

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