

About the House.

LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.
 We have lived and loved together
 Through many changing years;
 We have shared each other's gladness
 And wept each other's tears;
 I have never known a sorrow
 That was long unsoothed by thee;
 For thy smile can make a summer
 Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us
 In an unnn's fading hours
 Are the traitor-smiles that darken
 When the cloud of sorrow lowers;
 And, though many such we've known,
 Love,
 Too prone, alas! to range.
 We both can speak of one, love,
 Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together
 Through many changing years;
 We have shared each other's gladness
 And wept each other's tears;
 And let us hope the future
 As the past has been will be;
 I will share with thee thy sorrows,
 And thou thy smiles with me.

SPRING CLEANING.
 It is about this time that the old-fashioned housewife sets about the yearly housecleaning. Of course, there are some, who belong to that energetic class who begin early in April, and plan and systemize their work, and rush through it, and by the time May 1st comes around, they are seated serenely, with hands folded, and smiling a smile of supreme contentment and restfulness. There are others who would not think of doing any such thing as cleaning house at this season.

"What," some will exclaim, "go to all the bother of cleaning and dragging one's life out at this time of the year, when for four or five months to follow doors and windows are to be open all the time, not only to let in air, but all the sifting dust from without to clog up everything. Humph! No, indeed! No spring cleaning for me. I shall do mine in the fall, when I know I can keep things spick and span, all through the winter."

Well, so be it. Each will work at their own time and according to their inclinations. The good, old-fashioned housekeeper will, however, look to do the great labor of housekeeping about the last week in April or the first in May.

It is a good plan, when possible, to take down all heavy drapings, as portieres, lambrequins, etc., and replace them with something that is more in keeping with the heated season. A pair of lace curtains hung over the folding doors, a lace lambrequin over the mantelpiece, will do much toward making a room look cool and inviting on a warm day.

If you will make coverings for your furniture, you will find it will not only save it a great deal, but you will find that the appearance of your rooms is agreeably changed.

Then again, it is also an excellent plan to take a good-sized piece of druggert and place over your carpets, it will save an immense amount of wear and dirt from working in, and there is nothing so destructive as dirt.

HOUSEKEEPING SUGGESTIONS.
 To Wash Silk Stockings.—Wash silk stockings in cold water, and with white soap, rinse in cold water, then lay them flat in a clean towel, roll them up tightly, and let them remain till they are dry. If you rub them with a piece of flannel it will give them a gloss, and they will not require ironing. Silk stockings should never be left in water; they must be washed quickly, and rolled up at once.

A Broom Bag.—Whoever has hardwood or painted floors to keep clean should provide herself with several broom bags of cotton flannel, made up with the fleeced side out. Tie the broom on one of these bags, and by drawing it over a polished floor, you may gather up all the dust and lint, and save yourself the tiresome stooping necessary to wipe it up with a cloth. The broom bag, too, is a great aid in cleaning house, in wiping the dust off the walls. It will take up the dust from matting as easily as from a painted floor, and by rinsing out in clear water occasionally does excellent service.

To Clean Hair Brushes.—Dissolve a piece of common soda the size of a walnut in proportion to a quart of water, dip the bristles of the brush briskly in and out of the water again; keep the back and handles as free as possible. Repeat this until the brush looks clean, then dry the back and the handle, shake well to throw as much wet as possible out of the bristles, and set in the sun or near the fire to dry.

Patching Socks.—A correspondent has discovered that she can patch socks more quickly and just as serviceably as she can darn them, not to mention saving her eyesight. She takes the sock in hand, trims the edge of the hole, cuts a patch from the good part of another, whips it down over the hole on the wrong side, then turns and does the same on the right. There are no seams to hurt the flesh, and the patch wears as long as the darning would.

To Clean Decanters.—Get some old pieces of blotting paper and soap them well, roll the bits up small and put about twenty little pieces into the bottle to be cleaned, then half fill the decanter with warm water. Let it stand five minutes, and then shake

well for another five minutes. Rinse with cold water and set to drain; when dry it will be beautifully clear and bright.

Chapped Hands.—Insufficient drying is the cause of most chapped hands. It is an excellent idea to keep on one's dressing table a box of almond meal with a perforated cover. When the hands are dried with the towel, a little almond meal dusted over them will complete the work of absorbing the moisture.

KITCHEN HINTS.
 Cases of poisoning have arisen through a careless disregard for the cleanliness of the cooking utensils or of their perfect condition. As soon as a copper saucepan shows signs of being at all worn it should be retinned, and in any case nothing of an acid nature should be allowed to remain in it while cooling. The same with regard to zinc and lead vessels, which are unsafe for cooking purposes. Those of tin, steel, iron or nickel are the safest to employ. Remember, too, that it is better to use a wooden spoon than one of metal when stirring milk or soups, and that before using baking pans you should grease them inside thoroughly either with butter or lard. In order to prevent the tins from burning it is as well to take the precaution of sprinkling the shelves of the oven with salt.

A new idea is to put the flavoring of cake, puddings, sauces, etc., with the butter. The butter holds the flavor better than any other medium. Try potatoes, boiling, with a sharp, thin-blade knife. They will not split apart, as they do when they are tried with a fork, which acts like a wedge, and they will not show where they are pierced.

A PRETTY PANEL.
 A very pretty way to fill up an ugly space between two door casings which is not suitable to hang a picture in, or in case one does not own a picture the proper size and shape, is to take a length of china silk of a harmonious tint, and lay it in tucks standing upward. It is necessary to begin at the top of the space, at the frieze, if possible, and lay the tucks deep enough to hold up photographs. These tucks should be tacked with brass headed tacks to keep them in place, and the silk drawn tightly across the space.

This is a pretty decoration even with but a few pictures if the color is well chosen. Where there are a great many pictures and the background is completely covered, a firm quality of a less expensive material will do just as well.

Where there is a set of pictures which would make a straight string of views across the panel the silk can be especially arranged so as to form a top fold as well as the lower holding fold with pretty effect.

A lattice of ribbons or tapes may be used in the same way, and such a collection is always far more interesting than in a basket or album, both of which are so terribly passe that they are never seen nowadays, except as heirlooms.

THE DEAR OLD LADY.
Old Fashioned and Motherly, but She Dazed the Hack Driver.
 "I was at my usual stand near the depot the other morning," said the hack driver, "when an old lady came out of the station and took my hack."
 "She was a motherly looking old woman, with an old fashioned bonnet and corkscrew curls, and it was very evident that she was from the country and not accustomed to city life."
 "I congratulated myself upon securing such an easy fare, as she asked no question in regard to what the expense would be, merely ordering me to show her all there was to be seen in the city."
 "I followed her directions to the letter. I nearly drove my horse to death looking up attractions about the city that I thought would amuse the old lady and incidentally add a few hours to my bill."
 "I flatter myself that it has been some time since any one has seen in one day all the attractions that I showed the old lady."
 "She enjoyed it and asked me a thousand and one questions, which I answered to the best of my ability."
 "At noon I loaned her 25 cents to pay for her lunch, as she had nothing smaller than a \$20 bill, which she was afraid she could not get changed."
 "During the afternoon I took her around to the places that I had overlooked in the morning, and later in the afternoon I drove her to one of the large department stores, as she wished to do a little trading before she left for home on the late train."
 "Maybe I'm green, but I waited outside for her for two hours before it dawned upon me that something might be wrong. Even then I should have notified the police that she was lost had not a fellow hackman told me that he had seen an old lady who looked like my fare taking a late train out of the city."
 "But what makes me mad worse than anything else is the fact that I had made up my mind when she asked for the amount of my bill to try to remember that I had a mother once myself."—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Incentive.
 "I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickleby. "He spends two hours a day at it."
 "Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?"
 "I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for his birthday, and he's still at it."—Exchange.

The use of dogs for the purposes of draft was abolished, as regards London, by an act of parliament, passed in August, 1839, and the prohibition was extended to all parts of the United Kingdom in July, 1854.

CONVICT MARRIAGES.

PAIRING OFF THE JAILBIRDS AT ANDAMAN, INDIA.

Receptions at Which the Brides Are Selected—A Brief Courtship—Suitors That Are Hard to Suit—Wedded Life on a Prison Island.

"I have known of some queer marriages in the 20 years I have knocked about the world," said a sea captain the other day, "but I think the pairing off of the jailbirds at Andaman was the strangest thing of them all. For a couple of years I commanded the steamer that runs down monthly from Calcutta to the penal colony for British India on the Andaman and Nicobar islands. I was a youngster then and interested in all sorts of things, and it didn't take me long to strike up an acquaintance with the chief commissioner or president of the colony, who used to let me go all over the place.

"The prison is as inaccessible as any sultan's harem. It is built on a promontory and protected on the side toward the sea by a sheer cliff 200 feet high, while on the land side the grounds are surrounded by a 51 foot wall. There are several guards stationed at the entrance, and in order to get by the first of these a man has to give a certain password. In return this guard gives him another password, which takes him by the second, and so on, past half a dozen maybe. These police, as they are called, are the oldest and most hideous women in the jail. To be eligible a woman must have gray hair and a face that would stop a clock, besides a record for sobriety and obedience.

"All the prisoners have to work, and in the female prison they weave all the cloth for the men's clothes and their own, and make them up, too, I believe. If any of the women refuse to do their stint of work, they are punished. The first punishment is to cut off their hair. This they don't like very much, and the threat of it will generally bring them to terms, for they are just as vain as other women and don't want their long hair cut off. If this doesn't convince them that it's better to work in the shop, they are made to wear men's clothes and work in the grounds, which are beautifully kept, entirely by the women prisoners. The trousers and jackets given to those who are punished in this way are of the coarsest material, and are very unbecoming, and the women have to trundle wheelbarrows and dig in the dirt, just like men. If even this fails, they are further punished by being put to sleep in a cell with the floor covered by branches laid in rows and then in cross rows, grill fashion. The branches are full of sharp thorns, which make it impossible to stand, sit or lie down in comfort.

"Generally one night of this is enough to make the worst case ready for the work-room, but there was one girl who stood the extreme penalty of three nights in this room and still refused to do a lick of work. She wouldn't work, and nothing could make her work. So finally they gave her up as a bad job, and made her sit all day long in the workroom in men's clothes on a sort of elevated dunce block. She'll never get a chance to make one of the marriages I'm going to tell you about, because those are rewards for good behavior, and she is the worst woman on the island.

"When they have maybe a dozen tickets of leave men and women, they have a sort of matrimonial reception. If any matches are made the couples are allowed to go up to the Nicobar group some distance away and settle on the government land. There they get a certain number of acres, a hut and some commissary stores, and are left to themselves. The tickets of leave don't take them anywhere except to the Nicobars, for they nearly all have life sentences. These matrimonial receptions are the funniest thing I ever saw. The men are brought one by one into a sort of reception room, where the women are standing in a long row. There are generally several breaks in the line, to separate those of different castes and religions, for they are very particular about that in India. Some of these men haven't seen a woman for ten years, maybe, and they look very curiously at them.

"When a man is brought into this room, a statement is made of his name, his history, his religion, his age, the crime he is there for and so on. There are maybe half a dozen women of his religion on the eligible list and he is taken to the first one in the row. If after talking with her a few minutes he doesn't think he would like her he goes on to the next one. He is always covertly casting his eye along the line to see if there are any farther down that he likes better than those near the top. Sometimes he sees one near the end of the line that takes his fancy, and he will walk straight by all the others and go to her. If she likes him, too, they go up to the table and her history is read to him. He may possibly object to the crime she was sent up for, and if so the affair is declared off. But usually there is no trouble about that.

"When they have paired off as many as possible the keepers let the different couples go out and walk about in the grounds for the rest of the afternoon, to get acquainted with each other and spark a little, maybe. Sometimes they don't make more than one or two matches in a whole afternoon, for they are very hard to suit, those convicts, though you would think they would be glad to get anybody or anything, just for a change of life from that in the jail.

"These marriage parties always take place on a Saturday, and just a week from that day the man is allowed to visit the woman again for an hour and continue their acquaintance. If at the end of three Saturdays they are still of the same mind, they are married and taken on the boat down to the Nicobars, where they begin their married life. As I said, they give them a hut, a few acres of ground and some provisions, and let them alone. These couples generally get along pretty well together, though sometimes they have a fight and one kills the other from mere force of habit. In that case the survivor is sent back to the jail at Andaman. But this very seldom happens. If they have children, which they generally do not, these are left with their parents till they die off, for the Nicobars are so unhealthful and full of fever that people don't live very long there.

"There is only one resident officer at the Nicobar colony, for there has only been one Englishman found who could stand the climate. He lives there all alone with the convicts, and though the government has built him a fine house he leads the loneliest kind of life, for, of course, he can't keep a family there, because they would get the fever and die inside of six months. The chief commissioner of Andaman comes down to see him occasionally."

CASTLE BUILDING.

Off to I raise
 In idle days
 Great towers and temples to the skies
 And watch them fade
 As if afraid
 To bear the scorching of my eyes.
 Dim fancies they
 That float away,
 Like visions in a fleeting dream.
 Built on the sands,
 The shifting strands
 That border on life's sullen stream.
 —W Tyler Olcott in New York Sun.

SAFETY PIN'S VERSATILITY.

It Makes an Excellent Tape Needle, Surpassing the Hairpin.
 When a woman loses her tape needle the cleverest expedient is a safety pin. The resourceful woman who has just hit upon this novel way out of the difficulty never is circumvented by trifles, and every woman who tries this improvised tape needle will bless the birthday of that clever woman.

The way to use it is this: Stick the point of the pin through the tape or ribbon, clasp the pin, use either end as a leader, and there you are, with a smooth, blunt implement which will not only weave through bands or insertion perfectly, but will hold the ribbon with absolutely security to the finish.

When a woman wants a tape needle and hasn't one she is the most helpless creature on the face of the earth. Mostly she hasn't one. She thinks she has, of course, as no well regulated workbasket is complete without it, but the times she searches for it in vain are past all counting.

A tape needle is a slippery little thing that possesses a positive genius for disappearing. Lay it down a minute, and it will walk off with itself in a manner equaled only by a man's shirt studs. Its aggravating propensities would fill a chapter, and one woman vows it was the knowledge of this that gave birth to that succinct phrase, "the total depravity of inanimate things."

The worst of it is that when a tape needle is wanted it is wanted badly. Just as a woman is about to put on a petticoat, for instance, the tape slips out of the band and she can't by any possibility repair damages without a tape needle. If she finds hers, all is well. If it has taken unto itself legs, all is not well, and she goes through throes of annoyance unappreciated by the masculine mind.

So, too, when the snowy piles of lingerie come up from the laundry, and yards of fresh "baby" ribbon are at hand to add the finishing touch, it is a trial to the spirit to have the dainty garments around for hours and finally put away ribbonless because no needle is forthcoming.

Women have been known to resort to a hairpin, but it is an unsatisfactory substitute. The ribbon usually slips off of it when it is about half way through the insertion, and, moreover, the sharp points of the pin play havoc with the delicate lace.

So the safety pin is a suggestion worth knowing, and the woman who learns this trick of using it can let the tape needle go its elusive way.

A New Orleans Street.

"Some of the names of streets here seem to bother visitors a good deal," observed a trolley car starter at the custom house, "and there's one little experience that I have on an average of about six times a day. A stranger will walk up, generally carrying a bit of memoranda, and say, 'Can you tell me where I will find the—the—' When they get that far along, they look sort of wild, like a fellow with a wishbone in his throat, and I know right away what's the matter. 'Certainly,' I reply, 'you will find the Tchoupitoulas street car on the fourth track. Please step to the other side to get on.' As a rule they look relieved, thank me and skip across, but not always. Sometimes they don't believe me and put up an argument. 'Oh, that isn't it at all,' a lady said 'to me this morning. 'It's a name that begins something like 'Tich' or 'Tech.' 'To be sure, madam,' I answered, 'but down here we call it 'Choppy' for short. 'How very extraordinary!' she said and wrote something in a notebook."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Empire of Barotse.

There now remains only one people and one little valley south of the equator whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European power. It is the valley of Barotse, 50 or 60 miles wide, north of Lialut, in South Africa. And the only reason why the Marotse, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and therefore the work of "civilization" is at a standstill.

It may not be so easy to conquer the Marotse when the time comes, for they are tall, well set up, very black in skin. In manners they are courteous and in bearing dignified. Every full blooded Marotse is by birthright a chief, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. The bare fact that he is a Marotse insures the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self respect.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Lady (excitedly)—Have you filed my application for a divorce yet?
 Lawyer—No, madam, but I am at work on the papers now.
 Lady—Thank fortune, I am not too late! Destroy all papers and evidence at once, please.
 Lawyer—A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer.
 Lady—Gracious, no! He was run over and killed by a freight train this morning, and I want to retain you in my suit against the company for damages.—Chicago News.

A BABEL IN AUSTRIA.

Many Widely Different Tongues Spoken in the Various Provinces.

In the Austrian Alps the local dialects so vary as to be unintelligible from one district to another and yet have been cultivated in passion plays and popular poetry. Over and above these dialects are scattered—chiefly in lower Austria, but even round Vienna—Slav colonies, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats. In Vienna itself the Czechs claim to be 150,000. Slovenians spread over three crown lands—Styria, Carinthia and Carniola—and dominate in the last, which contains also Uscooks, Roman Catholic Serbs; but the Slovenians seem to be retreating before the Germans.

Of these a remarkable group occurs in the barren Gottschee country, southeast of Laybach, only inhabited since the fourteenth century. Here again we find a dialect unintelligible to other Germans, yet rich in tales and poetry. Strange to say, the reawakening of the Slovenian race in the course of the last hundred years seems to have been determined by the first Napoleon, who replaced German in the normal schools of the so called Illyrian provinces (six in number) by Slovene and called forth the passionate admiration of the Slovenian poets. Tyrol and Vorarlberg, again, are divided between Germans, Italians and "Ladins" (Latins), the so called Romanisch of Switzerland.

In the Tyrol also each valley has its own pronunciation, its own accent, its expressions unintelligible a few miles off. The Ladins were predominant in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Toward the eighteenth century the Italians got the upper hand, but seem now to be becoming gradually outnumbered by the Germans. The Ladins form a curious little group of from 10,000 to 20,000 in Tyrol, with nearly 50,000 in Friuli (besides the 40,000 of the Grisons). Their language is nearer to Provençal or Catalan than to Italian. They chiefly inhabit the valleys, while the German climbs the mountain sides, just as he has done in Bohemia, the Czechs mainly occupying the plains.—London Spectator.

ANCIENT FEASTS.

Much Gluttony Among the Old Greeks and Persians.

Enormous feasts were spread at the Persian and other Asiatic courts, and the great Grecian conqueror of those regions was once or twice in his dazzling career more lavish than even the successor of Caesar. But it was not a regular habit with him, nor was reckless prodigality ever a vice of his nation. Of course there were exceptions, and that societies devoted to luxurious living existed in Athens were known from the works of Archestratus and Athenæus, who wrote long poems to the glory of cookery. The Hellenic epicures were ingenious and often fantastic in their ideas, but were not, as a rule, guilty of gross extravagance. They were fond of such conceits as having a whole pig served, one side roasted and the other boiled and stuffed with a great variety of delicacies, although the animal had never been out or separated in any way. Their cooks were also skillful in preparing vegetables to taste like meat.

A certain king had an intense longing for a fish called an "aphy," at a time when he was so far away from the sea that he did not suppose his desire could possibly be gratified, but his cook made him an artificial "aphy" out of a turnip and disguised it so cleverly by sauces that the monarch was completely deceived. Occasionally we hear of voracious gluttons among the old Greeks. One of the most noted was Philoxenus, who wished he had a neck like a crane, so that his enjoyment of what he swallowed could be lengthened by several inches. This selfish fellow used to keep his throat in training by gargling it with scalding water. Then he bribed the cooks, wherever he went, to send in all the meals furiously hot; thus he finished the best there was of each dish before any one else dared to touch a morsel. A fellow guest was once so offended at this that he refused to remain at the table of Philoxenus, saying he had been invited to dine with a man and not with an oven.—E. H. House in St. Nicholas.

Capping Verses.

On going into the rooms of one of his friends, who was absent, Dr. Mansel saw on the table the opening lines of a poem in the following lively style:

The sun's perpendicular heat
 Illumined the depths of the sea,
 and, taking up a pen, he completed the stanza in the following witty way:

The fishes, beginning to sweat,
 Cried: "Hang it! How hot we shall be!"
 Dr. Watson, regius professor of divinity, had at one time been tutor of Trinity, and when he was made bishop of Liandaff, an honest publican in Cambridge, who kept an inn called the "Bishop Blaise," out of respect to Dr. Watson, changed his sign and replaced the head of Bishop Blaise by that of Bishop Watson. This transfer drew from Mansel, who probably had some grudge against the late tutor, the following epigram:

Two of a trade can ne'er agree—
 No proverb here was juster.
 They've ta'en down Blaise, you see,
 And put up Bishop Bluster.
 —Gentleman's Magazine.

To Cure Creaky Shoes.

"Cheap shoes are not necessarily of poor material," said a shoe store clerk. "Creaking often accounts for the low price. Cheap double soled shoes nearly always creak, and the reason is that the two soles do not quite fit or one is of more pliable material than the other, so that they rub against each other. Among the remedies usually tried is soaking the shoe in water or oil. This is effective for a time, but the cure is only temporary. The creak invariably returns in a few days. However, there is one certain and simple remedy. It is to drive three little wooden pegs into the sole. The pegs prevent the friction of the soles. Any cobbler will do it for you for 10 cents, and so not only restore your own peace of mind, but also that of your friends."

An ingenious hatter of Paris constructed a house of felt made out of 34,000 old hats. This house consisted of parlor, dining room and bedroom; also a kitchen.