

A TABLE WITH COTTON-REEL LEGS.

GIRLS with fathers and brothers who, from one reason or another, have a few idle hours on their hands, here is an idea for you. I don't mean to say that you cannot work it out yourselves, but it is such a comfort to have something that our menkind can do, and most probably they improve upon it in the doing. My father set to work and made this table for one of our bazaars; he was most interested, it was perfect in every detail, and we sold it for 10s. 6d.

The remarkable thing about this ornamental piece of furniture is that the legs are made of cotton-reels. They soon accumulate; get the children to collect; ask your dressmakers and

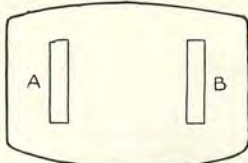
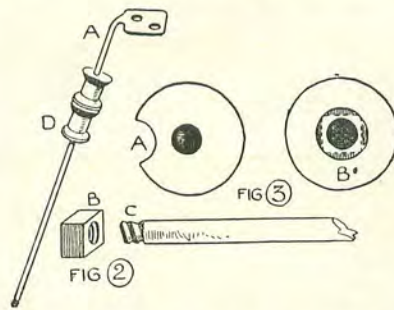


FIG 1

workwomen. You require 64 in all, 16 for each leg, Coats' machine reels are the best, various sizes from 24 to 80, an equal number, divisible by 4, of each size.

For the top of our table we used a Japanese tray 25 inches by 15 inches, that had years ago parted with its rim, and been put away in case it "came in useful;" but a plain piece of deal would answer the purpose. To the back of it we screwed and glued two pieces of wood 12 inches by 2 inches (A and B, Fig 1); we then made friends with the blacksmith, and got from him four iron rods 21 inches long, and thick enough to pass easily through the reels; $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch was turned over at an angle sufficient to allow of the legs



spreading slightly and so rendering the table steady (A, Fig. 2), and also flattened out, and two small screw holes made in it. The other end of each rod was made into a screw for $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch C, and a small nut attached B. Then we threaded the reels on the rods D, and here you must be very careful to get them in regular order, seeing that the knob on one reel fits on to the flat side of the next, and never two knobs together; put a little glue between each reel, of course you must remove the nut, and commence at that end with the smallest reels,

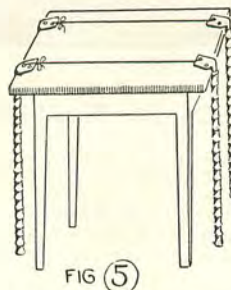


FIG 5

pushing them up to the top. Cut a small piece out of the side of the first one (A, Fig. 3) to allow of your putting in a screw in the holes made in the turned-over portion of the rod when fixing to the table-top. It requires a certain amount of care to get your reels to fit exactly; the last one must have a hole grooved out at the bottom (B, Fig. 3) to allow of the little nut being screwed up into it quite tightly; the great beauty of the legs consists in their being firmly fixed into one block without the possibility of a reel shaking. Then came the painting, black enamel and two coats of it



FIG 6

made our reels look like ebony; we threaded string through the screw holes at the top of each pair of legs, and suspended them across a small table to dry (Fig. 5). In three days they were "as dry as a bone," and then we screwed them firm and fast into A and B (Fig. 1); we then gave A and B a coat of enamel for neatness, and the edges of the tray-top also required a similar attention, or in the case of plain deal it would require two coats, and then behold our table complete (Fig. 6). A most handy and comfortable arrangement for afternoon tea, or for one's work or books.

"COUSIN LIL."

VARIETIES.

OUT OF TUNE.

"Goot museek," said the professor to his class—"goot museek aids der dichection andt ingreases der appetite."

"I wonder," mused the thoughtful girl—"I wonder if that is the reason why pianos in boarding-houses are so seldom tuned."

SELF-CULTURE.—Whoever raises herself to a higher stature in character, in intelligence, in skill, in industry, in health of body, in vigour of mind, and in fidelity to the best that she can discover, is in so doing fulfilling a large part of the debt she owes to the world.

JEWISH FUNERALS.—Interments among Jews are conducted with great and rigid simplicity. With the exception of the synagogue charges, at a fixed tariff, all further costs are strongly discountenanced. No velvet trappings, gaudy hearse, feathers, flowers, or other extravagances are permitted. It is not the custom to read any prayers at the graveside beyond the utterance of the simple words "May he (she) come into his (her) place in peace." The funeral service is read over the coffin whilst it lies on the plain wooden bier in the small chapel adjoining the ground. As all religious ceremony is conducted by them with heads covered no Jews are ever seen in the cemetery bareheaded, and thus dangerous risks are avoided.

"WORSE LOST."

"Mister," said a small boy, "have you seen anything of a dog that looked like he was lost?"

"No, my boy," replied the kindly-faced gentleman. "Are you sure you aren't lost yourself?"

"No, sir, I ain't sure about not bein' lost. Fact is, I know I'm lost; but, mister, that dog's lost so much wuss 'n I am, that I ain't got time to think about my own troubles."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.—Trees lose their leaves in somewhat the following order:—Walnut, horse-chestnut, willow, lime, sycamore, ash, elm, beech, oak; while pollard oaks, young beeches, and hornbeam retain them until thrust off by the swelling buds of spring.

BE CHEERFUL.—When a dark cloud hangs over a Christian, he knows that the "Light of the World" is behind it. If Christians were more cheerful, they would be more useful. Even to say nothing gloomy is to do good in the world.

THREE KINDS OF TROUBLE.—Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

ENIGMA I.

In the babbling brook—by the sunny nook—
On the great broad ocean green!
Where the sun shines bright, on a moonlight
night,

In my wanderings I may be seen;
I travel on land, the wind I withstand,
Yet no motive power have I,
And I come and I go—sometimes fast, some-
times slow,

And I flit 'twixt the earth and the sky!
I creep, and I hide, and 'tis never denied,
That I'm courted by the fair,
Though I'm shunned by the bold, for my
nature is cold,

And distributed everywhere!
I am found with the clean, I am found with
the foul,

Where the pestilence hovers around—
Where the homes of the poor, as I pass door
by door,

Exist, but to cumber the ground.
'Tis here that I hide, for I love to abide,
A playmate with death and disease;
And yet, strange but true, my life I re-
new

Day by day in the mansions of ease!
Can you guess my name, whilst I hide my
shame,

Beneath the broad mantle of night—
And seek my repose, as my eyelids close,
Upon many a weary sight.