

About the House.

DISINFECT SEWERS.

This is a good time to disinfect sewers and cesspools. Do this by pouring a pail of boiling water in which about five cents' worth of coppers is dissolved down the cesspools and the same amount down the general sewer of the house. If there is any sign that the waste pipe of the kitchen sink is partly filled with grease, wash it out with a boiling solution of sal soda, and water, and scrub out the edges of the sink with an old sink whisk dipped in the same mixture. Repeat the disinfecting solution of coppers at least three times during the spring.

Whitewash is one of the best disinfectants we have. Apply it to the walls of the cellar and to various out-buildings around the premises. The following whitewash is especially desirable for outdoor work:

Take half a bushel of nice unslaked lime. Slake it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, half a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well in warm water, and then putting it over the fire in a double glue pot. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture given. Stir it well and let it stand covered for a few days. It should be applied hot, and for this purpose it can be kept on a portable furnace. It is said one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard of surface.

WASHING FLANNELS.

So much has been said as to the proper method of washing flannels, that the subject may perhaps be considered slightly worn. There are, however, always inexperienced ones anxious to learn, and others who have failed in performing the task satisfactorily.

To begin with, disabuse your mind of the idea that there is any method of washing flannels which will prevent shrinkage altogether. Woolen goods must and will shrink, and the process is a purely mechanical one. It is neither helped nor hindered by the addition to the water of any chemical. If we call to mind the fact that woolen goods are full by being slightly wetted and pressed between two rollers, we have in a nutshell the whole principle of shrinkage. Properly washed, however, the shrinkage need be but trifling.

It is simply ruinous to wear flannels until much soiled. Such heroic measures are necessary to make them clean, that they can by no possibility be made soft and attractive again. Before the winter is over such garments will be badly shrunken and discolored, and so harsh as to be almost, if not entirely, unwearable.

Some housekeepers advise washing flannels in very hot water, whilst others affirm that tepid water only should be used. The inexperienced laundress is frequently at a loss to decide between the two. Hot water, not too hot to keep the hands in comfortably, is quite safe, and better than either extreme.

Flannels should always be washed by themselves, and not hurried through with the usual weekly washing. One should have plenty of time to treat them properly, and a warm, bright day should be chosen.

In cold weather it is better not to wash them until just in time to have them on the line during the warm hours of mid-day.

These goods should never be boiled, neither should they be soaked, nor needlessly left lying in the water. They should not be put in suds which have been used for other clothes, nor in dirty water of any kind. Clean soft water is indispensable.

If the water is hard it must be softened before washing is attempted. A tablespoonful of borax or ammonia to each two gallons of water, will accomplish this purpose very satisfactorily.

The suds should be prepared by dissolving some good soap in the water. Soap must never be rubbed directly upon the flannels. If a little more is necessary rub it upon the hands, and then upon the goods. Do not use the washboard but wash the flannels with the hands.

Some good housekeepers affirm that flannels must never be put through the wringer, but this idea is a mistake. If folded smoothly, and run through the wringer with light pressure, the result is infinitely better than twisting the clothes with the hands.

Immerse only one article in the suds at a time, rub it gently between the hands, and stir it thoroughly about in the water, until it is quite clean and free from stains. Then wring lightly, and pass it through the rinse water until free from suds. The rinse water must be as nearly the temperature of the suds as possible. When rinsed, wring out gently, shake vigorously, and hang up to dry immediately.

Finish each piece before beginning another. There should be no cooling between the waters, and the entire process for each piece should be as brief as possible.

If this method is faithfully followed, the flannels will be soft, smooth and clear.

er for ten minutes, add it to the warm suds, and wash as directed above. Rinse in three waters, all warm, and dry quickly.

USES FOR CELERY.

Minced Celery with Egg Dressing.—Scrape, wash and cut the celery in small bits. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a paste with one tablespoon salad oil, add salt and a little vinegar or lemon juice to mix. Pour over the celery and serve at once.

Celery and Potato Hash.—Chop fine 3 cups cold boiled potatoes and add one cup cooked celery, finely cut. Put in a saucepan with one small cup cream or rich milk, season to taste, cook until thoroughly heated, add a lump of butter and serve.

Stewed Celery on Toast.—Stew the celery as directed in preceding recipes, drain, season to taste, and mash to a pulp. Put a spoonful on a square of buttered toast, and pour over it a little cream sauce. This is a nice breakfast dish.

Celery Ramequins.—Boil two ounces bread in one gill of milk. When smooth add four tablespoons grated celery and two tablespoons butter. When heated, remove from fire, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, season to taste and stir in gently the stiffly whipped whites. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Celery Salad.—Cut the celery in small pieces, season to taste, pour over olive oil and lemon juice, in the proportion of two tablespoons lemon juice to one of oil. They must be thoroughly beaten together before pouring on the salad. Only the most tender and crisp celery should be used in a salad.

TOOTH-SOME SANDWICHES.

One of the newest and daintiest of sandwiches is made with tiny soda biscuits. These biscuits are specially ordered from the baker or confectionery dealer. They are three inches in diameter and when baked are not more than a half inch in thickness. These, as received from the baker, are split in two, with a sharp knife. Butter is spread over each—a suggestion of butter only. Two crisp leaves of lettuce are then patted down upon the buttered biscuit and the edges trimmed down to the size of the biscuit. A thin layer of mayonnaise dressing is then spread upon the lettuce and afterward upon one of the halves a thin dressing of minced ham; the two halves are pressed gently together and the sandwich is ready.

Slice black bread in pieces not more than one-tenth of an inch wide. Cut off the crust evenly all around. Butter the slices and spread thickly with Neufchatel cheese and place two slices together. A mere suggestion of cayenne sprinkled on the cheese adds piquancy to the sandwich.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.

If a person uses proper care and is in the open air when cleaning ribbons or silk with gasoline there will be no accident. To clean ribbons effectively fill a fruit jar about half with the gasoline, and put into it ribbons that are not mused. White ribbons should be cleaned separately. Aside from this the jar may be filled with any ribbons of any coloring. Close the bottle, allowing it to remain closed from two to six hours, and shake occasionally. Then take out the ribbons, hang them to dry in the open air, and, if possible, give them a good sun bath, to remove the objectionable odor of the gasoline. The ribbons need no pressing and are ready for use as soon as they have been aired. They should be stretched and smoothed out as they dry.

FASHION'S PUNCTUATION.

The latest fad of fashion, it is said, decrees that punctuation is unnecessary in letter writing. It strikes us that the fiat is much more unnecessary than the punctuation. The latter has never been indulged in to any large extent by woman. A dash or so and plenty of italics are the only concessions her epistles have made toward that phase of rhetoric. That she should be enjoined, upon pain of appearing unfashionable, to forego all the commas and semicolons and interrogation points that she has never used seems hardly fair. It's a case of being found guilty without having as much as given offense. It shows a remarkable ignorance upon the part of fashion. What has she been thinking about all these years that the smart epistolary communication has been so religiously abstaining from punctuation? Perhaps Fashion has been wrongfully reported, such things have happened—perhaps the fiat actually concerns the beloved dashes and italicized italics, so dear to her who takes her pen in hand for the fashionable note. Perhaps it is but a neat little dodge of Fashion to put us on the right track; after denouncing dashes, her next move will be to recommend the established marks for punctuation which the educated woman, be she fashionable or otherwise, has always used. It strikes us that whoever reported Fashion in this thing confounded it with that other dictum known to all, that punctuation marks must never appear upon the engraved communication, be it card or invitation or of visit, and in whatever lettering. But this has nothing to do with the manuscript note, and it will take more than Fashion to convince us otherwise. Even so great an authority must remember that "a shoemaker should stick to his last."

THE MATTER OF MARRYING

Marriage is not the chief end of life. Some girls think it is. They misquote thereby the Westminster catechism. Marriage is only an incident, or, with some people, an accident. But it is the chief accident or incident, and shapes human destiny more largely than any other single occurrence—if a marriage may be called single—between the cradle and the grave. It is but the difference of a letter from marrying to marrying. The wedding means one or the other.

It is strange that girls who set much store by getting married should not make large preparations therefor. How few young women plan, soberly, steadily, seriously for the duties and responsibilities of wedded life. There is not here considered the preparations involved in a hurried trip for clothes the baking of the bride's cake. But married life usually means housekeeping and its attendant responsibilities. It means, at least it may mean, motherhood, the highest, noblest mission of woman in the world. Are our girls trained for these duties which follow upon the wedding ring? Do our schools for girls, female colleges, as they are barbarously termed, put these into their curriculums? We hear of mothers' meetings but, by the way, there are no fathers' meetings, and why not?

The most dangerous thing a man can do is to fall in love. If he falls into a ditch he may break a leg or a neck, but when he falls in love he sometimes breaks his heart, and that is worse. How mysterious is this business of falling in love, anyway. The youth goes soberly along the path of everyday existence. He has no thought save his work, no eye for naught save the duty at his door. Suddenly a look, a voice, a face, and he is in love. No more a pathway undisturbed. The world has changed. A new ideal has arisen. The gray clouds fade into a blue sky and he blacks his boots twice a day. Whether love be caused by electricity or microbes it certainly comes unbidden. Reason has little to do with it. Imagination is its helper and sentiment its twin. A man who can keep out of debt and out of love will never be miserable, and never happy.

Love is a creator of ideals. In courtship the sweetheart forms and fancies a creation and calls it Hor. He places this creation upon a pedestal and worships as the Parsees did the sun. No girl is ever quite so good as her sweetheart thinks she is. How lonely in his world would be her life if this were not the truth. Sometimes the girl comes down from the pedestal. There is then a mistake of serious import. The ideal is dissipated, the idol found to be but common clay. Well is it for the girl if she comes not down. The sweetheart will hold her in higher esteem for her refusal to respond to his beckoning. Galatea is longer beloved than the frail and fickle Phyrne.

Marriage is the open door to Heaven. The big blue sky mirrors itself in the smallest pool upon the thirsty earth. Thus does Heaven drift down into the tiniest household to be reflected back in the lives of wedded folk. When home is not synonymous with happiness there is something wrong with man or woman or both. Marriage is never a failure. Sometimes the married are.

The chief disturber of married bliss is ennui. If there was another word that meant what this borrowed French one does that word would be the one employed. But ennui alone expresses in a half dozen letters the tired feeling which destroys many homes. It is cured by no sarsaparilla. Ennui makes men read newspapers and women join clubs. It drives husbands to the lodge and worse. It makes wives cross and querulous. The element of surprise has gone from married life when ennui comes in. The bride is no longer adorned for her husband. She keeps her adornment for afternoon receptions. The man of the house forgets the kisses of the honeymoon. Each loses interest in the other. Thus comes "the rift within the lute."

Few married folks hate each other. They only get tired. Hymen's bond does not gall. It only wearies. Incompatibility of temper means generally only indifference. Paul said of love that it did many things, but he never said that it did not get tired. He was an old bachelor, but he knew something of love. Nothing dissipates love quicker than to get tired and to see the object of the love tired also.

The dead sameness in married life spoils many homes. In such households even the arrival of a new baby does not stir matters greatly. The days are one long round of changeless circumstances. The husband plans no surprises for the wife, nor she for him. And each wonders as the years increase why there is so little of the flame of affection in their hearts and homes.

In the home-centered married life there is no need to run abroad for happiness. When man or woman goes across the threshold it is to bring back for the enrichment of the home-life of the things without. These draw upon the world in the home's behalf, not upon the home in the behalf of the outer world. Just here a word for clubs and club-folks: In that regard which clubs for men or women set upon foot movements for the

home's uplifting are they blessed withal.

Marriages are pulled off later in life than formerly. Now a man waits until he is 30, and a woman waits until she gets a chance. The old way was the best. It saves many wild oats, the devil's crop. It gives the girl an opportunity to share in the building up of the home. Homes can not be bought ready made. They grow. When a home stops growing it is dead. Marriages are sometimes deferred until the man can get his home all prepared. Then the couple, grown old, move into a ready-made home. It is like transition into a morgue as compared to the happy furnishing of a cottage full of life and hope. It is a good thing to have a sweetheart early in life, and it is better to have a wife. But the superlative is to have early a sweetheart who is also a wife.

Matches are made in heaven, 'tis said—not brimstone matches, but the other kind, in which no brimstone is. There are some ill-assorted ones down here on earth. Giants wed pigmies, the living skeleton woos the fat woman, intellectual chaps marry brainless babies. The long procession of queer couples wind down to the horizon of eternity. Blonde loves brunette, the apple dumpling clings to the macaroni, the dude to the woman of sense, the doctor of divinity to the society gossip. The world does not account for these queer contrasts. The word only smiles at them and repeats the dose. Such marriages are not always ill assorted save outwardly. The misfit marriage is a sad affair. No greater punishment could be inflicted than this. Better the Isle du Diable than a brawling woman in a loveless home. Misfit clothing is sold by city tailors at a bargain. The misfit marriage is dear at any price.

It is not the duty of every one to get married. Some should stay single as horrible examples. Women formerly got married because there was nothing else to do. Now they get married only when they do not care to do anything else. Marriage is now the last resort. It was once the only one. There is room abundant in the world for old maids. There is none for old bachelors. They should be taxed as much as the year's living of some good woman would require.

Do college women get married? is a query which college towns hear ever and anon. Do ducks swim—there being water close at hand? The higher education does not drive matrimonial dreams from the sweet creatures' heads. The "Mrs." appears with immediate frequency before the names of the alumnae of the schools. The college girls, with their trained minds, make the best of wives. They are accustomed to obedience. Some philosopher from the seclusion of his study has suggested that marriages among workingwomen are infrequent. Not simply college education but toiling is said to lead away from the altar. Not so. Work that makes woman masculine does perhaps frighten lovers away, not that in which women preserve the gentle womanliness which is her chiefest charm. Indeed, say what you will, men like most of all the woman who works. They flirt with the dainty butterfly of fashion, with her unsoiled hands, but the largeness of their heart's devotion is poured at the feet of her who labors, whether in office, store or home. As good wives as the world holds come from the places into which stern necessity has driven the girls to work.

The "arranged" marriages are nearly always failures. It matters not whether arranged by King or mother, they are usually contrary to the desires of the young people, and hence a dismal disappointment. The old folks have no business making marriages for their children. Yet, while this is true, the children do well to take the old folks into consideration and confidence. There would be fewer mistakes where this the general rule. In the old country the young man gets acquainted with the whole family. The parents stay in the parlor. The young people make love in guarded way in full sight of the family. Here it is sadly different. The boy and the girl sit in the parlor alone. The old people apologize if they accidentally walk in. She goes with him to the promiscuous dance and returns in a closed carriage at 4 a.m. It is not a surprise that the peach loses its bloom sometimes. In England the parents know every step of the courtship. They are acquainted with the young fellow, his antecedents, disposition and attainments. In this country the mother knows some of these things and the father knows—what she chooses to tell him. Hence, the demand for this modern make-believe, the chaperon.

A man does not amount to much at a wedding. He plays second fiddle until the first baby comes and then plays third. But when he is consulted he never wants to get married in a church. Church weddings are always arranged by a girl or the mother-in-law. The man is usually so embarrassed or ashamed that he wants to have it all over as inconspicuously as possible. Nevertheless, there is nothing more awful than a home wedding. It is usually as stiff as a funeral. The parlor is crowded with kinfolks, present and prospective. The bridal party march in. A baby always cries somewhere in the background. Why do babies always cry at weddings? Then the ceremony is said, and then congratulations, kisses and weeping. All the bliss of the occasion is swallowed up by them and all the solemnity marred by the long line of congratulatory relatives. If the writer ever gets married again—which the Lord forbid—preference is here expressed for a marriage by telephone or in a desert.

There are some girls in town who are going to pick up the proverbial broken sticks. When they would have got married their ambitious mamma overpersuaded them, and weddings were deferred. Now, as the years move swifter, chances are less frequent, and to escape the dreaded doom of old maidhood there will be a sacrifice and subsequent sorrow.

Marrying is like joining the church. Better young than late, but better late than not at all.

Reformation by marriage is never a success. If he won't give up drink for her when she is his sweetheart he won't give it up for her when she is his wife. This is a truism but one that every girl should paste in her mirror, where she will see it oftener.

There is no happiness greater than that which true marriage brings. It is not transient or illusive like the will o' the wisp, but shines on with added radiance unto the perfect day. Clouds may fleck the sky and storms may come without the home, but within is peace and sweet content. The passing years but add to the joy. Youth fades, but not the spring of love. Heads grow gray and furrows chase the dimples from the cheeks. But the love-light is in the eyes, tenderness in the voice and love in the very footsteps down to the day when death does them part—yea, more, until the day when death does them unite again.

DOLLY AT COURT.

In the "Letters of Maria Josepha Lady Stanley," written in her early married life, there is one dated June 6, 1797, which quaintly tells of the appearance of Mistress Dolly Stainforth at Court on the king's birthday.

Mistress Dolly was distinguished by her beautiful black arched eyebrows, the fine bloom of her cheeks, and the agreeable shaking of her head. Thus "equipped," as the slightly satirical feminine pen puts it, and dressed with more than her usual splendor, she entered the royal apartment.

Thither also had come the little Princess Charlotte—the Prince of Wales's daughter—who could just speak, and who is described as a "remarkably sensible little child." The first object that struck her eyes was the "beauceous Mistress Stainforth," and she expressed her delight at so fine a sight by smiling and nodding to her and saying:

"Dolly, Dolly, pretty Dolly." This mark of distinction was so flattering and the child's delight was so evident, that Mistress Stainforth thought proper to make a low courtesy, nodding her head with its tall feathers all the time; whereupon the child, who was "very stout on her legs," repeated the movement, mimicking it perfectly.

Mistress Dolly started to return thanks, but no sooner did the child hear the sound of her voice than she began to cry and roar to such a degree that nothing could pacify her.

"What! Dolly speak! What! Dolly speak!" she cried.

The princesses, who knew what the child meant, were almost dead with laughing, and everybody was in a roar except the Prince of Wales, who, possibly out of a spirit of contradiction, looked grave.

"I have not heard," concludes the sprightly letter-writer, "whether Miss Stainforth penetrated the cause of the scene, which was that the queen had the day before made the little princess a present of a large doll dressed in exactly the same sort of lilac-colored gown, and shaking its head in precisely the same way. From the striking resemblance between Miss Stainforth's eyebrows and cheeks and those of the doll, the child naturally imagined that she was looking at her own doll, sent from Carlton House, until it frightened her by speaking!"

WOMEN AND EATING.

Women are notoriously careless about their own food. One could wish that those who neglect their duty of properly and efficiently nourishing their own bodies would study the statistics of insanity and its increase among us. The old Latin proverb tells us that our aim should be to keep a sound mind in a sound body.

"Drink and hurry and worry send most of the men to an asylum," says a doctor, "while love affairs, combined with lack of food, throw most of the women off their balance." The love affairs, would have but little influence over them if they were properly fed; but among the illusions in which girls and women indulge is that, as they care little about their food, so the lack of it cannot have much effect upon them. They rather despise men for being careful to have regular meals, whether business presses or not, and are inclined to vaunt their own superiority in such respects. But if this disregard of the natural instincts of hunger leads us in the same path as "drink and hurry and worry" lead men, and if we are to be humiliated by hyper-sensitiveness in love affairs, how pre-eminently does male common sense stand out in the matter.

We so often exalt our weakness into something to be proud of! And if we go without lunch some day, an avenging headache swoops down and makes us headachy. Surely, that is nothing to be proud of! Or, if the men of the family are dining out, the women have tea and toast and scrambled eggs, and next morning wonder why they feel so limp and as if everything to be done were dreadfully troublesome and impossible.

GOBLET OR TUMBLERS.

In Paris the goblet still holds its own in both private and public dinner tables, but in England the goblet is obsolete, and the tumbler does duty for everything, everywhere, from hot grog to cold water. These tumblers, however, are now very tall and thin. It is said that at Queen Victoria's table she has always clung to high glass, whatever the vagaries of fashion, and that many of her glasses are of great age.