection to comprise, among other articles, gems, gold and silver work, bronzes and other metal work, household decorations, such as paper hangings, pressed leather, furniture, etc., textile fabrics, bookbinding, laces, dyes, stained glass, etc.

To carry out these and other like purposes the trustees ask the sum of \$150,000; subscription to be payable when \$100,000 shall have been subscribed, with the understanding that the first general application of the money will be—

To purchase the Avery collection of porcelain.

To buy King's collection of gems.

To purchase casts.

To purchase architectural models.

To purchase archaeological antiquities.

To purchase examples of fabrics, and start a school of design for the arts and trades.

To establish a system of prize medals or awards.

To create a fund for lectures on art.

Subscribers may designate, if they so desire, the objects to which their donations shall be applied. Subscriptions can also be made payable one half in the present year and one half in 1880.

The very fact that New York is so cosmopolitan a city, makes it extremely difficult to obtain funds for merely local purposes. It is easier to raise money for a famine in India, a fire in Chicago, or pestilence anywhere, than for home improvements which are not provided for by taxation.

Smaller and more provincial cities, whose population is less migratory, can appeal much more successfully to local pride, and accomplish much more at home because so much less is expected of them abroad. Mr. John Taylor Johnston, the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his coadjutors, deserve well of the citizens of New York for the wisdom and judgment with which they have executed a responsible and thankless task, and it is to be hoped that the means will be furnished them to carry on a work which is of the greatest importance to the art resources, culture, and growth of the metropolis. A permanent endowment ought to place the trustees beyond the necessity of making public appeals for aid.



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"We left our parlor in good order, you remember, after its grand sweeping and dusting," says I on the third meeting of our housekeeping class. "Oh, all but the pictures; I forgot them."

"What about the pictures?" says Miss Kitty Van Ranselaer. "Are we going to dabble in the fine arts?"

"No farther than you might call cleanliness a fine art, my dear."

"It comes next to godliness," says Sophie Mapes a little timidly; "so I should think it might be called a fine art."

"A refined art, certainly," say I, "and as such highly worth cultivating. Dirt and refinement would be an unnatural association not to be looked for."

"I don't think I should know whether a house or a room was clean or dirty," confesses Jennie, with great candor.

"Perhaps you would be not only unconscious of the dirt, but rather in favor of it," says Miss Kitty.

"Decidedly," responds Jennie; "if I had to clean it up myself as the alternative."

"Oh, Jennie," I say, not liking to have the lively girl do herself such an injustice; "I met your father on Broadway one day last week, and asked him what you were doing with yourself, to which he replied that your principal employment when he was at home seemed to be whistling 'Nancy Lee,' and cleaning house."

"I don't think he need have told I whistled," says Jennie, making a queer little wry face.

"I beg your pardon," I hasten to say, "I need not have told either; but as I never could whistle myself in spite of all my efforts, I supposed it was an accomplishment girls were rather proud of."

"My brother Dick says that if girls are going to wear cutaway jackets and Stanley ties for a permanent rig, they ought to whistle and smoke," says Nellie Greene.

"Oh!" I cry in horror; "spare us the last accomplishment, and we will bear any amount of the first."

"Will you tell me," asks Miss Lyman, "what you mean by the care of pictures?"

"Thank you, my dear," say I with some mortification; "I am obliged to you for recalling the business before the house. What I mean by the care of pictures, is cleaning and keeping them in good order."

"I never dare to touch pictures except to dust them with a feather duster," says Sophie. "Do they need any other care?"

"That depends. There is such a thing as giving them too much care, but there are better ways of dusting them than with a feather brush," I say. "It is an excellent practice to keep a piece of cotton batting on purpose to wipe off picture frames with. A gentleman in this city, who owns over two hundred oil paintings, tells me that he wipes his pictures once a week with an old cambric handkerchief, which has not actually been dipped in oil, but is just open to a suspicion of being greasy. He also said most emphatically, that if a painting was soiled, smoked, or defaced from any cause, it was very unwise for a person without experience to attempt to repair it by any of the methods that abound in newspapers and

books of general information. There are reliable persons who clean or revarnish pictures scientifically, and to such only should a painting in need of repair be trusted. It is necessary to be careful, also, in cautioning the professional expert against exceeding orders, as, by their officious zeal, these persons have been known to deplorably injure valuable works of art."

"Can anything be done to improve the appearance of gilt frames that are rubbed and shabby?" asks a young lady who had come with Sophie Mapes.

"If the frames are 'high gilt,' or polished, I really do not know of any way to restore their beauty, but if they have the dead gold, or satin finish, I can tell you how to make them look as well as new. Get some of the French gold powder and mix it with the prepared varnish that is put up in little bottles exclusively for the purpose, and paint the whole frame with it, giving it two coats if necessary. I will promise that if you do the work carefully, the frame will look exactly as well as if you paid a dealer five dollars for doing it for you. The gold paint is a great invention, and I should be very sorry to be without it. If a corner or any part of a frame becomes defaced you can put on a little of the paint without going over the whole."

"What should be done with black-walnut frames?"

"They," I continue, "will only need rubbing with linseed oil occasionally, to darken the wood, and daily dusting like other things. But never fail to do justice to the glass that is over engravings; it should be kept in order the same as a looking-glass."

"Not washed?" questions one of the class.

"They will not need washing," I answer, "if they are rubbed occasionally with slightly moistened whiting and chamois leather, and wiped dry with either a fresh piece of chamois skin, or a silk handkerchief."

"We have some nice engravings," remarks Miss Van Ranselaer, "that we have been obliged to take down from the walls because the margins have become so stained and defaced. I don't see either how they could get to looking so, with glasses to protect them."

"I don't think it is in the least difficult to imagine how it happened; probably the glasses were washed, and the water, as a natural consequence, settled around the frame and soaked into the paper, carrying with it the stain of soap and dust, and, very likely, producing mold and mildew in the slow process of drying. But," I go on to say, "you need not give up your engravings on that account, for you can fit on a new margin to each one, or you can cut away all the white part and paste the picture upon a new piece of cardboard the size of the frame. I have seen engravings admirably remounted in both of these ways. Before we leave the picture subject let me tell you of a good way to make whiting very fine. If there is sand, clay, or any gritty substance in it, the glass that is rubbed with it will be scratched, and that is a very bad result, for pictures should be seen through a glass that is invisibly clear. Put the whiting in a bowl and pour water on it; after a while, when it has settled to the bottom, pour off the water and replenish. Repeat this process several times; then, when the substance has become dry enough to cake, turn it out of the bowl and scrape the dirt and foreign particles from the bottom, put the whiting back in the bowl, wet it again, and spread it in the sun. When it is dry it will be as fine as powder, and can be put away in a covered tin box to keep for use."

"It is quite a jump from pictures and parlors to the linen closet," says Nellie Greene, "but mamma wants me to take charge of hers this year, and I want to know what the undertaking involves.

Do you think it would be a great deal of trouble?"

"Excuse me, my dear," I say, as gently as I can, "but it seems to me, that trouble should not be a consideration where helping your mother is in question."

The color floods Nellie's face as she says quickly: "Oh, I never thought of that; of course I'd do anything to help my mother, but I never thought of her having any other motive than just to have me learn to take care of things in the house."

"Very likely that was the reason," I say, "but I am sure you can relieve her of a good deal of care if you will assume the responsibility that she wishes. I should advise you as soon as you enter upon your duty, to count and classify all the articles of bed, table and house linen under your care, and note them down in a book. Then, every week it would be well to count and compare, to find if the number is complete. You ought also to know how much of your stock is in use, how much in the wash, and how much remaining on the shelves. Everything should be neatly arranged in separate piles, the fine linen sheets by themselves, the coarser ones in a separate pile, and the cotton ones in another. Towels should be arranged in the same order; pillow cases, counterpanes, napkins, doilies and table-cloths should likewise share the same attention, and being, like towels, things for which there is daily demand, should be placed in a very accessible part of the closet. When the weekly wash is brought up, it should be your regular habit to look over the linen and see if any stitches are necessary."

"I didn't suppose respectable people ever patched and mended table-cloths and sheets and such things," interrupts Miss Kitty Van Ranselaer superciliously.

"Is patching your only idea of repairs then?" ask I. "There is a good deal to be done toward keeping linen in order beside setting in patches; for instance, examine the hems of the table-cloths, sheets, and napkins, and see if the corner stitches have given way and a few raveled threads begun to appear. If such is the case, and the article has been washed once or twice while in that condition, the best plan will be, to cut off the hem and turn up a fresh one. If by the use of clothes-pins the selvages of any of the linen have been torn or slashed, the tear should be darned and a hem made on the damaged side, for the double purpose of strengthening it and to conceal the mend. Table-cloths, even when quite new, are liable to accidents from the carelessness of some persons who cannot be induced to remember the propriety of cutting their bread or biscuit upon their plate instead of on the cloth. When a cut is discovered it should be darned as neatly as possible with fine linen floss. French ladies regard darning upon table linen as quite a graceful accomplishment."

"There is really no accounting for taste," remarks Jennie with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"For instance: the taste one of my young friends has for darning lace net for tidies and toilet mats," I say rather maliciously, and Jennie pouts a little, for as children say, "the cap fits."

"But," I go on to say, "unless a person is in really straitened circumstances, I do not advocate very much mending of actually worn-out table-cloths. It is not necessary either, to throw them away when they reach that state, because the ends will generally be tolerably good when the middle begins to exhibit an excess of open work."

"I hope you don't mean to advocate cutting them open and seaming the outside edges together in the middle, as some people do sheets?" cries Jennie, looking horrified. "I wouldn't eat my dinner off a table-cloth with a seam."

"The idea!" says Miss Kitty contemptuously. "Don't be alarmed," say I, laughing at their disgust. "I shouldn't be any better pleased with

such an embellishment than you would. I was only going to say that you could make four common napkins, or two serviettes or tray napkins, out of the ends, and roll up the worn-out centers to put carefully away in the linen bag that every good housekeeper should keep, for there are occasions when nothing can be more useful or valuable than soft, old linen."

If I were Librarian,

I WOULD arrange the most useful, instructive and best-toned books within easiest reach, and put the others in places more difficult of access.

In the novel section I would let the good ones remain on lower shelves, and so catalogue the others as to be more out of reach.

If a really worthless book were called for, and I had to give it out, when it came back it should not lie upon my desk or on a table near the door, to tempt the first comer, but it should be at once returned to its shelf.

If a lecture or a course of lectures were given in the place, I would select what the library contained on the subject, and let such volumes lie in a prominent spot. Many persons, after hearing a good lecture, resolve to inform themselves further on the subject, and not infrequently go to a public library with a vague intention of taking out some book with reference to it. But the necessary effort to find and select such an one is so great an obstacle, so few librarians give definite assistance in the matter, some new or tempting novel is *right at hand*, that, alas! the awakened thirst is quenched, which, if stimulated, might have altered the whole tone of their reading.

The majority of persons will perhaps feed on light or useless books, but I am convinced numbers could be led into a higher taste by a persevering effort on the part of librarians to lead them. And if persons who would take these pains were chosen for librarians, the increasing demand for better reading would be seen in a few years.

Among mere novels, the range from good to bad is a wide one, and when a very poor one were asked for, if the librarian quietly suggested a better, I think it would often be taken in its stead.

What frequent opportunities librarians have for doing this, any observing person can realize who has heard the oft-repeated remark, "Give us any nice book," "Tell us something good to take out."

Of course I do not mean that such a person should have hobbies in literature and thrust upon others his favorite books.

But he could watch the signs of the times as merchants do the markets. And if he cared for the elevation of others as a merchant cares for gain, we should see it done. An intelligent person in such a position might do as much good without expending a cent, as if he distributed hundreds in the purchase of books.

It often causes a thrill of joy to read the statement that a new library has been opened in a town or village. But the joy is marred by the reflection that it is so often the channel of evil influence or doubtful good.

In the department of journals also, a librarian might exercise a good influence.

Prominence might be given to many an able journal, which is now permitted so to lie out of the way that no one notices it. Attention might be called to any useful article by marking it.

I once observed in a foreign journal the statement, that in some part of Sweden, a slate was conspicuously hung up in a public library, on which any book, paper or article could be noticed. Why might not this plan be well adopted in our libraries? To get the routine so well performed as not to lose his situation, seems too often the only aim of a librarian. Ought it so to be?



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

(Continued from June number.)

"I HAVE just had a lecture on house linen from an old Scotch lady that reminded me of our last discussion, and I wish you could all have heard it," says Jeannie, entering in her breezy manner, and nodding, in a general way, to all of us.

"I heartily wish we could have heard it," say I, bidding her good morning with the warm welcome we always give to Jeannie. "But, as we did not have the privilege, why won't you tell us what your Scotch friend said?"

"Oh, she said just about what you did the other day, about the care of the linen closet, and looking after the sheets, and tablecloths, and other things. The greatest difference was in the enormous quantity of everything she advocated. She said every well-regulated family ought to have at least six dozen linen sheets, nearly as many tablecloths, and an untold amount of napkins, towels, etc."

"Is such a quantity necessary?" asks Miss Kittie Van Rensselaer, who doesn't like to feel that her mother's elegant mansion is not as well supplied as any one's.

"I do not see any need for it," I say, "unless one lives in a place where no replenishing is possible; but, I believe, in good families in the old country it is customary to accumulate vast stores of plate, china, and linen. I had an English seamstress once who expressed so much contempt for the small stock of linen which I had considered quite sumptuous, that I was conscious of a very mean and withered feeling."

"Well, I don't call her very polite," says Sophie Mapes, soberly.

"Not very polite, certainly," I assent, "but then we don't always find good manners among the lowly."

"Or the lofty, either," amends Sophie.

"My Scotch friend gave me one idea that I liked," says Jeannie, "but perhaps you would not."

"What is it, dear?"

"It was about marking," answers Jeannie.

"She says great big embroidered initials on napkins and other linen things actually deface them. She told us, with the greatest disgust, about spending the night with a lady in Boston, and wiping her face upon a towel which had an immense interlaced B. D. O. embroidered upon it in vivid scarlet. Her first idea was that she had been stricken with nose-bleed; her next, that some small, unwary wild beast had been caught and slain in the folds. When she examined the carmine stain by her spectacles' aid, and found it a harmless ornamental device to enable the owner to prove property, great was her contempt for American taste."

"What a funny way you have of telling a story," I say, as we all laugh at her drollery. "But what kind of marking does your friend advocate? I agree with her in desiring large red letters."

"She says there is but one proper way to mark linen, and that is with what she calls sample letters, cross-stitched in with red cotton or black silk. The letters are large or small, according to the fineness of the cloth."

"I understand," I say, "that among the revivals of old-time customs, people are going back to that style of marking, although it is not fair to call it

a revival, as, in such families as your friend's, it has never been abandoned."

"I will show you," says Jeannie, taking out a pencil, "what she puts on her linen; she knows every stitch by heart, and she worked it on a piece of rag in about half a minute, speaking strictly within bounds, to show me how it was done."

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"Of course the number under the letters is different on every article, and she says the outer line may be a diamond, or a square, or any other shape; but, whatever it is, the same thing is used on all the linen. She says that some people work the letters on a line, and then put a little crown or other device in the same stitch just over them."

The paper is passed around the class, and we all declare ourselves quite in favor of the quaint style of marking. All except Miss Kittie, who asserts that her mamma's linen is so very fine that it would ruin any one's eyes to count threads on it for marking.

"Do you think," says one of our members, after a little more discussion upon marking, "do you think a girl ought to be required to take care of her own room when the family keep plenty of servants?"

"Indeed I do," is my answer, given with emphasis.

Some murmurs of surprise, not to say dissatisfaction, come from some of the girls as I say this, and Miss Grafton, a new comer, with very decided opinions, exclaims:

"Well, I think it is degrading for young ladies of good family to do menial work."

"You degrade the work by such a misapplied epithet," I say, with some spirit. "It is no more menial to take care of the room you occupy than of the clothes you wear, and very few girls are above doing that."

"I am not ashamed to say that I take all the care of my room," says Lucy Little composedly.

"And I should be ashamed of not taking care of mine," says Sophie Mapes bravely; "if I did not do it myself nobody else would."

"I would be very willing to take care of mine if I could do it decently," remarks Miss Bebee.

"It doesn't require a very large amount of intelligence to keep one room in order," is my comment upon this remark. "If a girl has the privilege of a whole room to herself, she ought to be willing in return to take the whole care of it, and it ought to be kept in such beautiful order, that, no matter who enters it, she should never have need to apologize for its condition."

"I know," I continue, "that for those of you who are still in school it is hard to spare much time in the morning, and it takes stern resolution to get up early to gain time for a duty which may be irksome at first; but the practice will soon become a habit, and then the great struggle will be over. As soon as you leave your bed, throw back the clothes, shake it up, and leave it to air. Then, after you are dressed, dust the room and put everything in its place, having of course, according to the excellent, if old-fashioned rule, a place for everything. If possible, leave making the bed until after breakfast, and let the window be left open while you are out of the room, that the mattress may have an opportunity to be thoroughly aired. If I were speaking only to those whose school-days were over, I should say, do not dust until after the bed is made, but time before the school hour is so limited, that the other plan must be resorted to by those whose mornings are

not their own. But on Saturday mornings the room may have full justice done it, and be attended to in the most orthodox and highly approved manner, getting its grand weekly sweeping, and an exhaustive dusting and clearing up, and the bed not only a prolonged airing, but a change of sheets and pillow cases.

"I would not venture," I go on to say, "to offer advice upon so simple a point as bed-making to some young ladies; but as I am afraid that, with some honorable exceptions, my class is not composed of proficient in that important accomplishment, I will take the liberty of telling how I think it should be done. After the bed is sufficiently well aired, turn the mattress and place it evenly upon the bed. Then spread on the lower sheet, and tuck it smoothly under all sides of the mattress. Lay on the bolster, if one is used, after shaking it well and smoothing it into shape. A bolster should have a case, but if it should chance to be minus a cover, the lower sheet must be untucked at the head and drawn over the bolster to serve for one. Put the upper sheet on next, and be very particular to tuck it well under the mattress at the foot of the bed, for it is very disagreeable to have it pull out in the night, and allow the blankets to come in contact with the sleeper's feet. The blankets may be put on next, tucking them in at the foot and making them very smooth. Then spread on the counterpane, making it as even and uncrinkled as possible, tuck in quilt and blankets together at each side of the bed, and fold the top sheet over all at the head of the bed. Then beat the pillows into good shape and put them in their places, and lay on the pillow shams if any are used, if not, place the pillows so that the open ends of the pillow cases will be turned outward. In old times, when feather beds were used, bed-making was a fearful and wonderful thing, but as with our present better knowledge of the laws of health we are not likely to revive the condemned fashion, it is not necessary for us to seek information on the subject, but be thankful that the performance as now conducted is such a very simple one."

"Well, simple as it is," says Jeannie, "I don't think it is very generally understood by chambermaids. I know mamma has had some girls who made the beds so wretchedly that I never was comfortable. Sometimes the clothes were one-sided, and sometimes they came untucked at the bottom; and did all sorts of things that well-conducted bed-clothes never ought to do."

"All the more reason then for your taking care of your own room and learning how to make your own bed," I say for a closing argument, "and let me tell you, a girl who takes the whole care of her own room will soon begin to take great pride in its neatness, and think no effort too great to beautify it. Many of her idle moments may be well spent in making some of the pretty trifles which will add so much to its attractiveness. Money can give any amount of elegance in the way of furniture, etc., but taste, industry, and neatness give a charm to a girl's room that will make it more worthy of its youthful mistress than any extravagant expenditure can do."

The Care of Carpets.

ALTHOUGH the price of carpets is so much lower than it was, it requires, nevertheless, considerable outlay to purchase a carpet. This, if no other consideration, makes it incumbent that carpets should be taken care of, as a neglected carpet is never lasting.

In many houses it is usual to keep the carpet down the entire year. Housekeepers know, of course, that a carpet laid away for the summer

It is with light as with liberty. We do not appreciate either until we have suffered from their loss! In bidding farewell to those gloomy and silent vaults, we could understand the lines with which Dante closed his "Inferno:"

"E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle!" though it was not to a sky studded with stars under which we emerged, but to a brilliant January sun which had the sparkle of spring in it, and which had put to flight the morning fog, while we had been hunting up the mysteries of darkness. L. P. L.

Home-made Rugs, etc.

Rugs, quite as comfortable and almost equal in appearance to the much admired knitted Brussels rugs, may be made as follows:

Take burlaps, canvas—or coffee sacks—and from it cut a foundation the size you wish your rug. Gather up all the bits of worsted ravelings, zephyrs, shreds of merinoes, flannels, etc.—no matter what the shade of color provided it is woolen and cut the flannel or merinoes in strips as narrow as will hold together. Roll these strips up into little tufts or bunches and tack firmly to the foundation, sewing on in alternate rows until your foundation is covered.

Of course a great deal of taste may be displayed in the arrangement of the colors. The writer of this article has one that has been much admired, and that is arranged as follows: On the outer edge of the burlaps foundation I sewed a heavy fringe, made by cutting chocolate and very dark-brown flannel and "ladies" cloth in strips four inches wide, and slitting these strips horizontally at intervals of half an inch, within an inch of the edge, and gathering pretty full with a needle and thread before sewing them on. Then I made a border at least one-third the depth of the rug, of all the brightest colors I could get, fastened on in little tufts, managing to have every other tuft of some shade of green, and every now and then a *wee bit* of white or *very pale* blue.

Next I cut a large oval center-piece for my rug of newspaper, basted it carefully on the foundation covered with the bright colors the same as in the border, only with a little more white interspersed, and the intervening space between center-piece and border, which formed the background. I filled with every conceivable shade of brown that I could obtain, mixed as thoroughly as possible, so that no one shade would predominate, thereby giving it a "patchy" look, and I was much gratified at the result of my labor. This rug may be made of such materials as could be utilized for no other possible purpose, save "sell-rags."

Another way to make a pretty rug is, by taking such scraps as you may have in variety of woolen, or part woolen materials, delaines, alpacas, merinoes, etc.—the larger flowered and more "old-fashioned" the better—cut in four or five inch squares, fold three-cornered, and with needle and thread gather up in form of a shell, and sew on in alternate rows on a firm foundation. These rugs are very beautiful when made entirely of scraps of the different flowered Tycoon reps that was so much in vogue for morning wrappers or dressing-gowns a few years ago. On a deep border made of Tycoon reps, the background of grey or brown, and the center made of flowers and leaves made of tiny shells of grey colors and green, is especially pretty.

Visiting the house of a friend recently, I noticed a nice, yet simply made rug in front of her sitting-room grate that some reader might like as a model. Strips of brown and black flannel were cut in strips about four inches wide, and pinked out on one edge in large scallops. In the center of each scallop of the brown was worked a sort of

large star in shaded green zephyr, and in each scallop of the black, a similar design in scarlet-shaded zephyr; the strips are then gathered *slightly* and sewed on a foundation of coffee sacking, the brown and black strips alternating, and the scalloped edges of course overlapping the plain ones.

Still *another* way to make a pretty rug is as follows:

Cut a foundation of nice burlaps the desired size; fringe to a depth of four inches on each edge, and make a deep border by sewing strips alternately, of dark-brown, deep blue, scarlet, and very *pale* blue "drag braid," the braid of each color should be one-third of an inch or more apart, the outer edge of each row buttonholed to the canvas with *pale* salmon zephyr, and the inside edge with *shaded* green.

Make an application center-piece, and fill the intervening space by working here and there in zephyr of some neutral tint, stars, geometrical figures, etc.

BUREAU COVERS.—Pretty bureau covers, toilet mats, etc., and almost equal both as to appearance and wear to Marseilles, can be made as follows:

Take coarse white muslin—old will do—cut in pieces five and a half inches square, cover this square with a thin layer of white wadding; in the center of this baste a smaller square, two inches each way—of piqué white cotton damassé, linen diaper, or other pretty thick white material. Have ready strips of white muslin one-half inch in width; sew one edge of this strip on to edge of the tiny square—ladies who have seen or made any of the famous "log cabin" quilts will readily understand this—turn over and baste down, cutting off the piece that projects at one end, beyond the tiny square; on the opposite side of the center-piece, sew another strip in the same manner, and then on the two remaining sides; now commence and sew another strip, commencing on the first strip you sewed on, then on the opposite side, and so on until the large square is covered. Baste down the raw edge of last row of strips, and lay aside until you have a sufficient number of blocks to make a cover of the required size; then sew the blocks together, line with thin coarse white muslin, and trim with crochet fringe.

Toilet-mats to match may be made of a single block pieced in like manner, and trimmed with white cotton crochet fringe or lace, crocheted from very fine darning cotton and *star* or serpentine braid.

Very pretty toilet sets, bureau covers, mats, splashers, etc., are made by cutting from Turkish toweling pieces of the required shape and size, and crocheting a border of lace in *shell* stitch of coral or scarlet split zephyr: for this latter, use medium size fine steel crochet needle.

My Housekeeping Class.

(Continued from page 433.)

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I THINK," says Jennie, after a few moments of meditation, "that there's a kind of poetry about dishwashing when it's done by a person with brains."

"It takes brains to do anything in the best way," is my not very original observation.

"Of course it does," replies Jennie, "but I have always thought washing dishes a purely me-

chanical process, one that couldn't possibly require thought."

"And I," remarks one of the girls, "have always considered it a very unpleasant but necessary process, associated disagreeably with dirty water, greasy dishcloths, and unsavory towels."

It will be remembered that our "Housekeeping Class" is off on a housekeeping spree, as one of its members says, and we are seeing dishes washed by a mistress of the art, who, with great acrimony, proceeds to wither the last speaker.

"Greasy dishcloths!" says she, holding out the one she has been using. "There wasn't any more grease on that when I began to wash up these dishes than there is on one of your fancy pocket-handkerchiefs. If a person don't know enough to keep a clean dishcloth, then they ain't fit to wash dishes or do anything else for decent Christian folks."

Then, with looks even more expressive of disgust than her words, Miss Betsey squeezes the water out of her dishcloth, rubs a little soap on it, and begins to wipe the black sides of her sink.

"Well, she'll get grease enough on it now," says Nellie Greene, in a stage whisper to Jennie.

The latter, who stands nearer to our hostess, shakes her head and says, "Not there, not there, my child," emphasizing her quotation by doubling a corner of her handkerchief over her forehead and touching it to the sink in the wake of Miss Betsey's dishcloth, and holding it up to view, damp but dainty still.

I cannot restrain an expression of admiration at this evidence of cleanliness, and Miss Betsey looks up sharply, having seen the action, although apparently quite unobservant.

"What did you expect to find?" she says, drawing in the corners of her mouth for her kind of a smile.

"I'll tell you," says Jennie, "what you might find in our kitchen sink if you were rash enough to risk trying, and that is a pasty deposit on the sides that you might use for shoe-blackening as far as color is concerned."

"Don't your ma wash it every day?" Jennie covers a sudden explosion of laughter by improvising a fit of coughing which makes our hostess say austere:

"I s'pose she had a mouthful of chewing-gum and swallowed down some of it in a mistake. It's a very bad habit, indeed."

She doesn't say whether the chewing or the swallowing is the bad habit, and Jennie begins to sputter an indignant affirmation of disgust at either practice, and an intense contempt for every kind of chewing-gum, to which Aunt Betsey in reply gives it as her opinion that,

"Gum is a sight better than chalk or slate-pencils."

I agree with her upon that point, and recall the more important subject we have strayed from by asking if acids or soda are used to bring the sink to its state of exquisite cleanliness.

"Why, no," responds Aunt Betsey, "there is no need of using anything but soap."

"Well, what would be good to get off the 'pasty deposit' that Jennie spoke of?"

"I am sure I don't know," says Aunt Betsey, with an expression of utter disgust. "I never saw a sink in that state in all my born days, and I should feel like giving up the ship if I had to undertake such a piece of work as getting one to rights."

"Oh, but really Miss Betsey," says Jennie, "I wish you would tell me about cleaning the sink. I supposed they had to be horrid and dirty always, for once when I first began to take some care of the house I asked the cook what made the sink look so nasty (that's not a pretty word, but it's what I said); she got awfully mad and said it was all plastered up with black from the pots and grease from

the dishes, and it wasn't in mortal power to get the stickiness off the sides of it. I pretended to be satisfied, but I heard her say to the waiter afterward that she should give warning soon if mamma didn't make me keep to my own place, and not be poking my nose into the kitchen. I am not the least bit afraid of her ladyship, though, and if you only will tell me how it ought to be done, I'll have that old sink made as clean as yours."

"I know considerable more about keeping it clean than making it so," says Aunt Betsey.

"Would a sink-scraper be any advantage?" I modestly suggest. "I see them for sale at the hardware stores."

"You do?" Aunt Betsey says in surprise. "Then I give it up. New York must be an awful dirty town if the sinks have to be scraped; but if there is such a thing I suppose it's a kind of hoe, and I should advise you, under the circumstances, Miss Jennie, to buy one, and set that shiftless, dirty, hired girl of yours to hoeing out your sink. It's only fair that she should have the trouble of cleaning out her own work. Then I should—"

"What were you going to say?" asks Jennie.

"Well, I don't know as it's my business, but if it was my hired girl after she'd got the sink hoed out to the best of her ability then she should have her walking papers, and be free to hunt up another situation where they liked dirt better nor I do. Then after I'd got rid of her I'd take a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and sand, and go to work with a will on that sink till I made it shine, and then I'd take care of it myself, and not trust it to girls."

"You mustn't think all girls are like this one of Jennie's," says I, thinking of the two who have lived so long with me that they seem like a part of my own family, and whose patience and industry have long been matters of envy and admiration to me.

"No," protests Jennie, "this cook is the most untidy one we have ever had, and mamma does not expect to keep her; but I'll see that she gets that sink in order before she leaves, and when her successor takes hold I'll make her keep it as clean as Miss Betsey's if she will tell me how to do it."

"There's no secret about it," says Aunt Betsey, graciously; "every time I wash my dishes I wash my sink with the dish-water, and then wipe it off with the rinsing water; by managing it that way it never gets real dirty. I always wash out my dish-cloths," she continues, seeing that the girls are really anxious to get information, "every time I use them. When I have real dirty dishes, pots and pans and such things to wash up, I use what I call a pot cloth for them, and save the regular dishcloth for the glass and china. Now here's my pot cloth hanging on this nail under the sink; it's very coarse and strong, you see, but clean and dry. I wash it out every time it's used, same as the other, and I always hang them both up to dry, for if there's anything that will make dish-cloths sour and unwholesome, it's throwing them down in a wet lump, or stuffing them into a corner to wait till they're wanted again."

"Do you wash out the towels every time they are used?" asks Sophie Mapes, who has been all through a most attentive observer.

"Only the one I wipe pots and kettles on," is the answer; "the others don't need it, for all the dishes that's wiped on them is rinsed in clean hot water, same as you saw me do them a little while ago. I keep a fine towel a-purpose for glass and silver, and one a little coarser for china, and a heavy one made of bagging, for the pots and kettles. I make that one very small, so it will wash easy, and most every day I give it a boil in one of the sauce-pans, with just a mite of washing soda in the water.

Some folks don't hold to wiping pots and kettles, but dries them off on the stove, but I wipe all mine inside and out, and then set them on the back of the stove to get an extra dry off, because if you put iron or tin away with one mite of dampness on it, there'll be rusty spots eating holes in it and giving bad tastes to the next victuals that's cooked. I have heard of folks putting frying-pans away without washing, only just dreening off the grease and rubbing with a piece of paper. They pretend it's better for the iron. All I've got to say about such slack ways is, that I'd starve before I'd eat anything cooked in one of their frying-pans."

It seems too bad, but just as Aunt Betsey begins to wax eloquent, and, apropos to frying-pans, is about to give us reminiscences of a family of Perkinses she used to know, we have to gather ourselves together to prepare for our walk to the landing to meet the steamer, which I know by bitter experience will never have the good taste to wait for anybody.

So we bid our quaint hostess adieu, take lingering, longing glances at the lovely old china, stay another moment to drink Aunt Betsey's good health in creamy country milk, pick a sage leaf apiece from the garden bed by the porch, and get started at last, discoursing as we walk briskly along, the unexampled neatness of our hospitable hostess, whose kindness we resolve to requite in a measure by sending a little remembrance of our visit as soon as we can decide what form of gift would find best acceptance.

A Woman Farmer.

ONE of the most successful of the Pennsylvania farmers is a woman, the wife of Rev. Abel C. Thomas, one of the former lights of the Universalist Church. For many years her husband has been an invalid, a victim to nervous prostration from over-brain work. He was ordered to the country, and compelled to relinquish all active participation in private as well as public affairs.

Mrs. Thomas had always lived in the city—had no acquaintance with country life, but she found a small farm of twenty acres, in the vernal grass region of Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, which she purchased at a low figure, and out of which she has created the Paradise, which one must see in order to understand. The house is approached by a beautiful avenue of elms, which was in existence when the purchase was made; but the place was otherwise unimproved. Her first thought was how to use her limited resources to the best advantage. She decided that a farm of twenty acres could not compete with the larger ones, in the matter of quantity, and that she must therefore trust to the quality of her products to secure pecuniary reward. She also wisely concluded that it would be of little use to devote herself to one branch of agriculture, such as wheat, stock, or poultry raising, because one department helps another, and, singly, could not be made to pay by any methods that she was acquainted with. Her first effort was to secure good stock, Alderney cows, light Brahma fowls, and to bring whatever she undertook to cultivate up to the highest point of perfection that the utmost care, cleanliness, and personal supervision could secure. Her success she does not look upon as anything extraordinary, but it is certainly worth recording. Her average of butter is 800 pounds per annum from four Alderney cows, and

this sells from fifty cents to one dollar per pound in the Philadelphia market. The average number of chickens is from 700 to 800 per annum, and these sell at a dollar each, alive. Eggs are sold by the sitting, from thirteen to fifteen, a dollar and a half each lot, for breeding purposes, and she can sell all she can raise. She sold three calves during the past season for fifty dollars each, and her wheat as much beyond the market price, for seedling. This latter result was wholly unlooked for by herself. The crop was very large, measuring two hundred bushels to the acre almost from the first, due entirely to the excellence of the seed and the extraordinary care bestowed upon it. No weeds were permitted—and plenty of manure, and abundance of salt stimulated its growth. The miller to whom it was submitted when ripened offered a higher price than he would give to any of her neighbors, and this fact becoming known, gave her wheat such a reputation that it has ever since been in demand for seed by the farmers in the vicinity, and has actually raised the standard of flour coming from that district.

Her hen-house cost five hundred dollars, and is perfectly arranged, and fitted up for the comfort of her feathered family. The upper room is lined with boxes for hatching, and there are also dust-baths, and a plentiful supply of oyster-shells, bone-dust, and whatever else is necessary to the production of chickens on scientific principles. Carbolic acid is put into the whitewash, with which the walls are cleansed and covered, and sulphur into the nests. It is a curious sight to see a dozen or more hens, all sitting at once upon their nests, and watch the general uprising, the craning of the necks, and the universal expression of satisfaction when a faint little "twee-tweet" announces that one little chick has broken its shell. Mrs. Thomas does not go very extensively into bee culture, but she has twenty-five hives which add from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars to her annual receipts, and is "all profit" after the first outlay.

Mrs. Thomas is well descended. She is a great great-granddaughter of John Robinson of Leyden, the pastor of the "Mayflower," and her great-grandmother was Elizabeth Newcombe, granddaughter of Governor Bradford. In addition to her own family of four children, she has brought up thirteen orphans of German, Scotch, Irish, and Indian blood, and been actively engaged in church and society work, as secretary of a national association, chairman of the tract committee, and other responsible positions. She still preserves a fine matronly appearance, which expresses to the merest stranger the goodness of her heart, the strength and soundness of her head. Her great gift of sympathy is the undoubted secret of her success. Everything animate and inanimate gravitates toward her, and is held by the mere force of natural cohesion. Her household is maintained on a scale of the utmost liberality. Instead of stinting herself, her family, and her dependants, they have the best, and in the greatest abundance. Ducks and turkeys are reared exclusively for family consumption. The garden is cultivated with the same object. No fruit is sold—all is used or given away. Rich milk and cream find their place on the table at every meal, and a package of the sweet butter, of a quality not to be found in the ordinary market, not unfrequently finds its way to the homes of her friends.

Her hobby, the work to which she willingly devotes herself aside from her farm and the daily and nightly care of her helpless husband, is the translation of the waifs of the city to the homes of the country, and their regeneration and healthful growth through the beneficent influence of rural life. A woman like this is greater than all the Cæsars.

alike to be found in this singularly choice gathering of objects, each one of which has required laborious research and long travel to bring to us.

The brother of the collector is now absent in South America, seeking other and equally curious novelties to add to the above for the Exhibition of 1880. So it would appear that then wonders will be exhibited which will surpass all that has heretofore reached the United States, of art in all its branches.

AUSTRIAN "GOLD-WARE."—Austrian gold-ware is a glass crackle veined with gold, on which is painted either a group of flowers or a single flower. The excellence of color is remarkable, and a relief-effect is produced by the throwing out of the painting against the transparent depth of the glass. Venetian, Florentine, and Egyptian forms are given in the beautiful vases, saucers, and jars of this effective ware, than which a more elegant shelf or mantel ornament could scarcely be found. Caprice has devised a new and striking means for the display of handsome vases of dimensions not too great. This is a curled fern of porcelain lined with filigree, and is attached to the angle of a wall, as a bracket would be. The curl of the fronds, being forward and under a support, is made in the curve upon which an ornamental vase stands firmly. The effect of the crackle above described, contrasting with the color of the fern and harmonizing in elegance of shape with its graceful support, is one of the handsomest of the novelties of the art ceramic of the season.

PRETTY THINGS IN CHINA.—Among the novelties in China-ware are entire sets for dinner, tea, coffee, and lunch service, decorated with figures unusually large, and representing figures of rabbits, butterflies, and dogs, treated in a style of broad humor. A rabbit terrified by the proximity of a huge beetle, another in a listening attitude, one ear up, and the other down—perhaps because there is an ear-ring in one of them—still another gazing in rapt admiration or horror at a tortoise, and all these in one service, form an amusing set-out for a dinner. If you prefer birds, here they are, on twigs, of many sizes, and with their heads to one side or under their wings, or perched up or flown down to the ground. A greater variety of color than even the birds afford—and they are gorgeous—is to be found in the butterflies, some of which appear to be pursuing comically terrified insects of a smaller size. As for the dogs, they are, in some instances, precisely such as one imagines Florence Dombey's Diogenes to have been, absurd in preternatural gravity and stillness, or ridiculously active in the ardor of unnecessary and ineffective pursuit. In fine, to be merry at meals is "in order."

EMBROIDERED AND PAINTED PIANO-CLOTHS.—"Painted piano-cloths," as the new covers are called, imported, and of a model entirely novel, are of the exact length and breadth of the instrument itself, and decorated upon the edge with a fall of short silk fringe, it being but about three inches long. The material, when painted in what is oddly called "real-painting," meaning hand-painting or water-color, is satin. When embroidered, these cloths are of fine satin reps or of velvet, and the design is a circle of autumn leaves in the center, or an extended garland of field flowers running close to the edge all round the cloth, to keep which in place and to avoid injury to the delicate work, little satin glands attached to a cord hold it at the four corners, and beneath, in the center, where the top of the piano folds back.

The designs of field flowers and those of autumn leaves are almost sure to contain tints which harmonize with the subdued or "dead" colors now so fashionable in furniture. To embroider or paint upon the prepared imported velvet or cloth a handsome design for a piano-cover, is a beautiful occupation for a lady's leisure hours.

A Lady's Jewel Box.

ONE of the most striking objects at the Paris Exhibition from this side the Atlantic, and at the same time the one most calculated to illustrate the almost boundless mineral wealth of the Pacific slope, was the jewel casket exhibited by Mrs. Sunderland, of San Francisco. This lady is so richly endowed with this world's goods as to be enabled to spend no less a sum than £6,000, about \$28,000, on a jewel casket.

These peculiarly feminine luxuries were interesting for their unique beauty, but also as showing the resources of the jeweler's art in San Francisco—it being the verdict that both the design and its execution were unsurpassed by anything shown from those centers of decorative art, London, Paris, or Vienna.

This casket was made entirely from gold and gold quartz rock from the mines of California, Oregon, and Nevada, and required for its completion the steady work of five skilled artisans for the space of six months. It rests on four feet of solid gold, measures 15 inches long, 10 broad, and 10 deep, and weighs nearly 14 pounds. Each of the four feet represents the symbolic female figure with the grizzly bear at her side that adorns the escutcheon of the State of California.

These figures are in full relief, beautifully formed, and are perhaps the most attractive part of the whole work. The sides and ends of the casket are composed of gold quartz, cut and polished, and embedded in a rim of solid gold. Those who are aware of the exquisite polish of which gold quartz is susceptible will be able to appreciate the beauty of these four panels. The base of the casket, and also the molding around the cover, is ornamented with graceful foliage carved in solid gold. The top is of solid gold, marvelously inlaid with gold quartz in the finest mosaic work, hundreds of pieces being required for the construction of this exquisite cover.

The most elegant part of the whole casket is the work on the inside of the cover. It is a pictorial representation of a buffalo hunt on the plains. The engraving of the landscape is very fine, the foliage and trees being in bas-relief. In the foreground is the railway track, with two buffaloes dashing across it to evade the hunters who are in close pursuit.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"Now please tell me," say I, taking my seat among the young ladies, "what is the business before the house for to-day?"

"Whatever you please," says Sophie Mapes.

"Not what I please at all," I reply. "You know in this class it is simply the teacher's business to answer questions, but the scholars must ask them. So become interrogative as soon as you wish."

"Well, I should like to ask," says Luey Little, "whether it is as easy to keep a small house clean as a large one?"

"There can be only one answer to that question," says Miss Kitty Van Ransalaer.

"And what, in your mind, would that be?" I ask, without doubting what answer she would give.

"A large house would be three or four times the trouble of a little one, of course," replies Miss Kitty, with an air of having settled the matter.

And most of the girls agree with her, but I see that Luey still looks for my opinion, so I ask her what her own answer would be.

"Why, I think," she says with some hesitation,

"that a small house is really the most difficult to keep nice, because it gets dirty again so fast."

"Ah! I think I know what you mean," I say, "and it is true that if a house is really too small to meet the requirements of the family, it is very hard to keep it in order. The small closets overflow, and it is next to impossible to follow the good old rule of keeping everything in its place, when there actually is not room enough to have a place for everything. Then, too, in a small house there is such a constant occupation of all parts of it, that one has to be always at work clearing up. I remember being told by a tidy little English-woman, who lived in a tiny pigeon-house of a dwelling in Brooklyn, that it was a marvel how she could stow away her five sons and one girl baby, that she had to sweep her sitting-room at least five times a day."

"Once for each boy," remarks Jennie.

"I suppose so, although the baby must have been entitled to some credit in making work, for the sitting-room was nursery too."

"What dreadful lives some people live," says Miss Kitty, with a little shiver.

"There was nothing dreadful about this woman's life," say I; "she would have been surprised had you pitied her, and would not have given her little house and comparative poverty for your wealth and discontented idleness."

I half expected an outbreak of indignation at this perhaps too pointed remark, but Miss Kitty only looks very thoughtful and says nothing.

"I am glad," says a very quiet girl, who has listened attentively, "that you do think it is some trouble to keep a little place in order, for everybody who comes to see us exclaims, 'Oh, what a lovely little place, so easy to keep nice,' and we get no credit for all the bother we have."

"You do find some trouble then?"

"Oh my, yes," is the reply Miss Brown makes; "lots of trouble. You know we gave up our house and took a flat, principally because it was likely to be easier; but mamma and I have to work a great deal harder ourselves because we have only room for one servant. I can assure you that we keep busy, and, after all, I don't think the place looks particularly tidy."

"Then you are not altogether pleased?" I ask.

"Yes, I think I like it better than I did having a large house. I used to take care of the parlors then, but that was dull routine kind of work, not like doing a little of everything as I do now. I didn't use to feel any real responsibility then, for, if I neglected to dust, the housemaid was sure to attend to it; but if I leave anything undone now, mamma does it, and that makes me wretched. Another nice thing about living in a flat is, it gives me a chance to learn how to cook."

"I should think you might have that chance in a house of any size," say I.

"Perhaps so," says Miss Brown doubtfully; "but going down two flights of stairs to the kitchen seems very formidable."

"Yes," I say, "I think we should all be better housekeepers if our kitchens were nearer to our sitting-rooms."

"Why need everybody have their sitting-rooms upstairs?" asks Jenny.

"Custom sanctions the selection," I say; "but I really think that in city houses it is a mistake to devote a whole story to parlors. One would be enough for a drawing-room, and the other could be appropriated for a family sitting-room. It would certainly be much more convenient for the mistress of the family to be near enough to the kitchen to superintend the work that is done there, and the consciousness of her vicinity would be a wholesome restraint upon the people she employs."

"It is nice in the country," says Sophie, "where

people can step right from the parlor to the kitchen without any trouble."

"Yes, and clean up their own sinks like Miss Betsy," says Jennie, mischievously.

"I don't like dirty work in either city or country," says Sophie.

"That wasn't dirty work, as Miss Betsy did it," I say; "but I think you are right about country housekeeping. There are I suppose many difficulties about it quite unknown to the city, but there is compensation in the oversight of all the details that the plan of the house makes practicable."

"But people in the country have to work so hard," says Miss Kitty.

"Not all, by any means," I reply; "some very luxurious people live in the country, and keep house with less care and worry than those of the same class in town; although I grant you a housekeeper of moderate means is on some accounts at a disadvantage in a country kitchen, because, unless money is plenty, it will lack the appliances for making work easy that every city house is supplied with."

"I hate to have anything to do with the kitchen," one of the class says, rather inconsequently.

"I am sorry," I say, "to hear you say that, because being a woman it will probably be your duty to have something to do with it. Even riches will not absolve you. If you keep house properly you must know something of what is going on in your house. What kind of a farmer would a man be who did not go about on his land to see that his men were at their duty; or how could a merchant succeed if he kept aloof from his store? Responsibility is inseparable from power, and the position of the house mistress is a highly responsible one, and she ought to know more about her own business than her servants do, and be able to teach them. It is hard for an old housekeeper to confess herself ignorant of her business, and such a one is much at the mercy of those she hires to do her work, and often quite controlled by them. It is to keep you from falling into such a miserable state of dependence that I urge you to learn the proper management of a household while you are young. This is a very changeful country, and it is common enough for rich and poor to change places, and one of the best preparations for a possible reverse is a good knowledge of the best way to prepare food economically, and that can only be learned by actual experiment."

"A lecture delivered in London upon domestic science has such excellent ideas upon this subject that I wish I had saved it to show to you."

"Did you deliver it yourself?" asks Jennie, half saucily.

"No, miss," I say, "I have not yet appeared in public; my efforts are all in your behalf, and for your benefit I have noted down a few points in the lecture I speak of, and I should like to read them to you: No lady is the less a lady if she can add to her other accomplishments a knowledge of household management. How many a young woman, well educated, as the phrase goes, has begun life with the happiest and best of prospects, and after spending the first few months of her married life in all sorts of blunders and mistakes and unpleasant differences with her servants, has had to learn, with dear-bought experience and sorrow, those things which ought to have been learned before undertaking the duties and responsibilities of married life."

"Perhaps we shall not get married," says Miss Kitty.

"Perhaps not," I agree; "but it will be a good thing to know how to keep a house in order and prepare food properly even if you never marry. A good many single women keep house you know, and as they do not always have a way to increase their incomes, it is doubly important that they understand how to avoid waste and extravagance."

Concerning a Certain Little Demon.

THERE is a certain little demon of our acquaintance who at particular periods of existence exercises over mankind a peculiar and decided power, which acts not only upon well-being but well-doing.

Not only kings and princes, but poets, philosophers, men of letters, men of science, and men of business have at times been possessed of this little devil; and even a great Greek teacher, Epicurus, stood godfather to a doctrine of which this demon is a disciple. His is an absolute monarchy: under his reign men lose all thoughts of love, honor, duty, and become rough of speech, forgetful of courtesy, neglectful of the rights of others. Ay, a demon indeed is the little imp who rules man on the throne of— an empty stomach! It is possible, however, thanks be to Providence, to appease the little monster, for he cowers at the sight of a well-spread table, and becomes an abject slave before a deliciously cooked dinner.

A hungry man is a pitiable object; as you value your dignity, well-being, and comfort, never ask of him a favor! A young lady once, in the absence from home of her father, had occasion to go to a gentleman friend of his to ask some advice and a favor. She had met the gentleman but a few times herself, but he had visited their house frequently, and as she knew her father had every confidence in his judgment and kind-heartedness, he was her first thought in her hour of solicitude. He was a man of position, a gentleman by birth, and had always appeared to be one in breeding; it was therefore with a brave heart and confident hopes that she went to his house and sent up her card. The gentleman made his appearance very shortly, and without recognizing the lady or her half-cordial manner of greeting, remained standing, of course obliging her to keep the same position, in his own house, and listened to her now timid and trembling appeal with a *distract* sort of air.

"I am not quite sure I recall your name," he said at length.

"Why, General! you meet my father at church and prayer-meeting every week, and have frequently been to our house; you surely remember me? I am Miss Lyons, James Lyons's daughter. I certainly should not have come to you without feeling sure you would—"

Here a loud bell rang a peal through the halls, and the gentleman with a wild sort of look interrupted her sentence with:

"Will you walk into dinner with me, madam?" offering her his arm in a mad sort of haste, and making a movement toward the door.

"No, sir, I will not; nor will I trouble you further; I thought you were my father's friend, and—"

"Pardon me, miss, but if you will call after dinner—"

"Thanks, I will *never* call upon you again!" and the young lady quickly left the house, and the General retired to appease the wrath of the little demon over whom, notwithstanding he was a brave soldier and a winner of battles, he had no control!

I dare say it would not be venturesome to "guess" that half the rejected MS. which finds its way out of the sanctum of men of letters and back into the desks of bright, hopeful aspirants to fame—and checks—is due to the promptings of this little demon, who has begun to declare his authority about the hour of their reading; and surely all of the spiteful and ill-natured criticisms one reads in the reviews may be credited to the peculiar power which he exercises over his victims. Not only masculine but feminine nature comes under his tyrannical reign, although it is

sometimes much easier for womankind to assuage his ravings. Look at the faces of some of the fair shoppers as they toss over the pretty silks and ravishing muslins, which one hour or so before they were ready to pronounce "divine!" This one is "a fright," the other "hideous," and they nearly set the poor clerk wild with their unsatisfying demands and freaks; but oh, remember, kind sirs! it is high noon, and the little demon has ascended his throne and is rampant.

Even the good-nature of Mr. Paterfamilias goes down before the enemy, and when "papa" comes home at night sometimes, and the little ones cluster round him with their pretty prattle, he does not listen; he pushes one this way, another that. "Papa is tired," they say, and they wait until he has his slippers and supper before they find him the dear, good, kind papa again!

It may be, too, that mama is dull, and blind to the cross flag under which the little demon marches, and she asks some foolish question, or makes a silly remark—women do occasionally!—a curt, quick answer, or rude silence is her reply. Ah, the star of love is clouded over, the sky is darkened, the demon reigns!

Hark! a bell; a clatter of glass and silver; a faint, delicious aroma of dinner; the scowl on papa's face dissolves into a smile, the little demon cowers and lowers his flag. Ah, to paraphrase:

"Man may *happily* live without books, knowledge's grieving,

He may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
He can live without love, what is passion but pining?
But he cannot live *amiably*, can he? *sans dining!*"

Apron-Strings.

"YOUNG girls, what has become of the apron-strings of your mothers?" *Newspaper Query.*

What, indeed! Rarely does one see, nowadays, that beautiful solicitude and tender care of a daughter which characterized the period of our mothers' and grandmothers' days. Then, in order to make the acquaintance of a young lady, it was first necessary to be introduced to the parents, and if *they* saw fit, the young gentleman was invited to call. Now a girl has but to meet a young man once or twice at a friend's house, or on the street, perhaps, and she feels at perfect liberty to ask him to come and see her, and oftentimes the acquaintance is *not* made by the honorable means of an introduction either.

Mama may possibly ask the next morning after the first call: "Who was here so late, and laughing so loudly, last night, Minnie?"

And Minnie will unblushingly reply: "Oh, Tom" (his *given* name quite pat upon her giddy tongue), "Oh, Tom Collins, and he is just too lovely for anything; such sweet neckties and tiny little boots as he wears!" Mama smiles at the girlish enthusiasm, and with no more inquiry into his character or morals, Mr. Tom Collins is allowed to visit little Minnie. He meets her on her way home from school; carries her books, puts foolish thoughts into her head, and studious ones out, and in a short time he takes her to the theater or *matinée*, perhaps, with ice-cream or oysters after. This goes on, and before Minnie is out of the "Normal" she is engaged, surreptitiously it may be, but it ends in marriage with a man about whom her parents know little or nothing; or else results in some wildly talked about escapade which mars and soils the whiteness of her maiden plumage. Oh, girls, what has become of the apron-strings of your mothers? And yet should we condemn or blame the poor children of these mothers? Oh, no, let us rather find excuse and pity for them in our charitable hearts. What better do they know? Indeed the mothers of to-day—not all, Heaven be praised, else we might cry indeed with

The Fair of the American Institute.

THE American Institute Fair, in New York, has very much changed its character of late years, and instead of being, as formerly, and as it is now, in country towns, a collection of products, is really an exhibition of novelties and inventions. Changes are not always improvements, but whatever there is that is new or strange is sure to make its appearance at the American Institute Fair, and if it has lost somewhat of its local interest, it has gained a wider significance.

It is not the place, here, to go into the merits of new and complicated machinery, but we may mention, as peculiarly significant of the rage for writing, that there are, at least, a half a dozen pens and presses by which many impressions of one copy can be taken in a miraculously short space of time. The Edison Electric Pen and Duplicating Press proposes to take eight thousand copies from a single stencil, at the rate of four hundred per hour, the copy being perfectly made from the original, and without the possibility of blunders such as are often made by professional copyists.

There are also wonderful electric appliances for the restoration of shattered nerves; a still more remarkable Ozone Generator, by which the life-giving principle can be diffused and appropriated without going to Colorado to get it, and possesses the additional advantage of being available for the purification of the dwelling, as well as the reviving of the vital forces.

In the way of more purely domestic appliances, there is the new Rhyston Mangle which works with great simplicity, and takes up only a little more room than a sewing machine; many changes and improvements in gas stoves; quantities of magical beds and bedsteads, which turn in a moment into other, sometimes several other, articles of furniture; and what we were glad to see, an invention for poor washerwomen, most useful for those who have to hang their clothes out of a window, in the great cities. Instead of stretching out, at the risk of their necks, and with great and hurtful straining of the entire body, a bar and a pulley brings the clothes-line within easy reach of the hand, and seems really to be so great a saving of time and strength and comfort, that benevolent persons could hardly do a better thing than see that every poor wash-woman has one.

A curious little appliance is a pillow-sham holder which raises and lowers these now indispensable adjuncts, thus saving the trouble of putting on, and taking off, night and morning.

A fine display was made by Hecker, whose flour products are conceded to be among the best in the market, and also by the great house of H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., which has now the enviable distinction of being absolutely reliable.

The picture gallery shows the immense improvement which has been made in photography during the past ten years. A well-finished photograph is now a work of art, quite worthy of ranking with what are considered higher specimens of artistic skill.

A New Title Page.

WITH the January number we shall offer for the approval of our subscribers a new and artistic title page, one of the most beautiful specimens of the printer's art ever presented in a magazine. In design and coloring it is pronounced by competent authorities to be perfect.

West Point from the River.

(See Steel Engraving.)

OUR steel engraving for the present month consists of a view of West Point, the seat of the Military Academy of the United States, from the Hudson River, on the left bank of which it is situated.

It is a spot not surpassed in beauty by any in the country, and its position on the only line of water communication with Canada, and the protection afforded by the bold bluffs which front it, gave it immense importance during the Revolutionary War, and doubtless suggested the idea of its appropriation for its present purpose. The school has only been in existence about eighty years (it was organized in 1794), and has attained its present growth and efficiency rather in spite of governmental effort, than with its aid; for there is always a foolish and noisy element in a republic to make war on what is called military power, and though the mere handful of men graduated from West Point furnished the military science and skill which conquered peace after four years of civil war, yet the moment they are not wanted for active service there are those who would abolish the education and discipline altogether.

Apart from its military character, the West Point Academy has a special value in the thorough education it gives, and the spirit of subordination to duty which is its central principle of action. No boy can go through the years of drill and teaching at West Point, and come out a dishonorable person. He *must* also know his profession. A sham could not stand the training.

It is a pity we had not a dozen technical schools throughout the United States based on the organization and thoroughness of West Point.

From the merely picturesque point of view, it is a spot of unsurpassed beauty, with a sufficiently level area for parades and the practice of military tactics, and inclosed in a sort of fastness by hills rising on the west, east, and northeast, from five to fifteen hundred feet in height. The ruins of Fort Putnam (a Revolutionary relic) and the monument to Kosciusko are interesting features; nor must it be forgotten that it was the theater of Benedict Arnold's treason, and the place from which he fled, he having been put in command only six weeks previous to his flight. It is fifty miles above New York, and above and below are some fine hotels and summer residences, besides a little settlement which is a dependence of the military station, and those who are attracted to its vicinity.

Writing "Christmas" on the Snow.

(See Picture in Oil.)

DEAR little thing, don't you feel your heart warm to her at once? It is a cold day, or the snow would not lay hard and white upon the ground. But she has been kept warm trudging along the frozen ground, by thoughts of the Merry Christmas close at hand, and now she wants to see how the word which has so much sweet meaning for her, and nearly all the world, will look, written upon the snow.

Bless her pure heart, may nothing occur to mar her bright anticipations. May she grow up into gentle maidenhood, and if it is so willed, into happy wife and motherhood. May all her hopes and enjoyments of many Christmases be realized and repeated in her girls and boys, and their record be as stainless as that which is now being made in the unspotted snow.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I'm really beginning to be very proud of myself," says Jennie emphasizing her statement by a self-satisfied nod of her stylish little head.

"I think I am expressing the wishes of all the members of the Housekeeping Class in asking why," say I with exaggerated politeness.

"Because our house looks cleaner than I ever saw it look before," is the answer.

"That is nice," I say appreciatively, "very nice. Have you been cleaning house?"

"No, that's the best of it; we skipped our regular fall cleaning, for actually we didn't need to celebrate that frightful annual orgy of the goddess Ate, as papa calls it."

"You are getting too classic for the rest of us," says Sophie Mapes; "but do tell us how you avoided house-cleaning?"

"Simply by being too clean to clean up. There's no use in gilding refined gold you know, and rubbing and scrubbing things that are already shiningly neat is like that. The best of it all is that mamma says it is all my management."

"I am sure I congratulate you on being such a good housekeeper," say I with real pleasure.

"And I am sure I owe my success to you," replies Jennie, "for no one ever talked to me about housekeeping till you did. You have given us such lots of good advice that it would be hard if none of us profited by it."

"Your father must be pleased," I remark.

"I should think he was," says Jennie; "you know housekeeping for girls is an old hobby of his."

"What is your method?" I ask; "you are so successful that the rest of us would like to know your plan."

"I scamper through the house every morning, and see if things are going on all right, windows open in the bed-rooms, beds left to air, and all those things. Then, after I have put the parlors to rights, I take another look to see if the chambermaid has done the right thing by the halls and stairs, and finished up the bed-rooms in good style. Fortunately for me, mamma took a new up-stairs girl after I began to govern, and I trained her to suit myself. Our old girl would never have taken an order from me, I know, for even mamma hardly dared to complain when things were neglected,—Ann was so very tart in her disposition. Now the present incumbent thinks I'm somebody grand, and minds me as meekly as an innocent young lamb. She goes into the linen closet once a week with me and helps me count all the bed and table linen, just as you suggested long ago, and helps me look over the clean clothes and put them away, and I've taught her to mend up everything that is out of order, stockings and all, which is certainly much nicer than doing it myself."

"I see you are not wanting in executive ability, Jennie," say I laughing, "and after all it's a very good thing to be able to direct other people how to work."

"Yes, indeed," is Jennie's answer, given with earnestness, it's a splendid thing to know how to make other people do things, and I see now how perfectly helpless any one is who doesn't know how a thing should be done, and so of course cannot show any one else how to do it. There is just one thing certain, and that is that I am going to master the whole business before I stop. I intend to buy a whole shelf full of receipt books, and shut myself up in a room with a gas stove and experiment. I am studying chemistry now as a basis,

and I shall plunge into culinary mysteries after I am sufficiently steeped in the preliminary sciences."

We all laugh, but I see with pleasure that Jennie is really interested and in earnest, and I can imagine how useful she has become to her mother, who is confessedly very unpractical. Her father I know, from a few words I had with him lately, is very proud of his gay little daughter's industry and energy.

"You will have to invite Aunt Betsey to come down and see your housekeeping," said I jokingly.

"No, no, no, keep that blessed old lady in her immaculate home till I have conquered some kitchen difficulties."

"Do not be alarmed. Aunt Betsey was never known to visit anybody. But what are your difficulties?"

"Nearly everything connected with the kitchen. In the first place, the great copper boiler is disgraceful, and the cook says nothing can be done with it. It's as black as coal, and all streaks."

"Something can be done with it," I say; "there is a cleansing preparation sold for the purpose, but you can make a very good one by putting an ounce of oxalic acid in a pint of rain water, and corking it up tightly. It does not dissolve perfectly, so it will be necessary to shake the bottle every time the fluid is used. It is also very important that the bottle should be labeled 'poison' and kept where there is no danger of mistaking it for anything else. Rub the boiler with the fluid, polish with a dry flannel. Mix powdered rottenstone with oil of turpentine, and rub on with chamois leather; leave it on the boiler for quarter of an hour, and then wipe it off with a soft cloth. The process will have to be repeated once a week, but after the first time it will not be laborious."

"I should think the same application would be good for the faucets," says Lucy Little.

"So it is, for those which are not silver-plated; a little whitening is necessary in that case."

"I wonder," says Sophie Mapes, very soberly, "if Jennie would be so energetic about housekeeping, if instead of ordering servants to do the work she had it all to do herself. She would see a great difference."

"Of course I should see an awful difference," says Jennie. "I am well aware of that, and I should have to be all the more energetic. I don't pretend to think that it would be nice to be without servants, but there are some drawbacks to having them. Now about this boiler, I actually dare not insist upon the cook's attacking it after all she has said, and if I attempt it myself, in my utter ignorance of the way to go to work, she will sneer at me and make me so nervous that I shall daub the stuff all over myself and the floor, and she will take the opportunity to mutter over the work I am making and get awfully sulky. Very likely, too, she will take measures to make it explode while I am at work, if well regulated private family boilers can burst, and I shall perish miserably a martyr to malice and cleanliness."

We all laugh, as we generally do, at Jennie's amusing chatter, but Sophie looks as if she was not altogether convinced of the disadvantage a cook might be in. Miss Kittie who has been listening hitherto with rather languid interest, now arouses to some indignation and remarks:

"What an unladylike thing it would be for you to do, Jennie. I am surprised that you should talk, even in joke, of such dreadful things as cleaning boilers."

"I cannot see anything unladylike about it," says I, "and if I were in Jennie's place I should feel like doing the same thing, if for no other reason than to make the shiftless servant ashamed of herself. Probably if she sees her young lady laboring to remedy the result of her own want of neatness, she will take the right measure to keep such a thing."

"Never mind," says Jennie cheerfully, "when I learn how to cook I can send away cooks whenever they don't suit me. Mamma says I may, because I can teach new ones, and then farewell to our present state of bondage to experts."

"I think," says I, "that if you ever do have the opportunity of training a new girl, it will be greatly to her advantage and yours, if you will make out a list of the most prominent daily duties. Of course she is not to suppose that she is not to be called upon to do anything beyond the list, but it is simply to be a reminder. Then by having a duplicate list you will remember to see that certain things are done at the appropriate time and in the proper manner."

"How is Jennie to know what duties to put on the list?" asks one of the class.

"A little experience will teach her," I say.

"I can tell her one thing," says Lucy Little, "and that is, see that the range is kept blacked and the hearth swept. I found that out by my own experience."

"Yes," I say, "that may head the list. A dusty dirty hearth, besides looking very untidy, is to be condemned because the dust and ashes that lie upon it may get into the food that is cooked on the range. But the hearth must be swept before the cooking begins, for if a dust is raised it is sure to lodge upon the stove or whatever is upon it. It is also necessary, for the same reason, to avoid sweeping the kitchen floor when uncovered eatables are in the room. Before work begins in the morning, all these things should be attended to, and later in the day, when the principal cooking is over, the floor can be swept again, and on certain days of the week it will need scrubbing, if the boards are bare, or washing up if they are covered with an oilcloth. Perfect neatness about the vessels employed in cooking is a rule to be most rigidly enforced, for the separate and distinct flavors of the various dishes cannot be preserved unless everything used in preparing them is as perfectly clean as if it had never been used before."

Christmas Presents.

THE shadow of Christmas, the delight of the young because of the festivities which follow in its train, and the blessing of the old because it is a reminder of the birth of the Holy Child, whom to know is a gift of eternal youth, is close upon us. It is a time too, when in remembrance of the best of Gifts to earth, friends exchange presents among themselves. The value of a gift to the recipient is not always dependent upon its actual value, for oftentimes some trifle made by hands we love, is more precious than any gift, however priceless in money value, would be. To our readers, who care to manufacture themselves the presents they require, we offer a few suggestions.

A very pretty chatelaine pocket may be made by cutting the shape first in cardboard, one for the front, and another for the back similar in shape to the first, only with a pointed piece to turn over and button envelope fashion. A third piece an inch and a half wide must surround the first piece of cardboard, and be joined to it on one side and to the second piece on the other side. Line each of these pieces with silk or cambric, and cover the outside with velvet or corded silk before joining together. Edge the seams with a small gold or silk cord, leaving a loop at the point of the envelope, which must fasten to a corresponding button on the first piece. If the bag is velvet, the belt must be the same,—if silk—silk. The bag must be hung to the belt by two cords, from either side, of the same kind as trims the seams, and joined at the waist by button or hook.

A very neat workcase may be made of Java can-

vas, twelve inches long, and seven broad, a bit of silk the same size for lining and six skeins of worsted or floss, any color liked best. Work a border down both sides of the canvas and across one end, leaving space to turn in the edge of the material. The border may be made as simple as you like; four rows of cross-stitch will do. When the border is done, baste on the lining, turn in the edges, and sew over and over very neatly. Then turn up the lower third of this strip to form a bag, and sew the edges together firmly. The embroidered end folds over to form a flap like a pocket-book, and must have two small buttons and loops to fasten down.

Knitting bags made of Turkish toweling are very convenient to hang on the back of a chair and hold knitting work when not needed. They are made of four pieces, each one a foot long, pointed at the top and bottom and slightly curved toward the middle on both sides. The pieces are braided or embroidered in silk or worsted in some simple pattern, bound with narrow ribbon of bright color, and sewed together with a tassel to finish the bottom and a drawing ribbon at the top.

Knitting aprons may be made like any apron, secured by a band around the waist, except that they are cut ten inches longer. This extra ten inches of length is to be turned up from the bottom and divided off by stitching, so as to form four or more oblong pockets open at the top. These pockets are handy for balls of worsted, patterns or unfinished work.

Scent cases for the top of a trunk or drawer, may be made of large silk or muslin cases, quilted with orris root or sachet powder, and are acceptable to almost all ladies. Pocket sachets of silk, quilted and trimmed with gold twist, or braided and scented, are pretty presents for gentlemen. A glove sachet should be the length and width of an ordinary pair of gloves. It must be quilted and edged with narrow silk cord, with a small loop at each corner. A necktie sachet is made narrow and just long enough to hold an evening tie folded in half. Both should be slightly scented. For clergymen, sermon covers of silk or velvet, a trifle larger than ordinary sermon paper, lined with silk and having cross or monogram embroidered or braided on them, are useful and acceptable gifts. A bit of fine elastic should be inside, from top to bottom, to hold the leaves in place.

For gentlemen who wear comforters, those knit in brioche stitch in single Berlin are the softest, most pliable and elastic. It is an easy stitch to knit, as every row is the same. It is * over, slip 1 as if about to purl, knit 2 together, repeat from * The next row is the same * over, slip 1, knit 2 together, repeat from *; but the slipped stitch is the one made by "knit 2 together" in the last row, and the over and the slipped stitch of the last row are knitted together. It takes two rows to make a complete stitch one each side of the work. Seventy-two stitches would be a good width for a gentleman's comforter, and any color preferred, as violet, blue, or scarlet, would look well with stripes of black of different widths at the ends. A fringe of the colors should finish it.

Knitted wool slippers may be made as follows: Cast on 19 stitches in black: first four rows plain knitting, join on red and white.

1st row. * Knit 1st stitch plain with red wool; 2d stitch, pass white wool over the first finger of left at back of work; then take red and white wool in right hand and knit them together; this is to make a long loop of white at the back of the work, repeat to the end of the needle, cut off white wool. 2d row. Plain knitting with red wool. 3d row. The same as first. 4th row. Like the second. Now take the black wool and knit plain as before, but increasing one at the end and commencement of 2d and 4th rows. Repeat from * until you have 36 loops on your needle, then for