

## HOUSEHOLD.

### A Delicious Summer Drink.

Tea is one of the most delicious of summer drinks, but few persons know how to prepare it so that it is refreshing, palatable, and, in a certain sense, aesthetic. Common custom in this country makes its preparation one of the servant's duties. It therefore comes to the table almost always black with too much strength and steeping, if, perchance, it has not boiled. It then has an herby flavor, and no more resembles genuine tea than the electric light is comparable to moonlight. Tea should always be made on the table, and three minutes will suffice for its compounding. Secure a small copper kettle of boiling water, with an alcohol lamp beneath, a pretty tea caddy of choice tea—for good tea is really economical—a delicate china pot and cups and saucers, and lastly a pair of fair hands that serve a graceful and gracious lady, and you have the ingredients for a cup of tea in which the possibilities of aesthetic pleasure are only limited by the sensibility of the recipient. Take a tiny lump of sugar, if you please, and even a thin slice of lemon, but do not spoil the exquisite flavor and winelike color by even a drop of milk or cream. If iced tea is desired pour the freshly made tea into a glass in which there are lumps of ice and sugar. It is often prepared and put away to stand in the ice chest till required, but by this means the delicate aroma of the tea passes away, and there is a consequent flatness perceptible to every one who knows how to make and appreciate the rightly made cup of tea.

### Notes for Housekeepers.

The best way to brighten a carpet is to put half a tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice, and it will restore the color and brighten it up until you would think it new.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink, and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

Silver spoons that have become discolored, in contact with cooked eggs, may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt. A lump of gum-camphor in the closet where silver or plated ware is kept will do much toward preventing tarnish.

### CUCUMBER PICKLES.

A correspondent gives some timely hints in regard to making cucumber pickles. He says that cucumbers for immediate use may be pickled by making a brine—a saturated solution of salt—covering the cucumbers with it, and adding water, if necessary. This strong brine will act sufficiently in one night if poured on hot; if cold, give it twenty-four hours. Drain off the brine and pack in a jar with scalded vinegar, cloves, cinnamon, and a lump of alum as big as a marble for each two gallons of cucumbers. Pour the spiced vinegar hot on the cucumbers, and add a piece of horseradish root as large as a man's finger, and, if desired, two or three green peppers. These pickles will be ready for use in three days, and will keep for years. When cucumbers are packed for market only strong brine is necessary; for, when needed for use, they are taken out of the brine, freshened, and then put into vinegar, with spices etc.

### Knitted Cradle or Carriage Afghan.

This soft white blanket is knitted with leviathans wool, which is composed of many strands, and is very thick and soft. With the wool is mingled a strand of light blue rope silk. The knitted centre is surrounded with a narrow crochet edging, through an inch-wide blue satin ribbon is drawn. With coarse wooden knitting needles cast on the number of stitches necessary for the size of afghans desired, and knit in forward rows only; at the end of each row knit the wool and silk together. 1st row.—Put the silk round the needle, knit 2 stitches with the wool, put the last of them on the left hand needle, and knit it with the silk; repeat from \* 2d row.—Knit the next stitch with wool, but omitting the silk put over in the last row, take the stitch on the left hand needle and with silk put the silk put over and the stitch together, then put the silk around the needle, knit the following stitch with wool; repeat from \* Continue to knit as in the last row, but alternate the pattern as shown in the illustration. Cast off the stitches after the last row, and then work a round in single crochet about the edge, in the course of which work around the ends of wool and silk knotted at the side edges. 2d row.—4 chain stitches, then by turns a double crochet on the following 2d stitch and 1 chain; close with a slip stitch on the 3d of the first 4 chain. 3d row.—By turns 7 chain and a single on the following 2d double in the last row. 4th row.—Work with silk by turns a single on the next double omitted in the last row, and 7 chain, but after working the last of the 7 chain drop the stitch from the needle and take it up again through the next chain scallop in the last row before working the next single; close with a slip stitch on the first single. The full-sized illustration plainly shows the manner of working.

## A HERO OF THE COLLIERIES.

### A Gallant Rescue of Miners Imprisoned in a Coal Shaft.

A young Irishman, named James Nolans, performed a noble deed of daring in a sudden mining catastrophe, which happened at the coal-pits situated near the villages of Nidry and New Craighall, in the neighbourhood of Newmills, Lalkelth. About two o'clock one afternoon the rumor was spread that the pits were filling with water. It was confirmed by a gush and fall of water from a height of 130 fathoms, with a din which struck despair into the hearts of the weary miners. They were just about to ascend the shaft, and the man at the pit-head had discovered that something had gone wrong. There were sixty-three men and boys at work, of whom thirty-eight escaped to the neighbouring pit, while twenty-five who were on the opposite side of the torrent remained. These ran through a portion of the workings as yet free from flood, but found their escape cut off, turn where they would, and exhaustion took the place of despair. At last they awaited their fate in a level communicating with another pit, measuring only five feet broad by five feet high. The shaft was nearly filled with water, and a volume of water was rushing down upon them; but here they waited two mortal hours, until, seeing no chance of the flood diminishing so as to give hope of their escape, seven of them dashed under the water, and through the hole whence it came, leaving their companions in the belief that they were lost. They were, however, mercifully saved, reaching the shaft where anxious friends were awaiting them, after battling in the dark with the seething waters. But what of the eighteen that remained? One by one, twelve of them ventured their lives as their comrades had done—braved the waters and the dark hole, and were similarly rescued. But four men and two boys were still left behind. Three more hours passed, while friends above were vainly signalling and calling to them to follow their comrades, example. They were the more hopeless because they believed their mates had perished, and that such signals as reached them from the roof were warnings to remain where they were. The lamps were kept burning with difficulty. Three more hours passed, and the rescuing party saw that something must be done to draw them from their living grave. Some one must force a passage through the water, but who? "I will go if some one will push me through, for the current is so strong," volunteered our young Irish hero, James Nolans; and a mate named Smellie put his feet against his back, and he forced himself through the water. He reached his imprisoned comrades, spoke to them cheerfully, bade them follow on, and placing the boy Kerr, aged thirteen, on his back, dashed back again. Saved! All but one! Where was the lad Walker? Nolans did not pause to consider, but ventured again through the waters. He found the boy in the dark, alone, abandoned to death. "Eh! and may God bless you!" were the words breathed into his ear as he took him also on his back, and bore him safely through the torrent. It was eleven o'clock at night when this daring deed was accomplished, and cheers of welcome greeted our collier hero.

### Keeping the Light in Motion.

The keeper of the light at Pointe de Monts relates: "Just imagine that towards the close of the fall, at the first snow, my family was attacked by typhoid fever. The first stroke of the disease was to put seven of us in bed, and very soon all the others followed. I was the only one able to work. My nearest neighbor (at Egg Island) was twenty miles off, and as bad news travels without much wind, this lighthouse was avoided even by Indians as an infested place. One man, however, was touched by my misfortunes, and volunteered to help me. Things were better then for a while; but as we were then at the last days of navigation, fogs and snow combined against me, and obliged us to fire the cannon every half-hour, or even every quarter-hour. The vibration was terrible in the tower, seventy-five feet high, and our patients could not endure it. It was necessary to go up the five stories of the tower, transformed into an infirmary [hospital], before every shot, to notify the poor fellows, and stuff cotton into the ears of the most nervous. Days and nights thus passed, without bringing anything else than pain, anxiety, and sleeplessness. Laurent and I were ready to lose our senses, doing the service of the light and the hospital like machines, when the Lord took pity on us, and in His mercy sent us some rest and joy in a general convalescence." The light at Egg Island shows a revolving white light, visible fifteen miles, and giving a flash every minute and a half. "All sailors know how important it is that a flash light should revolve with mathematical accuracy; otherwise one light might be taken for another, and a wreck might be the fatal consequence of such an error. One night, toward the close of the autumn of 1872, a pivot broke in the clock-work regulating these revolutions. The season was too far advanced to get help from the Ministry of Marine at Quebec; the only thing to be done was to replace the machine by human energy, and the keeper and his family devoted themselves

to the task. During five weeks of that autumn and five other weeks of the next spring, man, wife, girls, and boys turned the machine by hand. Cold and fatigue stiffened the hands, sleep weighed on their eyelids, but nevertheless they must turn, turn, without haste and without rest, all through those long watches, in which the order was to become an automaton and keep turning the machine. Not one, from the child to the master, either complained or shirked his duty, and the light at Egg Island continued each minute and a half to flash its protecting light over the tempestuous Gulf."

## FEMINE GOSSIP.

The average enameled watch hanging at the waist-belt of the average girl contains a powder-puff—nothing else.

"One High Jene and Fizzeology" was a North Carolina school teacher's requisition for a new manual just published by the State.

Mrs. Mary Beneman, sister of the famous Commodore Perry, is still enjoying good health at the age of 112. She is living in Iowa.

If 32,000,000 women should clasp hands they could reach around the globe, but they had better be at home attending to family matters.

Mrs. Hayes and Miss Cleveland is the Presidential ticket for 1888 nominated by the Sixteenth Amendment, a paper published at Buffalo.

The craze among young ladies for military buttons has brought together several collections, which include army insignia from every nation in the world.

Christiana, Lancaster county, Pa., has a "housekeepers' club," whose members meet weekly to discuss the latest thing in cooking and exchange recipes.

The Philadelphia Times, an authority on such matters, says girls who do not flirt as a rule die young. The girls may govern themselves accordingly.

"They say there is nothing new under the sun," said the old maid as she stood before the mirror, "but I know better; that wrinkle wasn't there yesterday."

Fencing is becoming a craze among girls. Those of us who have seen a girl trying to get over a barbed-wire fence know that there is plenty of room for improvement.

Placards denouncing the present style of female apparel as "more in harmony with votaries of the shrine of Babel than the humble penitent seeking peace with God" have been posted on all the churches of Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who unkindly declares that the Christian religion hasn't benefited women to any considerable extent, is reminded by the literary woman of the Boston Transcript that it has at least given them a place in which to display their millinery.

At a spiritual seance a woman desired to communicate with her dead husband. "Is it really such a dreadful place, John?" "Not at all; Heaven is a delightful place." "Mr. Medium," said the widow, turning to that personage, "you have called up the wrong party."

A society paper gave an account of a society event, and in speaking of one beautiful lady, of quite large proportions, it said: "Mrs. ——— possessed a form that a Juno might envy." The editor went home and left a subordinate to get out the paper, and the next morning he read in his paper that "Mrs. ——— possessed a form that Jumbo might envy."

### The Troops at Suakim.

A little time ago we were enabled by a correspondent at Suakim to give the public some idea of what our soldiers, both British and Indian, are suffering at that detestable spot. Another communication shows that the lowest depth was by no means reached at the time when our correspondent first wrote. "We are having severe times of it in this awful heat," he now writes; "the thermometer registers 125 degrees in the tents, and we have neither tatties nor punkahs." Even the most acclimatized Anglo-Indian feels suffocated when the thermometer rises 100 degrees inside his bungalow, and what, then, must be the misery of human life when the temperature is 25 per cent. higher? We are not at all astonished to hear that the European battalion has dwindled from 900 to 500 men, or that the survivors "are going out like flies." Nor are the native troops apparently much better. They do not suffer so much as the Europeans from the terrible heat, but homesickness has set in among them as we supposed it would, and there is no more certain cause for sickness than that. All that they ask for is the fixing of some date for their embarkation. They were brought to the Red Sea littoral for a specific purpose, that of fighting Osman Digma, and they consider it a flagrant breach of engagement for the Government to keep them literally "stewing in their own juice" for an indefinite period after their proper work has been long finished. To make matters worse, the supply of ice has run so short that it can no longer be issued.

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YOUNG  
The story of  
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