HOUSEHOLD.

Clothes Cleaning.

Clothing will often present a somewhat shiny or soiled appearance before it is much worn; and long before the thrifty and careful housewife feels that she could discard certain garments she is conscious of their need of renovation.

A while ago a scientific magazine published a method of cleansing cloth clothing which is so simple that all can avail themselves of it. An old vest, coat or pair of trousers that needs to be cleaned should first be carefully and thoroughly brushed, then plunged into strong warm soapsuds, and soused up and down thoroughly and vigorously. If there are any especially soiled spots they should be rubbed with the hands. If once putting into the suds is insufficient the garment can be put through a second tub of suds. Then it is to be rinsed through several waters and hung up on the line to dry. When nearly dry take it down, roll it up, and leave it lying for an hour before pressing it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the garment before it is ironed and the irons passed over that until the wrinkles disappear. One must be careful to stop pressing before the steam ceases to rise, else the garment will present a shiny appearance, for while the steam rises it brings up the nap with it. If there are any obstinate wrinkles or shiny places, lay a wet cloth over them and press the hot iron over those especial spots until they are smooth or satisfactory.

When preparing to cleanse any garment an especial suds should be made for that purpose, as in any suds that has been previously used there might be particles of lint or soil left in the water. Broadcloth, cassimere and other cloth garments may be renovated thus, time and again, with satisfactory results. A combination of pure coffee and ammonia in proportions of one desertspoonful of the latter to a strained cupful of the former is an excellent renovator for shiny black goods. The ammonia is to be added to the coffee and the mixture allowed to stand over night, and then applied with a sponge to the carefully dusted and brushed garment. After the material is thoroughly sponged it should be rubbed with a dry woollen cloth. Coffee is also an excellent cleanser of ribbons, and gives them the stiffness and freshness of new material.

Oxalic acid, it is claimed, will remove iron rust from all white goods; this is effected by applying the acid to the rust spots after they have been wet with pure water. A solution of chloride of lime will whiten cotton goods or underwear which through imperfect washing or lying unused, have become yellow. The chloride of lime is to be dissolved in hot water, then strained, and diluted until it is not very strong. The articles to be whitened should be allowed to lie in the diluted solution for a few hours. The same treatment will remove mildew.

How to Launder Embroidered Linens.

Make a suds of tepid water and white Castile or other delicately pure soap. If there are any especial soiled places, rub them carefully between the thumb and finger. Then dip the piece up and down in the suds a half dozen times squeeze (not ring) it from the suds, and rinse in cold water twice. In the second water have a very little blueing.

Use at least six thicknesses of flannel to iron, onand lay a soft piece of muslin over the linen. Place your piece with the right side down upon the pad; lay a thin piece of cloth over it and iron until nearly dry; lift the cover and iron until perfectly smooth.

For stiffening linens take two ounces of gumarabic and let them stand in one pint of hot water until dissolved. To a teacup of tepid water add two teaspoonfuls of the liquid and wet the entire piece thoroughly; place a thin piece of cloth over it and iron as before.

Some Desserts.

Steamed Bread Pudding.—Scald one pint of milk, add one cup of stale bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter and one cup of sugar. Mix well and let it stand until cool. Beat three eggs light without separating, add to the pudding with one-half of a teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of cinnamon. Turn into a greased pudding mold and steam for one and one-half hours. Fruit may be added to the pudding if desired, either raisins and currants floured and added with the eggs, or canned cherries or peaches well drained from their syrup before flouring.

Bread Meringue.—Beat the yolks of four eggs light, add gradually one cup of granulated sugar beating all the while, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix one pint of bread crumbs with one quart of milk, pour this on the eggs and sugar; mix well and bake in a moderate oven until stiff. When done, make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, heap on the pudding and brown in a quick oven. When using the cake crumbs use the yolks of two eggs and one half of a cup of granulated sugar.

Plum Pudding.—Soak two cups of stale bread crumbs in one quart of milk for one hour. Beat four eggs light without separating, add one-fourth of a cup of sugar, and mix with the crumbs and milk. Season with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add one tablespoonful of butter melted and one cup of raisins which have previously been simmered for half an hour in hot water. This is done that they may be sufficiently plump and soft. Mix well, turn into a greased pudding dish and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Household Hints.

Always stir a cake one way.

Prick potatoes before baking.

Keep celery firm by setting in cold water till used.

Let raw potatoes lie in salted water an hour before frying.

If the cover is removed from soap dishes the soap will not get soft.

Tough fowls are rendered as tender as chickens by steaming them two hours or so.

For economy and evenness of heat, put only a little coal on the fire at a time.

Crockery that has been "soaked" with grease may be cleaned by slow boiling in weak lye.

Mold can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

Tansy is a preventive of moths, and if the leaves are sprinkled freely about woolens and furs, they will be safe. Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpets is a preventive of moths.

COLONIZING IN CANADA.

HOW TO ADJUST THE POPULATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

What a London Writer Says About the Resources of the Dominion With Reference to Poverty in England.

A correspondent sends this letter to the London (England) Times: One of the leading difficulties in the way of colonization is the fear of its reaction on our British agriculture. We all shrink from the spectacle of a ruined industry so closely associated with the national welfare. The time has come for a broader view of the whole situation. If some of us appear fanatics in our colonization zeal it is not that we are the less ardently British. We are simply Britons in the larger sense of the word, which includes and transcends the Londoner, the British Isles man, the Canadian, and the New Zealander—citizens not of this island, but of the empire.

Our position is this—Greater Britain for Great Britain. What is the proper relation of these British Isles, with their very limited area, to the practically limitless areas of the "regions beyond" owing allegiance to the British flag? We see in our colonies infinite possibilities and exhaustless resources, and we hold strongly to the conviction that all this magnificent prospective wealth is the heritage of every subject of the realm.

MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT.

The question of colonization, therefore, resolves itself into the Imperial one of adjustment of population to area. At present we see only in the crowding of forty millions of people on these British Isles a ruinous waste of the most valuable thing in the world—labour. The indirect evils are chronic discontent, large familied men in despair, capital lying idle, and Governments at their wits' end to satisfy the clamorous factions, and within a fortnight's journey by sea and rail there are hundreds of millions of acres of fertile land literally crying out for some one to come and tap their infinite resources.

CAPACITIES OF CANADA.

Take the Canadian Dominion in illustration. Do stay-at-home Britons ever realize that in its area of 3,400,000 square miles we have a part of the British Empire more than a million square miles larger than the whole of European Russia? And its capacities for support of population! Is it at all adequately realized that one part of it only, the great belt of the North-west, extending from the city of Winnipeg on the east to the foot of the hills of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about 920 miles, and from the 49th parallel of latitude north to the watershed of the North Saskatchewan, an average distance of 350 miles, embracing an area of 322,000 square miles, or 206,080,000 acres, is, as regards two-thirds of it, capable of producing the finest wheat in the world, while the other third is admirably adapted for stock raising and dairy farming? I have no wish to strike terror into the hearts of British farmers, but I would like to save them from illusions.

No Government that England will ever have can save them from the logical results of such competition, and no legislative enactments will prevent the ever-increasing supply of the produce from this vast storehouse from reaching our shores.

HOW TO FIND RELIEF.

Startling is the latest fact of British enterprise, a project for reducing by many hundreds of miles the distance between this immense produce district and the British market. The "Proposed Hudson Bay and Pacific Railway and Steamship Route" will place Winnipeg 570 miles nearer Liverpool than the present route, and, of course, proportionately reduce the cost of transit.

Here is cause for pause in the British farmers outcry for Government relief. It is simply crying for the moon. If, by an irreversible law, water will find its level, so will food. Our forty million mouths have to be fed, and there, within a fortnight's journey, is an exhaustless supply of food. The statesman who ventured to place any obstacle between the hungry millions and those teeming resources would deserve to be hung on a gallows as high as Haman's and would probably hang thereon.

This is plain speech, but it is only such speech as Lord Salisbury will sooner or later feel called upon to address to the British farmers and their landlords.

What, then, is the distraught home producer to do under the circumstances? I reply, go with your experience and enterprise, and be a co-worker with the Almighty in developing to the uttermost His magnificent provision for His great family's support.

Had a Good Reason.

Tailor—Why don't you pay this bill?

Customer—How much is your bill?

Tailor—Thirteen dollars.

Customer—Great Caesar, man, that's unlucky. I can't pay it.

Hardy Perennials.

There are lots of blooming flowers,
That the frost nips in the patch;
But we've other kinds of bloomers,
That the frost can never catch.

WAS A STRANGE CAREER,

STORY OF THE LIFE OF MARWOOD, THE ENGLISH HANGMAN.

He Was a Somnambulist—Served Twenty Years as the Taker of Human Lives—Hanged the Governor of the Prison by Mistake While Walking in His Sleep.

Marwood, the executioner of England, who died not long ago, enjoyed the reputation which none of his craft enjoyed before him. He had 20 years' experience at his death, and had even delved into the science to improve the method of vocation in which he more than prided himself he felt secure from rivalry, and the English people agreed with him.

In June, 1878, however, it became evident he could no longer claim the first place among hangmen. Early on the morning of the second of that month there pervaded in the vicinity of the London Jail, Marwood's headquarters, rumors of an appaling occurrence which had just been discovered within its walls. The rumors were quickly confirmed. The Governor of the jail had been hanged during the night on his own gallows. An officer of the prison making his rounds just before dawn, as he passed beneath the scaffold had run against the dangling corpse of his superior. The dawning day threw additional light on this horrible crime. Clearly no being had ever before been transferred to eternity with nicer skill. The knot, the noose, the posture of the victim, all showed a master hand. Marwood no longer stood alone.

The plan of the London jail is sufficiently peculiar. The original building had been long and narrow, but its boundaries were wide enough to allow room for a single wing, which was built later at one end of the front face of the prison. Of the addition, the first floor was occupied by the living apartments of the Governor, a bachelor, and of

THE HANGMAN MARWOOD

and his wife, while the second was taken up completely by one large room for the use of the prison officers. The gallows stood at an opposite corner of the old structure. Two pair of steps led to it—one immediately from the lower corridor of the jail, the other by a more public approach from the quarters of the Governor.

Only a few days of the investigation passed before all hope to trace the criminal disappeared. The closest enquiries were made by the sitting magistrate who had been sent to preside over their deliberations, but to no avail. The magistrates' meetings, which naturally took place in the large second floor room, were about to be discontinued. The detectives were the first to despair.

One who stops to consider the character of the ordinary detectives has already foreseen this. The vocation, as practised, demands a mind of no usual power. The detective learns to track crime as the machinist learns to become a master of his tools, by experience. Here experience deserted them at the outset. A murder occurs. One must look for footprints for the possible whereabout of the assassin before and after the deed. But one can only look for traces where a natural life flows, around the site in which men shudder, suspect not within the methodical domains of justice itself. One must drag struggling witnesses to the ordeal of examination.

In this case the investigators were baffled by testimony voluntarily given. Witnesses flocked to give their depositions. The prison guard, a body of men paid to carry out the decree of law, swore that the cells were left double-locked, as the coroner found them upon his arrival. Moreover, it was absurd to suspect a prisoner, a manacled wretch in a cell, awaiting his death, to calmly execute his jailer on the gallows which gaped upon himself.

On June 16 it was announced that the investigating magistrates would hold their final session. The general belief that

A VERDICT OF DEATH

by an unknown hand would be rendered turned out well founded. The superior magistrate had assured a friend that such was the decision of himself and his professional brethren. The detectives, ill at ease, awaited their exoneration. Meanwhile, Marwood showed little interest in the continual excitement around him. If the hangman felt the blow upon his reputation, he showed no signs of it. All could see that he was naturally a grave man. What would one expect? He knew nothing, he did nothing but his professional duty; that he did that well with Marwood went without saying.

The hour for the verdict at last arrived, delayed by various circumstances until near midnight. Amid intense silence the presiding magistrate rose to make known the result of the investigation. Before he had begun to speak, however, a high voice interrupted him from a corner of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction. The examining counsel, a man of tall, slender figure, with a dark complexion and piercing eye, had risen to his feet, and was now about to speak. "Your Honor," he said, "I desire the permission of the magistrates to call two new witnesses before the investigation be closed." The permission was reluctantly given. The counsel whispered to the clerk, who rose and called out Joseph Jenkins." A short and stout workman of the lower class rose, left a seat at the side of the room, and came forward. The questioning then proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"In the two garret rooms of No—— street."

"Are the gallows visible from either of your rooms?"

"The room in which I and my children sleep looks out upon the jail yard."

"Was your attention ever attracted to anything particular about the gallows scaffolding?"

"On the 10th of last month, on the night after a hanging, my boy Johnnie called to me from the sleeping room that he saw a

MAN ON THE GALLOWS.

I thought it was only his imagination after seeing the hanging so often, and whipped him and told him not to look at any hanging again."

"Was that the only thing that occurred?"

"No. On the night of the murder, just after dark. I was reading the newspaper in the front room, when I heard Johnnie give a kind of scream from the sleeping room. I ran in, but he was sound asleep. I thought he must have called out in his sleep."

The clerk now called out "Johnnie Jenkins." A slight, sickly-looking boy rose up. The counsel turned towards him. "You have heard the testimony of your father. Was it in your sleep that you called out on the night of the murder?"

"No."

"What made you call out?"

"I saw a man on the gallows again, and I couldn't help yelling out. But then I remembered the whipping I got, and pretended to be asleep."

"How could you see the gallows at night?"

"There was a little moon both nights."

"Was the man you say you saw standing up?"

"Yes."

"Both nights?"

"Yes."

The counsel dismissed both witnesses, and turned to the presiding magistrate. "I now wish, your Honor, to recall a witness who has already testified." The three subordinate magistrates here interposed angry objections. The presiding magistrate, though himself showing signs of impatience, gave the desired permission. The counsel again whispered to the clerk, who called out

"ANNIE MARWOOD."

"The clerk will read," the counsel went on, "the last line of this witness' answer to my cross-examination."

The clerk read: "Has your husband ever been in the habit of walking in his sleep?"

Witness: "Yes."

The counsel dismissed the witness, and now, addressing the bench of magistrates, said: "Your Honors, pardon me, I have little more to say. We have in common been trying to fathom a crime almost incredible. I have been dreading vaguely from the beginning the possible rehearsal before us of that ghastly midnight scene—the ghostly light, the dim moon, the devilish murderer, calmly looking to the nicest arrangement of his weapon, that helpless old man changed in an instant to a swaying corpse, with distended eyes and distorted features."

The counsel approached the presiding magistrate and whispered in his ear; then returning to his former position in front of the great window, he asked that the lights in the room be put out for a few minutes. The Judge instantly waved his arm to an attendant, and the room was plunged in darkness. The counsel went on in a lower tone: "I said, your Honor, that I dreaded the recalling of that awful scene, but my duty now makes me bid you see it. Look, then." He pointed out of the window and left the room. The turning of all eyes in the direction indicated covered the action of the presiding magistrate, who followed the counsel from the room on the instant. The gallows was now plainly visible before the magistrate bathed in the misty moonlight. Was it possible that that was Marwood standing on the scaffold. If he slept, his attention at least was one of expectation, Remaining immovable just to the left of the steps leading from the lower corridor, he seemed to

WAIT FOR A VICTIM.

And in his hand—was that a noose and death cap, or were they the creations of the wavering lights? He waits no longer; the well-known figure of the examining counsel comes up the prison stairs and passes him. The noose! The death cap! Did the counsel expect such strength, such quickness, in so much smaller a man. The counsel's cries are muffled and the noose binds his throat, another minute the strap will be sprung. But a vigorous form rushes on the gallows, Marwood is thrown down and the presiding magistrate has freed the counsel.

Five minutes later, the counsel, with pale face and disheveled clothes, again stands before the magistrate, this time confronting Marwood. "Your Honor," he said, "I have pointed out the murderer. Although the testimony of the prisoner's wife gave me my first clue. I do not now believe the murderer was asleep, either when he committed the crime or just now. As to the question of moral responsibility, there can be but one voice; the murderer is not morally guilty. But to me both the prisoner's attitude and the records of sleep-walking reject the latter theory in the case. The verdict lies with you."

In the decision which followed, the views of the young counsel were not supported. He was right, however. Marwood's training had made him a machine. He was accustomed to spend the night on the gallows and not as a sleep-walker, but with the noose and death cap in his hand, to wait for a victim. On the night of the 1st of June, 1878, the Governor happened in his rounds to step out from the prisoner's corridor upon the scaffolding, and Marwood executed him as mechanically as a carpenter saw his board.

The Drunkard in Austria.

The Austrian Government has prepared a bill for the treatment of habitual drunkards. The measure provides for retreats for inebriates, and for voluntary as well as compulsory detention of drunkards. The latter class may be sent to the retreat of the respective district either by the order of a Magistrate or on the petition of the parents or children, or of the husband or wife or trustee, or of the chief of a lunatic asylum in which the drunkard may be detained. The detention of the inebriate must be preceded by inquiry before a court, which is bound to hear witnesses, including the drunkard himself, as well as the doctors, more especially experts on mental diseases. The term of detention will be generally for two years, but the inebriate may be released on leave after one year, subject to reconfinement. After the two years' term he must be released, but if he should afterwards come under the provisions of the measure he may be sentenced again and again for fresh terms of two years, and eventually given over to a lunatic asylum or to a hospital. The spirit in which the enactment is framed is shown by the fact that the inebriate is throughout described as the "patient."

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Eulogizes a Departed Member.

As soon as the secretary had finished the roll Brother Gardner called for the report of the Committee on Astronomy, which should have been handed in two weeks ago. Asteroid Johnson, chairman of the committee, promptly stood up and read the report. There had been considerable discussion in the club as to what influence the sun had on the weather, and the committee had thoroughly investigated the matter. The sun, as the committee understood it, was manufactured and hung out for the purpose of encouraging photographers, laundresses, hay-makers and house painters, and the idea that it has any visible effect upon weather 93,000,000 miles away was not to be seriously thought of. The late remarkable summer was rather to be laid to the supposed sliding of the North Pole a distance of over 3,000 miles south from its usual position.

AGRICULTURAL.

This being the meeting when the quarterly report on agriculture was due, Subsoil Davis, chairman, arose and reported as follows:

1.—More cucumbers will be harvested this fall then ever before in the history of America, and pickles are bound to be cheap next winter, no matter what the price of coal.

2.—Wheat is only two-thirds of a crop, but this will save a great deal of handling and wear and tear and give freight cars and grist-mills a rest.

3.—Ninety out of every 100 watermelons received in the northern markets this season have been green. The ten ripe ones have been reserved by the commission men. We submit whether it would not be a good idea for the public to learn to enjoy the taste of green melons? It would save time, money, waste and hard feelings, and prices would probably be cheaper.

4.—Considering the weather, scandals, earthquakes, cyclones and elopements, the crops in general average more than could have been looked for and we see no cause for lamentation.

THAT WILL DEPEND.

The secretary announced a communication from Montgomery, Ala., asking if the Lime Kiln Club would assist the next congress in conducting the affairs of the country. Brother gardner read the letter over twice and then arose and replied:

"Dat will depend altogether on de ackshun of congriss towards dis organizashun. If we am inwited to mix in an' assist we shall do so wid great cheerfulness; if we am not inwited we shall go ahead an' run our sheer of American an' let congriss fool around wid de balance."

FALL RATES.

Col. Contraband Smith, chairman of the committee on decorative art, announced a new scale of prices to be adopted for the fall and winter season, and after some debate they were accepted. The increase over summer rates is about ten per cent. Stove pipe will be blacked and put up at the rate of $24 per mile with extra for elbows. Wood-sawing will remain at the same figures, whether the sawyer is asked to eat dinner with the family or not.

UNCLE JIM WHITESTONE.

Brother Gardner then arose and said it was his sorrowful duty to announce the death of Uncle Jim Whitestone, which took place only the previous day, and continued:

"You knew him to be old an' feeble an' sort o' waitin' to go, an' yet de news surprises you. A week ago he sot heah wid us, to-night he am lyin' in his coffin. Sich am de onsartainties of life. I has knowed Uncle Jim since we was chill'en togeder in de faraway days. When he realized dat de summons was drawin' nigh he sent fur me, an' I sot beside him when de angel took his speerit an' flew away.

"Uncle Jim was a poo' old black man, unlettered, unlarned, an' lookin' back only to y'ars of toil an' privashun an' sorrow. He saw poverty, woe an' misfortune in almos' ebery month of his life, an' yit how did he die?

"Dar was sunthin grand in that deathbed scene," continued Brother Gardner in a whisper. "Eighty y'ars of toil an' anxiety an' sufferin' was drawin' to a close. A life in which dar' had bin many clouds an' leetle sunshine was about to end.

"I see him as de sinkin' summer sun crept inter de winder an' turned his white h'ar to de color ob silver. He woke from his soft sleep, an' dar was sich happiness in his eyes an' sich glory in his face as I nebber saw befo'. He listened like one who h'ars de far-off sounds of sweet music, an' de glory deepened as he reached out his hands to me and whispered:

"'I kin see my ole wife an' de chill'en up dar! I kin see glory an' rest an' peace! I kin look acrross de dark valley an' see sich happiness as I nebber dream of!'"

"An' he passed away like a babe fallin' asleep, an' you who go up dar' to-morrer will fin' dat same glorious smile lighting up de face of de dead. He has suffered an' believed an' had faith an' gone to his reward. He had bin dispised fur his color, ridiculed fur his igerence an' scorned fur his faith in de hereafter, an' yit no king eber died wid sich a smile on his face an' wid sich happiness in his heart. Peace to his ashes! While we mourn fur him we shall still rejoice dat he has gone to his reward. Let us break de meetin' in two an' go home."

His Grave Problem.

Shay, what's er time?

Can't you see that clock up there?

Yep; shee both—hic—of 'm; but is it a. m. or—hic—p. m.

Skipped.

Where is your French cook, Mrs. Toneall?

She has taken French leave.

Ill-Timed.

Johnny, don't you remember your mother told you not to do that?

Johnny—I'm not remembering that today.