

THE HOME.

How to Wash Dishes.

It is no uncommon thing to hear a housekeeper lamenting that her dishes are no longer white, as they were when new; that they are stained brown or black, and especially around the handles. Also that many of the prettiest pieces are broken, and almost every remaining one nicked or cracked. Perhaps a new and moderately expensive set was bought, and at the end of two years not enough respectable looking ones were left to set the table decently. The housewife is naturally an ardent lover of pretty and artistic table ware. It breaks her heart (and her pocketbook) to have the dishes continually broken. The fault lies chiefly with the one who washes the dishes, and the rest of the blame belongs to the cook. About one person in fifty who washes dishes knows how, or if they know do not take the trouble to wash them properly. The noise in some household kitchens at dishwashing times resembles the sound in the alley back of a counter lunch room during the busy hours. Delicate plates, cups, and saucers are banged together indiscriminately into the dishpan. The handles of jugs, pitchers, and covered dishes get knocked off with-out a pause on the part of the worker. A pretty tumbler goes smash. Never mind, it's only one of a dozen. Too many women unfortunately know how true this is. Such work is carelessness, pure and simple, or worse, laziness unadulterated. A careful dishwasher is a godsend to any family. She proceeds something after this manner:

A pan of soft water hot as the hands can bear is first procured. Just a little good laundry soap is put into it. The cloth is clean and soft. First the glassware is washed, then rinsed with clear, hot water, and wiped on a towel of glass linen, which leaves no lint; it comes out sparkling and as clear as crystal. Next the cups and saucers, which are handled gently, not to break the handles of the pretty cups nor crack them. Renew the water to make it hot, and put in plenty of soap for the silver; it then comes out of the rinsing water shining. Lastly come the plates and larger dishes. Great care should be taken that the edges are not knocked against anything or each other, for that is what makes the unsightly nicks. Every piece should be cleaned thoroughly, being especially careful about the crevices. A brush can be used to advantage here. The water should be kept hot and the rinsing water almost boiling when poured over the washed dishes. Last, but not least, the towels must be clean and dry to make the dishes bright. Old linen hand towels, if not linty, make first-class dish towels. If these points are observed, the housewife will need worry no more about her dishes, and they will be white and without nicks or cracks.

A Home-Made Washstand.

No woman need be without a washstand in her bedroom unless she chooses. Here is a way to make one, and any woman who is a little of a carpenter will have no trouble with it. Or, perhaps she could induce some one of the "men folks" to do it for her, but she, of course, would have to superintend its construction.

Procure four boards fourteen inches wide—two as long as the height stand is to be, and two as long as the length of stand. Then nail the height board to one end of a length board, half way up the height board and you have a letter T. Then nail the end of the other length board to the end of the height board. This last length board is the top of the stand. Then nail on the other height board at the ends of the two length boards, and there is a washstand with a shelf in it. This will be firmer if a couple of boards are nailed down the back of it. Now cover with cretonne, sateen or cambric and cheesecloth. Tack a newspaper or heavy wrapping paper over the top first, then the cretonne. Make a full ruffle of the cretonne wide enough to reach from the top of stand to the floor. Gather it with a heading at the top just large enough to reach around the ends and front. Then tack on with brass-headed tacks. The shelf inside is handy to keep shoe boxes, etc., in. These stands are very pretty covered first with blue or pink cambric and then with cheesecloth.

Dress Points.

It does not pay to buy cheap bargain veiling that is mostly starch and melts away in the rain and fog. For a small hat or bonnet three-quarters of a yard is enough. For a medium or large hat always buy a yard. Then gather it along one edge in the middle so as to make it fit to the hat brim and gather up the ends, letting the lower ends bag considerably more than the upper in order to accommodate the chin. Fasten the veil at the back with a small gold or silver safety pin, tucking the ends under the hat.

In putting on skirt braids, it is a good plan to shrink them by dipping them in hot water and hanging them over a line to dry else after the first rain you will find your skirt puckered around the bottom. Run the braid on flat and change whenever it becomes shabby.

After all the scolding about crinoline and full skirts women have come to the conclusion that there is nothing quite so comfortable for dancing or walking as the present voluminous skirt which is the fashion of the day.

Some Tested Recipes.

Sally Lann.—One quart of flour, four eggs, one-half cupful of melted butter, one cupful of warm milk, one cupful of warm water, our table-spoonfuls of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the milk,

water, butter, soda and salt. Stir in the flour gradually so as to prevent lumps and beat in the yeast. Set to rise in a buttered dish for six hours. Bake steadily for three-quarters of an hour and serve hot without turning it out from baking dish.

Thistle Puffs.—Stir into half a pint of sifted flour, to which a salt-spoonful of salt has been added, one gill of milk. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth. Mix the well beaten yolk with a gill of milk and stir into the batter; add the white of egg and bake in muffin pans in quick oven.

Rice Rolls.—Moisten cold boiled rice with a little milk, and stir in enough white flour to make a stiff dough. Knead on a moulding board, and roll out about half an inch thick, cut in finger lengths an inch and a half wide, place in a floured pan and bake in a quick oven.

Coffee Cake.—One cupful of strong cold coffee, one cupful of molasses, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of butter or lard, one cupful of raisins, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, and spices. Mix the ingredients quickly and lightly and bake in a brisk oven.

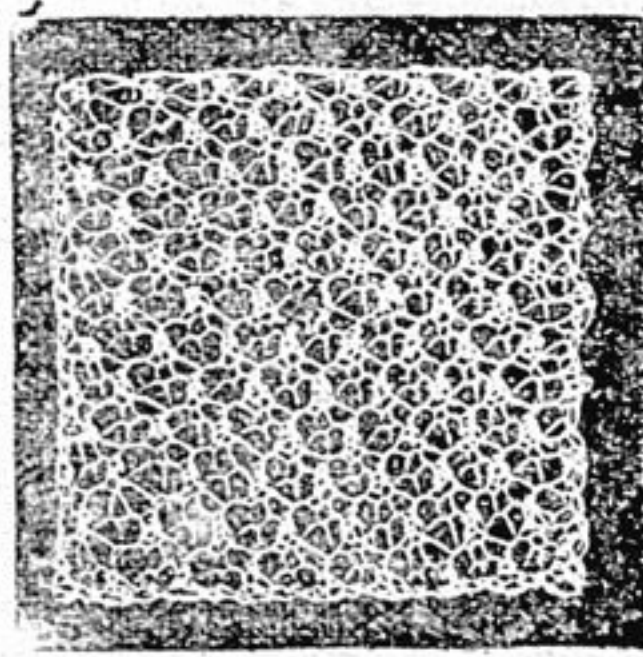
Jelly Cake Fritters.—Cut some stale sponge cake, or plain cake, into rounds with a cake cutter. Fry them a nice brown in hot lard. Dip each slice for a moment in a bowl of boiling milk; drain, lay on a hot dish, spread thickly with jam, serve hot with cream.

Knitted Lace-net.

The simple stitches used for this work produce a lovely all-over pattern, like lace-net. In silk, linen or fine wool it is suitable for any piece of work requiring a thin, web-like design. The needles should be rather coarse, compared with the thread, especially for wool.

To knit a square, with No. 300 knitting silk, cast on 26 stitches, evenly but quite loosely.

First row—Knit one, make three out of the next stitch by knitting 1, purling 1 and knitting 1 without letting the stitch off the needle till the third stitch is made, bind off 2 stitches; to do this knit 2 over the last stitch, draw the preceding one, knit 1; and over that draw the preceding one; then, as before, "make 3, bind off 2, repeat from*" till only 1 stitch is left, knit 1, turn.



SQUARE OF KNITTED LACE-NET.

Second row—Knit all plain (there should be 26 stitches.)

Third row—Knit 1 for the edge stitch, bind off 2 (perhaps the beginner would understand it better if we said knit the 3 first stitches, draw the second over the last, knit 1 and draw the preceding stitch over that), make 3, * bind off 2, make 3, repeat from * till only 1 stitch is left, knit 1.

Fourth row—Knit all plain (26 stitches). Begin again at the first row and repeat these four rows till the work is as long as it is wide (the last row should always be a plain row), then loosely bind off all of the stitches.

The edging is knit in the same way, only more stitches are required; to ascertain how many are needed, measure the article to be trimmed, and allow for silk or fine linen 12 stitches for each inch with one extra stitch for each end; that is for a tie six inches wide allow 74 stitches (6 x 12); bind off very evenly and loosely, as the binding forms the edge of the tiny scallops. The insertion is made in the same way, but is much narrower. Lawn ties with fine linen lace are very dainty and pretty.

A four foot square (50 stitches) makes a pretty centre for a pin-cushion cover; the border may be a ruffle of airy crocheted knot-lace, sewed around the square, or it may be knitted in any thin, lace-like pattern. The sketch shows such a cover, bordered with knitted Tunisian lace with a deep ragged heading. It should be laid diagonally over a large square cushion, and be fastened with a bow or rosette of narrow satin ribbon at each corner of the centre square.

Researches in the Air.

The air of a meeting room, tested in different places and at different times during the progress of the meeting, showed numbers of micro-organisms varying from 135,000 to 3,500,000. The air near the ground contained fewer than the air near the ceiling. For example, the air some four feet from the ground contained 270,000 before the meeting, and at the end of the meeting 400,000; while near the ceiling the amount at the beginning of the meeting was 3,000,000, and at the end of the meeting this had been increased to 3,500,000.

Air near a burning jet of gas showed the largest figures of all. Thus, in the immediate vicinity of a bunsen flame the gigantic number of 30,000,000 was found in a cubic centimeter, of 489,000,000 per cubic inch. In Mr. Aitken's own words: "It does seem strange that there may be as many dust particles in one cubic inch of air of a room at night when the gas is burning as there are inhabitants in Great Britain; and that in three cubic inches of gas from a bunsen flame there are as many particles as there are inhabitants of the world."

Possible tests on the air of smoking rooms would reveal still greater numbers. Mr. Aitken has not yet tested such air, but he found that a cigarette smoker sends 4,000,000,000 particles, more or less, into the air with every puff he makes.

THE MOON'S SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

BY ANNIE L. NORRIS.

I married a lady last June:
A lady to live in the Moon;
From Kingston she hailed,
And my freedom curtailed;
Alas! I was married too soon.

She wished a piano from Strauss;
She ordered a pedigree "hoss";
And dresses from Worth,
O she wanted the Earth!
Moreover she wanted to "boss."

I gave her the silver horns,
That hang in the East in the morn;
"Just blow it a minute,
There's music within it—"
She rejected my offer with scorn.

Now since, I have made her my bride,
I've neglected my mistress the "Tide."
Folks on the Atlantic
Have nearly gone frantic
For fear I won't help them to glide.

Sometimes I came home feeling queer,
And she marched me around by the ear,
"To-night you are 'full,'
And you can't pull the wool
O'er my eyes to that fact, my old dear."

I told her the wish of my breast:
A divorce, which should give us both rest.
She replied with a sneer—
"No reporters are here
To write how the plaintiff is dressed."

O dear!
Pray pity a man much distressed.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

PAPA WAS TOO LATE.

How a Manufacturer's Daughter Did Not Become "My Lady."

Some years ago I was acting as curate in a large London parish. Two young people in whom I was greatly interested were to be married on a certain Wednesday in April. Contrary to custom, the bride arrived before the bridegroom—indeed, the bridegroom never arrived at all!

It subsequently transpired that the bridegroom had disappeared the previous evening and was nowhere to be found, says a writer in an English paper. He has not been found to this day. No cause for his disappearance was ever assigned, nor has any clue to his whereabouts ever been discovered. The poor young bride succumbed to the shock, and it was my melancholy duty to officiate at her burial some weeks later.

One more case and I have done. A curate, in receipt of little more than £100 a year, proposed to the daughter of a wealthy north country manufacturer and was accepted. Paterfamilias was extremely angry at this and forbade the young fellow his house. Candor compels me to state that the daughter offered very little resistance to her father's objections, and the curate, who was genuinely fond of the girl, removed to a distant parish.

Two months after this event he fell into a baronetcy and rather more than £3,000 a year. The manufacturer saw that he had made a mistake, and opened up negotiations in a letter. By return he received a telegram with the laconic information: "Too late." We may be certain that the good manufacturer's wife gave him a "piece of her mind," as the saying goes.

Hot Air Cure.

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, an ingenious hot-air bath is now in use for the treatment of sprains, inflamed joints due to gout or rheumatism, and similar affections. It consists of a copper cylinder about 3 feet long and 18 inches in diameter, which will hold an arm up to the shoulder or a leg up to the middle of the thigh. It stands on an iron frame, and is heated by gas-burners placed underneath, so that the temperature can be raised to 3000 or 4000 degrees Fahrenheit. The patient is placed in an arm chair at one end of the cylinder, the limb is introduced and the joint made airtight by a rubber band. No discomfort is felt up to 250 degrees until perspiration sets in, when the moisture has a scalding effect, which is relieved by opening the further end of the cylinder and letting the moisture evaporate. A sitting usually lasts 40 minutes. The immediate effect is a greatly increased circulation in the part treated, profuse local perspiration and relief from pain.

The phosphate mines of Florida number 106, and they yield more than 500,000 tons of phosphate annually.

GREATEST OF MURDERERS

A BRIGAND WHO KILLED A MAN EVERY YEAR HE LIVED.

He is a Most Pious Mussulman—The Bloody Career and Horrible Tortures of Areski, the Terror of Northern Africa.

The most ferocious and successful brigand and assassin that the modern world has known has just been arrested in his career of robbery, murder and abduction in the rocky defiles of the mountain country adjacent on the north to the great African desert.

The country is called Kabyles, and its inhabitants are Berbers, an untamable and bloodthirsty race, descended from aboriginal Africans and claiming descent from Ham, the son of Noah.

Areski-el-Bachir (the butcher) is a worthy descendant of such a stock. He is now forty-five years of age, and by his own confession has, in obedience to a vow, for he is a most pious Mussulman, slain a man for every year of his life. How many more he has disposed of in the way of business he declines to state.

He is about five feet ten inches in height, well made and sinewy. His fingers are long and tapering and have a marked resemblance to the talons of a bird of prey. His feet are arched and small, his forehead high but retreating and thickly seamed with wrinkles.

HIS EYES ARE PIERCING

when aroused, but at rest are veiled and somnolent, like those of most Orientals. In fact, his countenance has many characteristics of the wild creatures of the rocks and woods.

In ancient times the land of Egypt was subject to invasion and conquest by these fierce and relentless mountaineers, and mural paintings, monuments and pictured papyri have preserved the forbidding and fierce figures of these dark-skinned robbers. Their original names of "Mayzgi," or "Madgi," or "Mahzy," were handed down in their legends as demons and evil jins under the name of "Mazikeon," and were used by mothers to frighten naughty children.

The robberies of this modern Barabas recall the exploits of Robin Hood and Fra Diavolo, save that they are unrelieved by the tinge of chivalry that lent a fictitious but pleasing glow of romance to the deeds of those dwellers "under the greenwood tree." Areski is a prosaic villain, but none the less a master villain, to whom such rose water ruffians as Claude Duval, Robin Hood or Fra Diavolo must yield the palm. They never marked their birthdays by human sacrifices.

At the head of a band of twenty-five robbers Areski has terrorized all Kabyles, and set at defiance the forces sent against him by the French Colonial Government. His men are as murderous as himself. All but one are in the vigor of life; they are from twenty to forty years of age, and extremely secretive. Wrapped in their burnous, a flowing robe, silent and immovable, they wait their prey. They have slain,

ROBBERD AND CHEATED,

but, strange to say, only their own compatriots, for there is no record of any white man having been molested by them, and for this reason they look upon the interference of strangers as uncalled for and unfair.

Areski has been many times caught, and even sentenced, but until now has contrived to escape by the aid of false witnesses. Unfortunately for him he committed the grave error of murdering a man "with a pull." His last victim, an Arab sheikh, Abdul-Reshid by name, held friendly relations with the French Governor-General of Algeria. While carrying the tribute of several native villages to Algeria, he was captured, robbed of the money and put to death with horrible torture.

He was beaten with rods of the thorny hibiscus common to the country, his hands and feet were cut off, his tongue torn out by the roots, and, to finish all, his eyes were put out and he was stabbed to death with a hundred wounds. The Colonial Government at once sent an overwhelming force of native police and French military to capture El Bachir and his band.

The strange discovery was made among the effects in Areski's camp of a well-thumbed copy of the Koran. A richly carved and gilt rosary, such as is used by dervishes, was also taken from the bosom of his dress, so that it does not appear that this tiger of the desert did not consider that his life of

MURDER AND ROBBERY

in any wise endangered his passage of the bridge "Al Sirat," finer than a hair, over which the true believer in Islam must walk bare-footed to Paradise, or, falling from which, by reason of the weight of his sins against the faith, must drop headlong into the embrace of hell.

Notwithstanding his crimes Areski found favor and assistance with the very people among whom he murdered and robbed. This was owing to his undaunted bravery and the report that his body was impervious to ordinary weapons, and that his life could be only taken by means of a silver bullet consecrated with mysterious ceremonies to "Azrael," the angel of death, and to "Eblis," the monarch of hell. A few years ago Areski was a porter on the quays of Algiers. Having committed a robbery upon a fellow workman he fled to his native village, where he assembled a band of villains over whom he established complete mastery.

One day three of his band gave into his hands a sum of 700 francs which they had stolen from a traveller. The next day, learning that the traveller was a venerable marabout of Soummam, he hastened to restore the stolen money and slew the principal robber. From that time forth the

NAME OF ARESKI

was respected by the most influential marabouts, and the wise men of the country declared that he was under the special protection of the Prophet.

One day, at a family fete, Areski assembled at Bou-Hini, his native village, all the natives of the country. More than a thousand guests were present at a festival where the Nautch-Wallahs, or dancing girls, displayed their most fascinating graces and gathered more than two thousand francs from the spectators, which they dutifully handed over to the bandit chief. It was owing to the excesses committed on this occasion that he and his band were captured at the moment they were about to escape.

Being tried and condemned to death, the robber-assassin and his band displayed the brutish resignation that distinguishes the Berber at his last gasp. The faith of Islam inculcates the belief that every man's "kismet," or destiny, is written upon his forehead by the finger of Allah, and that no efforts of his can change it. Consequently when his time comes the Mussulman wraps his head in his mantle and awaits death imperturbably, murmuring "Al-lah-il-Allah, Muhammad resoul Allah," which he believes to be the shibboleth or password which will admit him into the gates of Paradise.

Thus during his trial, when the President of the Assizes put the usual questions, Areski replied, "The dead speak not." And from that moment till the fatal sentence was pronounced, like lago, "he never more spoke word."

THE CZAR'S DECISION.

He Will Maintain the Principle of Autocratic Authority.

At a recent gathering in St. Petersburg of deputies from the Zemstvos, or local representative councils, of all parts of the empire, to congratulate the Czar upon his marriage, Nicholas II. declared decisively that he would surrender no part of the power which the death of his father had confided to his hands. He had heard, he said, that the hope had been expressed in the Zemstvos that they might share in the internal administration of the empire; but he wished it to be understood that while he would devote all his energies to the welfare of the people, he would permit no encroachment on his rights, and would maintain, as his father did, the principle of autocratic authority. The idea that a change of rulers would materially benefit the cause of freedom in Russia must, therefore, be abandoned, though probably few close observers of Russian affairs have at any time believed that the new Czar would be any more willing than his father to curtail his own powers by advancing representative government. The autocracy is firmly based in the huge army and the belief of the peasantry that the Czar ought to possess absolute authority; and the cheers with which the deputation greeted a declaration which extinguished all hopes of the extension of representative institutions, show that the great mass of the people for which they stood, prefer an autocrat to any popular assembly. Their fear is not of the Czar, but of the officials who execute his orders and who use their powers for their own aggrandizement, and the history of Russia proves that the more absolute an emperor is the less oppressive these officials are.

Moreover, many of the wisest men in Russia doubt the possibility of holding the vast empire together without a central autocratic head, armed with irresistible force to crush out any opposition, and having but one possible interest—the welfare of the majority of the people. It is true that Russian policy and institutions cannot be judged by the standards of western nations, the conditions being wholly dissimilar; and it must be conceded that in promoting national prosperity the autocratic government of the Czar has served Russia fairly, well, while in developing new states it has been even more successful than its more progressive rivals. Nevertheless, there seems little doubt that a representative assembly with consultative powers only, sitting in St. Petersburg and deliberating in public, would remedy many of the worst evils in Russia, by breaking the silence which prevents knowledge of them by the Czar. But it is this silence which the officials, great and small, wish to maintain for their own protection; and as they stand nearest the throne, they resist any effort made to break it, a resistance which, coupled with the natural desire of a young ruler to retain all power, has doubtless led to the determination recently asserted by the Czar. Undoubtedly acceptable to the majority of the Russian people as that determination will be, however, the failure of Nicholas II. to indicate the reforms he contemplates is certain to increase the despair of the educated, the chief cause of Nihilism, and to precipitate anew the never ending contest between the sovereign and the revolutionary societies. Wise concession would have removed all reason for that contest; but the Nihilists will now declare that the only hope for Russia lies in revolution, and will renew their policy of terror, a policy almost of necessity fatal to the best exercise of the autocratic power which the emperor is determined to assert.

Increased Cost of Living.

On the whole, says a writer in a London paper, I am disposed to think that the great majority of the articles which we consume and the accessories of civilization, are considerably cheaper than they were, say, in 1834; but—and there is a great deal in this particular but—the cost of living is greater in the present year of the good Queen Victoria than it was in the last year of William IV. All classes consume or enjoy a great deal more than they formerly consumed; still everybody—rich, moderately circumstanced or poor—wants more than he formerly did. If travelling by rail or steamer be cheap, all classes travel much more frequently and longer distances than they were formerly accustomed to do. They have more clothes, more food, more books and papers than their fathers had; but wages and salaries have not, to any proportionate extent, increased, in view of the largely enhanced cost of living. I mean, in fine, that fifty years since a professional man in a small way of business could maintain himself, his wife and his family very comfortably on two hundred a year; and I scarcely think that such an income would now suffice to keep him.