

# The Home.

## WASHING BLANKETS.

Every housekeeper appreciates a supply of good woollen blankets, and as the price is not so exorbitant now as it was a few years ago, they are much more common. They are lighter and warmer than comforts, and should form part of the winter covering of every bed; they are also very durable, and if they are washed properly, do not fall up but retain their soft fleecy look to the last. The finer a blanket is the more likely it is to retain disease germs within its folds, and a soiled blanket is an inviting place for moths. Both these dangers may be obviated by giving it a thorough washing, in fact they should be washed much oftener than is usually considered necessary, for it is astonishing to see how much dirt will come out of an apparently clean blanket. If badly soiled the hard rubbing which becomes necessary will make it shrink. With the aid of a good washing machine and wringer this work may be successfully done at home, and it is not a tedious or difficult task if the proper preparations are made for it.

Double blankets are too heavy and bulky to handle in that shape. Cut them apart and bind the edges with woollen braid or ribbon, or finish them by buttonholing with any kind of coarse yarn you happen to have. If the old binding is worn out, it may be replaced in the same way. Shake the blanket vigorously in the open air to remove the dust. Choose a bright day for the work, and if a gentle breeze is blowing, so much the better. The washing and drying should be done as quickly as possible, and two persons can wash to better advantage than one. Slice a bar of soap in a kettle of hot water and set it on the stove until it dissolves, then stir in a handful of powdered borax. Put three or four handfuls of soft water that is heated as hot as you can bear your hand in, into the washing machine and pour in enough of the soap mixture to make a strong suds. Stir the two together and put the blanket in. Let it remain closely covered to keep in the heat and steam, ten or fifteen minutes, then wash the blanket. Your assistant may prepare the second water just like the first, except that it will not need quite so much soap, and have it ready to put into the machine when the first water is poured out. After it is washed in this, fold smoothly and pass through the wringer with the rubber rollers loosely adjusted. The next water should have just enough soap in it to make it feel smooth. After rinsing in this, pass through the wringer into the second water, which may be slightly tinged with blue. Soft water should be used, and the temperature of the water kept the same throughout the entire process. It is a mistake to suppose that hot water injures a woollen blanket, but it should never be boiled, nor should any soap be rubbed directly upon it. Borax is a great help in washing blankets, for when it is used, not more than half the usual amount of soap is needed, and the blankets are as soft after they are washed as before.

Put up a strong clothes line where the sun can shine on it. After the blanket is taken from the last water, take hold of it by two corners and let your assistant hold the other two, standing as far apart as the length of the blanket will permit, and pull and stretch it into shape, shaking it several times to get the wrinkles out. Put one edge of the blanket over the line and fasten securely by putting a clothes pin every three or four inches. Do not take it down until perfectly dry, then fold evenly and lay a weight on it for a day or two.

E. J. C.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**Cantaloupe Sweet Pickle.**—Take seven pounds of the melons, which must be not quite ripe, and be pared and seeded. Boil in weak alum water till transparent, then lift them out, drain well, and put them into a jar. To a quart of cider vinegar add two ounces of stick cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, and three pounds of brown sugar. Cook the melon in this for 20 minutes, then return to the jar. Scald up for two successive mornings, then seal tightly.

**Tip-Top Pickle.**—Take a peck of green tomatoes and a dozen of large onions. Slice both, keeping them separate. Sprinkle salt between the tomatoes and let stand two hours; pour scalding water over the onions and allow it to remain till wanted. Squeeze both out, and arrange in a crock in alternate layers, sprinkling with celery seed and black and white mustard seed. Bring to a boil a quart of vinegar and pint of sugar, skim and pour over the pickle. It is good as soon as it is cold.

**Pickled Onions.**—Peel the small, white pickling onions. Boil for ten minutes in equal parts of sweet milk and water. Drain and put them in jars, and pour a scalding hot, spiced vinegar over them. Never use allspice in the vinegar; it darkens them.

**Green Tomato Pickle.**—To use up the last of the tomato crop, just before frost comes, chop a peck of green tomatoes and sprinkle with a



GIRL'S COSTUME.

4 to 10 Years.

French dresses are always becoming to little girls and are much in style. This pretty one is suited to all soft wool materials, simple childish silks and the many washable fabrics but as shown, is of mercerized cashmere in meteor blue, with trimming of string colored lace and black velvet ribbon. Twin rosettes of wider velvet ribbon are decoratively placed at the breast and waist line on the left front, the connecting ribbon being softly draped.

The costume consists of the waist which is made over a fitted body lining and the skirt which consists of two circular portions that are joined to a smooth foundation. The body lining is faced to form the yoke over which the full waist is gathered and arranged. The novel and stylish bertha that finishes the neck is graduated to form pointed revers at the front, while at the throat is a standing collar. The sleeves are in bishop or gümpe style with straight cuffs. The skirt is trimmed on the edges of the flounce and circular upper portion giving a double effect that is exceedingly smart.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is 5 yards 21 inches wide, 4½ yards 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards 32 inches wide or 3½ yards 44 inches wide.

half cup of salt. Let stand a number of hours, and drain over night. Then add three chopped green peppers, one cup grated horseradish, two quarts of vinegar and a large cup of sugar. Cook till the tomato is tender, then add a large tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves.

**Perfect Biscuits.**—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of shortening (butter or suet). Mix very soft, indeed, with milk or ice cold water. Be careful to knead under and not over, as is done for bread, adding enough flour on the hand and board to keep the dough very moist, but yet possible to handle. Roll thin and cut small, and bake at once in a quick oven. Not a new, but an excellent and infallible recipe.

## HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The season when the lamps are in daily use again are here, and the task of filling and trimming from three to half a dozen is added to the housekeeper's duties. Nothing is so annoying as a dirty lamp, or so vexatious as one which has been filled too full and has run over so that the hand is covered with oil on taking it up. Don't fill the bowl quite full; in a heated room the oil seems to expand a little and then overflows. Look to the wicks. Sometimes they get clogged with impurities from the oil and do not burn freely. It is said that soaking a new wick in vinegar for twenty-four hours ensures a clear flame.

A writer advocates the providing for a liberal supply of tomatoes through November by gathering unripe but well developed ones, string them in a dark, cool and perfectly dry place, and exposing them to the sun under glass for a few days before using. Some practice pulling the vines and hanging them up in a dark, dry place.

Two novelties in silver tableware which commend themselves to the fastidious are the vegetable servers and the ice spoon. The former consists of a large fork, sharpened on one side to cut the vegetables, and a spoon with a very deep bowl to assist in the service and dip up the sauce with which it is served. The ice spoon is to use with the ices and sherbets that are now so commonly served at dinner, and consists of a spoon with a handle rather shorter than that of a teaspoon, and having a much deeper bowl.

Russian tea is not a special brand, but is the ordinary tea served with lemon instead of cream. Two lumps of sugar and a quarter of a lemon are placed on the saucer and no cream is passed.

There is art even in cooking the simplest things, and especially in the beginning of the application of heat.

Leave bread exposed to the air as soon as it is taken from the oven, that the poisonous gases may escape.

## DISHWASHING BRUSH.

The housewife can wash her dishes without injury to her hands or the offence of greasy water by cleaning them first with a brush. It is a simple and effective process. Scrape the dishes with a knife; then hold each one separately under the hot water faucet and wipe it off as the

water runs over it with a brush similar to a sink brush. Pile the dishes up wet, arrange hot soap water in the dishpan and then wash them in the pan with a mop. Any one who has ever tried this will never wash dishes any other way, for the faucet and the brush do all the dirty work, while the mop "does the rest."

## SPOTS ON A CARPET.

This recipe is warranted to remove spots from the most delicate carpets without injuring the latter: Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fuller's earth to this until the consistency of thin cream is secured. Have plenty of clean drying cloths, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleansing mixture in a bowl and dip the brush in it. Brush a small piece of the carpet with this, then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this till you are sure that all the carpet is clean. Then let it dry.

## A LAUNDRY HINT.

Don't dip collars and cuffs or shirt fronts in boiled starch. You will be sure to come across lumps when ironing. Rub the starch on the articles on the wrong side with fingers, and as soon as it begins to appear on the right side it is sufficiently starched.

## ODD THINGS IN OHIO.

### Millionaire's Home Is a Paradise For Tramps.

Near the village of Geneva, Ohio, stands the home of the late millionaire, George W. Hopper. The house is surrounded by spacious grounds, and passers-by are given the impression at once that here is wealth and a pleasant home; but beneath all, this house furnishes a story that is not generally known to the public.

Years ago George W. Hopper was a poor young man. He received little schooling, and his education was very limited. In early youth he became identified with the Standard Oil Company, being given the management of the department where barrels were painted before they were filled with oil.

Though the barrels were thoroughly painted on the outside the oil would soak through them, and in a short time the paint would peel off and allow the oil to seep out. The company was considerably hampered in this way, and many were the experiments tried to alleviate the difficulty, but without success.

One day, while Mr. Hopper was pondering the question, a tramp walked up, and hearing him lament that the barrels could not be painted so they would hold oil, said: "I'll tell you how to fix them. Fill them with water and then paint them. When they are dry, pour out the water and the water in the wood will stay in and prevent the oil from soaking through and cutting the paint."

Rather dubious of the success of the tramp's suggestion, Mr. Hopper tried it, and the scheme worked successfully. The advancement and royalties Mr. Hopper received from this idea soon resulted in wealth, and when he died, a few years ago, his fortune was estimated at \$2,000,000 or more.

Mr. Hopper's stepping stone to wealth has long ago been succeeded by better ways of making barrels leakable, but the idea given by the tramp was the means of securing for him the vast fortune he possessed. After retiring from active business life Mr. Hopper offered to make the tramp wealthy, and although a reward of \$25,000 was offered for the tramp's appearance, none ever came to claim the money, nor has anything ever been heard of the tramp.

Out of gratitude to this one tramp the whole army of "hoboes" receive a benefit, for no matter how disreputable or seedy looking a tramp may be, he is always given a good meal at the Hopper home, even unto this day.

## ETIQUETTE TAUGHT HERE.

"Madam," he began, as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are!" she responded. "Go down and clean the mud off your feet."

"Yes'm. As I was saying, madam, I am sell—"

"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying—"

"Take your hands out of your pockets! No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on 'Eti—"

"Throw away your pipe! If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable—"

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight, and use less grease on your hair in the future. Now you look a bit decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment'? Very well, I don't want it. I am only the servant-girl. Go up the steps to the front door and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a downright, no-doubt-about-it idiot this morning and I think the book you're selling is just what she requires."

# THE BEST MEN WED AT 24 HIGH JINKS IN SOCIETY

## MARRIAGE AGES OF SOME LIVING HEROES.

Noted Englishmen Who Became Benedicts at a Very Early Age.

There is a popular but mistaken notion in the minds of a great many people that the men of the present day are marrying at a much later period in life than did the men of, we will say, yesterday.

The Earl of Dudley, who has just been appointed to the highest position any politician can attain to in home diplomatic circles—that is, Viceroy of Ireland—was married at the comparatively early age of twenty-five; whereas Lord Crewe, a former Lord-Lieutenant, was past thirty-eight when he led the popular Lady Peggy Primrose to the altar.

Sir Frederick Treves, the King's surgeon, was only twenty-four when he married Miss Annie Mason, of Dorchester; whereas his great medical contemporary, Lord Lister, who was born some thirty years before him, was just thirty when the celebrated beauty, Miss Agnes Syme, became his wife.

Taking the first prominent politician who comes to mind, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, he was twenty-five when he wooed and won Miss Kendrick, and Lord Salisbury twenty-seven when he married Miss Alderson; but in both these instances the marriage compares most favorably with that of John Stuart Mill, or of Edmund Spenser, of former days, neither of whom was married till forty-five and forty-two respectively.

A rising public character is the present young Duke of Marlborough, whose American bride is a popular member of

## BRITAIN'S SMART SET.

His Grace was not quite twenty-four when he placed the ducal coronet on the brow of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt; but the first and great Duke of Marlborough, when he espoused the famous Sarah Jennings, was well over thirty.

Turning more pages back, however, and coming to a period anterior to that even of the last-named personage, we find that Shakespeare, for instance, was only eighteen when he married the farmer's daughter, Anne Hathaway; and Shelley was nineteen, John Bunyan nineteen, and Southey twenty-one when they married.

But at this particular period of British history sentiment and romance, pure and simple, carried the day, and with them the hearts of the people.

Matrimonial affairs were better regulated two centuries or so afterwards when celebrities of the Dryden and Johnson type flourished.

Dryden was nearly thirty-three when he espoused the role of Benedict; whereas Rudyard Kipling was about ten years younger than that when he embraced the nuptial state. Dr. Johnson was forty-six when he married the Widow Porter; but the present day wizard of Fleet street, Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, editor of "Punch," was only just turned twenty-one when he "ran his neck into the matrimonial noose."

## THESE COMPARISONS

are interesting, if only to show the weakness of popular beliefs, more particularly with respect to marriage statistics. Here and there you may, perhaps, find a distinguished man or two who failed to put in an appearance at the altar-rails till contemporaries of the same age had been married for some five or six years.

The Speaker of the House of Commons was one of these. Mr. Gully was thirty when he married, Carlyle was thirty, Edmund Burke was twenty-eight, and Archbishop Temple was actually fifty-five before he asked Miss Beatrice Lascelles to be his wife.

Again, the present Viceroy of India—Lord Curzon—was in his thirty-sixth year when he offered himself to Miss Leiter, of Washington; while a predecessor in the Governor-Generalship of India—Lord Lansdowne—was only twenty-four when he married the daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

What, perhaps, has given rise to the idea that men are marrying later nowadays than formerly is the fact that whilst the King was twenty-two when he led the then Princess Alexandra to the altar, the Prince of Wales was nearly twenty-nine when he married Princess May.

Averaging the ages of the younger men mentioned in this article, the favorite marriage age appears to be twenty-four.

## STREETS OF OLD EGYPT.

Some very interesting papyri were recently unearthed at Fayum, in Egypt, and among them was a directory showing the location of the streets in the ancient city of Arsinoe. In many respects this directory is very similar to a modern one. Here, for example are the names of the principal streets in Arsinoe:—School street, Lower street, South street, West street, Cloth street, Arabian street, Thracian street, Cilician street, Demetrius street, Therapeia street, Church street, King street and Emperor's square. Some of these names may seem strange to us; yet, if we analyze them, we shall find very little difference between them and the names of the streets in modern cities.

## ECCENTRICITIES OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

How Some Young Members of the Wealthy Class Amuse Themselves.

The following scene actually took place at a country house in Hampshire, England, only a few weeks ago. The occasion was the keeping up of an old family celebration, and after a long evening spent at the engrossing game of bridge, when the pent-up spirits of the players could no longer resist a "burst up."

A game of hide-and-seek was hastily decided upon, and, accordingly, two young men were given two minutes to secrete themselves somewhere—anywhere—in the big mansion. As the servants had all been sent off to bed, one of the youths suggested to his companion that they should make for the kitchen. They hid themselves, one in the butler's pantry, and the other in a huge, oaken bin usually used for the storage of boots and servants' belongings.

For twenty minutes the search party, composed of three young and high-born ladies and four men, looked in vain in cupboards, bath room wardrobes, and odd corners. At last the youth who had stored himself away on the top shelf of the butler's pantry was discovered. The one who discovered him was so delighted with her success that she made no sign revealing the fact that she had done so.

## SHE STOLE BACK

to the main body of searchers, and with raised forefinger and lips tightly pressed together, she motioned them to follow her on tip-toe. On their way they happened to pass a large basket of fresh eggs, and, without apparent cause, they each took up one or two. On gaining the pantry the whole band set up a shout of "There you are; come out!" And as the youth in dusty evening clothes came cautiously down from his hiding-place he was mercilessly pelted with eggs. His condition on finally reaching the ground can be better imagined than described.

But the story hardly ends here. For so novel and amusing had the egg-pelting part of the business been that the discovered youth and his persecutors returned to the egg basket and grabbed up as many as they could hold with safety. Then began a battle royal with eggs as weapons. The costly dresses of the young ladies, and the spotless linen of the men, were soon besmeared with the slimy contents of uncooked eggs. The walls and the floor of the servants' hall were likewise silent witnesses of one of the maddest and merriest pieces of high-life that surely ever occurred.

A Kensington drawing-room was the scene of a remarkable lapse recently. After midnight, when the company was hard pressed for a reason for not breaking up, one of the guests suddenly thought how jolly it would be to see his fellow-men and women eating bananas against time! Being a man of enormous wealth, he then and there stood up on a chair, and announced that he would be pleased to give three prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 to the three who would peel and

## EAT THREE BANANAS

in the shortest time. No one was to be considered to have eaten the fruit until after swallowing it he or she had whistled or sung a single bar of music. For this extraordinary competition eight persons entered, three ladies and five gentlemen.

The eight competitors were each provided with three large bananas, and placed in a row alongside a grand piano, which they were permitted to make use of as a table. The fruit was of uniform size, and the striking of one bass note on the piano was to be the sign given to start. The two judges were provided with chairs immediately in front of the performers, and the rest of the gay throng stood anxiously watching them. Some bets were made in favor of one of the ladies, who is well known for her dash and spirit in various forms of sport.

The note was struck in solemn silence, and, to the second, each of the fruit consumers dug their fingers into the first banana. Two men made a dead heat of it, then another man finished next, and the favorite lady finished third. Two of the competitors ruined their chances by half-choking, and another who finished nearly on a level with the two first could not make a sound in his endeavor to whistle or sing. The two who were level tossed up for the \$100, and so ended one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed at a fashionable party.—Pearson's Weekly.

## A PROPHECY.

He had evidently been rejected, for his chest heaved convulsively, and his veins stood out upon his forehead. In his anger he advanced towards the lady who had mocked him, with outstretched fist, but by a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"No matter!" he muttered, savagely, "the day will come!"

Sure enough, at dawn the next morning, faint streaks of grey pencilled the cast. Later, at its accustomed hour, the sun arose.

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.