

For Husbands Only.

Tom Brown was always in a fret
Because, somehow, he kept in debt.

Yet he imagined he was wise,
And he knew how to economize.

He earned enough to live with pride,
And lay a little up beside.

Although he nothing did for sport,
He borrowed, and was always short.

"O, Tom," his wife would say, "a man
Can't manage as a woman can."

"Do try me once, and soon you'll be
From horrid debts and worries free."

Tom only laughed, "No woman can
Handle finances like a man."

At length his debts and worries grew
So big he knew not what to do.

Then he, in time to save his life,
Gave all his earnings to his wife.

"Now, wife," he groaned, in woe complete,
"See if you can make both ends meet."

Bright years now passed; Tom, freed from care
Waxed fat upon his wife's good fare.

His debts were paid, and laid away
Was something for a rainy day.

What had Tom's burden been in life
Was pleasure to his careful wife.

MORAL.

Man's forte is earning gold alone;
In spending is his weakness shown.

A woman's forte, by nature meant,
Is taking care of every cent.

And he who lets his wife do this,
Is always rich and lives in bliss.

A Bank Note in Two Halves.

FIRST HALF.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter; the scene is Kirlington on the London & North-western; the time, 10:45; just after the night mail had flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the north. The railway officials—pointsmen, signalmen, porters, platelayers—are collecting preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asked one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the 10:45 went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely."

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white whicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Refreshments? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby—a child half a dozen weeks old; no more. A pink-and-white piece of human china, as fragile as Dresden and as delicately fashioned and tinted as biscuit or Rose Pompadour.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall; perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it, and got to look after it—that's enough for me. Some day, maybe, I'll come across them as owns it, and then they shall pay me and take it back."

"Is there nothing about him? Turn him over."

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse—a common snap-lock bag purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble and a pawn ticket and the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

"What good's half a bank note to you?"

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Yes, but you can eat one, but you can't pass the other. Won't you catch it from your wife? How'll you face her, Dan? What'll she say?"

"She'll say I done quite right," replied Dan, stoutly. "She's a good sort, God bless her!"

"So are you, Dan; that's a fact. God bless you, too," said more than one rough voice in softened accents. "Perhaps the brat'll bring you luck, after all."

Winter-tide again, six years later, but this season is wet and slushy. Once more we are at Kirlington, a long, straggling village, which might have slumbered on in obscurity forever had not the Northwestern line been carried close by it to give it a place in Bradshaw and a certain importance as a junction and centre for good traffic. But the activity was all about the station. All the permanent officials had houses and cottages there; in the village lived only the field laborers who worked at the neighboring estate or sometimes lent their hand for a job of navvying on the line. These poor folks had a gruesome life of it, a hard hand-to-mouth struggle for bare existence against perpetual privation, accompanied by unremitting toil.

A new parson—Harold Treffry—had come lately to Kirlington. He was an earnest, energetic young man, who had won his spurs in an East End parish, and had now accepted this country living because it seemed to open up a new field of usefulness. He had plunged bravely into the midst of his work; he was forever going up and down among his parishioners, soothing and comforting, preaching manful endurance and trustfulness to all.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending Christmas with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air, "yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather—of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my unhappy cure. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher—one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year round. He has a swarm of young children, and he has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated—aghast probably at the future before him and his utter incapacity to do his duty by his mother's little ones. Jack!" said the parson, stopping suddenly, and looking straight into his companion's face, "I wonder if you could rouse him—if you could only get him to make a sign—to cry, or laugh, or take the smallest interest in common affairs? Jack, I believe you're the very man! You might get at him through the children—that marvelous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricks. A child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused he may warm a little—speak, perhaps approve, perhaps smile—and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature has intended him for a new Houdin, or a wizard of the North. He was more than a professional by the time he was full-grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist, he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could, upon occasion, surprise his audience considerably by his power.

They entered the miserably dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were skirting all over the floor. They were quite unmanageable and beyond the control of the eldest sister, who was busied in setting out the table for the midday meal. One other child of 6 or 7, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones; do you know this gentleman? he's a conjuror. Know what a conjuror is, Tommy?" cried the parson, catching up a mite of four or five from the floor. No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jacky!—and he ran through all their names. They had now ceased their gambols, and were staring hard at their visitors; the moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges, and cakes before leaving the parsonage; so he had half his apparatus ready to hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire, and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder and said—but without animation:

"It be very good of you, sir, surely; very good of you to take so kindly to the chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, and it ain't much as they've had to make 'em lately."

"It is good for us, now and again, I take it," said Jack desisting, and going towards him—the children gradually collecting in a far-off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do it can only be a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and, resuming his seat began to turn the leaves slowly over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I've heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was, indeed, a hopeful symptom! He was roused, then, to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All trick, of course; it all comes of long practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to chain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjuror many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully-folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible; "do you see this?"

It was a Bank of England note for £100.

"Now, sir, could any conjuror help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" Jack asked at once.

"I'll tell you, sir, short as I can make it. Conjuror or no conjuror, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure you'll help me if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10:45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace around the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest; the first he made out to mean H. L. M., and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

"And this was all?"

"'Cept the bank note. That was in a poor old purse, with a pawn-ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective, Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name Hester Gorrigan in rude letters inside, and the pawn-ticket was made out in the same manner.

"I cannot give you much hope that I shall succeed, but I will do my best. Will you trust me with the note for a time?"

"Surely, sir, with the greatest of pleasure. If you could but find the other half it would give Harry—that's what we call him—such a grand start in life, schooling and the price of binding him to some honest trade."

Jack shook the man's hand, promised to do his best, and left the cottage.

SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the "Squire of the parish."

They were cordially received at the "Big House." Jack was handed over forthwith to his old friends, who figuratively ruffled into his arms. They were London acquaintances, no more; of the sort we meet here and there and everywhere during the season, who care for us and we for them as much as for South Sea Islanders, but whom we greet with rapturous effusion when we meet them in a strange place. Jack knew the lady whom he escorted to dinner as a gossiping dame, who, when his back was turned, made as much sport of him as of her other friends.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful knack in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards, for instance."

"A charitable imputation. With whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, its surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eye shone with baleful light, like corpse cancles in a scaphere.

"Pleasant creature! I'd rather not meet him alone on a dark night."

"He has a terrible character, certainly."

Turned his wife out of doors because she would not give him an heir. It is this want of children to inherit his title and estate, which preys upon his mind, they say, and makes him so morose and melancholy."

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purposes as a clairvoyant; and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged he plied her with artless questions and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparation that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjuror are performed.

When the whole party was assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, a chorus of voices headed by that of the hostess summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissident, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjuror made the conventional plump pudding in a hat, fired wedding-rings into quarters leaves, did all manner of card tricks, pistol tricks, and juggled on conscientiously right through his repertoire.

There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it, and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch—a dozen were offered. No; none of them would do. It must be a gold watch, a repeater. Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse. With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch-collector; all jeweled and enameled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively; then, suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face, and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure to be risked in any conjuring trick; an ordinary modern watch I might replace, but no work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded up in a jelly, and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room; and, this trick successfully accomplished, Jack Newbiggin, who was now completely on his mettle, passed on to higher flights. He had spent the vacation of the year previous in France as the pupil of a wizard of European fame, and had mastered many of the strange feats which are usually attributed to clairvoyance. There is something especially uncanny about these tricks, and Jack's reputation rapidly increased with this new exhibition of his powers. Thanks to his cross-examination of Mrs. Sitwell at dinner, he was in possession of many facts connected with the company, although mostly strangers to him; and some of his hits were so palpably happy that he raised shouts of surprise followed by that terrified hush which not uncommonly succeeds the display of seemingly supernatural powers.

"O, but that is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the meanest charlatanism. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he cannot have learnt beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis, try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly, to encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would tell in Jack's favor.

"I will admit that you have considerable power in this strange branch of necromancy if you will answer a few questions of mine."

"Proceed," said Jack gravely, meeting his eyes firmly and without flinching.

"Tell me what is most on my mind at this present moment?"

"The want of a male heir," Jack replied promptly, and thanked Mrs. Sitwell in his heart.

"Psha! You have learnt from Burke that I have no children," said Sir Lewis, boldly; but he was a little taken aback. "Anything else?"

"The memory of a harsh deed you now strive in vain to redeem."

"This borders upon impertinence," said Sir Lewis, with a hot flush on his cheek and passion in his eyes. "But let us leave abstractions and try tangible realities. Can you tell me what I have in this pocket?"

He touched the left breast of his tail coat. "A pocketbook."

"Bah! Cava sans dire. Every one carries a pocketbook in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the bystanders, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocketbook all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the Baronet haughtily to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocketbook contain?"

"Evidence."

The contest between them was now an out-
rance.

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must sooner or later come to light. You have in that pocketbook links in a long chain of circumstances which, however carefully concealed or anxiously created, time, in its inexorable course, must bring eventually to light. There is no bond, says the Spanish proverb, 'which is not one day fulfilled; no debt that in the long run is not paid.'"

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word that this pocketbook contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank of England note for £100."

"Stay!" cried Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly and speaking in a voice of

thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the crumpled paper from the really stupefied Baronet. It was exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful denouncement of what threatened at one stage to lead to an altercation—perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to my worst," said Jack, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the Baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

An Irish nurse, six years ago. It was the price of a deed of which you—"

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis, in horror. "I see you know all. I swear I have had no peace since I was tempted so sorely and so weakly fell. But I am prepared to make all the restitution and reparation in my power, unless, unhappily—unless it be already too late."

Even while he was speaking his face turned ghastly pale, his lips covered with fine white foam, he made one or two convulsive attempts to steady himself; then, with a wild, terrified look around, he fell heavily to the floor.

It was a paralytic seizure. They took him up-stairs and tended him; but the case was desperate from the first. Only just before the end did he so far recover power of speech as to be able to make full confession of what had occurred.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son. The eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the earliest intimation of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained from a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Gorrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down in the shape of a half note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. Mrs. Gorrigan had an unquenchable thirst, and in her transit between London and Liverpool allowed her charge to slip out of her hands, with the consequences we know.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicion. It bore the strange crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto "I strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockit picked up at Kirlington Station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. Jack rapidly drew his conclusions and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockit in after years had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

ALONG THE LINE.

A Correspondent's Tour of Inspection Between France and Germany.

A special correspondent, writing from Metz, sends a very interesting account of a tour of 250 miles along the line dividing France and Germany.

ALONG THE FRONTIER.

He says:—During the past five days I have made a tour—partly by rail, partly in hired carriages—of the two hundred and fifty miles of Franco-German frontier extending from Mulhausen (Mulhouse), near Switzerland, to Diedenhofen (Thionville), near Luxembourg. I have also paid flying visits to Neu-Breifach (Neuf-Brisach), Strasbourg, Metz, Trier (Triers), and Keblenz. Everywhere I have seen reservists joining their colours to take part in the annual period of instruction, which this year is more important than heretofore, owing to the necessity of their learning the use of the new repeating rifle.

I found that among the reservists from nearly all the towns near the frontier line there were many attempts made to desert, and at least two hundred and fifty men have succeeded in reaching French territory.

TO PREVENT DESERTION.

It is solely to prevent these desertions that villages and cross-roads contiguous to the frontier were occupied by squads of German infantry and by patrols of the Sixth Uhlans. With the exception of calling out the reserves for instruction, the movements of a few hundred infantry and cavalry to prevent deserters crossing the frontier, and the arrival of large supplies of new repeating rifles and ammunition, and a few carloads of steel plates for the forts around Metz, I can safely say that neither men, stores nor fortifications are being added to.

A DESERTER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

On Thursday, as I was driving in my open Victoria, on a cold but fine sunny wintry day, along the road from Gravelotte to the Chateau-de-Verteville, I happened to notice quite a lively incident. About five hundred yards ahead of me I noticed a small donkey cart that seemed to be making very rapidly for the French frontier. About half a mile distant, looking behind me, I saw several horsemen galloping along at full speed. As they approached I saw a mounted police corporal of dragoons and three troopers evidently in chase of deserters.

The little donkey cart was nearly overtaken by the dragoons, when suddenly the driver of it sprang from his seat. At the same time a long-legged young fellow emerged from the body of the cart, where he had been concealed beneath a heap of cabbages, onions and potatoes, and both ran like deer toward the frontier posts on the road, now only a few yards distant. They reached the posts about two minutes before the dragoons, and were soon safely and comfortably seated before a stove in the wine shop of the little French village of Jouaville. The dragoons drew up their blown horses, captured the donkey and donkey cart and rode slowly back toward the village of Gravelotte.

None of her relatives gave away Nina Henry August Van Spies at the wedding. She did that herself.

DOMESTICATION OF THE BEAVER.

An Industry that Promises a Big Return on Dollars and Cents.

A gentleman who knows every mile of rock, river and range between Northern Ontario and the "Great Lone Sea" being asked the question, "Do you think the raising of beaver will pay?" replied: "There is no reason why it should not pay. I have studied the habits of the beaver for upwards of a quarter of a century and believe there is as much money and far less risk in raising beavers as in bee keeping."

This was interesting information, coming as it did from a gentleman who has made the study of natural history for the past forty years something more than a mere pastime.

"Can you tell our readers something about this interesting animal?" queried the reporter as he sharpened his pencil preparatory to the attack.

"I think I can," he replied in his quiet, matter-of-fact way. "Why, for more than a century the beaver has been domesticated and made a pet of by hunters. It is in many ways more intelligent than the dog and is greatly attached to its master."

"Have any attempts ever been made to raise beaver from a commercial point of view?"

"For over twenty five years," he replied, "the Hudson's Bay Company have bred beavers near Moose Factory, James Bay, the result being that it is one of the most profitable branches of their business. They have a large, low-lying island in the bay sufficiently far from land to prevent the beavers leaving. Every fall their hunters repair to the island and kill a certain number, leaving enough for breeding purposes. Mr. McConnell, of Mattawa, tried the domestication of the beaver also, but of course on a small scale. He enclosed with a stone wall a small piece of ground round a spring on his property, but the space was too limited and the animals left via a tunnel under the wall. A hotel keeper of the same place secured a tame beaver some time afterwards which he kept in the house. At night when all were in bed it would build a dam across the bar room with chairs. On one occasion it undertook to improve the structure by cutting the legs from under a table. This was carrying the joke a little too far, and an execution was issued against him for his hide, which was duly carried out."

AN INDIAN CHIEF CAUGHT ONE

near the head-waters of the St. Maurice, which he kept all winter. In the spring it came down the river with him sometimes in his canoe and sometimes swimming alongside. It bathed and combed its fur every night preparatory to "turning in" with its master. He tamed another last summer at Oneching Falls, which he taught to perform several tricks. Every morning on the door being opened, it would go to the wood pile and selecting a stick of suitable length, carry it in and lay it down beside the stove. Then it would take its place at the table, and if not at once rewarded with a lump of sugar, would call attention to the fact by rapping with its tail on the chair. This beaver was sent to a friend in Ottawa who still has it.

"Do you intend to go into the raising of beavers?" asked the reporter.

"Perhaps I will; at all events there are others who intend to engage in it, provided we get certain necessary legislation on the matter."

"Where would you make the experiment?"

"There are plenty of places north of here. In timber berth 62 the surveyor reports no less than 31 lakes. Each of these would maintain one or more colonies of beavers, so that, as I said before, it is possible that beaver farming may prove as remunerative in the northern parts of Ontario as bee keeping or stock raising in the older and more settled districts."

"What is a beaver worth?" was the next question, the reporter being prompted to ask this question from a desire to enter some business in which the profits were large compared with the labor.

"Beaver skins are worth from one to four dollars per pound, the latter being the price now paid for them in Toronto. The skin of a full grown animal will weigh from one and a half to two and a half pounds. The flesh brings about \$1.50, and the castors \$0c., so that a dead beaver is worth in the neighborhood of \$10."

The beaver breeds from about the third to the fifteenth year, and has from three to eight at a birth. The average weight of a full grown animal is about forty pounds.

THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS.

How John Chinaman Puts a Glassy Surface on Linen.

John Chinaman's secret of putting a beautiful gloss on the collar and cuffs of the "barbarians" who patronize his "washee shop" is a secret no longer. The laundries presided over by white men do just as good work. John is slowly, but certainly, finding that his customers are dropping off. The secret referred to is pressure, nothing more. In large steam laundries the articles to be ironed are run between heated cylinders under a pressure of about 200 pounds. This, however, is very hard on the linen.

The laundry work of the Chinaman is unsurpassed, and he seems to gain the result by suitable irons and the expenditure of physical strength. The ordinary ironer will succeed just as well if, after being sure the articles are washed thoroughly, rinsed free from all traces of soap and dipped in pure, clean starch, she will use clean, smooth irons and beat down heavily upon the round top of the iron in rubbing the linen. Practice will give a good degree of success. It might be easier to try a cuff at first, then a collar, because the former has a broad, smooth surface, with fewer seams and edges to turn yellow if the iron is too hot.

There are starches of various kinds, patent glosses and divers inventions, said to produce a polish upon linen; but the better way is to depend upon the common starch brought in the bulk and of the best grade. You can add the other ingredients to suit yourself. Some laundresses stir the hot starch once or twice round with a spermaceti candle kept for the purpose, and others add a bit of clean mutton tallow; but foreign substances, like wax, gum-arabic, salt or sugar may be added with caution. Very nice laundry work is done by the aid of pure starch alone, with no additions. Whatever may be the preparations used in large laundries, we know they do not depend entirely upon the starch to produce the coveted gloss.