

## HOUSEHOLD.

### PERUVIAN EMBROIDERY.

A few years ago anything new in fancy work immediately became a "craze," and everybody felt bound to do the same thing at the same time and in the same way, whether it happened to be the embroidering of a spray of goldenrod, or the making of a crazy quilt, says a writer in Modern Priscilla. Of late, however, the number and variety of novelties in this line have so increased that no one thing attracts exclusive attention, and unless possessed of considerable merit, will scarcely be noticed at all. On the other hand, the field is so much wider and individual taste and skill so much more developed, that anything at all meritorious is sure of recognition.

"Peruvian Embroidery" belongs to this class. In the first place, this material called "Peruvian Cloth," is a good, substantial fabric of pure linen, very heavy, and of peculiar weave, made in various colors, and runs seventy-two inches wide. The designs have a character of their own, a predominant feature being round disks of concentric bands of color somewhat resembling a bull's-eye target. The rings in these disks are worked in a coarse buttonhole-stitch with strong rope silk in strong rich colors. This work will prove especially attractive to those who dislike extremely fine embroidery, as it is much easier to do and not at all trying to the eyes, while a little irregularity in the stitches rather increases its Oriental appearance. Quite a number of articles are shown in this work, though perhaps nothing will prove more popular than the square sofa cushion, which is quite attractive from its novelty. The pillow is made in the ordinary square form, but the covering is in one piece of oblong shape, having the design at each end. These two ends are brought around and laced together with a cord passing through buttonholes, the joining being in the centre of one side. Two edges of the pillow, therefore, show no seam, and at the other two the back and front are stitched together with fancy stitching, leaving beyond the stitching about four inches of the material, which is fringed out. As all the stitching and fringing are done, and the buttonholes made in the article as sold, it is only necessary after the embroidery is finished to put the pillow inside and run in the lacing cord.

A round cushion is laced together around the edges over a silk puffing. This also has the buttonholes ready made. A simpler piece is a round stand cover or lamp mat, about twenty-four inches in diameter, having the edge fringed out, with a fancy stitching forming a heading for the fringe. Peruvian cloth is also made up into table and stand covers, scarfs, laundry bags, etc. The material is particularly desirable for table covers, because of its weight, substantial character and beautiful coloring.

### HOME MADE BEVERAGES.

A good receipt for hop beer is as follows: Take six ounces of hops, boil them three hours in five quarts of water. Strain the liquor, add five quarts of water, and bruised ginger four ounces; boil fifteen minutes, strain, add four pounds of sugar, and when milk-warm add one pint of fresh yeast from a brewer. Let it ferment in a moderately warm place for twenty-four hours, when it should be bottled, well corked, and the corks tied down.

Ginger Beer—Take the best ginger, two and a half ounces, brown sugar three pounds; cream of tartar one ounce; juice and peel of two lemons, one and a half pint good spirits—brandy is preferred, brewer's yeast one and a half pint, water three and a half gallons. Of these may be made over fifty wine bottles of beer, which will keep good for a year. Boil the sugar and ginger in water twenty minutes, slice the lemons and put them into the cream of tartar in a large pan, pour the boiling liquor on these, and keep stirred now and then until milk-warm, when the yeast is added. Cover the pan and let the contents remain two days in warm weather or three in cold, skim the scum frequently, strain through a cloth and add the spirits. Put into a keg and bung down tightly. At the end of two weeks draw off without shaking the keg, and bottle, tying down the corks tightly. With a little variation this is the method of making all kinds of ginger beer. If the spirits are not used, the beer is very pleasant, but will not keep over a month or two.

Lemon Beer—Take boiling water one gallon, one sliced lemon, one ounce of bruised ginger, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of yeast. Stir and let it stand in a warm place for 18 hours; strain, bottle, and tie down the corks.

Maple Beer—To four gallons of boiling water, add a quart of good maple syrup, or a pound and a half of dissolved maple sugar, well boiled in as little water as may be; add half an ounce of essence of spruce, and a pint of yeast; let it stand covered from dust 12 hours and bottle.

Molasses Beer—Five pounds of New Orleans molasses, or maple syrup will do as well, one and a half pounds of hops 12 gallons of water, one pint of

yeast. Boil the hops in the water, add the molasses, and when it has fermented, bottle or put into a clean keg that has been well scalded.

Harvest Beer—Take one ounce each of yellow dock, saffron root, allspice powdered, wintergreen leaves all dry, black-cherry bark, and coriander seeds, each half an ounce, tied in a cloth, a quarter ounce of hops, and three quarts of New Orleans molasses. Pour two gallons of boiling water on these, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Filter through flannel and add half a pint of yeast. After standing twenty-four hours more, put in an ice cooler, and it is ready for use. This, in this condition, is a safe, pleasant, refreshing drink in the harvest field. When used, keep a little ice in it.

Root Beer—To five gallons of boiling water, add one and a half gallons of molasses or sugar syrup; after standing three hours add bruised saffron bark, wintergreen bark, sassafras root, of each a quarter of a pound; add water to make fifteen gallons. It will then be cool enough for the yeast, of which stir in half a pint. Let it ferment twelve hours in a covered vessel, to exclude dust, and then bottle and tie down the corks. All these should be stored in a cool cellar.

### SOUPS.

Every dinner should begin with some kind of soup, but there is probably no season of the year when it is so relished as during the winter months. Good stock can be used as the foundation for almost all soups, and if it is prepared and a supply kept on hand it will be very little trouble to prepare the soup when wanted. Meat stock is made from a joint of beef, boiled until the juices are extracted from the meat, the cartilage separated from the bone and a gelatine produced. Put the meat to cook in cold water and boil slowly five or six hours, keeping the kettle covered, and the meat well under water. When the stock is cold and jellied lift off the grease and it is ready for use.

It can be combined with different kinds of vegetables, and thus make many kinds of soups. A French woman keeps a strong iron-baled saucepan always at the back of the stove, and into this she throws every clean scrap of waste food from the kitchen and from the table—even to the cheese rinds—and keeps it always on the simmer. When the stove is cold in the morning she skims the grease off, and when the family have breakfasted off the soup, which is usually between 10 and 11, she begins again.

When you fear your dinner will be short of meat, it is the time to have soup thickened with some kind of vegetables such as peas, beans, or if you can get them, lentils. Many people can eat bean soup who cannot eat beans, because as they are passed through the colander, the skins, which are the indigestible part, are left out. Squares of toast and crackers are always an addition to soups. For clear soups, sago, tapioca, macaroni, previously swelled in boiling water, are suitable. Excellent oyster soup is made by straining the liquor from a quart of oysters and adding to it one quart of milk, season with salt and pepper and a good-sized lump of butter, let it come to a boil, drop the oysters in and serve at once.

### BOROUGH LOZENGES.

An excellent remedy for colds is borough lozenges; they are made by boiling one pound of dried borough leaves an hour in one quart of water. Remove it from the fire, and allow it to stand until cold; then replace it on the fire and reboil it for five minutes; strain it through a cloth. Return the juice to the fire and allow it to simmer until reduced to about four or five fluid ounces; add one ounce of gum arabic, dissolve it, add it to fine sugar to make a dough or paste, the same, as for lozenges, then roll and cut, using an oval cutter. Ground ginger is sometimes added and is an improvement.

### OLD WOODEN CHURCHES.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost arctic winters, because they have been repeatedly coated with tar. Norway pine, thus treated, seems to best resist decay.

### OFFENDED CHIVALRY.

A tramp accosted a woman who was shovelling snow off her sidewalk the other day, for something to eat. She shovelled snow off, she said, and I'll give you a dinner. He drew himself up to his full height and replied: Madam, do you think for a moment that I am so dead to the instincts of a gentleman as to enter into competition with a woman. Perish the thought.

### MERELY A GUESS.

Mrs. Grumpy—Why are the doctors hunting about and discovering so many new diseases? Grumpy—Trying to find something that they can cure.

### HE HAD FELT IT.

She—Pluck up your courage now and ask him. Papa has a soul, if he is short and crabbed. He—I should say he had a sole, and it's over half an inch thick.

### REMARKABLE FACT.

Only eight persons perished in the Great Fire of London.

## HAS EYES LIKE "X" RAYS

### THE MARVELLOUS POWERS OF A FRENCHWOMAN.

She Can See Through Wood and Flesh and Can Read Unfolded the Contents of Lett's M's Away.

Great are the Roentgen rays, but greater, say those who know her, is a certain Frenchwoman of Narbonne. The Roentgen rays enable us to see through wood and flesh, but they are powerless against metals. Yet this woman of Narbonne, we are told, can not only read a letter wrapped in metallic paper, but can read it when it is at a great distance away from her.

Dr. Ferroul discovered this marvelous woman. The Doctor, who was some years ago a socialist Deputy in Paris, recently settled down at Narbonne and determined to devote all his leisure to the study of occultism. So he tried his hand at turning tables and, like so many others, strove to obtain messages from the dead by means of Planchette and spirit rapping. His success was not marked in any direction until one day he became acquainted with a woman who possessed the strange faculty of "reading letters through opaque bodies."

The doctor was amazed. He tested the woman several times, and in no instance did she fail to read the letter correctly. Then he sat down and sent word of his wonderful discovery to a friend of his, Dr. Grasset, professor of medicine at the University of Montpellier. The latter, who is well known in Paris as a savant of great merit, was at first wholly incredulous, but finally promised to test the woman's power in his own way. First, however, he went to Narbonne and had a long conference with Ferroul, after which he returned to Montpellier and wrote the following words on a half sheet of paper:—

### DUE PRECAUTIONS TAKEN.

"The deep sky reflects our tears in its stars, for we weep this evening at feeling that we live too much."

Over these words he wrote in one line three words, one in the Russian, another in the German, and the third in the Greek language, and then he added a final line containing the word "Montpellier" and the date of the month. This paper he folded in two, with the writing on the inside, and then he covered it entirely with a sheet of tinfoil, such as is used for chocolate. This sheet he turned down at the edges and he then slipped the whole into an ordinary envelope, which he tightly fastened with gum. Finally, as Dr. Ferroul had warned him that string sometimes interfered with his subject's reading powers, he fastened the envelope with a safety pin, which he pierced in such a manner that it formed a sort of padlock, and this being done, the pin was embedded in a mass of black sealing wax, which was stamped with Dr. Grasset's coat of arms.

To this sealed envelope Dr. Grasset attached his card with a few words, and then he placed the document in a large envelope and sent it by mail to Dr. Ferroul at Narbonne. Two days later he received the following letter from Dr. Ferroul:—

### SHE READ IT ALL.

"Mon cher maitre:—When your letter reached me this morning my subject was not at hand. I opened the first cover containing the envelope and found your card. Having some visits to make, I decided to bring my subject to my house at about four o'clock and I called at her house to leave word."

"When I told her what I wanted her to do she expressed a desire to make this reading at once. Your envelope, sealed with black wax, had been placed inside its big envelope on my desk, and my subject's hand was distant at least three hundred metres from mine. 'As we edged against the subject's eyes and this is what she told me without having seen your envelope.'"

"You have torn the envelope." "Yes, but the letter to be read is inside in another closed envelope." "The one with the large black seal?" "Yes. Read." "There is some silver paper. . . Here is what there is:—The deep sky reflects our tears in its stars, for we weep at feeling that we live too much."

"Then there are letters like this." She showed me with her finger tips, D. E. K.

"Then there is a short name that I don't know." In what sense are we to take this?"

"Then she read the word Montpellier and the date on your letter."

"There, cher maitre, is the report of the experiment, which lasted at most a minute and a half. I am returning your envelope with my letter. Yours, Signed DR. FERROUL."

### A NEW EXPERIMENT.

Dr. Grasset was exceedingly surprised when he received this letter. To him, indeed, the story savored of the supernatural. The sealed envelope was once more in his possession; there was not the slightest evidence that it had been tampered with, and yet this strange woman had read the entire contents with the exception of the few words in Greek, Russian and German.

Are we to conclude through opaque bodies belongs to the main of possibilities? Wonderful, indeed, and yet not so wonderful as the fact that the

reading in this instance was done at a considerable distance. The subject not merely read the words that were inside the closed and sealed envelope, but she did so at a time when the envelope was three hundred metres away from her and when there were between her and it such solid objects as her own house and Dr. Ferroul's house. Clear, however, as the facts were, Dr. Grasset was still half afraid of being mystified and therefore he submitted the sealed envelope to the members of the Academy of Science and Letters of Montpellier, and, by opening it in their presence, satisfied them that the envelope had not been tampered with. The members were as puzzled as Dr. Grasset, and at once decided to make a new experiment. Consequently a committee was appointed for this purpose, and it was agreed that the members thereof should not know the contents of the envelope and, while on their way to Narbonne should not let it for a moment out of their possession. As to the result of this last experiment, nothing has yet been made public.

### "THE COCK O' THE NORTH"

"Gordon Highlanders! Charge!" The pipers play'd; Not a soul drew back—not a man afraid! "The Cock o' the North!" crow'd loud in their ears, As they answer'd back with three British cheers! Up the Dargai Heights the Gordons flew,— It was "Death or Victory" well they knew; Yet, as long as they heard the pipers play, Foot-by-foot they climb'd for the deadly fray!

While the enemy rain'd down deadly shot, And the ranks were thin'd where the fire was hot, Still the pipers play'd on with might and main, As the Gordons charged for the heights again! With a rush and a bound they seal'd the height,— Hark! "Bayonets, Charge!"—how the Gordons fight! While, 'mid carnage and blood, the pipers fell, On stumps play'd they "Cock o' the North" right well!

'Ere the bugle sounded at set of sun, The heights were taken!—the battle was won! 'Mid the groans of dying and wounded men,

Findlater was heard "at his pipes" again!

It cheer'd the dying in their last despair,— Such music and "Victory!" rent the air!

Through "the valley of Death," then march'd they forth To the martial strains of "Cock o' the North!"

Oh! mothers at home! mourn not for your sons, Though they bravely fell 'neath the rebel guns; Their deeds shall be told till the end of time,— To fall like a hero is death sublime! In the battle of life this lesson teach,— We all have "Our Dargai Heights" to reach;

And, gain we the summit, or fighting, fall, God crown His heroes at Death's roll-call!

JOHN IMRIE.

Toronto, Canada.

### LOOK AT YOUR NAILS.

Pale lead-colored nails indicate melancholy. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Broad nails, indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails. Nails growing into the flesh at the points or sides indicate luxurious tastes. People with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh, and are liable to persecution by neighbors and friends.

### WHERE HE WORKED.

The prisoner was making his appearance before the magistrate for the hundredth time.

Well, said the magistrate, you here again? Yes, your worship, responded the prisoner.

What's the charge? Vagrancy—same as before, your worship.

It seems to me you are here about half your time. Rather more than less, your worship.

Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work? I do, your worship, more than half my time.

Ah, now, said the magistrate, surprised, if you can tell me where you have ever worked, I'll let you off.

In prison, your worship, smiled the prisoner, and the court kept its word.

### COMFORTING.

Old Gentleman, at his daughter's wedding—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you.

Bride—Never mind, Pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enjoyed saved to go housekeeping, so you may not lose me after all.

### WORSE YET.

Kipperling—Whist is played a great deal in India.

Striding—I suppose you've often played an India rubber.

## FROM THE SIXTEENTH FLOOR.

### A Once Prosperous Business Man's Plunge to Death in Chicago's Masonic Temple.

Albert C. Greenleaf, plunged from the sixteenth floor of the Masonic Temple, Chicago, to the floor of the rotunda on Saturday morning. His body crashed through the thick marble of a stair landing at the fourth story and dropped, mangled, to the floor underneath.

A short time before this Greenleaf had climbed to the twelfth floor of the Chamber of Commerce Building and was getting ready to jump there when he was observed and ejected. Apparently he went direct from there to the Masonic Temple.

He ascended to the sixteenth floor in the elevator. On the next trip, the elevator man noticed that Greenleaf had removed his overcoat and hat, but he merely supposed that he was a workman getting ready for some work.

Greenleaf walked about the floor while the elevator made three more trips. Then he climbed over the heavy iron railing and dropped. He shot downward past the inner windows of the Masonic Temple offices with such velocity that persons who saw him from the moment he vaulted over the rail on the sixteenth floor, until his body struck the marble stairway did not suspect that it was a human body.

His fall was unchoked for thirteen floors. Right off the rotunda on each side of the building the stairway ascends to the fourth floor. Between the floor there is an intermediate landing, a marble slab about six feet square. The body struck the wooden railing of the stairway first, and then this marble slab. The railing, although it is made of three-inch oak, was splintered and the marble slab was shattered.

Ten years ago Greenleaf was a prosperous dry-goods merchant at Columbus, O., and reported to be worth \$250,000. He failed in business, and five years ago he came to Chicago to ask for a situation as a bookkeeper. Last spring he spent a month in jail on the charge of embezzling \$1,700 from a Dearborn street coal dealer, for whom he worked as bookkeeper. Saturday he started out from a 10-cent lodging-house in State street to end his troubles. Greenleaf was about forty-five years old.

### IS THE CORSET DOOMED.

Has the death knell of the corset been rung? Are the days of the feminine corset of mail numbered?

In every fashionable function this season, the Russian blouse in one or another form is in evidence. The blazer and the short jacket are giving way before it. When either the one or the other is worn it is sure to be over a dainty underwaist made with a Russian blouse front effect. At luncheon, breakfast and dinner it is seen, and even in full evening dress the blouse effect asserts itself. But there is something more to come, is it the total abolition of the corset.

Now, a well formed woman does not need a long, stiff, boned corset under this novel and pretty garment. Any moderately slender woman can wear it without a real corset. She needs only an underwaist well fitted to her graceful mould of form. Even the short French corset is unnecessary except for those whose adipose is decidedly pronounced.

The ribbon corset, which is really only a bust supporter, is the only garment—if it can be so called—that is required. This dainty little creation allows full play of the intercostal muscles and may justly be hailed as the sure promoter of that sinuous grace of movement which always accompanies a supple and untrammelled waist.

A well known dress artist, one who is highly educated and familiar with art in the plastic form as well as in the history of dress, antique, mediaeval and modern, one who has catered long and successfully to the world of fashion and the caprices of fashionable women, both in America and on the other side of the water, predicts that the corset is moribund—that it has been slowly but surely dying for the last ten years.

The argument urged is briefly this: Since the genesis of the new woman, the woman who plays tennis and golf, who rides after the hounds, who takes keen delight in all outdoor sports and devotes herself to other physical exercises of the new school known as gymnastics—without apparatus, there has been a steady demand for dress adapted to that kind of life.

This same artist in dress also declares that the women who fence and take their daily poses, movements and exercises in breathing, swaying, pivoting and contraction and expansion of their muscles are more easily fitted and more easily pleased than those who do not. They have, as a rule, she says, smaller waists, fuller chests and less adipose development around the hips and abdomen than those who do not devote some of their time to gymnastics and outdoor sports. Better than all this, she asserts, they have sweeter tempers, are less capricious, more intelligent and have a larger amount of common sense than most women. Now the question is:—Will this kind of new woman be sufficiently in the majority to kill the old fashioned corset?

### HERO-WORSHIP.

Mrs. Grimm—Mr. Traveller, who has spent three years in Ashantee, says that there the more lives a man has the greater is his social importance. Isn't that strange?

Mr. Grimm—I presume the people of that country admire bravery.

the recent typhoid fever outbreak, where the Earl is one of the Board of Guardians, he discovered that they had bathed forty tramps in six bathtubs of water. With some difficulty he put through a proposal to use the same water for only two or three persons, an overseer objecting that "he did not know when they were going to stop giving luxuries to tramps."

By May 1 the Congo Railroad between Matadi and Stanley Pool will be completed and open for traffic. In the middle of December the rails had been laid for 348 kilometres of the 388 covered by the line, the roadbed for ten kilometres more was finished, and men were at work on the next ten kilometres, bringing the line to within thirteen miles of Stanley Pool. The iron bridge over the Inkissi will be put in place at the beginning of January. The November receipts from traffic on the part of the road in operation were 200,000 francs.

### FEET OF CHINESE WOMEN.

The small foot of the Chinese woman, which the Celestials call by a name signifying "golden lily," has always excited the curiosity of Europeans, writes Mr. Matignon.

There is no intention of passing in review all the motives that have been advanced in order to explain why the Chinese have for ages past mutilated the feet of women, since one is just as likely as the other. It is not until about the age of four or five years that they begin to produce this distortion. The result is gradually obtained by the use of tighter and tighter bandages that produce in the organ a double movement of antero-posterior flexion of itself and of rotation of the last two toes and their metatarsal bone around the first metatarsal. The effect of this first movement is to break the foot into two parts—one of them anterior, comprising the toes and their metatarsal, and the other posterior and comprising the calcaneum. The scapular bone, which in this work plays a part of a hinge, is entirely put out of joint. It is always more or less dislocated and raises the skin of the foot, which at this level, sometimes ulcerates.

After the foot has obtained a sufficient degree of atrophy, and at the time of considerable pain, the young Chinese woman has not yet finished her binding. She has to keep her feet constantly bandaged in order to be able to walk, and even then a long time is impossible. The atrophy of the foot brings about an atrophy of the leg, which is reduced to the state of a skeleton, the muscles disappearing and hardly anything remaining of the skin and bone.

This atrophy of the leg contributes in great measure toward increasing the ability of walking and balancing. The Chinese woman can walk only with a bandage to fit the form of her foot. She is provided with a flat heel which serves as a point of support for the entire body. The point of the foot does not touch the ground, and the woman walks somewhat like club-footed persons. They are not very steady on their feet, and when they are aged have to use a cane. They walk with their arms slightly extended, performing the office of a balance, and with the pelvis thrown back, the breast slightly forward, they endeavor to be endeavoring to preserve the center of gravity. When their arms are close together, the slightest may upset them. A foot is so much more appreciated in proportion as it is smaller. Among the Chinese ladies it does not exceed three inches, and the woman is proud of her foot than of her face.

The Chinese woman is very modest. It is a question of her feet. Several times attended mandarins' wives, who were afflicted with foot disease, and who consented only with hesitation, and in blushing, to themselves to be examined; and then they so arranged themselves to expose only the ailing part.

Chinese women do not have deformed feet. This mutilation is more prevalent in the south than in the north, and in cities than in the rural districts. The Manchoo women are not allowed to bandage their feet; and in subject there are very formal orders.

Some of the missionary societies, and especially some of the female missionaries, have for some time past been engaged in a war against this so-called custom. They even address Tsoung li-James, beseeching him to transmit their reports to the Emperor; but he answered that the Son of Heaven gave his subjects the right to do as they pleased. The Chinese regard a deformed foot as a thing of beauty. What would Victoria say were she to receive a petition signed by numerous Celestials asking her to forbid the English ladies to wear corsets?

### AN UPSET.

I took my first sleigh ride today. I didn't know you had a rig—red one at a livery stable. Did you upset?

Yes, I was—when I learned the

### A MODERN WINTER.

lighter. Winter of 1898—Oh, mother! There's a lot of snow and ice here.

Is there? Run right out for breakfast and bring in a lot and it will melt. Like as not, it'll be enough for ice-cream to-morrow.